EVERY ONE ASKS HIM

HOW HE GOT RID OF HIS OBSTINATE MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Jones Tells of the Way by Which He Treated Himself Successfully When Doctors Failed.

Six physicians, all of them good, one of them a specialist, had done their best for Mr. Jones at different times during three years, and still he suffered fearfully from the tortures of rheumatism.

The rheumatism that had been dormant in his system was suddenly brought to an acute stage by exposure while he was drawing ice in February, 1901. From that time on for a period of more than three years he was a constant sufferer. He tried many kinds of treatment, but the rheumatism wouldn't budge. When regular doctors failed, and one remedy after another proved useless, many said: "I'should think he would give it up and save his money."

Of his condition at this time, Mr. Jones says: "My rheumatism started in my right thigh, but in time it appeared in every muscle of my body. I lost the use of my left arm entirely and nearly lost the use of my right one. My feet were badly affected, especially the bottoms of the heels. When my right side was affected there was swelling, but the left side didn't swell when the disease settled there. The internal organs didn't seem to be involved at all. The trouble was all in the muscles and the nerves."

Among the few who still encouraged Mr. Jones to think that a cure might yet be found was a friend who had reason for great confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on her advice he bought a box of them in September, 1904. The story of what followed is brief, but nothing could be more satisfactory.

"When I was on the third box," says Mr. Jones, "I could realize a change for the better. I felt sure then that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were the right medicine for my case. I kept on with them for several weeks longer and now I am entirely well, and everybody is asking what I took."

Mr. William Jones lives at Oxford, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effect wonderful cures in rheumatism, because they work directly on the blood which is the seat of the disease. They are sold by every druggist.

HEADS WITH THE CROWNS.

The czar has always been devoted to Wagner's music.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is an especial favorite of the king, had an ambition as a small boy to become a clock-maker.

No fewer than 57 British peers have no heirs to succeed them. That number of titles is, therefore, likely to become extinct on the death of their present holders.

The royal palace at Belgrade, Servia, called the Konak, has been entirely refurnished by King Peter. The furniture came almost entirely from Paris and Vienna.

The kaiser has decreed that women's decollete dresses shall not be cut square, and that men not entitled to wear uniforms shall appear in white knee breeches and hose.

No foreign sovereign knows the English language better than the king of Italy, who, when a boy, was made to speak it in place of his native tongue. As a youngster King Victor Emmanuel III. kept a diary, in which he recorded the events of his life in English.

Had the present king of Italy been born in the United States, he might have been in the way of attaining, through merit, the post of secretary of agriculture at Washington. The king has for years manifested a lively interest in the tilling of the soil, and lately adopted the project of an American friend for an international institution devoted to the fostering and development of agriculture.

Some of the czar's children are free of speech, unfettered of action, and fully appreciative of their exalted rank. This is particularly true of the fair-haired, blue-eyed Grand Duchess Olga, who has often been known to stop her little pony carriage in the parks of Peterhoff—the czar's summer residence—to call to order some passerby who had failed to accord her the attention she considered due to an emperor's daughter.

Failed to Get It.

"I married for money," said the gloomy man.

"Wasn't there a woman attached to it?" asked the cynic.

"Of course there was," with increased gloom; "so much attached to it that she never parted with a penny."—Tit-Bits.

HONEST CONFESSION.

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly confession of the fact.

A case in point is that of an eminent practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads.' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons. I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does. I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy Writes from the Waldorf-Dinner — Tries to Rescue a "Countess" in Distress.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of Peck's Sun, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)
(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Waldorf-Astoria, New York.—Dear Uncle Ezra: We are still at this tavern, but we don't do anything but sleep here, and stay around in the lobby evenings to let people look at us, and dad wears that old swallow-tail coat he had before the war, but he has got a new silk hat, since we got here; one of these shiny ones that is so slick it makes his clothes look offul bum. We about went broke on the first supper we had, or dinner they call it here. You see, dad thought this was about a three-dollar-a-day house, and that the meals were included, like they do at Oshkosh, and so when we went down to dinner dad said we wouldn't do a thing to old Astor. He let me order the dinner, but told me to order everything on the bill-of-sale, because we wanted to get the worth of our three dollars a day. Well, honest, I couldn't order all there was, 'cause you couldn't have got it all on a billiard table. Say, that list they gave me had everything on it that was ever et or drunk, but I told dad they would fire us out if we ordered the whole prescription, so all I ordered was terrapin, canvas-back duck, oysters, clams, crabs, a lot of new kinds of fish, and some beef and mutton, and turkey, and woodcock, and partridge, and quail, and English pheasant, and lobster and salads and ices, and pie and things, just to stay our stomachs, and when it came to wine, dad weakened, because he didn't want to set a bad example to me, so he ordered hard cider for hisself, and asked me if I wanted anything to drink, and I ordered brown pop. You'd a been tickled to see the waiter when he took that order, 'cause I don't s'pose anybody ever ordered cider and brown pop there since Astor skinned muskrats for a living, when he was a trapper up north. Gosh, but when they brought that dinner in, you ought to have seen the sensation it created. Most of the people in the great dining hall looked at dad as though he was a Crases, or a Rockefeller, and the head waiter bowed low to dad, and dad thought it was Astor, and dad looked dignified and hurt at being spoken to by a common tavern keeper. Well, we

"DINNER CHECK, SIR," SAID THE WAITER.

et and et, but we couldn't get away with hardly any of it, and dad wanted to wrap some of the duck and lobsters and things in a newspaper and take it to the room for a lunch, but the waiter wouldn't have it. But the cyclone struck the house when dad and I got up to go out of the dining-room, and the waiter brought dad the check.

"What is this?" said dad, as he put on his glasses and looked at the check, which was $43 and over.

"Dinner check, sir," said the waiter, as he straightened back and held out his hand.

"Why, ain't this house run on the American plan," said dad, as his chin began to tremble.

"No, sir, on the Irish plan," said the waiter. "You pays for what you horders," and dad began to dig up. He looked at me as though I was to blame, when he told me to order all there was in sight. Well, I have witnessed heart-rending scenes, but I never saw anything that would draw tears like dad digging down for that $43. The doctors at home had ordered excitement for dad, but this seemed to be an overdose, and I was afraid he would collapse, and I offered him my glass of brown pop to stimulate him, but he told me I could go plumb, and if I spoke to him again he would maul me. He got his roll half out of his pistol pocket, and then talked loud and said it was a damoutridge, and he wanted to see Astor himself before he would allow himself to be held up by highwaymen, and then all the other diners stood up and looked at dad, and a lot of waiters and bouncers surrounded him, and then he pulled out the roll, and it was pitiful to see him wet his trembling thumb on his trembling dry tongue and begin to peel off the bills, like you peel the layers off an onion, but he got off enough to pay for the dinner, gave the waiter half a dollar, and smiled a sickly smile at the head waiter, and I led him out of the dining-room a broken-down old man. As we got to the lobby, where the horse show of dress-suit chappies was beginning the evening procession, I said to dad: "Next time we will dine out, I guess," and at that he rallied and seemed to be able to take a joke, for he said: "We dined out this time. We dined out $43," and then we joined the procession of walkers around, and tried to look prosperous, and after awhile dad called a bell boy, and asked him if there wasn't a good dairy lunch counter near the Waldorf, where a man could go and get a bowl of bread and milk, and the bell boy gave him the address of a dairy lunch place, and I can see my finish, 'cause from this out we will probably live on bread and milk while we are here, and I hate bread and milk.

It got all around the hotel, about the expensive dinner dad ordered for himself and the little heir to his estate, and everybody wanted to get acquainted with dad and try to get some stock in his copper mine. I had told dad about my telling the boys he was a bonanza copper miner, and he never batted an eye when they asked him about his mine, and he looked the part. One man wanted dad to cash a check, 'cause the bank was closed, and he was a rich-looking duke, and dad was just going to get his roll out and peel off some more onion, when I said: "Not on your tintype, Mr. Duke," and dad left his roll in his pocket, and the duke gave me a look as though he wanted to choke me, and went away, saying: "There is Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and I can get him to cash it." I saved dad over a hundred dollars on that scheme, and so we are making money every minute. We went to our room early, so dad could digest hs $43 worth of glad food.

Gee, but this house got ripped up the back before morning. You remember I told you about a countess, or a duchess, or some kind of high-up female that had a room next to our room. Well, she is a beaut, from Butte, Mont., or Cuba, or somewhere, for she acts like a queen

ONE MAN WANTED DAD TO CASH A CHECK, 'CAUSE THE BANK WAS CLOSED—AND HE WAS A RICH-LOOKING DUKE.

that has just stepped off her throne for a good time. She has got a French maid that is a peacharino. You knew that horse chestnut, with the prickers on, that I put in dad's pants at Washington. Well, I have still got it, and as it gets dry the prickers are sharper than needles, sharper even than a servant's tooth, as it says in the good book. I thought I would give dad a run for his money, 'cause exercise and excitement are good for a man that dined heartily on $43 worth of rich food, so when we went to our room I told dad that I was satisfied from what a bell boy told me that the countess in the next room, who had gold cords over her shoulders for suspenders, was stuck on him, because she was always inquiring who the lovely old gentleman was with the sweet little boy. Dad he got so interested that he forgot to cuss me about ordering that dinner, and he said he had noticed her, and would like real well to get acquainted with her, 'cause a man far away from home, sick as a dog, with no loving wife to look after him, needed cheerful company. So I told him I had it all arranged for him to meet her, and then I went out in the hall, sort of whistling around, and the French maid came out and broke some English for me, and we got real chummy, 'cause she was anxious to learn English, and I wanted to learn some French words; so she invited me into the room, and we sat on the sofa and exchanged words quite awhile, until she was called to the telephone in the other room. Say, you ought to have seen me. I jumped up and put my hand inside the sheets of the bed, and put that chestnut in there, right about the middle of the bed, and then, after learning French quite a spell, with the maid, we heard the countess getting off the elevator, and the maid said I must skip, 'cause it was the countess' bed-time, and I went back and told dad the whole thing was arranged for him to meet the countess, in a half an hour or so, as she had to write a few letters to some kings and dukes, and when she gave a little scream, as though she was practicing her voice on an opera, or something, dad was to go and rap at the door. Gosh, but I was sorry for dad, for he was so nervous and anxious for the half hour to expire that he walked up and down the room, and looked at himself in the mirror, and acted like he had indigestion. I had told the maid that she and the countess must feel perfectly safe, if anything ever happened, 'cause my dad was the bravest man in the world, and he would rush to the rescue of the countess, if a burglar got in in the night, or the water pipes busted, or anything, and all she had to do was to screech twice and dad

AND THEN THE NIGHT WATCHMAN CAME IN WITH THE HOUSE POLICEMAN AND CHOKED DAD OFF.

would be on deck, and she must open the door quicker'n scat, and she thanked me, and said she would, and for me to come, too. Say, on the dead, wasn't that a plot for an amateur to cook up? Well, sir, we had to wait so long for the countess to get on the horse chestnut that I got nervous myself, but after awhile there came a scream that would raise your hair, and I told dad the countess was singing the opera. Dad said: "Hennery, that ain't no opera, that's tragedy;" but she gave two or three more stanzas, and I told dad he better hustle, and we went out in the hall and rapped at the door of the countess' room, and the maid opened it, and told us to send for a doctor and a policeman, 'cause the countess was having a fit. Well, say, that was the worst ever. The countess had jumped out of bed, and was pulling the lace curtains around her, but dad thought she was crazy, and was going to jump out of the window, and he made a grab for her, and he shouted to her to "be cam, be cam, poor woman, and I will rescue you." I tried to pacify the maid the best I knew how, and dad was getting the countess calmer, but she evidently thought he was an assassin, for every little while she would yell for help, and then the night watchman came in with a house policeman, and one of them choked dad off, and they asked the countess what the trouble was, and she said she had just retired when she was stabbed about a hundred times in the small of the back with a poniard, and she knew conspirators were assassinating her, and she screamed, and this old bandit, meaning dad, came in, and the little monkey, meaning me, had held his hand over her maid's mouth, so she could not make any outcry.

Well, I got my horse chestnut all right, out of the bed, and the policeman told the countess not to be alarmed, and go back to bed, and they took dad and I to our room, and asked us all about it. Gee, but dad put up a story about hearing a woman scream in the next room, and, thinking only of the duty of a gentleman under the circumstances, rushed to her rescue, and all there was to it was that she must have had a nightmare, but he said if he had it to do over again, he would do the same. Anyway, the policeman believed dad, and they went off and left us, and we went to bed, but dad said: "Hennery, you understand, I don't want to make any more female acquaintances, see, among the crowned heads, and from this out we mingle only with men. The idea of me going into a woman's room and finding a Floradora with fits and tantrums, and me, a sick man. Now, don't write to your ma about this, 'cause she never did have much confidence in me, around women with fits." So, Uncle Ezra, you must not let this get into the papers, see?

Well, we have bought our tickets for Liverpool, and shall sail to-morrow, and while you are making up your cash account Saturday night we shall be on the ocean. I s'pose I will write you on the boat, if they will tie it up somewhere so it will stand level. Your dear boy,

HENNERY.

WIGGING GERMAN PRINCES.

Kaiser Tells Offspring Never to Forget That They Are Hohenzollerns.

Princes will be princes, it seems, and there have been times when the kaiser has had to talk like a father to his offspring. There is a delicious story of one wigging which he administered to them which the court is still chuckling over, says the Chicago Journal.

"Never forget," he said solemnly, as they stood to attention before him, "that you are Hohenzollerns and sons of the kaiser of Germany. But you," he added, turning upon one who shall not be particularized, "you remember that I have my eye on you." In person the kaiser is a florid man of barely middle height, with a full face, fleshy neck, and a noticeable general plumpness. On foot, especially when in one of his two score uniforms, he is less regal than engaging; on horseback he is quite a fine figure of a man. Although his horses are specially broken and trained for his use, he has a good working seat in the saddle. To see him go past a saluting base at the rocking-chair canter the German cavalry affects is to see a good type of a military-looking man; he could pass in a crowd for a well-to-do major without ambitions. In spite of his growing stoutness he takes a good deal of exercise. In particular he shoots, and he issues to the chase with not much less circumstance than the duke in Browning's "Flight of the Duchess."

Manufactured Cotton.

There was a time when cotton grew; now it is made. The French have acquired the novel art of cotton making, and to do so use the cellulose of a fir tree. Can a fig tree bear thistles? Perhaps not, but a fir tree can grow cotton. The fibers of the tree are pulverized by special machinery and treated with steam and bisulphate of soda for 36 hours under a heavy pressure. The mess is then washed and bleached, passed between rollers to dry it, and reheated with chloride of zinc and acid to which has been added a little castor oil to give a consistent paste. This cellulose matter is then passed through a draw plate, which produces a thread having an exceedingly close resemblance to cotton.

Lifting an Opera House.

Thirty men have accomplished in Pittsburg the feat of moving a weight of 4,992,000 pounds a distance of 22 feet. They have lifted the Grand opera house of the city off its foundation, moved it forward 22 feet, and planted it on a new base. It required less than 36 hours to accomplish the job, and one could not see the structure moving. In this colossal building were the largest theater in Pittsburg, the largest billiard and pool room in the United States, a bowling alley, a barber's shop, and various other establishments, yet the whole massive fabric has been transplanted without accident, without jar, and without the slightest injury to any part of it.

Tolstoi and His Sons.

Tolstoy the Great divided his real estate between his five sons before setting out on his reforming mission. In this way he protected it from confiscation in the event of exile. A mine has been found on the estate of Leo which makes him the richest member of the family. None of the brothers resembles the old count. In Paris they follow the lead of grand dukes. One of them served as an officer in the war. They all like to belong to the heavy-swell class.—London Truth.

Sheep at World's Fair.

The award in the world's fair sheep show developed the fact that the Canadian breeders are carrying off the bulk of the prizes. The types in which they excel are the Southdown, the Dorse, the merinos, the Oxfords, the Leicesters and the Lincolns. Practically all of the prizes in the classes for rams in these breeds have gone to them. In the Shropshire, the Cotswold and other types the breeders from the United States are winning.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Discreet Resistance.

Madge—Must you scream when a gentleman kisses you?

Dolly—Of course you must. But not too loud.—Town Topics.

THE BALL PROBABLY RIGHT.

Settled On the Number Which Might Have Brought Gain Instead of Loss.

George Ade was describing a Monte Carlo experience, relates the New York Tribune.

"In the big, gilded, ornate halls," he said, "women in beautiful gowns swept to and fro, and each gambling table was surrounded with players and onlookers, four or five rows deep.

"I saw a young man in American clothes, a young woman in American clothes, and a boy in American clothes.

"'I'm going to play. I'm going to risk five francs. I'm going to risk it on my age,' said the young woman.

"She ran her eye over the three columns of yellow numbers on the table, and she set a silver five-franc piece on 18.

"'Rien ne va plus,' said the croupier. And the little white ball whirled round, dropped, clattered about a bit, and rested, finally, in the No. 28.

"'Gosh hang it, I've lost,' said the American girl. 'Eighteen doesn't win a thing.'

"'Say, Minnie,' said her little brother, 'it's a pity you didn't bet your real age. You'd have won then, wouldn't you?'"

Judging from the Sex.

She—Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?

He—Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be—er—harder to silence!—Stray Stories.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Broadland, S. Dak., March 28.—Quite a sensation has been created here by the publication of the story of G. W. Gray, who after a special treatment for three months was prostrate and helpless and given up to die with Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease has always been considered incurable, but evidently from the story told by Mr. Gray, there is a remedy which will cure it even in the most advanced stages. This is what he says:

"I was helpless as a little babe. My wife and I searched everything and read everything we could find about Bright's Disease, hoping that I would be able to find a remedy. After many failures my wife insisted that I should try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I praise God for the day when I decided to do so, for this remedy met every phase of my case and in a short time I was able to get out of bed, and after a few weeks' treatment I was a strong, well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any lesser Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the most wonderful discovery which modern medical research has given to the world.

Too many young men look upon education as a sort of loophole through which to escape work.—Chicago Sun.

Good Health

and how to obtain it, will be taught you by a booklet sent out by Dr. Pusheck, Chicago. Write for it; it is free. Pusheck's Kuro is a wonderful medicine and cures where all others have failed, especially in Rheumatism, Pains, Weakness and Stomach Trouble. It is the best Blood and Nerve Tonic. Write to-day.

No man amounts to much unless he can prove it.—N. Y. Times.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Hot, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Some men want to make hay even when it is raining.—N. Y. Times.

Write for latest catalog of the Remington Standard Typewriter, 710 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

In order to succeed a man must fail a few times.—Chicago Daily News.

TRADE MARK.

A Marvel of Relief

St. Jacobs Oil

Safe and sure for

Lumbago

and

Sciatica

It is the specific virtue of penetration in this remedy that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Say Plainly to Your Grocer

That you want LION COFFEE always, and he, being a square man, will not try to sell you anything else. You may not care for our opinion, but

What About the United Judgment of Millions

of housekeepers who have used LION COFFEE for **over a quarter of a century?**

Is there any *stronger proof of merit*, than the

Confidence of the People

and ever increasing popularity? LION COFFEE is carefully selected at the plantation, shipped direct to our various factories, where it is skillfully roasted and carefully packed in sealed packages—unlike loose coffee, which is exposed to germs, dust, insects, etc. LION COFFEE reaches you as pure and clean as when it left the factory. Sold only in 1 lb. packages.

Lion-head on every package.
Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sir Knight $4.00 SHOE FOR MEN

THE LIMIT IN LEATHER

Simply the Limit.

IT'S IN A CLASS BY ITSELF. IT HAS..... NO COMPETITION

It is ALL Style, Service, Comfort, and is the Top Notcher of the

"ALWAYS JUST CORRECT"

CLOVER BRAND SHOE FAMILY.

Wertheimer-Swarts Shoe Co.

LARGEST FINE SHOE EXCLUSIVISTS
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T IT WRITE TO US.

WINCHESTER

"NEW RIVAL" BLACK POWDER SHELLS.

It's the thoroughly modern and scientific system of loading and the use of only the best materials which make Winchester Factory Loaded "New Rival" Shells give better pattern, penetration and more uniform results generally than any other shells. The special paper and the Winchester patent corrugated head used in making "New Rival" shells give them strength to withstand reloading.

BE SURE TO GET WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS.

THE FISH BRAND SLICKER A VALUED FRIEND

"A good many years ago I bought a FISH BRAND Slicker, and it has proven a valued friend for many a stormy day, but now it is getting old and I must have another. Please send me a price-list."

(The name of this worthy doctor, obliged to be out in all sorts of weather, will be given on application.)

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.

A. J. TOWER CO. Boston, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN COMPANY, Limited Toronto, Canada

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

Wet Weather Clothing, Suits, and Hats for all kinds of wet work or sport

PISO'S TABLETS

The New Boon for Woman's Ills.

SILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, Cause of Diseases in Women, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing

THE PISO COMPANY

Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.

MEN and WOMEN WANTED

Permanent and profitable business to reliable parties. Selling goods direct to consumer. NO MONEY REQUIRED. Liberal CASH COMMISSION PAID. Under our method GOODS SELL VERY RAPIDLY. AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY. Territory protected. 1100 agents now working. Established 25 years. Capital $200,000. Highest bank references. Write at once for particulars and territory. GREAT EASTERN COFFEE & TEA CO., Dept. 10, St. Louis, Mo.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER 5¢ CIGAR

THE BEST QUALITY STRAIGHT ALWAYS RELIABLE

EXCURSIONS

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

TO THE FREE GRANT LAND of WESTERN CANADA

During the months of March and April, there will be Excursions on the various lines of railway to the Canadian West.

Hundreds of thousands of the best Wheat and Grazing Lands on the Continent free to the settler.

Adjoining lands may be purchased from railway and land companies at reasonable prices. For information as to route, cost of transportation, etc., apply to SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or to C. J. BROUGHTON, 430 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, or J. S. CRAWFORD, 125 West 9th St., Kansas City, Authorized Canadian Government Agents.

SOUTHERN CONDITIONS AND POSSIBILITIES.

In no part of the United States has there been such wonderful Commercial, Industrial and Agricultural development as along the lines of the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, within the past few years. Cities and towns have doubled their population. Splendid business blocks have been erected. Farm lands have more than doubled in value. Hundreds of industries have been established and as a result there is an unprecedented demand for

Day Laborers, Skilled Workmen and especially Farm Tenants.

Parties with small capital, seeking an opportunity to purchase a farm home; farmers who would prefer to rent for a couple of years before purchasing; and day laborers in fields or factories should address a postal card to Mr. J. Merry, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Dubuque, Iowa, who will promptly mail printed matter concerning the territory above described, and give specific replies to all inquiries.

AGENTS WANTED to present a plan whereby $30.00 buys Perpetual Insurance, home business, or office effects; $18.00 profit on order. E. D. TOMPKINS, 8 Mill St., Middletown, N.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Pusheck's Kuro is the Surest Cure for all Blood and Nervous Troubles

For all Weakness, Pains, Rheumatism, Nervous and General Debility, for Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Eczema, Catarrh and Indigestion, Misuse and Heart Diseases. To introduce it in your community:

I will send you "Pusheck's Kuro" on Trial

200 tablets, sent by mail, (also in Canada.) If it helps you, send me $1.00; if it does not benefit you, it costs you nothing.

You deposit no money and incur no liability. Send me the coupon.

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