St. Jacobs Oil

for many, many years has **cured** and **continues** to cure

RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
LUMBAGO
BACKACHE
SCIATICA
SPRAINS
BRUISES
SORENESS
STIFFNESS
FROST-BITES

Price, 25c. and 50c.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER.

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any $3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you $5.00 to $7.00—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world, under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the care with which every pair of W. L. Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced in the world.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School & Dress Shoes, $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom.

WANTED. A shoe dealer in every town where W. L. Douglas Shoes are not sold. Full line of samples sent free for inspection upon request.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

When offered something else instead of

Kemp's Balsam

stop and consider: "Am I **sure** to get something as good as this **best** cough cure? If not **sure**, what good reason have I for taking chances in a matter that may have a direct bearing on my own or my family's health?"

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

HAVE YOU COWS?

If you have cream to separate a good Cream Separator is the most profitable investment you can possibly make. Delay means daily waste of time, labor and product.

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS save $10.- per cow per year every year of use over all gravity setting systems and $5.- per cow over all imitating separators. They received the Grand Prize or Highest Award at St. Louis.

Buying trashy cash-in-advance separators is penny wise, dollar foolish. Such machines quickly *lose* their cost of *saving* it.

If you haven't the ready cash DE LAVAL machines may be bought on such liberal terms that they actually *pay for themselves.*

Send today for new catalogue and name of nearest local agent.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
Randolph & Canal Sts. CHICAGO | 74 Cortlandt Street NEW YORK

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

troubled with ills peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvelously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.
Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.
THE PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

Farm that is a Farm

Where and how to secure one from Uncle Sam, or buy the best for the least money; irrigated farms, or without irrigation. Write Bureau of Information, room 113, corner Third and Broadway, St. Paul, Minn.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1. DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

S. C. N. U. - - No. 41—1905

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

YOUTHFUL MRS. CRAWFORD.

Novelist's Wife Is Blonde, Slender and Fond of Society.

Mrs. Marion Crawford, wife of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, although she has two grown daughters, is said by an American woman who recently met her abroad not to look a day over 26, says the New York Times. She is a blonde, slender and graceful, and exceedingly fond of society; quite a butterfly, in fact, and altogether different in her tastes from her husband. The home of the Crawfords is in Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, and there Mrs. Crawford passes most of her time. Mr. Crawford visited several months in New York only a short time ago.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, sister of Marion Crawford, is a personal friend of the Emperor and Empress of Japan, and was also of the late Queen Victoria. Her husband was British envoy for some years to the Mikado's kingdom and it was in Japan itself that Mrs. Fraser had for some years a chance to closely study modern Japanese life. Her book of stories—Japanese romances—is one never to be forgotten by those who read it, and her other novels and books have proved most fascinating. She was, of course, a daughter of Crawford, the famous sculptor, and lived many years in Italy. Her success in the matter of the recent Japanese tableaux for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Japanese soldiers and sailors in the present war was a marked one. When a child her father modeled her in one of his statues, and that particular study has been a favorite with the admirers of his art. Mrs. Fraser has cordial and charming manners, being unassuming and sympathetic. In appearance she is of middle height, slight, with expressive gray eyes, an aquiline nose, soft, gray hair and a most agreeable voice.

AWFUL NEURALGIA

Mr. Porter Thought He Should Go Mad But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

"It seems like a miracle that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have cured my neuralgia," said Mr. Porter. "They are certainly a marvelous medicine and I am always glad to recommend them.

"For two years," he continued, "I had suffered almost unendurable pains in my head. They would start over my eyes and shoot upward most frequently, but they often spread over my face, and at times every part of my head and face would be full of agony. Sometimes the pains were so intense that I actually feared they would drive me mad.

"My eyes ached constantly and there was always a burning sensation over my forehead, but the other pains varied, sometimes they were acute, and again they were dull and lingering. I could not sleep. My temper was irritable and I got no pleasure out of life.

"I tried remedy after remedy, but finding no help in any of them, I became a despairing man. Even when I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had no great hope of a cure.

"That was in December of 1903. To my surprise, a change in my condition took place right away. The pains grew less intense and the acute attacks were further apart, as I kept on using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The improvement began with the first box, and when I had used six boxes I stopped. My cure was complete and has lasted ever since."

Mr. Charles H. Porter lives at Raymond, N. H. He is one of many grateful people who have found that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure diseases of the nerves that have stubbornly resisted every other remedy tried. Not only neuralgia, but sciatica, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia yield to them. They are sold by all druggists, or may be obtained directly from the Dr Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The Early Bird, Etc.

Miss Willing (to bereaved husband)—Your late wife and I were such intimate friends, Mr. Lonely, and if it isn't asking too much I would dearly love to have something of hers for a keepsake.

Mr. Lonely—My dear Miss Willing, I should be only too glad to oblige you. How would you like the ring I gave her three years ago?

Miss Willing—Oh, Mr. Lonely! This is so sudden.

Advancing the Farmers' Interests.

Traveling agents and salesmen are now sent from the home offices of the Chicago packers into all South American and Asiatic countries. They are going into every land, no matter what language may be spoken or what money be used. They will exchange their goods for cowries or elephant tusks—anything to sell the product and get something in return convertible into money. It may seem odd to some folks, but traveling men, carrying cases with samples of American meat products, can be seen in the desert of Sahara, the sands of Zanzibar or in Brazil, "where the nuts come from." Great is the enterprise of the Yankee merchant. The greater the market, the greater the price and stability of the price of the product and all that goes to make it in its various stages.

It Wasn't Rye.

Saphead—Bifkins actually had the audacity to call me a donkey this morning.

Miss Caustique—Did you have that suit on then?

Saphead—Yes; but why do you ask?

Miss Caustique—I can't understand how he mistook a clotheshorse for a donkey.

What He Wanted.

"Give me a pair of spiders," said the funny man, as he entered the clothing store.

"Spiders!" echoed the astonished clerk.

"Yes; web suspenders," explained the would-be humorist, with a large, open-faced grin.

On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pommel Slicker

"I followed the trail from Texas to Montana with a FISH BRAND Slicker, used for an overcoat when cold, a wind coat when it rained, when windy, a rain coat and for a cover at night if we got to bed, and I will say that I have gotten more comfort out of your slicker than any other one article that I ever owned."

(The name and address of the writer of this unsolicited letter may be had on application.)

Wet Weather Garments for Riding, Walking, Working or Sporting.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited TORONTO, CANADA

The Sign of the Fish TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE NOBLE CALLING OF THE TEACHER.

By Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch.

RABBI HIRSCH.

THE teacher is excluded from the ranks of the army that marches to the tune of clinking gold. But we find recompense in the teachers' profession that outweighs all the recompense of other and more material characters. Teachers work with the raw material which is to be made over into dignified and self-dependent humanity. The true teacher should find the greatest compensation in the realization of a work well done. The true teacher must remember that in having become a teacher she must consecrate herself to her work. Most have forgotten this. There is a scramble for salary, and often the term "salary" has been regarded as too dignified, and the word "wage" has been substituted, as if the teacher were a hired man. Perhaps the teachers are underpaid. They are. The minimum should be raised, but, if the circumstances are such that it cannot be, the teachers should be willing to make the sacrifice and not band together for salary, and that alone.

The great teacher of the Christians received no pay and made a great sacrifice. Teaching is a divine profession. Its value to civilization and to humanity cannot be measured by the banking house standards.

The true teacher must to a certain extent efface herself. The true teacher must be a servant to others. The true teacher never has asked, "What is the school to me?" but she has asked, and should ask, "What am I to the school?" The teachers must be proud of their profession and glad to enter it, and must find their return not in what the schools give to them, but in what they give to the schools. The schools are not for the teachers, but for the children.

The teachers belong to the children.

LENDING MAY BE A CRIME.

By R. H. Matz.

I read a report the other day of a bankrupt "who got into the hands of money lenders." They charged him 97 per cent interest. The bankrupt was surprised. I do not ascribe his bankruptcy to "having got into the hands of money lenders." I ascribe it to his being a fool, and I do not reckon the interest at all exorbitant. If one lends money to a man so ignorant or so careless that he cannot calculate what he pays for it one must charge for the risk. Sydney Smith said that when he lent money to a friend and the friend paid him back, he was always seized with an irresistible desire to go out and spend it all at once. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly come into a windfall, for he never expected to see the money again.

A wealthy acquaintance of mine divides his personal borrowers into the following classes: Those who will certainly pay back because they are honorable and competent in business; those who will pay back if they are ever able, which is doubtful; those that will certainly never pay back because they will never be able; those that will never repay whether they are able or not. He informed me that he lent to the last class as a cheap way of putting an end to his acquaintance with them.

A man has no right to lend a dollar if he cannot afford it. Nine-tenths of the lending that goes on between acquaintances is the result of the lender's unwillingness to admit that he is really not so wealthy as the borrower believes. Many swindlers have used this, appealing to the vanity of persons who would rather lose the money than admit that they are not wealthy. Many lenders surrender their money merely to escape an embarrassing position. Nine-tenths of all the lending that is done is done in the same way. One might almost as well call handing one's purse to a footpad, with a bludgeon over one's head, "making him a temporary advance."

The inveterate and unscrupulous borrower is the most deadly enemy of the really needy and honest one. He is the person to be talked to plainly. Any encouragement given him makes one an accomplice in his crime. A man the other day was charged with stealing coppers out of a blind beggar's hat by means of a limed stick. I look upon the professional borrower with the same contempt as I have for that gentleman.

The advice of a great American millionaire on the subject of borrowing is to the point. He says: "Never borrow unless you can see your way to make the principal, the interest and an excellent profit."

NATIONAL REGULATION OF INSURANCE.

By John W. Walsh.

The magnitude of the insurance business; the extent to which it pervades all the States of the Union; the deep interest which all the people have in the sound and economical administration of the business; the various State regulations to which it is subject, and the long train of abuses which flow therefrom have at last arrested the attention of the country to the important question whether Congress should or has the power to regulate the business of insurance.

It is now well understood that one of the most important functions of government is to regulate and supervise institutions where the savings of the people are deposited. First among such institutions are the insurance companies. Hundreds of millions of the people's money have accumulated in their hands. Their business has grown to enormous proportions and has now become national. They have pushed their operations into every corner of the land; the people of the whole country are daily paying into their treasuries hundreds of thousands of dollars.

President Roosevelt has done the country a signal service in calling the attention of Congress to the question of national regulation of insurance. The spectacle of forty States, each with its different set of insurance regulation, and its insurance commissioner possessing visitorial powers more or less unlimited, regulating a business that is national and of national concern, and in which all the people, regardless of State lines, have a most vital interest, presents an incongruity possible only under our complex system of State and Federal Government. There is absolutely no valid reason for its continuance, while there is every reason that Congress should regulate the business.

National regulation and supervision of insurance is undoubtedly near at hand. A township or a county insurance company is properly the subject of State supervision; but an Equitable Life Society, with its four hundred and odd millions of assets collected from the people of the whole country, may well be a concern of the nation and of the nation's Legislature.

POLITICS AND THE JUDICIARY.

By Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker.

Men chosen to fill judicial offices have not been mere party adherents. They, have, in general, been devoted during their political careers to the organization as well as to the principles of their parties.

Every chief justice has come to that high distinction after passing through the lanes, alleys, streets or highways of a party. As a rule they have gone through many grades of political effort, humble as well as high. And in no instance has this system brought to the bench a man who could be called or thought of as a political chief justice.

These considerations ought to give us pause before we consent to think that our life, society and system of government are growing worse or before we permit any revolutionary theories to drive us to the conclusion that old customs, manners or methods should be abandoned simply because they are old or because other governments or forms or systems have not adopted our simple and effective way of dealing with great and difficult human problems.

DRIFTING AND BATTLING.

I launched my boat upon the sea
And drifted with the ebbing tide;
The wind was fair, the course was free,
But drifting I was not satisfied.

A storm arose and swept the main,
Wild billows leaped o'er ocean wide;
Battling I sought the port to gain
And battling was I satisfied.
—Los Angeles Times.

One Girl's Tragedy.

THE girl with the chilly smile eyed the young woman with the drooping mouth keenly.

"Been taking anti-fat?" she asked at last. "You look thin and washed out."

"Thank you for your kind wards," responded the girl with the drooping mouth with considerable asperity. "Your dyspepsia is worse, I observe. Only that would make you so truthful and frank."

"Oh! come now, what's the trouble? Don't waste your time being sarcastic."

"Well," said the girl with the drooping mouth, "I do feel rather unhappy, that's the truth. There's nobody to blame but myself. You've heard Mabel talk about that cousin of hers who has been studying abroad, several years, haven't you?"

"Haven't I!" acquiesced the young woman with the chilly smile. "I'd like to know who could escape him—Albert Howard Graham. The family just worships him."

"Yes, he lived with them when he was a small boy. It seems he's going to drive Marconi into oblivion when once he gets started. Really, he has done some wonderful things, and Mabel always promised she would —er——"

"Give you the first chance at him?"

"Well, you know, I'm her dearest friend, and she always has said that he and I were made for each other. Naturally, I got interested in him. I rather looked forward to meeting him, too. It seemed so romantic to think maybe he was my fate.

"So you can imagine my state of mind the other afternoon when Mabel called me up on the phone and said Albert Howard had unexpectedly arrived home from France the night before, and she was dying for me to meet him, and that she had just sent him over to my house after her purse she had forgotten the day before. She said he had a business errand he must attend to on the way, but she thought he'd be there in an hour.

"I was so excited, and I had tons of things to ask her, but in the middle of our talk the bell rang and I had to go to the door. I saw it was the man to overhaul the kitchen stove whom we had been expecting for a couple of days, for he had a queer long bag and some wire things in his hand.

"I didn't want to lose Mabel, so I called back over my shoulder for him to sit down and wait till I could attend to him, and rushed back to the phone. I asked Mabel if her cousin knew she had sent him over to meet me, and she said no, and then I had to ring off, for I had to get into a decent dress and do up my hair. It was straggling all over my face, and I didn't want Albert Howard to get a bad impression of me.

"The stove man sat meekly in a corner as I started to tear upstairs, and I had to stop a minute. I told him to come with me, and opened the kitchen door.

"'You'll find the stove there,' I said, airily, 'and I suppose you know what to do—clean it out so that it'll burn.' Then I flew upstairs.

"I got dressed and sat in the reception room for two hours, and Albert Howard Graham never appeared. I

"I DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE MABEL."

got angry at last and thought I'd teach him a lesson when he did come —it was some of his foreign affectation, I supposed, making a girl wait.

"Then I suddenly remembered the man in the kitchen, and wondered what he could be doing, for I hadn't heard a noise from the basement the whole two hours. I went down to investigate. The man sat calmly on a pile of wood smoking a cigar. He seemed so much at ease and so self-possessed, and eyed me so strangely that I just stared open-mouthed. It was the first time I had taken a good look at him—my mind had been so full of Albert Howard.

"Then it flashed over me—for Mabel had shown me his picture—he was Albert Howard Graham himself! The bag and wires were electrical things he had just bought. And I had ordered him into the kitchen!"

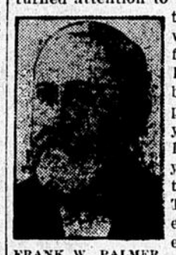
"I suppose he wasn't thoughtful enough to clean the stove as you requested him, either," put in the girl with the chilly smile.

"You can't appreciate a tragedy when it is thrown in your face!" the other wailed.—Illustrated Bits.

FRANK W. PALMER.

Long Public Printer Recently Dismissed from the Service.

Events at the government printing office in Washington have recently turned attention to Frank W. Palmer, the veteran printer who was dismissed from the service. He has for years been a prominent public figure. In youth he located in Iowa and as a young man owned the Dubuque Times. He was elected State printer of Iowa and resigned to become owner and editor of the Iowa State Register, one of the leading papers of the West. In 1868 he was elected to Congress and served two terms. Afterward he moved to Chicago and was one of the owners of the Inter Ocean. President Grant appointed him postmaster of Chicago and he served eight years. When Harrison assumed office in 1889 he made Palmer public printer. This position carries with it large salary and influence. The public printer directs the greatest printing plant in the country, with 4,000 employes and a mammoth building. He selects the officers of this department and makes all the purchases of machinery and material. With the advent of the second Cleveland administration Palmer retired, but President McKinley reappointed him in 1897 and he served until President Roosevelt ordered his removal last week.



FRANK W. PALMER.

Not Out of the Woods Yet.

Many are the changes rung on the old joke which suggests that the physician is more or less a dangerous person. But sometimes the stories are so naive as to have a sort of novelty.

"How's your husband getting along?" somebody asked Mrs. Cutting, whose lifelong companion had been seriously ill with pneumonia.

"Well, I don't know what to say," Mrs. Cutting answered, with the slowness and indecision which characterized all her speech and actions. "You know we've had young Doctor Morse here to him from the first, and at the worst we had old Doctor Green from the Center, too. Well, the last time Doctor Green came he said to me, 'Mrs. Cutting, we may now call him out of danger.' So I suppose I might say he is, and yet it don't seem much like it, with Doctor Morse coming every day."

Not to Be Endured.

First Office Boy—Why did yer t'row up yer job at Biffum & Bangs?

Second Office Boy—Why, I couldn't stand ole Bangs' impudence. He had de crust ter tell me, right ter me face and before de hull office, ter git out uv de place and never come back! Dat wuz de last straw!—Life.

It's tough when a man has to give up good money for a tough steak.

WORKING WOMEN

Their Hard Struggle Made Easier—Interesting Statements by a Young Lady in Boston and One in Nashville, Tenn.

All women work; some in their homes, some in church, and some in the whirl of society. And in stores, mills and shops tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill, earning their daily bread.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbance, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drifts them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, ovarian troubles, ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, leucorrhœa, or perhaps irregularity or suppression of "monthly periods," causing backache, nervousness, irritability and lassitude.

Women who stand on their feet all day are more susceptible to these troubles than others.

They especially require an invigorating, sustaining medicine which will strengthen the female organism and enable them to bear easily the fatigues of the day, to sleep well at night, and to rise refreshed and cheerful.

How distressing to see a woman struggling to earn a livelihood or perform her household duties when her back and head are aching, she is so tired she can hardly drag about or stand up, and every movement causes pain, the origin of which is due to some derangement of the female organism.

Miss F. Orser of 14 Warrenton Street, Boston, tells women how to avoid such suffering; she writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered misery for several years with irregular menstruation. My back ached; I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches; I could not sleep and could hardly drag around. I consulted two physicians without relief, and as a last resort, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to my surprise, every ache and pain left me. I gained ten pounds and am in perfect health."

Miss Pearl Ackers of 327 North Summer Street, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered with painful periods, severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen; was very nervous and irritable, and my trouble grew worse every month.

"My physician failed to help me and I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found it was doing me good. All my pains and aches disappeared, and I no longer fear my monthly periods."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for all these troubles. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, bearing down pains, disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and it will make you strong and well.

You can tell the story of your sufferings to a woman, and receive helpful advice free of cost. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Noted for Her Beauty.

The Countess of Northbrook, until a short while ago known as Viscountess Baring, is looked upon as one of the handsomest women in London society. During the life of the late Earl, says The Tattler, she always spent much of her time with him at his country home, in Hampshire, and there shone as the most brilliant hostess in the country, arranging the shooting parties entirely herself and superintending the very smallest detail as to the comfort of her father-in-law's guests. The earl was devoted to her and was never tired of showing off her portraits and pictures, of which he had no fewer than fifty different kinds, and always talked of her as his "beautiful daughter-in-law."

Matter of Relationship.

Her—I can only be a sister to you.

Him—Oh, that won't do. You'll have to be a daughter to me or nothing.

Her—Because why?

Him—Because I've been a "popper" to you.

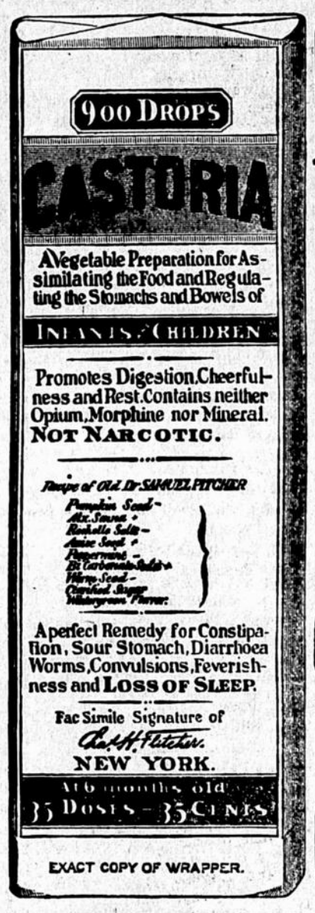
Too Early.

There is an interesting anecdote given in the Boston Herald of a Mr. Capen, an old resident of one of the seaport towns of Massachusetts. He is now employed as driver of the coach which conveys travelers from the trains to the hotel.

One Saturday evening in the latter part of September three men arrived on the afternoon train from Boston. Mr. Capen was sitting on the driver's seat of the coach, waiting to take them to their destination. They looked about the station, and evidently were not favorably impressed by the surroundings, for one man was heard to say:

"What a desolate country! We certainly have come to the jumping-off place this time. I don't believe we can even get a Sunday paper in this place, can we, driver?"

There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Capen drawled out, "Wal, not to-night."



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS