

To My Friends in Georgia,  
Many of whom have known of my long suffering from that dreadful affliction, Eczema: "I am proud to testify to the wonderful merits of Tetterine, which has cured me as sound as a gold dollar, after spending more than \$400.00 for other remedies without the slightest relief. Wm. M. Tumlin, Manager Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association," 50c. box at druggists or by mail from J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

**World's Largest Theater.**  
The Degollada theater, the front of which was damaged by the recent earthquake in Guadalajara, is probably the most costly and certainly the most modern of the city's great buildings, and it is accorded the distinction of being the largest exclusively theatrical structure on the continent. Its corner stone was laid in 1856, and although at the present day it is not entirely completed, some \$2,000,000 have been expended in its construction. It is four stories in height, and covers an area of 11,127 square feet. The interior plan is modeled after the great Parisian playhouse, the boxes being arranged in tiers about the three sides of the auditorium, while the fourth is entirely taken up by the stage, which has a length of 155 feet by 55 in depth.

**Wireless Telegraphy in Warfare.**  
Apropos of the use of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy in the war in South Africa, it is interesting to note that it has been proved the cannonading does not interfere with the transmission of messages. The apparatus has been worked successfully and messages sent while the largest guns in the British navy were being fired.

### Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.  
A Commercial Opportunity.  
Instead of looking with apprehension to China as a possible competitor in the markets of the world, it should be the earnest and constant effort of our government and people to stand for the maintenance of the equality of commercial opportunity which we possess under existing treaties with that empire. We have our share to do in building the thousands of miles of railroads still wanting in China, of supplying her with all forms of machinery, with electric plants, and with all the appurtenances of productive industry and civilized progress for which China offers, and will continue to offer, for generations to come, the greatest market in the world. Never, surely, was the bogey of over-production invoked with so little reason to frighten enterprise and to repress the growth of commerce, as with reference to an industrious race of 350,000,000, of a nation just awakening from the slumber of centuries.—"Commercial Possibilities of China," by James S. Fearon, in the January Forum.

### Backaches of Women

are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.  
Efforts to bear the dull pain are heroic, but they do not overcome it and the backaches continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound  
does this more certainly than any other medicine. It has been doing it for thirty years. It is a woman's medicine for woman's ills. It has done much for the health of American women. Read the grateful letters from women constantly appearing in this paper.  
Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

#### THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

**Subject: The Needle's Haven—An Appeal For Mercy For Oppressed Womanhood—Let Her Have an Equal Chance With Man in the Struggle of Life.**  
(Copyright 1906.)  
WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is an appeal for mercy in behalf of oppressed womanhood and offers encouragement to those struggling for a livelihood; to the Ecclesiastes, iv. 1. "Hold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter."

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden times. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux was made by the queen. When the Conqueror Augustus, the emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the tailor everywhere be respected.

The needle has slain more than the sword. When the sewing machine was invented, some thought that invention would alleviate woman's toil and send her to the hospital of the needle. But no. While the sewing machine has been a great blessing to well-to-do families in many cases it has added to the stab of the needle to the hospital of the needle, and millions of women, notwithstanding the reinforcement of the sewing machine, can only make, work hard as they will, between \$2 and \$3 a week.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work or only such slight employment as a perfect garden with no weeds in it demanded. But as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out to where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know 999 had to work vigorously at the beginning. But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities have are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with disheveled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep and having passed an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their card-case and go out to make calls, and then pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with the idea. The curse of American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, thirtieth, and sixtieth year of their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how under God they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that the majority of them do not take care of themselves, and that, too, after having through the false notions of their parents wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how to take care of themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no faculty for earning their livelihood.

Mme. de Staël said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a living for myself." You say you have a fortune to leave them. Oh, man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like eagles, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night or some official in our courts may strip it from you. It is better to have a little money and a good trade, and to have your own hands to put it into. A man died in a Philadelphia grogshop. His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse: "What is the matter with you, Boggys?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Hush! He is dead!" "Oh, he is dead!" they said. "Come, boys; let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggys!" Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brains and unskilled hands, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, infanticide.

There are women toiling in our cities for \$2 or \$3 a week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones would not be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worn out broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the \$12 gaiter in which her mother walked, and that worn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Pennsylvania avenue and Broadway's can without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and eat sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace for them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when her father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle when her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

So far as I can understand the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is dishonorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the curse of doing dishonorable work I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an arm-chair, but by no means make the money worth-while to buy the chair. You may sew a delicate brush beautifully a mantle ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squint Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. I scout these foolish notions. I tell you a woman, no more than a man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

our race came upon it. In one sense we were invaders. The cattle, the hawks and the hares had preemption right. The question is not what we are to do with the hawks and summer insects, but what the hawks and summer insects are to do with us. We must stand on our feet. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it, and the Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says, "If he will not work, neither shall he eat." Idleness ruins the health, and very soon ruins life. "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!" Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious sent her up to a few kinds of work. Judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, no class, art or profession barred from sculpture, give her a choice. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair" picture. Let her study anatomy, let her mount the stately ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said if woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say, if she have more skill and adaptiveness for any position than a man has, let her occupy it. She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have. But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exacting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering rams of the sword, the cannon, the battle, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sculptures in which woman have for ages been buried might be opened and that some razing operation might bring up these living corpses in the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who by her hard toil supports her children, her drunken father, her sick mother and another, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on her table and when she can get some neighbor on the sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected. Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand and beat the men, for she has the strength and the will to do it. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the weak and ignorant, will show the world the through of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of wash-tub and needle. Now, I say if there be any preference in occupation let women have these, but do not let us be deceived. By her softer sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the implacability of man when he sees a woman the victim to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that woman should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that a woman who has done as much work as a man should receive less than a man? This is a man's world, and the man's world is a man's world. I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the implacability of man when he sees a woman the victim to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only \$25 for doing work for which a male principal gets \$100? Why is it that a woman who has done as much work as a man should receive less than a man? This is a man's world, and the man's world is a man's world. I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the implacability of man when he sees a woman the victim to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

Stand at the corner of a street in some great city at 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast, and many of them were left over from the night before or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come! The working girls of the cities. These engaged in bread-making, in flower making, in millinery, in paper box making, but most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way to work? They are left for the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Lamer and Hildy appeared in the Mrs. Looch's that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work, and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread.

Years ago one Sabbath night in the vestibule of our church after service a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she had had a stroke, but he could not say anything else. As she began to revive in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done. I am so tired. I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get up. Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments for eight cents apiece and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! These eight are twenty-four. Hear it! men and women who have comfortable homes! Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to their last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, she sharply suspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. "If I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to answer me?" "No," he said, "I will pay you." And he kicked her downstairs.

### Bear is a Parasite Bionde.

It isn't the fault of one of the most respected guests of Moor Park, Los Angeles, Cal., if, as is suspected, his hair has been shamelessly dyed. He is only a bear and could not protest. Nobody knows how much the ambitious park commissioners paid to add a grizzly to the park menageries. The commissioners were inclined to be extravagant for once, because they had long wanted a grizzly, and grizzlies are hard to get. What many persons claim to know quite definitely, however, is that this bear is not a grizzly. As the story goes, this animal was once a common black bear, or "buzard," a worthless, cowardly, ill-esteemed scavenger that, according to the hunter who captured him, had not the right to live. So he tried to get up a fight between the bear and the dog. As this was interfered with, the hunter permitted a flippant minded barber who claimed to have effectual hair dyes to try his hand at the bear. Well fortified with whiskey, the barber undertook to "bleach" the bear.

**The Way to Make Money**  
is to save it, and that is what you can do by securing from your grocer a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, embossed in gold, all for 5c.

The British War Office has declined the services of General R. Garibaldi for South Africa on the simple ground of his nationality.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHERNEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WALDING, KINBAR & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A movement is on foot in Hamburg to unite the various scientific institutes in the city into a sort of university.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Mrs. Daisy Stevenson, a slight, unassuming woman of Rochester, N. Y., owns and operates a butcher shop.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

Montana is said to have mined \$40,000,000 worth of copper last year. This beats the gold or silver record of any state in the Union.

I cannot speak too highly of Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1906.

Massachusetts has one hundred and sixteen street railway companies, controlling 1,492 miles. Last year the increase in mileage in the State was thirty-five.

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

The coal fields in Pennsylvania are nearly all taken up. Coal land in Connelville district is selling for about \$1,000 an acre. The iron, steel and coal men are turning to the West Virginia fields.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Mrs. Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, N. Y., made a fortune out of covering buttons with cloth.



### A KNOCK OUT

There is more disability and helplessness from LUMBAGO than any other muscular ailment, but

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has found it the easiest and promptest to cure of any form of LAME BACK



### TWO hundred bushels

of Potatoes remove eighty pounds of "actual" Potash from the soil. One thousand pounds of a fertilizer containing 8% "actual" Potash will supply just the amount needed. If there is a deficiency of Potash, there will be a falling-off in the crop.

We have some valuable books telling about composition, use and value of fertilizers for various crops. They are sent free.  
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 33 Nassau St., New York.



The bright polish of parlor furniture is dimmed in time, even if you live far from the smoke and soot of the city, but a thick suds of Ivory Soap in lukewarm water and a soft cloth will make it bright again with small labor. Ivory Soap is so pure that it is fitted for all such special uses requiring a soap that is known to be harmless.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory's," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Prepared by THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

### SUCCESSFUL SHOOTERS SHOOT WINCHESTER

Rifles, Repeating Shotguns, Ammunition and Loaded Shotgun Shells. Winchester guns and ammunition are the standard of the world, but they do not cost any more than poorer makes. All reliable dealers sell Winchester goods.

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**WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,**  
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The volunteers in the Philippines wrote home to the old man as follows: "Father: I need \$50 immediately. Lost another leg in battle yesterday." And this was the reply he received from the old man: "James: As this is the fourth leg you've lost—according to your letters—you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and wobble along on any other legs you may have left. That's all I can say to you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

The best remedy for children and adults. Cures all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, grippe, bronchitis and incipient consumption. Price 25c.

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