POULTRY and Dairy Produce
of all kinds wanted. Write for our
CASH OFFER
Pearson-Page Co. PORTLAND OREGON.

AGENTS:—An Automobile Free to the Agent selling the largest amount of goods for us. THE VEGETABLE TONGS. Send 25c for sample and full particulars of our contest. The National Mfg. Company, 1907 Sixth Ave., Seattle, Wash.

SECOND-HAND MACHINERY
Bought, sold and exchanged; engines, boilers, sawmills, etc. Send for Stock List and Prices. THE J. E. MARTIN CO., 83 1st St., Portland, Or.

COLD IN HEAD CATARRH
INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY THE OLD
DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF
25¢ AT ALL DRUG STORES OR SENT PREPAID BY C.H. NELTON CLEVELAND OHIO

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or sent by express prepaid for $1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Make Your Boy Happy

Let him play in overalls with never a care in the world and you will make him a healthy, happy boy. Be sure to buy him

Two-Horse Brand Overalls

The kind that is made for comfort and long wear.

A New Pair **FREE** If They Rip

Made By
LEVI STRAUSS & CO., San Francisco

One of Many.

Briggs—Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?

Griggs—Only as to religion; as to everything else he knows it all.—Boston Transcript.

China proper has less than 0.4 miles of open railway to every 100 square miles of territory, and, estimating the population at 327,000,000, there is 0.18 miles of line to every 19,000 inhabitants.

His Method.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

"That is why I give my wife fiction. She'll barely believe that."—Kansas City Journal.

Test wells will be driven by the government in several sections of the Philippines to determine whether petroleum exists in profitable quantities.

Toronto, Canada, has a housewives' league.

Reduced 95 Pounds!

See these two engravings from actual photos showing Mrs. Carrie Haupt before and after getting rid of 95 lbs. of unhealthy, superfluous fat. She sent for a free book published by Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 East 22d St., 601 C, New York. A multitude of others have reduced from 25 to 100 lbs. with great benefit to health, appearance and contentment. A genuine method of home self-treatment: no loss of time, no starving or exhausting exercise. Reports of astonishing, easy, steady loss of fat and improvement in health, figure, etc., after all else has failed. Any man or woman who is seeking a true, safe and sane method of fat reduction should send for the free book above mentioned; it will come in plain wrapper, postpaid, with collection of proofs and free testing treatment.

Keeps Blood Moving Drives Out Impurities

True to Nature in Its Action and Welcome to the Stomach.

All Is Motion Throughout the Universe.

If there are signs of blood impurities begin using S. S. S. at once. You need it. This wonderful blood purifier is all action. It starts into motion billions of cells in the liver, lungs and throughout the body. Everything is kept on the move, flushes your blood, gives your entire blood circulation a fine thorough bath. It just naturally and in a twinkling irrigates every atom in your body. It rushes into every cell, causes every bone, muscle, ligament, tendon, mucous surface and every nerve to thrill with freedom, with health, with newfound springiness.

And best of all, S. S. S., though a powerful, searching, overwhelming enemy to disease is as pure as the dew on a peach blossom, as powerful as the heroic works of nature, as searching as the peremptory demand of the most exact science.

Ask for and insist upon getting S. S. S., the world's cure for all disorders of the blood.

For private, personal advice on stubborn chronic rheumatism write at once to the Swift Specific Co., 222 Swift Building, Atlanta, Ga. Their medical department is famous on all blood diseases, and is equipped to make personal blood tests, approved by the highest medical authorities. Get a bottle of S. S. S. today.

"Blood Thicker Than Water."

The funeral ship conveying homeward for Christian burial the bodies of the brave men who had given their lives for their country was steaming out of the port of Vera Cruz.

Admiral Cradock was going ashore in a steam launch from his flagship when his eye caught sight of the funeral vessel. Instantly he commanded his men, "Half-mast your flag, the American dead are passing."

It was merely an incident—not an unusual one—yet with a touch of sentiment that Americans must appreciate; just another of those gracious, manly acts of our British cousin which serve to show the common sympathy and kinship of the Anglo-Saxons.

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED?

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have proved their worth for 75 years. Test them yourself now. Send for sample to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Still in Doubt.

"Why don't you marry, old chap?"

"Do you think a man could procure all the necessities of life on $1800 a year?"

"Of course, but not the luxuries."

"Well, I haven't decided yet whether a wife is a necessity or a luxury."

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

Cause.

"I met Bill yesterday and he called me a hard name."

"Did you resent it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He said I was a brick."

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

In tearing down a building in Alton, Ill., recently a tightly closed glass jar was found containing a quart of dried corn. Although the corn is known to be at least 75 years old, it seems well preserved and will be planted this spring.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wigton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move. After using 5 boxes of Doddś Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Doddś Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Rev. E. Heslop.

Doddś Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Doddś Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Especially the Chorus Brand.

Flat—It certainly is true that a little gall spoils much honey.

Slat (after a night out)—It's truer still that a little gal spoils much money.—Judge.

In Regular Order.

Lionel—"This looks to me like some wedding. I didn't know Jack had arranged for three attendants."

Aubrey—"Oh, yes. Goodman, Betterman and Best man."

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands.

An iron monument in the form of a stepped pyramid, surmounted by a globe, 90 feet high, has been erected at Leipzig to symbolize the German iron and steel industry.

Warships of all nations will be permitted to pass through the Panama canal, but can not linger more than 24 hours at either end in time of war.

A Hindu child of seven may be a skilled workman.

RESINOL WILL HEAL BABY'S ITCHING SKIN

Resinol ointment and resinol soap are absolutely free from anything of a harsh or injurious nature, and can therefore be used with perfect confidence in the treatment of babies' skin troubles—eczema, teething rash, chafings, etc.—where you wouldn't dare use ordinary "skin-cures." Resinol stops itching instantly and speedily heals even severe and stubborn eruptions. Doctors have prescribed it for the past 19 years.

Resinol soap and resinol ointment clears away pimples, blackheads and dandruff, and is an invaluable household remedy for sores, burns, boils, piles, etc. Sold by every druggist.

HOME RULE BILL LAW BY 77 VOTES

House of Commons Closes Contest of Many Years.

Opposition Refuses Debate, Warning England That Struggle Is Not Yet Ended.

London—Home rule for Ireland became assured Tuesday, when the house of commons, by a majority of 77, passed the Irish home rule bill for its third and last reading. The vote was 351 to 274, and the measure becomes law in a month whether it is sanctioned by the house of lords or not.

The struggle, dating back to 1870, came to an end suddenly, the Unionists refusing to debate the bill without further information as to the attitude of the government toward the proposed amendments to the measure.

Various sections of Ireland were ablaze with bonfires and other outbursts of orderly demonstrations, while other sections are forebodingly quiet. At the same time army instructions have been rushed forward and steps have been taken to guard against a disorderly demonstrtaion in opposition centers.

Premier Asquith's words just before the final action of the house gave little consolation to the opponents of the bill. Andrew Bonar Law, leader of the opposition, only replied that Mr. Asquith had told them nothing, and to discuss the third reading "would be ridiculous and futile." He said:

"Let the curtain ring down on this contemptible farce. It is only the end of an act and not of the play. The government can carry the bill through parliament, but the concluding act of the drama will be in the country, where an appeal to the people will not end in a farce."

The closing scene in the fight for home rule brought together a crowd of members and spectators which filled the chamber to its utmost capacity. Outside great crowds gathered to await the result of the debate on the third reading of the will.

The house was seething with excitement from the moment the speaker took the chair. Members of the various parties indulged in loud outbursts of cheering when their respective champions entered the chamber, while at the same time mocking banter was shouted from the opposite benches.

GARY THINKS BIG BUSINESS WILL HAVE SOME CHANCE

New York—The country is entering on a new era of big business, according to Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel corporation, in an address at the opening of the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel institute.

"As I read the signs of the times," said Judge Gary, "there is a well-developed sentiment throughout this country in favor of giving business a fair chance."

Police Lieutenant Guilty of First Degree Murder

New York—Charles Becker, lieutenant of police, for the second time was held responsible Saturday by a jury for the Rosenthal murder, which nearly two years ago awoke New York to a realization of corruption in the police department and opened a new era of police reform.

Becker, was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Only a pardon or interference again by the Court of Appeals can save him from following to the electric chair the four gunmen who shot Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, early on the morning of July 16, 1912. The jury decided that the gunmen were Becker's agents.

Mother Jones Says Women Failure in Use of Ballot

New York—"Mother" Jones, organizer of the United Mine Workers, recently under detention in Colorado, and now here to plead for the striking miners of that state, at a dinner in her honor, disappointed many hearers with her views on the vote for women.

"I have never seen any material benefits result from granting women the vote," she said. She pointed to the conditions in Colorado as bearing out her views."

Dirigible Travels Fast.

Berlin—The new navy dirigible balloon L-3 arrived at Potsdam Saturday, after a 34-hour trip from Friedrichshafen. The dirigible still had gasoline sufficient for 16 hours' more flying. An average speed of nearly 60 miles an hour was made and at one time over a short stretch the balloon reached a speed of 90 miles an hour.

While over Heligoland the L-3 was in wireless communication with dirigible LZ-24, which was then over Freidrichshafen.

Venus Statue Is Found.

Rome—A life-sized statue of Venus has been found by excavators near Cyrene, North Africa, which in the early centuries was the seat of Greek culture. The statue, which dates back to the sixth century — the time of Praxiteles, the celebrated Greek sculptor—is of Parian marble and once stood in the temple of Apollo. The head and arms are missing and the excavators are searching for them. The Venus, which is considered a masterpiece of Greek sculpture, will be placed in the National museum at Rome.

Ice Wagon Strike Settled.

Minneapolis—The strike of the 300 ice-wagon drivers and their helpers, in progress during the past week, has been settled. Under the agreement the men receive an advance of $2.50 a month and a percentage on all sales, which, it is said, averages about $2.50.

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insist, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice, if Speed fails. A telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party. Speed decides to cripple himself, but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race. Glass attempts to escape at night, but is captured. Fresno gives Gallagher, the Centipede foreman, $500 to bet against Speed for him. Helen Blake hears of it and bets $500 on Speed.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I haven't got you. My name is Skinner."

"Nix on that monaker," Glass smiled, indulgently. "I had a man in that Sheffield Handicap six years ago."

"You're in bad," asserted the cook steadily, "but assuming that my name is Long—"

"I didn't say your name was 'Long.' I called you 'Whiz.' Glass chuckled at the point as he scored it. "Now come in; be good."

Skinner darted a look toward Gallagher and the Centipede men gathered about the shrilling phonograph, stopped and tied his shoes, and breathed softly:

"Spiel!"

"This little feller I'm trainin'—does he win?"

"Without an upward glance, Skinner inquired:

"Did the man you trained for the Sheffield Handicap win?"

"Never mind that. Does this frame-up go through?" It happened that Speed, drawn irresistibly, had come forward to hang upon every word, and now chose this moment to interrupt.

"It's all right, Mr. Skinner—" But Skinner leaped to his feet.

"Don't try anything like that!" he cried in a terrible voice that brought Gabby Gallagher striding toward them.

"What's goin' on here? Are they tryin' to fix you, Skinner?"

"Not a bit like it," Glass protested

"This Little Feller I'm Trainin'—Does He Win?"

stoutly. "I only asked him which side he'd rather run on, and now he calls for police protection."

"Don't try it again, that's all!" the cook warned, sullenly.

"I reckon I'll take a hand in this!" Gallagher was in a fine rage, and would have fallen upon the offender had not Stover stepped in his path.

"I reckon you don't!" he said easily.

The two glared at each other, and were standing thus when Speed and his trainer moved gently off. They made their way to the house in comparative silence. "I—I made a mistake," said Wally.

"You've been jobbed like you was a baby," said Glass. "There ain't but one thing to do now. Go into the house and change your clothes, and when you get ready to run, get ready to run for your life—and mine."

Over on the race-course Gallagher was inquiring:

"Who's goin' to send these y'ere athaletes away?"

"I am!" announced Willie without hesitation. "Bein' perhaps the handiest man present with a weepon, I'm goin' to start this journey." He looked his foes squarely in the eyes. "Has anybody got objections to me?" The silence was flattering, and more loudly now, so that Skinner might hear, he added: "If your man tries to beat the gun, I'll have him wingin' his way to lands celestial before he makes his second jump."

Gallagher acknowledged the fairness of this proposition. "This race is goin' to be squar'," said he. "We're ready when y'all are."

J. Wallingford Speed stepped out of his clothes and into his silken running-suit. He was numb and cold. His hands performed their duties to be sure, but his brain was idle. All he knew was that he had been betrayed and all was lost. He heard Glass panting instructions into his ear, but they made no impression upon him. In a dull trance he followed his trainer back to the track, his eyes staring, his bones like water. Not until he heard the welcoming shout of the Flying Heart henchmen did he realize that the worst was yet to come. He heard Larry still coaching earnestly: "If you can't bite him, trip him up," and some one said:

"Are we ready?"

Glass held out his hand. "Good-by, Mr. Speed."

Chapin came forward and spoke with artificial heartiness, "Good-luck, Wally; beat him at the start," and Covington followed.

"Remember," he cautioned, sadly, "what I told you about the start—it's your only chance."

"Why don't you fellows think about the finish of this race?" faltered the runner.

Then, in a voice broken with excitement, Helen Blake spoke, holding out her hand for a good-by clasp. "Dear Mr. Speed," she said, "will you try to remember this?—remember to run before he does, and don't let him catch up to you. If you do that, I just know you'll win."

This magnificent display of confidence nerved the athlete, and he smiled at her. He wished to speak, but dared not trust himself.

Gallagher was calling; so he went to the starting-point, whence he surveyed the course. There it lay, no more than a lane leading down between ranks of brown-faced men whose eyes were turned upon him. On the top rail of the corral perched Willie, revolver in hand. The babble of voices ceased, the strident laughter stilled, Speed heard the nervous rustle of feminine skirts. Skinner was standing like a statue, his toe to the mark, his eyes averted.

"You'll start here and run a hundred yards out yonder to the tape," Gallagher announced.

"I refuse!" said Speed firmly.

For one breathless instant there was a hush of amazement, then a cry of rage. Still Bill Stover hurled the nearest man out of his patch, and strode forward, his lean face ablaze. He wheeled and flung up his hand as if to check some hidden movement of Willie's.

"No voylence yet, Will! What d'you mean, Mr. Speed?"

Speed uttered what he knew was his final joke on earth. "I mean that I refuse to run straightaway. I'm an all-around athlete, and I must run all around something."

Amid shouts of confusion, those who had taken position along the course came crowding back to the starting-point. Willie wrapped his legs about the top rail of the fence and drew a second revolver, while the two foremen bellowed indistinguishable threats at each other. Chapin lost no time in withdrawing his guests out of the turmoil, but Helen kept her place, her face chalky but her eyes very bright.

"What are you tryin' to hand us?" roared Gallagher.

Still Bill was quick to take a cue. "Don't get hectic!" said he. "There's nothin' in the articles about runnin' straight. Let 'em run around the corral."

But at this suggestion every voice seemed to break simultaneously.

"Humpy Joe ran straightaway," declared Gallagher.

"Yes, an' he kept at it," piped Willie. "I favor the idea of them runners comin' back where they start from."

"Listen, all of you," Speed announced. "I am going to run around and around and around this corral. If Mr. Skinner chooses to accompany me, he may trail along; otherwise I shall run alone."

"Never heerd of such a thing!" Gallagher was dancing in his excitement, but Skinner calmed him by announcing, curtly:

"I'll beat him any way he wants to run."

"You couldn't beat a rug," retorted Wally, and Glass suddenly smote his palms together, crying, blankly:

"I forgot the rug!"

"We don't want no arg'ment afterwards. Does the Centipede accept its fate?" Still Bill glared at the faces ringed about him.

"We do if Skinner says so."

"Twice around the corral," agreed Skinner. "But no accidents, understand? If he falls, I keep going."

Instantly there ensued a scramble for grand-stand seats; the cowboys swarmed like insects upon the stout fence of the corral.

"Then you'll start and finish here. Once y'all pass we'll stretch a string to yonder post, and the first man to bust it wins. Who's got a string?"

"Mr. Gallagher, won't you use my sash?" Helen quickly unfastened the long blue bow of ribbon from her cotton gown, and Gallagher thanked her, adding:

"Moreover, the winner gets it!"

For the first time, then, Skinner addressed Miss Blake.

"Hadn't you better make that the loser, miss? The winner gets the coin," and the assent came in a flashing smile from the sky-blue yes.

"Then the loser gets the ribbon!" Gallagher announced loudly, and made one end fast to the corral. "Which I call han'some treatment for Mr. Speed, an' only wish we might retain it at the Centipede as a remembrance. Are the runners ready?"

Those near the starting-point gave room. Skinner stepped quickly out from his blanket, and stamped his spikes into the soil; he raised and lowered himself on his toes to try his muscles. Speed drew his bath-robe from his shoulders and thrust it toward his trainer, who shook his head.

"Give it to Covington, Bo; I won't be here when you come back.'

"Get on your marks!" The starter gave his order.

Speed set his spikes into the dirt,

"I'm Goin' to Shoot Twice This Time!"

brought his weight forward upon his hands. He whispered something to Skinner. That gentleman straightened up, whereupon Willie cried for a second time:

"On your marks!" and again Skinner crouched.

"Get set!"

The crowd filled its lungs and waited. Helen Blake buried her nails in her rosy cold palms. Chapin and his friends were swayed by their heartbeats, while even Fresno was balanced upon his toes, his plump face eager. The click of Willie's gun sounded sharp as he cocked it.

Into the ear close by his cheek Speed again whispered an agonized—

"Don't forget to fall down!"

This time the cook of the Centipede leaped backward with an angry snarl, while the crowd took breath.

"Make him quit talking to me!" cried Skinner.

Gallagher uttered an imprecation and strode forward, only to have his way once more barred by Still Bill Stover. "He can talk if he wants to."

"There is nothing," Speed pointed out with dignity, "in the articles to forbid talking. If I wished to, I could sing. Yes, or whistle, if I felt like it.'

"On your marks!" came the rasping voice of Willie as Wally murmured to Skinner:

"Remember, I trust you."

Skinner ground his teeth; the tendons in his calves stood out rigidly.

"Get set!"

Once more the silence of death wrapped the beholders, and Willie raised his arm.

Speed cast one lingering farewell glance to the skies, and said, devoutly: "What a beautiful, beautiful day!"

Now the starter was shaking in an ague of fury.

"Listen, you!" he chattered, shrilly. "I'm goin' to shoot twice this time—once in the air, and the next time at the nearest foot-runner. Now, get set!" and the speaker pulled the trigger, whereupon Speed leaped as if the bullet had been aimed at him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. Booth's Story of His Career.

General Booth thus epitomized his career: "When I started my work I gave up the friendship of the people of the better class. I gave up the hope of wealth and I abandoned ambition. Now I have found all that I gave up. Had I wished it I could be wealthy. My publications have brought me thousands of pounds, but every cent of it has gone back as it came, for the betterment of the conditions of humanity, for making people happy. Similarly, I have the best friends in all classes, and, so far as ambition is concerned, if I am not the best known man in the world, I am prayed for the most."

FOUND OUT WHO HAD CORNS

Itinerant Merchant's Method of Doing Business Somewhat Rough, But He Got the Money.

"My stars!" exclaimed a man, pushing someone who stood near him, "you have trod on my corn!"

The fellow snatched out a box of ointment and replied:

"I can relieve you, sir, in a few minutes. Only a quarter. Endorsed by the medical fraternity everywhere. There's no use in suffering. One box? Thank you," he added, as he put the money in his pocket.

"It was an accident you found him," someone remarked to the salve dealer.

"Oh, no, it wasn't. If you ask a man if he's got corns he don't want to talk to you; but when you find out that he's got 'em, the chances of selling him the medicine are good. I advertise my medicine by going into crowds and slyly feeling for corns. Yonder stands a fat fellow. When the crowd gets thicker I'll go over and tap his hoof. Oh, yes, it may be painful, but, my dear sir, the business of this country must be carried on regardless of sentiment."

Then He Was Elated—Perhaps.

Hub—Why are you so elated?

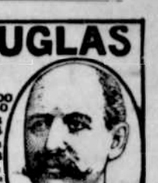
Wife—I picked up a horseshoe today.

Hub—Huh! Old superstitious nonsense!

Wife—Don't jump at conclusions, dear—it was a diamond horseshoe and I picked it up at a bargain.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's $2.00 $2.50 $3.00 $3.50 $4 & $4.50
Women's $2 $2.50 $3 $3.50 & $4
Misses, Boys, Children $1.50 $1.75 $2 $2.50 $3



Began Business in 1876; now the largest maker of $3, $3.50, $4 and $4.50 shoes in the world.

$1,006,279 INCREASE in the sales of W. L. Douglas shoes in 1913 over 1912.

This is the reason we give you the same values for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 notwithstanding the enormous increase in the cost of leather. Our standards have not been lowered and the price to you remains the same.

Ask your dealer to show you the kind of W. L. Douglas shoes he is selling for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50. You will then be convinced that for style, comfort and service they are absolutely as good as other makes sold at higher prices. The only difference is the price.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name stamped on the bottom. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes for every member of the family at all prices, postage free. Write for illustrated catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

Such Self-Consciousness.

An egotistical man who believes himself the center, the object and the cause of everything that exists and everything that takes place, said to his friend one day:

"It is only to me that such misfortunes happen."

"What," asked the friend, "is the matter?"

"Don't you see that it is raining?" he answered.—New York Globe.

AFTER HUNGER IS SATISFIED

Then what? Is there a feeling of heaviness, of Bloating, Heartburn, Nausea. Something remains undigested, ferments and disturbs the entire system. Such cases can be materially benefited by use of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

You should keep a bottle handy for emergency.

The oldest living school teacher in New York state is said to be Nathan Perry Beers. He is now 91; he retired from his profession 10 years ago after having taught for 65 years. When he began teaching he was perhaps the youngest teacher in the state, for he received his first appointment as teacher at the age of 14.

Our Naval Commanders.

The recent activities of the navy have inspired Congressman Kahn to show the house that the men who fought our great naval engagements of the past were much younger than those who direct our great floating fortresses today.—Hartford Times.

Free to Our Readers

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

He Wanted to Know.

"Ma, what's that big round thing on wheels?"

"The water wagon, my dear."

"Is that the one Uncle Tom said pa fell off of?"—Boston Transcript.

Rubber heels are popular in Switzerland.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."—Mrs. Josie Ham, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

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