

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when good medicine is so much needed as in the Spring.

The blood is impure, weak and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength, and want of animation.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Make the blood pure, vigorous and rich, create appetite, give vitality, strength and animation, and cure all eruptions. Have the whole family begin to take them today.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used in our family for some time, and always with good results. Last spring it was run down and got a bottle of it, and as usual received great benefit. Miss Butler, Dorset, Iowa, Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

The Only Way.

Clergymen—I am sorry to hear that you sell liquor in this hotel.

Hotel Clerk—Well, sir, we wouldn't if we could get people to stop buying it.—Brooklyn Life.

Explanatory.

"For a first attempt in public," said her friend encouragingly, "I thought you sang with a good deal of feeling."

"I don't wonder at that," replied the ambitious young vocalist. "My heart was in my throat all the time."—Chicago Tribune.

The Root of the Matter.

Pat—An' so you shirked for shorter hours?

Mike—Yes—We want each man to consist of forty minutes, begorry!—Puck.

A Strong Man.

"Jaymish is a strong man," said Tenap.

"Indeed?" asked Goolin.

"Yes; I have seen him break a twenty-dollar gold piece."

"Ah, I presume you mean that he is a strong man financially."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reputable physician, as the damage they will do to the system is often permanent. It is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Disappointed.

"So you were held up by bandits?"

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. They simply took my money without detaining me long enough to give me a start as a magazine writer or lecturer."—Washington Star.

That "O-u-g-h."

A rough-coated, dough-faced ploughman strode coughing and hiccoughing through the streets of Scarborough.—Punch.

A Canadian's Wise Saying.

The greatest asset of any country is the brains of its people. —Andrew Bonar Law, M. P., London.

A Guess.

"This is the laundry," said the agent who was showing them the stationery house. "Here, you see, are stationary wash tubs."

"Ah, why do you call them stationery?" inquired the bride-to-be. "Is it because colored goods won't run in them?"—Philadelphia Press.

Something of a Mathematician.

"He must be a pretty good mathematician?"

"How is that?"

"He's manager of a burlesque show."

"Well, that's mostly a question of figures, isn't it?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Calls for Explanation.

Philosophers like Mr. Perkins, Mr. Morgan's partner, who declared that in modern conditions the young man who works hard must win success, should add a few foot notes to their disquisitions explaining matters satisfactorily to the men who have worked hard and not won.

Those Who Roost.

Newcomer—They tell me hens never lay eggs at night. Did you know that?

Suburban—Oh, yes.

Newcomer—Strange, isn't it?

Suburban—Not at all. All the hens are roosters at night, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Mind This.

It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory.

Rheumatism

of the muscles or joints

St. Jacobs Oil

cures and cures promptly.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Grand Larceny.

He stole a kiss. "Now, that," cried she, "I'll have you understand."

"It's not," said he. "It's grand!"

—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure for

Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, etc.

CONSUMPTION

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Love of Christ—Our love must be personal and not abstract.—Rufus Jones, Quaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bible—The Bible is a book for the common people, to be studied by every man.—Rev. J. C. Ager, Swedenborgian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Real Gospel—New York needs the real Gospel of Christ. The popular Christianity is paganism.—W. K. Kindel, Zionite, New York.

Smallest Service—Money is the smallest service a rich man can give. It is barren unless service is given to it.—James Logan, Evangelical, Worcester, Mass.

Self-Control—Where restraint is not exercised over one's self it all leads to a tendency to allow base passions to master us.—Rev. Dr. Cotter, Roman Catholic, St. Paul, Minn.

A Higher Union—The time is ripe for a higher union, a union that shall result in building up the type of society in which good and free men believe.—Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Louisville, Ky.

Higher Kingdom—The facts of God's higher kingdom are as plain to the man who studies and believes as are the facts of God's lower kingdom.—Rev. L. N. Watson, Episcopalian, Chillicothe, Ohio.

True Living—To rid yourself of your own hell and to keep out of others is the art of true living. This may not be ecclesiastical advice; it is common sense.—Rev. F. E. Mason, Independent, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Restitution—Great gifts from talented fortunes are acts of restitution. Judas' money was not put in the treasury of the temple, but devoted to the uses of the community.—Rev. Dr. Grant, Episcopalian, New York.

The Moral Code—Society at present is to be condemned for many deviations from the moral code, but more particularly in its frivolous views of the sacredness of marriage.—Rev. Dr. Kranskopf, Hebrew, Philadelphia, Pa.

Highest Type—If Christianity is the highest type of civilization—and who can deny it—then it is not true that we are retrograding instead of advancing in certain lines.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

Amusements—People can get the good there is in amusements without going to the bad, if they have the right purpose; a class of genial, broad-minded Christians are attracting men to religious life.—Rev. J. L. Scudder, Congregationalist, Jersey City, N. J.

Good Courage—A believing heart is a source of courage. Good courage is the courage of faith in God. The Lord said to Joshua: "As I was with Moses, so will I be with you." Joshua believed God and was invincible.—Rev. W. A. Huckabee, Methodist, Macon, Ga.

Need No Law—People who wish to do right need no law; those who are desiring the finest and best things do not feel the touch or pressure of any statute; they keep within the limits of the right because they have no desire to do otherwise.—Rev. Dr. Savage, Unitarian, New York.

Character—Christ looks at life in its contribution of character. It is not a question of per cents and returns of an investment simply; it is a matter of principles and purposes and results in life and life forever. He asks: "What sort of men does it produce?"—Rev. Dr. Carlisle, Methodist, Columbia, S. C.

The Greatest Thing—Love is the greatest thing, not only in this world, but in all worlds. It is the master builder of the home and also of the human heart. It is the essence of true religion. Our human loves are but sparks of the great divine love.—Rev. Dr. Waters, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Heart Power—The world is run on heart power, yet men do not realize it. "Thought, what a great thing it is!" It is said that the day of high thinking is past. I do not believe it. There must be high ideals and aspirations. Thinkers are necessary—men of thought, as well as action.—Rev. Dr. Page, Episcopal, Waco, Tex.

An Action—The average man does not seem to think far beyond an action. There is a larger belief in luck and chance than there is in law and certainty. The men of this generation have constructed a God after their own conception and laws contrary to the principles of the kingdom of God and the Scriptures.—Rev. Dr. Simmons, Baptist, Peoria, Ill.

Development—To strive to find the best in life, to get at its real thought half hidden meaning; day by day faithfully looking always for the deeper, truer things of life, cannot fail to bless us. We live to become something rather than to get something. Heaven cannot come to those wasting the life given to them for development.—Rev. A. E. Bartlett, Universalist, Manchester, N. H.

Deserves More—Which of us dares to say that he, in God's sight, deserves more than he gets? Which of us, then, can say that God is bound to give him more than He does. The truth taught all through the Gospel is to throw ourselves not upon the justice of God, but upon His mercy, His goodness, and His goodness is free. It is spontaneous. It flows from God.—Rev. Dr. Alsop, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maybe a Higher Temperature. A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night." "I'm no' see very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."

Grand Larceny. He stole a kiss. "Now, that," cried she, "I'll have you understand."

"It's not," said he. "It's grand!"

—Philadelphia Press.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$3.00 per bottle if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing life of women.

Of Course.

The palmist looked fixedly at the woman's hands.

"Why," she said perplexedly, "this is queer. Your right hand and your left hand give different fortunes."

"Yes, I have seen him break a twenty-dollar gold piece."

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CONSUMPTION

TRIALS OF THE ASPHALT GANG.

The Foreman Has Hard Work to Keep Public Off the Asphalt.

Said the foreman of a repair gang working on Eighth Avenue: "People have an idea that a foreman has an easy time; that all he has to do is to stand around with his hands in his pocket and swear at the men at regular intervals. Aside from the fact that a foreman supervises the job and is therefore responsible for any mistake, he has the duty of policing the strip of asphalt being laid down—that is, of keeping pedestrians and vehicles from running over it before it's hard. The gang knows how to do its work without being eternally cursed at. I could go to sleep, and while they might beat a little the work would be just as well done. But if I should go away for half an hour I'd find when I came back that half the population had either walked or driven over the new patch."

"You'd suppose that citizens who are forever complaining about the condition of the streets would at least not delay the work; yet they're like children who want to poke their fingers or their feet into everything that looks soft. Once in a while a man will come up to the edge of a fresh strip and dig his toe into it to see how soft it is. I suppose then he'll try to smooth the impression away, but you can't do that with asphalt—make a hole in it and you've got to pour in more stuff to level it off."

"The inquisitive man isn't the only troublemaker. Probably the man who's in a hurry and doesn't like to go out of his way is the worst. When we are working at cross-purposes where thousands of people pass every hour it would take a fire line to keep them off. They cut right through the middle with the air of a small boy with a chip on his shoulder. Women are the hardest creatures to manage. Only a day or two ago I caught a shopper attempting to break past me. I spoke to her, as I thought, very quietly and respectfully. She jumped as if a horse had suddenly stuck his nose in her face. The tongue-lashing she gave me before an amazed crowd would have made a grease spot of any man less hardened than I am."

"Don't you speak to me—don't you dare speak to me," she cried. "You have no right to frighten people out of their senses. You wouldn't dare to talk to my husband like that!"

"It doesn't do much good to put up barriers of barrels and planks. I've seen a few lunatics crawl right under them or vault over them in order to keep in the straight line in which they were going. Of course after we have laid a stretch, we always put a fence up, and take it away later when the asphalt has thoroughly hardened. There's the time when the merry truck driver gets in his line work; he whips his horses up and catches one of the barrels or boxes with the hub of his wheel, and down tumbles the whole business. This is his joy and especial care, for if his truck be big enough and heavy enough, he owns the streets."

"Our troubles are not always with laying asphalt. Sometimes when we're chopping out old asphalt we clash with the 'man in the street.' Then little chips bristling all over with sharp points fly in every direction, and the citizen who feels the sharp sting of an asphalt crystal seems to lose all control of his temper. His line of reasoning, if he reasons at all, is that we are intentionally throwing things at him. But he takes it all out in talk and fist shakings, and goes off yelling to report the matter."

"As a sort of dumping ground for the bad tempers of people," concluded the foreman, according to the New York Times, "we certainly deserve to be given a place with the motorman and the conductor."

SCHOOLBOY IN ANCIENT TIMES.

How a Roman Pupil of 2,000 Years Ago Set Down His Day's Doings.

Something quite new in the form of an exercise book for budding Greek scholars has made its appearance in Germany. Into this "Greek Reader" have been packed all sorts of delightful and almost unknown specimens of the literature of ancient Greece, such as fables, fairy tales, stories, etc., adapted for young people. There are also examples of the work done by the pupils of the Graeco-Roman schools some twenty centuries ago. The following, for instance, is the account of his daily routine work by a Roman schoolboy. He writes:

"I wake up before sunrise, leave my bed, sit down with my straps and shoes and put on my shoes. Then water for washing is brought to me. I wash first my hands, then my face, take off my nightgown, put on my undergarment, anoint and comb my hair, arrange my neck cloth, put on a white upper garment and a wrapper. Then I leave my bedroom, together with my tutor and my maid, salute my father and mother, and leave the house."

The mixture of Spartan abstinence in leaving home without a breakfast and of the altogether un-Spartan luxury of an attendant tutor and maid is suggestive.

The youth goes on to explain, with a deliciously pedantic air: "I reach the school, enter and say: 'Good-morning, my teacher.' He returns the salutation. My slave hands slates, penbox and pencil to me. I sit down in my place and write, and then I cross out what I have written. I write from a copy and show it to the teacher. He corrects and crosses out what is bad. Then he makes me read aloud. Meanwhile the small boys have to learn their letters and spell out syllables. One of the bigger boys reads to them. Others write verses and I go in for a spelling competition. Then I decline and analyze some verses. When I have done all this I go home to breakfast. I change my clothes and then I eat white bread and olives, cheese, figs and nuts and drink some cold water. After breakfast I go back to school. I find the teacher reading aloud, and he says: 'Now we will begin at the beginning.'"

This schoolboy performance, says the Westminster Gazette, goes a long way to show once more that there is nothing new under the sun, not even the trivial round of the modern schoolboy.

The vital question of to-day, according to the women's journals, is this: "When is a garment a gown and when is it a dress?" Those who want to keep abreast of the times should read the women's journals.

Health

"For 25 years I have never missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring. It cleanses my blood, makes me feel strong, and does me good in every way."—John P. Hodnett, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pure and rich blood carries new life to every part of the body. You are invigorated, refreshed. You feel anxious to be active. You become strong, steady, courageous. That's what Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for you.

It is a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

"Fittat." Not Fittat.

Mrs. Kingston—Just think, out of all of Uncle Rogers' nine children, the one now living is Cousin Jane.

Mr. Kingston—Cousin Jane, the dressmaker?

Mrs. Kingston—Yes.

Mr. Kingston—Well, it's only natural that she should be the last. Survival of the fittest, you know.—New York Times.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

His Occupation.

"What have you ever done for your country," asked the indignant citizen.

"Never started to count up," answered the practical politician. "Too busy finding out what my country can do for me."—Washington Star.

Fickle.

Tommy—Lil Greenup, you told me last week you liked me better'n you did any other boy, and now you're lettin' Dick Trotter shine up to you.

Lil—I did like you the best last week, but I've changed my mind. Does your papa keep a candy store?

Tommy—No.

Lil—Well, Dick's papa does.—Chicago Tribune.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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