

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never grip. Easy to take as candy.



To Abolish Poorhouse.

The town of Mont Clair, N. J., believes that prosperity has come to stay. There are no poor left in the township and the authorities have decided to abolish the poorhouse. The building will be torn down this summer and the land converted to the park department for use as a playground.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

London motor 'bus drivers are fined for being ahead of time, but rarely for being late.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The Value of the Dream.

A pillow-dream is a night-adventure of your subconscious self. You wander without volition in a weird world and come back with a tantalizing and fleeting recollection of fantastic persons and impossible situations. The metaphysical mystery of this sort of dream has never been cleared, but it is certain that the fruits gathered in these sunless excursions are of doubtful flavor and quickly perishable. Fortunately, we are capable of dreams which are not pillow-dreams—dreams which are best dreamed when the spine is vertical and every fiber of mind, soul and heart vibrant and vital. On these occasions we are in the clasp of our best mood—the mood of concept and creation. The wine of this mood is red like blood and the resultant intoxication is the holiest experience of which we are capable. In its high hours the soul is never muddled or fuddled; it grips life strongly and deals with it in divine fashion, whipping its fugitive elements into orderly submission, compelling them to assume a useful steadiness like that of the dependable planets which can be found nightly at a given point in the heavens.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Chinese Enthusiasm.

Many Chinese were wrought up to a high state of enthusiasm by the provincial assemblies opened last December throughout the empire. One native schoolmaster was especially fervent. To express his feelings he chopped off one of his fingers and with the stump wrote out eight characters showing his hearty approval. He brought this testimonial to the delegates from his district in bidding them farewell.—Indianapolis News.

Optimism.

"Do not go to Honolulu," the stay-at-home man remarked to the emigrant. "You'll never be able to work there. The temperature is frequently 100 in the shade." But the emigrant had already bought his ticket and was determined to make the best of it. He answered, hopefully: "Well, I'll not be working in the shade all the time."

TWO-THIRDS OF TIMBER WASTER IN CONVERSION.

Most Extravagance Takes Place in Saw-Mills—American Use Lavish.

Washington—The lavish use of lumber in the United States for per capita consumption is from three to 10 times greater than that of the leading nations of Europe, five eighths of the rough lumber sawed in this country serves as raw material for conversion into a more highly finished and valuable product, such as furniture, musical instruments, farming implements, etc.

The waste in the woods, the mill and the factory, it was said at the forest service, is so great that two-thirds of what was in the tree is lost on the way to the consumer. The heaviest part of this loss takes place in the saw mills.

Farmers Will Organize.

The farmer has not heretofore organized, as has every other industry in the country, for his own defense. But if, by any act, either legislative or boycotting, he finds that he will not be treated squarely, you will certainly hear from him. He is able to organize his forces into one of the most formidable bodies in this country. His work in that direction is already under way. By your action in boycotting his product you will give renewed grounds for a strong agricultural organization. When that has been accomplished he will meet you in the boycotting business, and when the farmer is stirred up to the defense of his rights you will find him the best boycotter on earth. He is used to hardships, used to rigid economy, and he has a decided advantage over the rest of the world in that he can get along without replenishing his stock of what he purchases from the world for an indefinite time, while you cannot get along three days without that which his labor produces.—Senator McComber, in the Columbian Magazine.

The Flowing Tide.

If the Democrats carry the house in 1910, they will carry the Presidency in 1912. Let there be no mistake about that. A current which would give the Democrats the house this year would have enough force left to give them the Presidency two years hence. If the Democrats win the house in the approaching campaign, there will be a scramble for the Democratic Presidential candidacy in 1912 such as has not been seen in many a day, and Mr. Taft need not be surprised when the notification comes to him on the night of November 5 of that year to pack his "grip" and vacate the White House.—Harper's Weekly.

A Form of Popularity.

"My husband is one of the most popular men in his club," said young Mrs. Torkins proudly. "I'm sorry to hear that," replied Miss Cayenne. "It indicates that he never wins."—Washington Star.

A TOUCHING RECORD OF STANLEY'S SAD BOYHOOD

Letter Found, Written When a Workhouse Lad, Begging His Uncle For a Place.

A letter from Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, written soon after he had left the little workhouse in Wales, where he was brought up, has just come to light.

The boy, then known as John Rowlands, was an orphan, destitute and in despair. His only friends were an uncle and aunt, and to them he wrote as follows:

"Ffynnobbenno, June 2, 1858.

"Dear Uncle and Aunt—I have waited with anxiety, expecting every day to receive an answer from you. Is there any chance or not for me to have that place? Now, dear uncle, I hope you have not taken it unkind in me plaguing. It's a hard case on me, and it will be harder still if I could not procure that situation.

"Dearest Uncle: I sue to you for kindness. I have nowhere to go unless you can procure a place for me. I am quite well, thank Providence for it. The blessing of God be with you.

"They have not succeeded in finding me a situation at the Mold railway station. * * *

"Your very humble nephew,

"JOHN ROWLANDS."

Fifteen years or so after this letter was written Stanley, through finding Livingstone in Darkest Africa, became the hero of the civilized world.

Another Captain Fibb Tale.

Rear-Admiral Rogers of the Navy tells the following story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors.

"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks. "One of the dingiest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley, in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere. Rats. Nothin' but.

"Bimeby it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock and fumigated. I was on deck an' I saw them rats leavin'. I counted 'em. They was fifteen million of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other. "Ain't that a lot o' rats! Are you sure?"

"Sure? Yes, I'm sure. They was fifteen million rats, and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, sassy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats, and every one weighed half a pound, and they all came off your ship. That's seven million and a half pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty tons."—Judge.

Escaping Identity.

The question is, which may be the cleanest manner of escaping, not from existence (for that is a matter of a bare bodkin and a pail of water), but from identity, which is a complicated concern. It is evident that the desire for escape is almost universal among mankind. Consider the delight in masks and dressing up, the fetish dances, the fancy dress balls—all equally pleasurable to savages and society. Consider the joy of all men and women in giving themselves another face to the one God gave them—the joy in painting and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades and theatricals.

Solemn moralists may call us self-centred, self-satisfied, self-conceited, but they do not go to Covent Garden; they have never seen a puny shred of human flesh so little self-satisfied that it posed as Achilles, or disguised the lamentable reality under the similitude of Neptune with his trident. A dog does not ape the lion unless man clips him; a cat never questions her own sufficiency; a rat dips his tail in oils only to lick it. Man alone of animals is plagued with humility; he alone distrusts his value and longs to escape the trammels of himself.—London Nation.

When Prices Were Really High.

Editor Caldwell evidently feels contempt for this effeminate generation that complains of the high cost of living, for he indulges in the following reminiscences in the Jasper News: "It makes old Confederate soldiers tired to listen to this everlasting talk about high prices. The editor of this paper has sat down in the Petersburg, Va., market and paid \$25 for a meal consisting of a handful of greens, a piece of corn bread, a small piece of bacon and a glass of milk. But then he was able to pay it, of course, as his wages were \$11 a month, which he never received. High prices, indeed! This generation knows nothing about high prices."—Florida Times Union.

A New Florida Fence.

A new fence is being placed about Mrs. Marble-Heart's property on Weeden street.—St. Augustine Evening Record.

Stop Women And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Young Love.

"You're buying cheroots since you've married. Beginning to economize, eh?" "No; my wife likes for me to leave the long butts. She loops 'em with ribbons and hangs 'em about the flat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

REST AND PEACE

Fall Upon Distracted Households When Cuticura Enters.

Sleep for tired, fretted babies and rest for skin tortured babies is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, eczemas, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail. Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

Perhaps the most pressing want to day is the real old-fashioned mother to teach her children that the highest ideals can be found in home life. The young girl we are mostly familiar with is a restless creature, always on the lookout for change and excitement. But is this her fault? Her upbringing is in some way responsible for it. The mother who does not appreciate her home life is not likely to make her daughter like it, and such a disastrous example augurs ill for the girl's future married happiness. There are fortunately mothers who can be termed old-fashioned. Would there were more of them.—West Milton Record.

No Use.

"Runaway match, wasn't it?" "Yep. But the poor fellow couldn't run fast enough. She caught him."—Cleveland Leader.

The first company in the world to undertake the production of radium in a commercial way is building a laboratory at London.

Rev. W. W. Wingfield, vicar of Gualval, will celebrate his ninety-sixth birthday this week.

Cures The OLD SORES That Other Remedies Won't Cure

The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are absolutely cured by Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil

Discovered by an Old Railroad Surgeon. All Druggists positively refund money if it fails to cure. 25c, 50c & \$1.00.

Paris Medicine Co., Celina, Ohio. Gentlemen: We are requested to say to you that a prominent citizen here—an old soldier—has had a running sore on his leg for a number of years and your DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL cured him. He is prepared to make a sworn statement to this effect. (Signed) WICKOFF BROS., Druggists.

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"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

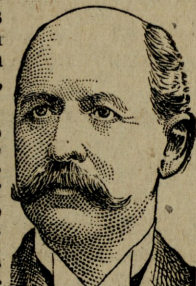
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