

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms: shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.
No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.



That we do trucking of all kinds and assure our patrons of prompt delivery of goods entrusted to us. Our men are careful and experienced. We have a complete equipment for moving household goods and pianos to all parts of the village.

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DAYS OF THE MEEK

Q. Hope Jones' Talk on Woman Then and Now.

EVE LOST A GREAT CHANCE.

Mates of Ancients Were Likewise Easy Marks—Lucretia Borgia the First Progressive of Her Sex—Her Followers Rule the Globe.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

MY Friends of Peachtree Corners—I have walked the highway from Blueberry Hill to be on hand and fill this date. There are only nine of you for an audience, but you make up in intelligence what you lack in numbers. I had rather address one intelligent man or woman than an audience of 100 members of a legislature.

The subject of my lecture this evening is "The New Woman." Peachtree Corners is not a great metropolis, but I am glad to observe that the new woman is here with her new ideas. Let us go back to the first female and make a start. As near as we can find out her name was Eve. It might have been Mollie, or Sadie, or Viola, but it wasn't. She was created to be a companion and a chum for Adam. He lost a rib by it, but he gained a fine looking woman.

Right there was where man got his first idea that he was the big "it" and that woman was born for a second



ADAM BLUFFS EVE.

class sphere. Adam had been bossing and bluffing around for we don't know how many years, and when Eve came he began to boss her. Right there was the chance of a woman's lifetime; but Eve wasn't the female to see and seize it. If she had been there wouldn't have been centuries of slavery for her sex. If she had got her hands into Adam's hair the first time he began to bluff he'd have been the one to rock Cain and Abel in their cradles. Eve was meek. She didn't want any row around the house. She couldn't speak very good English, and she hadn't words to fit occasions, as the new woman has.

And then Cain saw how easy it was to bulldoze a wife, and he got married and bulldozed his, and Abel followed suit. We read of the good and wise prophets, but we don't read of their wives. Woman's place at that era was behind the door. She was not considered the equal of the male. She worked in the field with the ass and the ox, and instead of sitting down to meals with her husband she took her lunch on the icebox. For a thousand years after Eve had come and gone the family cat was considered of more consequence than a woman.

Come down to the days of the Roman empire. A few women had got ahead of the game, but the great mass were still in a state of slavery. Man, the boss, had only to point his finger and they hiked. In all the Roman empire there were not 500 women who dared get up in the morning and predict the weather for the day. If one had been caught with a fashion book in her possession she would have received the lash. It seems queer in these days, when the new woman can sit with her feet up and read fashion books and magazines all day, that there was ever a time when they were tied up and lashed, but so it was, and they took it as humbly as kittens. If a woman in Egypt had dared come to the kitchen door and call out to her husband in the back yard, "Joe, grub is ready," she would have been put to death for her impudence.

Meek Mates of the Ancients.
There was a Mrs. Diogenes. Ever hear anything about her? No, of course not. While he was sitting around in his tub and making a great bluff to the public she was hoeing in the garden at home or whitewashing the cellar. The new woman calls her husband Pete or Joe or Tom. Have you any idea that the wife of the old tubite ever dared to address him as Diog?

There was a Mrs. Piny and a Mrs. Plato. They were on a high plane for their sex, but they had to mind their p's and q's, and don't you forget it. Let the old boss find a button missing from his trousers and there'd be hail Columbia around the house and no talking back.

I date the beginning of the new woman with Lucretia Borgia. She was way up in the world for a woman, but she felt a longing for further freedom.

She was too proud to use the broomstick or the rolling pin as weapons, but she called at the drug store and got some poison that settled the fate of about a dozen men. She was found out and hanged, but man awoke to the fact that women had grown tired of his bluff.

Why so much about the pilgrim fathers and so little about the pilgrim mothers? The stiff-necked old chaps came over here in search of liberty, and yet how much did they grant their wives? If a wife "sassed back" at her husband she could be placed in the public stocks. If he cuffed her ears that was his right. While he was sitting around on Plymouth rock talking politics she was pounding the cornmeal for the family.

When the New Woman Came.
The new woman had arrived one day about thirty years ago. She wasn't berated by any brass bands or beating drums. She just quietly elbowed the bosses aside and made a place for herself, and she's been making more room every day since. At first we laughed at her. It was a good joke. Then we sneered at her. She gave us the wink that there was something doing. By the time we had got ready to club her back into her old place it was too late. She was running things to suit her own ideas.

Today women have the right to vote in many states. Five years hence will see 'em voting in all. Man, the boss, has been deposed, and the sooner he makes terms the better for him.

The new era has changed many things, but nothing more than that feeling we call love. Years ago I loved and courted. It took me a full year to find out whether the girl loved me or not. There was time wasted. There was anxiety and delay. I was afraid to ask, and the girl was afraid to answer. Even if she loved there was the old man and the old woman to ask, the grandfather and the grandmother, the uncles and aunts and consins.

How it is with the new woman? She knows her mind, and knowing it, she doesn't care what others think. When you have courted her for four weeks she is either ready to cling to you as the vine does to the oak or to point to the door and tell you to take a skate. Here and there some Fifth Avenue girl still buys a husband for so much cash in hand, but even that sort of barter is going out of fashion.

Old Love on Modern Basis.
There is just as much love since the new woman arrived as there was before, but it has been put on another basis. The new woman wants to know where her bread and butter is coming from, and she doesn't become the clinging vine until she finds out. Most of them can go out and earn \$15 per week without clinging to any oak or bass-woods.

The new woman runs the house. The boss hung on by his toes, but he had to go. There are a million homes in this country now where the wives can go to the store and buy a spool of thread without being jawed all night by the husband.

The new woman started the fashion of having two hats a year instead of one hat every fifteen years. There was talk that the country would be bankrupted, but the United States treasury is still paying all vouchers.

The new woman wears puffs and ruffs, and she powders and paints. That's her business. If the boss doesn't like it he can lump it.

The new woman wears high heels on her shoes. Men would have kept her as flatfooted as a washboard, but he just couldn't.

The new woman shoots, rides, plays ball and walks around alone. Don't try to be funny with her or you may get six months in the hospital.

In conclusion and just before taking the highway for X Crossroads let me exclaim: "Heaven bless and prosper and progress the new woman! She has turned the world upside down, but the world is the better for it!"

Children's Hair

Keep it Free from Dandruff and it Will Grow Lovely.

Being the best hair dressing for men and women, Parisian Sage is also best for children. Try it once and see how clean and healthy it keeps the scalp.

"My daughter used Parisian Sage on her children's hair and it is as good as you recommend it to be."—Hannah Anderson, 1021 Divine St., Columbia, S. C.

Here is what a North Dakota woman says:

"Parisian Sage certainly has done my hair a lot of good, and will highly recommend it as a very good tonic for the hair. Have used various kinds of tonics and have found Parisian Sage the best. I have my head free from dandruff now, and it has a healthy luster and has an even color. It used to be streaky. Many of my friends are using it and they speak highly of it."—Mrs. Anna Rooney, 101 Second St., N. Fargo, N. D.

Always bear in mind that there is nothing for the hair that can compare with Parisian Sage. There are many imitations but none of them are guaranteed to eradicate dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks, or money back.

A large bottle costs 50 cents at W. L. Gokay's and druggists everywhere. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every bottle.

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Gas Ovens and Broilers for end or above range if desired.

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SHACKLETON NOT A RIVAL

Not Going to Crocker Land—Glad to Hear of American Expedition.

London, May 17.—Sir Ernest Shackleton has no intention of leading an expedition to Crocker Land and cannot understand how his name came to be connected with such a report. He says: "I cannot understand who originated the story. I expect some private

conversation has been retailed for public consumption. I have discussed privately among people I know possible expeditions ranging from New Guinea and the Amazon to the Kara Sea.

"It is interesting to hear that the Museum of Natural History in New York is sending an expedition to Crocker Land, because it is certainly a tract that ought to be explored. I have no intention of butting in anywhere on any other expedition, and

anyhow, I am not going anywhere this year. I wish success to the Americans."

Sir Ernest thinks highly of the prospects of the American expedition.

The Swanton village trustees have caused over 100 maples and elm trees to be set out during the past few weeks filling in where there were vacant places.

SPECIAL VALUES

—IN—

Dress Goods

AT FREARS - TROY, N. Y.

BASEMENT DRESS GOODS

White Storm Serge with black pencil lines, at 23c yard	41-inch navy shadow stripe Mohair, at 29c yard
48-inch black and white Shepherd Checks, at 29c yard	28-inch figured Challies, Persian and Japanese designs, at 9c yard
Double width Cream Storm Serge, at 39c yard	Remnants skirt and dress lengths at astonishing low prices.

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(MAIN FLOOR)

Double width English Mohairs in Suiting effects, at \$1.00 and \$1.25 yard	45-inch Summer Tailor Serge in neat mannish stripes, navy, black, bronze and light raisin color, at \$1.00 yard
54-inch all wool Wide Wale Cream Diagonals, at \$1.50 yard	54 to 56-inch wool men's wear blue, in Serges, Cheviots, Diagonals and Shadow stripes, at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 yard