# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all humors, catarrh and rheumatism, relieves that tired feeling, restores the appetite, cures paleness, nervousness, builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called **Sarsatabs.**

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranted effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20c. HAROLD SOMERS 150 De Kalb Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM** Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

**OLD SORES CURED** Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. A&St. Paul, Minn.

WHERE KIDNEY RHEUMATISM MEETS, IT'S WATERLOO - STOMACH. ADDRESS MARTINSVILLE SANITARIUM MARTINSVILLE, IND.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**


**A Formal Garden.**

Knicker—Have they got a formal garden?

Bocker—Yes; no chickens allowed.


**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES**

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic powder for Tired, aching, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.


**The Real Reason.**

"I am going to send you my little kitten to keep you company."

"How good of you."

"Don't mention it. Besides, we are moving."

**Appalling Excuse.**

"This is the fifth time you have been brought before me this term," said the judge, frowning severely upon the prisoner at the bar.

"Yes, your honor," said the prisoner. "You know a man is judged by the company he keeps, and I like to be seen talkin' to your honor for the sake of me credit."

"All right," said the judge. "Officer, take this man over to the island and tell them to give him a credit of 30 days."—Harper's Weekly.

**Properly Thankful.**

Clark Howell of Atlanta tells of the sad case of an elderly darky in Georgia, charged with the theft of some chickens. The negro had the misfortune to be defended by a young and inexperienced attorney, although it is doubtful whether any one could have secured his acquittal, the commission of the crime having been proved beyond all doubt. The darky received a pretty severe sentence. "Thank yo' sah," said he cheerfully, addressing the judge when the sentence had been pronounced. "Dat's mighty hard, sah, but it ain't anything what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and dat speech of my lawyer dat yo'd hang me, shore!"


**Breakfast A Pleasure**

when you have

**Post Toasties**

with cream

A food with snap and zest that wakes up the appetite.

Sprinkle crisp Post Toasties over a saucer of fresh strawberries, add some cream and a little sugar—

Appetizing

Nourishing

Convenient

**"The Memory Lingers"**

Sold by Grocers

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.


# Limousine and Limited

BY M. J. PHILLIPS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Jimmie Bennett knew something would happen if he took out the limousine on so beautiful an early summer day. But there was nothing else for it. James Bennett, Sr., had the touring car and the chauffeur; the runabout was out of the question; and the electric had a broken spring.

There was shopping to do—his mother and sister both said so, tragically. Out came the limousine and with Jimmie, feeling like a taxicab driver, at the wheel, they sped off downtown bright and early in the morning.

Jimmie was lolling on the cushions opposite a famous hat shop which is near the Union station. He amused himself by watching the route of motors and people up and down the busy street.

He also kept a patronizing eye on the suburban trains that shuttled back and forth behind the iron fence. And he nodded commendation when the Cusmopolitan limited breezed majestically into the great station.

The Cosmopolitan, with ponderous exhausts, was on its way again when a whirlwind of dainty skirts projected itself across the stone threshold of the station and headed for Jimmie. He straightened to attention when a pretty, pleading face was upturned to him.

"I must catch that train," said the girl, hurriedly. "My aunt's on it, with my ticket. I stepped off to get a book at the station. Doesn't it stop again? I'll pay you double—"

"Jump in here, beside me," commanded Jimmie.

His mother and sister were forgotten as the car hitched around in the crowded thoroughfare and began to hum up Division street. Jimmie remembered that the big train always stopped at a junction quite across the city. There was no time to explain to his passenger that he was not running a taxi, even if he wanted to do so. Such an explanation was far from his desires. For the passenger was the most charming girl he had seen in many a day.

She was bareheaded and the air ruffled her bright, crinky hair as it streamed past. The book she had left the train to buy was clasped in both hands. Excitement and rapid motion had whipped a wildrose tint into her cheeks. Jimmie could not decide from his hurried glances whether her eyes were blue or gray; but he knew they were large and eloquently expressive.

She leaned towards him. "There's another station, isn't there? Will we reach it in time?"

"I don't know," returned Jimmie, "whether we can make it or not."

He pressed down his foot hard, for there was an open space in the street there. A motorcycle policeman, chugging toward them slowly, raised a warning hand. Jimmie smiled, and pressed down again. The officer circled smartly and started in pursuit.

The limousine did nobly. It attained a speed of which Jimmie did not believe it capable. He kept the horn going constantly.

Horse-drawn vehicles turned into side streets, while other motors made way, hastily. Pedestrians crossing the street sought the walk with surprising agility.

It was the horn which nearly caused Jimmie's undoing. Another motorcycle officer looked back over his shoulder when he heard it. He saw the lunging car, and behind it the wildly-waving white-gloved hand of his pursuing colleague. He stopped, dismounted, and threw his machine across the pavement.

He had chosen his stand well. To the left were the car tracks, and a line of approaching cars. To the right was the curb. The motorcycle, broadside on, seemed to block the path effectually.

Jimmie's foot almost gave over its pressure. Then his eyes gleamed and his jaws snapped.

"Hang on!" he commanded tersely.

The girl dropped the book in her lap without question and gripped convenient projections. Jimmie sounded the horn insistently. The policeman refused to budge. He still kept the commanding arm rigidly in the air.

Ten yards from the officer Jimmie swerved to the right. The big car rose for a moment on two wheels. Then it hit the curb drunkenly, spurned the walk for a few feet and dropped back into the roadway with a crashing of glass.

The rear hub brushed the motorcycle tire as the car shot past. The second outraged motorcyclist joined the first in pursuit.

There were other incidents, more or less exciting, of that mad dash. Jimmie never slackened speed, for the stooping motorcycle policemen were skimming doggedly along behind.

But the limited, with no obstructions in the way, had gone even faster. As they swooped down toward the junction the train moved slowly away.

The girl gave a despairing little moan. "Oh, we've missed it!" she cried.

"Not yet," encouraged Jimmy.

For in a flash of inspiration he felt that there was one more chance. Ahead a few blocks the railroad tracks encroached on the street, occupying the left side of it for some distance. There was no fence or other obstruction between the pavement and the rails. They ran along parallel. And the rear vestibule of the train was open.

Jimmie's foot went down gently. The limousine drew ahead of the train and gained the point where the railroad and street joined. With a thankful heart he noticed that the limited had not yet attained more than a fair momentum. Carefully he eased off.

As the pilot of the engine crept up beside him he shouted to the girl:

"The last vestibule's open. Dare you step from the car to the train? I'll keep close."

"Yes!" she answered in his ear.

Car after car of the limited slid past. At last came the observation car, the rear vestibule still open. He edged over until the running board and the car step were a scant two inches apart. The speed of train and motor were identical.

"Now!" he shouted.

She rose composedly, tossed her book into the vestibule, caught the brass handles of the car and stepped across. It was almost absurdly easy, for Jimmie's handling of the car was masterly. In two seconds she was safe aboard.

As the scandalized face of the porter appeared in the rear door of the Pullman Jimmie's passenger smiled on him radiantly.

She screamed above the roar of the train: "We'll—be—back—in—two—weeks. Watch—for—us!"

* * *

Mrs. Cordelia Mainwaring raised a formidable lorgnette. "So this is the young man who ran his cab over a policeman and chased people up lamp-posts, is it?" she said, quizzically. "You seem to be an exponent of the modern creed of 'get there,' sir."

"Yes, ma'am," said the blushing Jimmy.

Mrs. Mainwaring continued her scrutiny. "You said he was handsome, Dorothy. I believe you were right, my dear."

"Auntie!" said the girl, blushing, too.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Mrs. Mainwaring.

"James Bennett."

The dowager lowered her lorgnette in surprise. "Not a son of the great James Bennett?"

"I believe that's what they call him," smiled Jimmie.

"Well!" said Mrs. Mainwaring. "Well! I flirted desperately with him thirty years ago. And your mother was my best friend until we went west. Is she in town?"

"Yes," said the eager Jimmie, "and I'd like to have you go up there. You must be Mrs. Mainwaring. I've heard her speak of you often."

"We are going," returned the dowager, with instant decision. "I intended stopping off merely to thank you, but I must see your people, now I'm here, James. But you surely don't drive a taxi?"

Jimmie shook his head. "It was the limousine. Mother and my sister wanted to come downtown, and the other cars were in use or broken."

"This is your car?" said Mrs. Mainwaring, when they were outside the station. "Dorothy, my dear, sit up there with Mr. Bennett. I like plenty of room."

When, as they sped decorously through the streets, she noticed the way Jimmie leaned toward her niece; how his voice took on a tone confidential, almost caressing, as he spoke to her; how Dorothy glanced up responsively, stealing longer looks at the bronzed, wholesome face when he was busy with the car—when she noticed all these things, the dowager nodded her crown of white hair, well pleased.

For Mrs. Mainwaring was an incorrigible matchmaker.

**The Game.**

"There is no use giving you a check, my dear. My bank account is overdrawn."

"Well, give it to me anyway, George. And say, make it for $500. I want to pull it out of my shopping bag with my handkerchief at the bridge game this afternoon."


**IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.**

Many a time this summer you're going to be just about done out by the heat—hot, and so thirsty it just seems nothing could quench it. When such moments arrive or when you just want a delicious, palate tickling drink step into the first place you can find where they sell COCA-COLA. It's delicious, refreshing and completely thirst-quenching. At soda-fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send to the COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About COCA-COLA." Tells what COCA-COLA is and why it is so delicious, cooling and wholesome.


**THE DARWINIAN THEORY.**

Count De Bree—I would like to show you my family tree.

Miss Gottrox—Oh! please do; I've never seen a cocoanut tree!


**THREE CURED OF ECZEMA**

"When a child, I suffered eight years with eczema. I could not sleep at night, and had sores all over my chest. We had doctors and none could do any good, until my mother saw the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies in the paper. We used the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and they cured me of eczema. I also used them on my five children. Two of them had eczema very badly. When my children had eczema, I was not worried at all, as I knew the Cuticura Remedies would do their work. They had sores all over their heads, their hair would fall out, and they would scratch all night and day. They had it on their heads, face, and in back of the ears so that I thought their ears would drop off. I washed their heads and bodies with Cuticura Soap and they are as clean as the driven snow. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also cured my children of ringworm. I would not be without the Cuticura Remedies. They are wonderful." (Signed) Mrs. Violet Cole, 26 S. Redfield St., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 29, 1910.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp diseases and their treatment.


**Consolation.**

Mrs. Newgold (in the picture gallery)—This, Aunt Eunice, is a real old master.

Aunt Eunice—Well, I shouldn't care if it was; it's just as good as some of the new ones.—Life.


**DISTEMPER**

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year $.50 and $1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.


And lots of people who think they have nothing but trouble don't know what trouble really is.

Start afresh this Spring—cleanse and purify the system by a course of Garfield Tea, Herb laxative and blood-purifier.

Occasionally a girl doesn't try to flirt because it's involuntary.

Garfield Tea regulates a lazy liver.

Flattery is praise we hear of others.


# SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED

**This Woman Had to Insist Strongly, but it Paid**

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered from a female weakness and stomach trouble, and I went to the store to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but the clerk did not want to let me have it—he said it was no good and wanted me to try something else, but knowing all about it I insisted and finally got it, and I am so glad I did, for it has cured me.

"I know of so many cases where women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I can say to every suffering woman if that medicine does not help her, there is nothing that will."—Mrs. JANETZKI, 2963 Arch St., Chicago, Ill.

This is the age of substitution, and women who want a cure should insist upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound just as this woman did, and not accept something else on which the druggist can make a little more profit.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**Constipation Vanishes Forever**

**Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

**The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity**

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for your future prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, where you can secure a Free Homestead or buy land at reasonable prices.

**Now's the Time**

—not a year from now, when land will be higher. The profits secured from the abundant crops of Wheat, Oats and Barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 60 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates; wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Geo. A. Hall, 122 2d St., Milwaukee, Wis. Please write to the agent nearest you

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N. W. N. U., NO. 23–1911


*Woman's Power Over Man*

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No *honest* dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

**IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.**

*Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.*