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ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Digesting the Stomach and Bowels of

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

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Sulphate of Cesium
Sulphate of Barium
Sulphate of Strontium
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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NEW YORK.

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Longevity.
"My State," said the Virginian, "is the mother of Presidents."
"Yes," said the Ohio man, "but the old lady has outlived her boys half a century or more."

Headquarters for Information.
Dicky—"You don't believe that story about Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf, do you?"
Kitty—"Course I do."
Dicky—"Well, if you'll let write to President Roosevelt an ask him about it he'll tell you it's a fake."

Know Better.
Nan—"O, that story looks too long. I don't want to read it."
Fan—"Yes, you do. It's a story about a woman you don't like."

OLD SORES FED AND KEPT OPEN BY IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

Whenever a sore refuses to heal it is because the blood is not pure and healthy, as it should be, but is infected with poisonous germs or some old blood taint which has corrupted and polluted the circulation. Those most usually afflicted with old sores are persons who have reached or passed middle life. The vitality of the blood and strength of the system have naturally begun to decline, and the poisonous germs which have accumulated because of a sluggish and inactive condition of the system, or some hereditary taint which has hitherto been held in check, now force an outlet on the face, arms, legs or other part of the body. The place grows red and angry, festers and eats into the surrounding tissue until it becomes a chronic and stubborn ulcer, fed and kept open by the impurities with which the blood is saturated. Nothing is more trying and disagreeable than a stubborn, non-healing sore. The very fact that it resists ordinary remedies and treatments is good reason for suspicion; the same germ-producing cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore, and especially is this true if the trouble is an inherited one. Washes, salves, or indeed anything else, applied directly to the sore, can do no permanent good; neither will removing the sore with caustic plasters or the surgeon's knife make a lasting cure. If every particle of the diseased flesh were taken away another sore would come, because the trouble is in the blood, and the **BLOOD CANNOT BE CUT AWAY.** The cure must come by a thorough cleansing of the blood. In S. S. S. will be found a remedy for sores and ulcers of every kind. It is an unequalled blood purifier—one that goes directly into the circulation and promptly cleanses it of all poisons and taints. It gets down to the very bottom of the trouble and forces out every trace of impurity and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. changes the quality of the blood so that instead of feeding the diseased parts with impurities, it nourishes the irritated, inflamed flesh with healthy blood.

THOS. OWEN
West Union, Ohio.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE

Then the sore begins to heal, new flesh is formed, all pain and inflammation leaves, the place scabs over, and when S. S. S. has purified the blood the sore is permanently cured. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Write for our special book on sores and ulcers and any other medical advice you desire. We make no charge for the book or advice.

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THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled. If you could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My \$3.00 Edge and \$3.50 Gold Band Shoes cannot be equalled at any price. W. L. Douglas stamps his name and price on the bottom to protect you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitutes. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. *Post Office Address used exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.*

Help an Old Lady Across the Street



She was a sweet old lady, but afraid of the confusion of the busy street. As she hesitated, the boy came up. He took off his cap and smiled. "Let me help you?" he said. With the feeble old arm in his, he led her safely over. It cost him only a minute and a little thought. It was a tribute that youth owes to age. It was simple kindness. It was thoughtfulness, and, of course, politeness, because politeness is nothing but consideration and thoughtfulness of other people. It was sympathy. The feeling that made the boy want to be of some service to the old lady was the same feeling that makes every one of us who has a heart and is not ashamed of it want to help everybody who is down or in trouble or unable to help themselves. And it was chivalry toward woman-kind. We all possess that—some of it. It is such a tremendous pity, isn't it, that we are growing so selfish that we haven't always time to be courteous? There are still places in big, busy America where men take off their hats in public elevators when women are present. Foolish? Perhaps. But the spirit that prompts it isn't foolish. It is only a survival of that world-old feeling that every man owes all respect to every woman. When the boy helped the old lady he not only assisted her and himself did a kind act, but he furnished a lesson to a whole world full of people.—Cincinnati Post.

WOMAN'S SENSE OF HONOR.

Her Special Code for Conduct Toward Her Husband.

A well-known American warder said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women. Discipline in the former is child's play compared with the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in strait jackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner!"

In the matter of conduct toward husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor, says the Pall Mall Magazine. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently admitted, no doubt, yet we remember one newly married woman who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence which the conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who in a fit of rage or jealousy had killed a man. In relating to me the case the philanthropist concluded sadly, "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"

Too Sincere.
"My son tells me you've discharged him," said the office boy's mother, "and I think that's strange; you advertised for a strong boy, and he's certainly—" "He's too strong, madam," interrupted the employer. "In the single day he was here he broke all the rules of this office and some of the furniture."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

After a heart has been broken a few times, the healing process becomes greatly simplified.

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Sagacity of Ravens.
A case of remarkable sagacity in a pair of ravens is related in the Field. Two collie dogs were hunting rabbits and the ravens were soaring overhead. As the dogs drove the rabbit out into the open near the top of a hill it ran straight into a trap and was caught. As the dogs came near the ravens came down and by loud croaking managed to drive away both. They then started to devour the rabbit, which they quickly dispatched.

"Bumper."
The word "bumper," meaning a drinking vessel, derived its origin from the Roman Catholic religion. It was the custom in England in ancient times to drink the health of the Pope after dinner in a full glass of wine. This was called "an bon pere," from which we have the contraction "bumper."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Wily Woman.
"Women are such convenient liars," declared Mr. Jefferson Judd. "When the Wigginses were here to dinner you kept saying Mrs. Wiggins didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. You know that wasn't so."
"Well," retorted Mrs. Judd. "There's different kinds of birds. You may have had a canary in your mind while I was referring to an ostrich."—Kansas City Times.

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His Easy Job.
"Isn't this a wearisome sort of occupation?" asked the customer. "You have to remember so much, and answer so many questions."
"Not at all, madam," answered the book store salesman. "All I have to remember is the titles, names of authors, and prices."
"You sell a great many of the popular novels, don't you?"
"Yes, ma'am, but I don't have to read them."

No Right to Complain.
"See here!" cried the irate man. "I purpose to sue you. Look at my head! You professed to cure—"
"Wait a minute," interrupted the maker of Fakeley's Balsam; "we advertise merely that we cure partial baldness and not—"
"Well, I was only partially bald when I started using your stuff; now I haven't a hair!"
"Well, then you're cured of your partial baldness, aren't you?"

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Candor.
Boren—"Hello, old man! What's the matter? You look disgusted."
Cutting—"Yes, I feel that way."
Boren—"Why, what have you run up against now?"
Cutting—"You. I didn't see you soon enough to escape."—Philadelphia Press.

Don't Push

The horse can draw the load without help, if you reduce friction to almost nothing by applying

Mica Axle Grease

to the wheels. No other lubricant ever made wears so long and saves so much horse power. Next time try MICA AXLE GREASE. Standard Oil Co. Incorporated

FLASHES OF FUN

Mr. De Style—What makes you think I am old-fashioned? Miss Up-to-date—Why, you asked me to be yours forever.—Judge.

"Oh! Jack, what do you think? Baby said 'Goo-goo' today." "Did he? By Jove! I wonder if he really meant it?"—Brooklyn Life.

Sabbath School Teacher—What does the parable of the Prodigal Son teach us? Bobby Thickneck—Not to be fattened calves, ma'am.—Puck.

She (singing)—Oh, for the wings of the lark! He—These women are never content. Now her motor doesn't satisfy her.—Fligende Blaetter.

"Williams has sent his wife to Europe for his health." "His health?" "Yes; he said it was the only way he could get rid of his (s)cold!"

His Wife (writing)—Which is proper, "disillusioned" or "disillusioned?" Her Husband—Oh, just say "married" and let it go at that.—Chicago News.

She—No; I can never be yours. He—In that case, farewell forever. She (hastily)—Now, don't go off mad, George. You can be mine.—Somerville Journal.

Daughter—But he is so full of absurd ideas. Mother—Never mind that, dear. Your father was just the same before I married him.—Town and Country.

Father—Well, my boy, so you have interviewed your girl's father, eh? Did you make the old codger toe the mark? Son—Yes, dad, I was the mark.—Boston Transcript.

"Dat feller, 'Rastus Skinnah, done bin talkin' a powerful 'bout be's a-rasin' chickens." "Sho! he doan mean 'raisin'," he means 'liftin'."—Philadelphia Press.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a quiet boy. "Dead!" calmly replied the youth.—Sydney Journal.

Mother—Jimmy, there were three jars of jelly in the cupboard, and now there is only one. How is that? Jimmy—I don't know, ma, unless I overlooked it.—Illustrated Bits.

Pete Coopah—How'd you and your wife celebrate your wooden wedding? yestidy? Jim Johnson—Oh, she hit me on de head wif a rollin' pin 'cause Ah wouldn't split some kindlin's!—Puck.

Foreman Waterville Hose Co., No. 1.—"Hurry up an' come on, S! Woolsey's barn's a-burnin'. The Newest Volunteer—Sorry, Heck, but I can't. Both m' red shirts are in the wash."—Puck.

Her Husband—If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it. His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.—Tit-Bits.

Hicks—I dropped around to see the Fitz Klozes in their flat last night, but I couldn't get in. Wicks—Not at home, eh? Hicks—Yes, they were all at home; that was the trouble.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Guest (after dinner)—Your wife is such a beautiful woman it's a wonder you're not jealous of her. The Host—Oh, I am! I never invite any man here that any sane woman would take a fancy to.

Miss Smith—Is there a letter for me Postmistress—Well, er—yes, there was one from your mother in Mudtown, but I've mislaid it. But it's all right, anyhow. She says they are all quite well.—Comic Cuts.

"This magazine article says that bachelors should be taxed," remarked Mrs. Grouch. "That's the way!" exclaimed Mr. Grouch, vigorously. "A man can't enjoy anything these days without paying for it."—Judge.

"How is it that a strong man like you cannot get employment?" a lady asked a tramp. The mendicant replied: "Ah, mum, yer see, people wants reference from my last employer, an' he's been dead about 20 years!"

"There's one thing I will say," remarked Mr. Millions, "and that is that my daughter Arabella has a fine disposition." "Indeed!" "Yes, sir. The way she can listen for hours to her own playing on the violin shows remarkable self-control."—Tit-Bits.

"Mr. Wappleston," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "has a heart of gold." "Dear me," replied her hostess, "is that so? I knew he'd got hurt in the army so he had to have a silver plate in his jaw, but I'd never heard about the other."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once. 'I'll go down,' said he. 'Oh, John, don't do anything rash!' 'Rash! Why I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano from the house without assistance.'—Philadelphia Press.

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Four Things.
"I don't suppose Miss Pansy ever had any beaux when she was a young girl."
"No, she was too dignified and old-fashioned."
"And the men don't like her now, either."
"No, she's too kittenish now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Always Safe.
"Don't you think a man ought to tell his wife all about his business affairs?" "I should say not. A friend of mine who was about to start on a journey borrowed \$50 from a rich old uncle and then told his wife of it. He was wrecked at sea, crushed in a railway collision, or something of that sort, and when his wife collected his life insurance, of course, she felt bound to pay back that loan."

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