

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the blood is in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, constipated bowels, and a general feeling of languor. Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the blood a new life. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
HAIR VIGOR,
ACNE CURE,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Trout Fishers' Paradise.
Brook trout and brown trout are not appreciated in Newfoundland, being far more common than the perch and sunfish of the States, says the Country Calendar. Catching them will soon surfeit the angler who casts his flies from the shore of almost any lake. Such catches are counted by the dozen—one lot of seventy-two dozen being brought about the train at Harbor Grace. One dozen ten-inch trout usually sell for 10 cents.

There are 687 named lakes on the island, and 80,000 known ones without names. The island has about 4,000 miles of seacoast, including that of bays like Bonaville, Notre Dame, Fortune, St. Mary's, Bonne, St. George, Placentia and Bay of Islands. From one to six streams of clear green water empty into each of these bays. Every stream that reaches salt water is a salmon stream. Back from all that coast are other and easily reached streams that have not even a tradition of a salmon, rod or hook, and lakes never mapped where one may camp and add to the fare wild geese and ducks, willow grouse, whose plumage turns white in winter, ptarmigan, plover and curlew. These camping places bring a unique sense of remoteness and solitude. Only one who has actually seen the wall of darkness around a campfire in the Newfoundland jungles and over the tundras can understand the tinge of fear that sometimes becomes almost appalling in the vast solitudes.

A Suit Over the Word Graft.
The Massachusetts courts are wrestling with the word "graft." A Lowell newspaper is being sued for libel for applying the word to a politician. The counsel for the journal has offered to submit a brief defining the various meanings of the word "graft," for there seems to be a use of the word in which nothing corrupt is implied. In this sense it means merely the holding of a public office, the return from which may be entirely proper. The courts will then decide which of the various meanings of the word must be attached to its use in the alleged libel. It is a handy word, if one may explain after using it whether it was intended as a compliment or a reflection upon another's integrity.

A Necessary Formality.
"How much longer have I got to wait for my breakfast?" demanded the impatient man with the napkin tucked under his chin.
"You ordered eggs on toast, I believe, sir?" said the waiter.
"I did. You ought to remember it well enough. You took the order."
"Yes, sir. The toast is all ready, but the proprietor is executing a mortgage on the establishment for the eggs, sir," explained the waiter, with dignity.

Matter of Choice.
Brown—My wife is inclined to be ill-tempered most of the time, I'm glad to say.
Green—What! Glad to say she is ill-tempered?
Brown—Yes; when she is good-natured she sings.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER
destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home in dining room, sleeping room and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try it once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Somers, 10 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Clip this out, return to us with the names and addresses of yourself and two of your friends, and the date when you will probably enter a business college, and we will credit you with \$5.00 on our \$65.00 scholarship. Our school offers exceptional advantages to students of Business, Shorthand, English, etc. BEST INSTRUCTION—LOWEST TUITION. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE—10-175 FREE.
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DESPOTISM OF POWER

Avery C. Moore, editor of the Weiser (Idaho) World, delivered the principal address at the Portland Labor Day exercises, September 4. The address in part follows:

"Each American, whether he works with his head or his hands; whether he is an employer or a wage earner; no matter where he was born or what creed he professes, is entitled to be judged by his fellows on his worth as a man. In return he is bound in honor to do his best to give to every man a fair deal, for no man deserves more and no man should receive less."

Mr. Chairman, and friends: I have chosen these words from a recent public address of a prominent member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—Theodore Roosevelt. In their spirit it will be my endeavor to speak to you today.

It is in the nature of man to follow example when he will not give heed to precept, and it rejoices me today to know that the American citizen has continually before him—a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—the life and character of the noblest among living men—the president of the United States. He it is who says, "Each American is entitled to be judged on his worth as a man." He it is who says, "Every man deserves a fair deal—neither more nor less." These are the truths that power is denying in practice, but which over a million American workmen are banded together to defend.

It was the "Bard of Avon" who said: "Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." The power which gold confers does not possess the character of benevolence. True, there have been instances wherein men have acquired power and used it gently, but they are rare—and as refreshing—as the showers that come in summer. The abuse of power is the rule, and it is the abuse of power which is giving the people concern.

The quarrel is not so much with the man who has power as with the conditions which bestow it. The system which makes the happiness and well-being of thousands subject to the caprice of an individual, or an association of individuals, is wrong, and to diffuse this power among the people should be the ambition of every man, whether in private or in public life.

My brothers, I have not come to you with a message of pessimism. One cannot breathe the free air of Idaho's glorious valleys and not catch the sunshine in his life; so when I say to you that there are great wrongs to be righted in this land we love so well, I would have you know that I believe they can and will be righted—righted by the genius, and in the wrath if need be, of him who is greater than all the crowned sovereigns that have been or are—your brother and mine—the American citizen.

Ours is a government designed to establish man in the fitness of liberty, and its people will not be shackled in mind or in industry, because shackles strong enough for that purpose have never yet been forged.

But they are a patient nation, the American people. Conscious of the strength of a race of giants, they have elected to remain gentle under provocation to strike, and strike hard. But he who says they are afraid does not read their history aright.

There are five men in this country today, acting in concert, could stop the wheels of industry and bring about the desolation that follows panic. True, they do not do it—it wouldn't pay in dollars and cents just now; but the power is theirs—the power that the people must regain. It does not alter the condition any to say that one of these men is a prominent member of the Baptist church; the church long ago found him a burden. It does not subtract anything from the danger to say that another of these power-enthroned men is erecting free libraries of marble and granite. In the eyes of labor these are but the monuments offered by a stricken conscience to the martyred toilers of Homestead and Latimer—martyrs to the despotism of power.

From servile courts they have wrung the brutal injunction, and with the fruits of labor's toil purchased legislation to keep themselves in power—then asked applause for erecting schools that the children of the poor are not permitted the leisure to attend, and for filling libraries with books that they do not know how to read.

I rejoice that the despotism of power does not rest so heavily upon the men and women of the golden west as upon the toilers of the eastern states. Life in this Eden-land gives an interpretation to liberty that they have not experienced and therefore cannot understand; but in the great struggle that engages them they have the right to expect help from you.

And the time will come, and come quickly, when you will need their help to preserve America for the American people. It has long been one of the unholy ambitions of the despotism of power.

FRIDAY.
Life time is joy time!
When grief gives a warning,
Just shout, "Halleluia!"
Good health and good morning!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

You often hear women say how annoying it is to have a sick man around the house, but if you should talk to a trained nurse, she will tell you, nine times out of ten, that she would prefer to wait on a man, as men are much more considerate than women.

Failed to Realize.
A business man uptown who takes an occasional flyer in Wall street became dissatisfied with the manner in which his account was conducted and recently paid a visit to his broker. The broker explained at length the cause of the trouble, but the customer would not be convinced.
"I can't understand why it is you fail to realize," began the broker.
"That's my case exactly," interrupted his customer, "and your explanations only seem to make it worse."—New York Sun.

power to throw open the portals of the republic to the pagan hordes of the Chinese empire.

You all have reason to know what that would mean to American labor and to American institutions. Yet under the hypocritical pretext that to continue to exclude Chinese from this country will be to forfeit our trade with China, the despotism of power declares that the bars must come down.

It spoke through a national gathering here the other day—spoke cowardly and to the shame of the states represented.

But the time will soon be at hand for American labor to speak and when it comes it will say in thunder tones that will reverberate through every corridor of the nation's capital, that the republic's sacred soil shall never become a haven for a race of men who do not want to call it "home," that because manhood, and not the dollar, is the standard of value in measuring greatness—we do not want, and will not have, the trade of China, if it must bring the labor of China with it.

Do you ask me how the despotism of power must be overthrown? Brothers, I believe in the ballot—the easiest weapon to use, and the one weapon of which power stands in deadly fear. Use it, workers of Oregon, but first join hands.

And I believe that the ballot should be in the hands of every American woman. There is no phase of existence that woman has not brightened, and the American political system will become free from taint and take on lustre whenever woman is established in the elective franchise. Years ago we struck the word "man" from the constitution of my state, and every election day since then has seen the husbands and wives, the fathers and mothers of Idaho traveling hand in hand in the steadfast ways of citizenship. And we would not return these wives and mothers of Idaho to subjection any more than we would take the other steps backward into barbarism. The happy experience of the past few years has rendered us proof against ridicule—and the false doctrine of the superiority of man. When men say to us that that the ballot degrades womanhood—but they don't say that to the men of Idaho; it wouldn't be well with them if they did.

Yes, the workers of this country will come into their own through the ballot box, and through the ballot box alone. They will obey the laws as they find them but change them when they are wrong. Power prefers to obey the laws it pleases to obey—and break the others at will. But examples set by power will not remain very long. Each day is developing strong men in the public service—men so strong that they are demanding obedience to the law alike from the hovel and the palace. The proper employment of the ballot will develop more of them. Then the despotism of power will pass forever. This is the last word of counsel that I would leave with you today: Do not let the superficial things of life blind your eyes to the things substantial. Men with the reins of power in their hands will try it, either directly or through their minions in congress. Don't be deceived. When your congressman talks to you about a larger navy or the dual tariff, remind him that a national employer's liability will be on the calendar as "unfinished business" the coming session and ask him what he intends to do about it. He may be endeavoring to keep a sinking bark afloat on the comfortless ocean of political eminence by stopping the leaks with the doctrine of class hatred. When he lies to you about your home being in danger of Mormon invasion, tell him that you are quite willing to take care of your own homes—and remind him that he will find a national 8-hour measure pending in congress which is designed to give you two hours more each day in which to do it. Then if he fails to perform your will, replace him with some one else. There are men among your citizens who are brave enough and eloquent enough to stand up on the floors of congress and fight the battles of the people; send them to represent you.

Shall I add a word of testimony regarding the institution of labor unionism? During the years that I have held membership in organized labor I have always found patriotism to be its invigorating principle. It delights me to contemplate the splendid work for human society that it has done and is continually striving to do. In every struggle to place the race of man upon higher ground labor unionism has been in the vanguard, battling with courage and devotion as honor shows the way. It has not always won—but all of its victories have been for civilization and for peace, and the good that it is doing today we can neither measure nor comprehend. We do know that it is speeding the coming day when the despotism of power shall be "as a tale that is told" and the rights of man forevermore established.

This is the whole of the mission of man and the only excuse for government. It may not be in our generation, but we will live in the faith that the time will come when the citizen shall be judged, not by his goods, or his lands, or his dollars, but "on his worth as a man." And when that day comes, a review of the ages that have gone, or a forecast of those that are to be, shall not tell of a people so righteous in their practice of justice—so happy in their homes.

Extravagance.—Nature is economical and allows no waste. Jesus gathers up the scraps of bread from feeding the thousands, though from the loaves and fishes all had received enough to satisfy their hunger. We are stewards of God's bounty; God is keeping books, and we have no more right to use His part in extravagance than we have to use the money thus which belongs to the grocery man.—Rev. W. W. Hamilton, Baptist, Louisville, Ky.

Result of One Smile.
One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted makes one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes two mothers-in-law. Two mothers-in-law make a red-hot time.

A young fellow says: "O, that was a long time ago; five or six years." An old fellow says: "O, that was some time ago; forty or fifty years."

GOOD Short Stories

When "Delphine" appeared it was said that Mme. de Staël had described herself as Delphine, and that Talleyrand was the original of Mme. de Veron. Meeting the author soon afterward, Talleyrand remarked in his most gentle tone of voice: "I hear that both you and I appear in your new book, but disguised as women."

James G. Blaine had a personal friend in the custom house at Portland. Cleveland had been elected and inaugurated, and Federal office-holders were hanging to their jobs by their eyelids. Blaine called at the custom house one day, and seemed surprised to meet his old friend, saying: "What, Bill, you here still?" "Yes," whispered Bill, "—still."

At a special service in a Baltimore church, a few weeks ago, a young lady was to sing "What Art Thou Doing in Heaven To-Day?" The members of the committee having in charge the printing of the program were not familiar with the exact title of the piece, and in the first copy prepared for the printer they had it: "Anything Doing in Heaven To-Day?"

A famous Irish lawyer, who was always poor despite his success at the bar, once took Chief Justice Whitehead to see his new house in Dublin. It was palatial and magnificently furnished. "Don't you think," he said, with a complacent look about, "that I deserve great credit for this?" "Yes," the judge answered, dryly, "and you appear to have got it."

Sidney Dillon, one-time president of the Union Pacific, arrived one night at a station where there had been a wash-out. Several trains were stalled there, and the passengers were subjected to the telegraph operator to all sorts of annoyance by asking questions. President Dillon went up to the station, and said to the operator: "Have you a telegram here for me?" "I'm blessed if I know," said the operator, eyeing Dillon very critically: "would your photograph be on it?"

A late story of Russell Sage tells how a committee of society women waited upon him and asked a subscription to some charitable object. Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan were down for a thousand or two each, and Mrs. Russell Sage's name appeared opposite the modest sum of one hundred dollars. The old financier reached for his pen, and his fair visitors were jubilant until he handed back the subscription list. He had merely written "Mr. and in front of Mrs. Russell Sage."

On the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to the home recently bought by Mrs. Roosevelt in Albemarle, he got off the Southern Railway at Reed Hill, and was shaking hands with the crew, when a woman came along and started to climb on the coach. The President was by her side in a moment, and his strong right hand speedily assisted her to the platform. Then he grasped her right hand and gave it a shake, the woman all the while eyeing him suspiciously and attempting to break away. Finally she succeeded, and then turned loose the vials of her wrath on Roosevelt's astonished head, saying: "Young man, I don't know who you are and I don't care, either; but I want to say that you are the freshest that ever struck here."

WORLD'S END PREDICTED.

Forecasters Fear that Oxygen May Fall—Electric Currents Expel Planet.

There are always plenty of folks ready to borrow trouble. Scientists possessed with insatiable appetites for knowledge do not hesitate to turn their speculations to account by predicting the final catastrophe of old mother earth. The day has not been set for to-morrow—so there is no use worrying.

Lord Kelvin believed that in 334 years all human beings remaining in the world will be suffocated by the lack of oxygen to breathe. The great scientist based his assertion on the grounds that, as every ton of fuel burnt consumes three tons of oxygen, the world's supply of the latter must give out in the years mentioned. It is not very comforting to know that every fire we light hastens the end of the world, but Lord Kelvin, after many years of study, came to the conclusion that in three centuries the air will be so full of carbonic acid gas, caused by the consumption of oxygen by fire, that it will be impossible for any living thing to survive.

Of course the electricians will look in another quarter.

Though this would certainly be an unpleasant end to this planet of ours, a far worse fate is that suggested by Nikola Tesla. It is a well-known fact that the earth is surrounded with vast currents of electricity, and the experiments made by balloonists above the clouds prove that these currents are of a density impossible for human beings to fathom. Mr. Tesla therefore believes that at some future age this electricity will suddenly burst into flame, and so terrific will be the heat that in the space of a few seconds the earth and those who inhabit it will crumble away in dust.

M. Flammarion, the great French astronomer, has calculated that in the twenty-fifth century the earth will be wiped out by a collision with the comet Bello, the proximity of which to the earth a few years ago caused so much uneasiness. The size of the comet in question is such that it could in collision destroy a world several times the size of ours without much damage to itself. In addition to this startling prediction, M. Flammarion has taken pains to discover that the shock of the collision would be equal to that between two express trains, each traveling at the rate of 805 miles an hour, which no living thing on the earth, however small, could survive. Heavenly bodies usually keep in their own paths, comets not excepted.

An even more fearful fate is that prophesied by the Spanish scientist, Senor Rigneto. Fifty-six years from the present time he believes that the world will meet with a tragic fate by

collision with two combined constellations, such a combination, in fact, as was noticed early in March of this year. The effect of these planets being so close to the earth would be to destroy the gases which sustain human life, and, although millions would be killed in the space of a few hours, he argues that the remainder will live for a short time in a state of madness, caused by the rupture of the earth from its orbit.

Use of Balloons in War.

The war balloon of to-day is supposed to last five or six years and is protected with many thicknesses of material in vital places, such as the top and bottom, where the valves are let in. A balloon of 500 cubic meters capacity will cost about \$1,500. The network is of hemp and the basket of Spanish reeds. The observer has, of course, wireless telegraph apparatus and telephones, as well as flag signals, megaphones and other instruments. His sketches, written notes, maps and negatives may be sent down in a tin can along the cable. His telegraph instrument is fastened about his waist on a belt and the telephone receiver is always at his ear. German officers in small balloons carry an instantaneous camera screwed to the stock of a rifle, so that the observer can put the stock to his shoulder as though about to shoot, bring his sights to bear on the object to be photographed and make an exposure by pulling the trigger.

The German balloon "stable" is a corrugated iron shed, nearly sixty feet high and 100 feet long. It is lit by electricity and no open lights are allowed near it. Each balloon is attended by fourteen cyclists, messengers, and patrols, and the German balloon detachment, on a peace footing, numbers 150 men, commanded by a major, assisted by a captain and four lieutenants. There are besides two professional instructors in aeronautics, each of whom may have a class of lieutenants under him for a whole year. These men must never get "sick" in the basket during an ascent and must possess level heads in more senses than one, sound judgment, stout hearts and infinite resource.—World Today.

Bridegroom Was Bored.

A young Belgian, named Denek, who repented a promise to marry as the wedding ceremony was about to be performed, now lies in hospital in a battered condition.

He was engaged to Celeste Volsin, the pretty daughter of a Bethune peasant, and the wedding was fixed at the mayor's office. Relatives and guests assembled, and the pair stood side by side before the mayor.

When, however, the mayor was about to pronounce the words which would have made them man and wife, Denek yawned. The mayor had never seen a would-be bridegroom yawn, and he stopped the service.

Denek yawned again, and angry whispers were heard among the relatives. Then Denek relieved the tension.

"I have thought better of it," he said, making ready to leave. "And I do not think I want to marry at all."

But he had reckoned without the Volsin family. Celeste rushed after him, and smote him in the ear with all the force of her dimpled fists. Her three brothers followed suit, and pummeled the recalcitrant lover until he pleaded for mercy, and decided to be allowed to marry the girl.

Finally he was rescued by the mayor and his clerk, and removed to the hospital. He is now taking proceedings against the Volsin family.—London Express.

The Family Oracle.

My Uncle Jim he's mighty wise. He'll just sit down offhand And tell you lots of things it's awful hard to understand. He knows exactly where poor Russia made its great mistake. An' he's what other lands would do if they was wide awake. He knows the proper way to dig the Panama canal. He tells it all to the young man that's courtin' Sister Sal. I tell you, I could sit for hours a listenin' to him. It must be due to be as smart a man as Uncle Jim.

I often wonder why the Czar an' Kaiser an' the rest Don't hold a monarch congress an' send uncle a request. To come an' give 'em lessons in the art of governin'.

He'd go. He's that obligin' he would 'most anything. To help the world along. An', anyhow, it wouldn't be The work far him that it would seem to folks like you and me. These governments don't know that all their doubts an' terrors grim Is due to their bet'n' introduced to Uncle Jim.

—Washington Star.

Don't Waste.

Let nothing be wasted or lost. Using well or wasting the fragments of time, of opportunity, the nooks and corners of life, makes all the difference between success and failure. This is especially true of spiritual work. Often the best results are gained from the use of fragments of our business or daily life, the byproducts of living. Nature says, "Gather up the fragments." In nature's household there is no waste. The decay of rocks forms the soil of plants. The decay of plants forms the mold in which future plants will grow. The water dissipated in the air becomes clouds and rain.

—Woman's Life.

The Lightning Cure.

"Here's a story of a man who was cured of rheumatism by being struck by lightning."
"I'll risk de rheumatism every time," said Brother Dickey. "I don't want no doctor what's ez quick ez dat"—Atlanta Constitution.

New Version.

Just take care of the nickels That you work so hard to collar, And you bet your life Your lawful wife Will take care of the dollars!—Detroit Tribune.

The Limit of Good Nature.

Johnny—Papa, what is an optimist? Father—A man who will promise to go to another picnic while attending one.—Judge.

OLD PEOPLE Their Pains and Ailments

Any taint of the blood quickly shows itself with old people, and troubles, which a younger, more vigorous constitution holds in check, take possession of those of advanced years. A mole, wart or pimple often begins to heal. Wandering pains flame and fester, terminating in a sore that refuses to heal. A rheumatic character are almost constant, the joints get stiff and the muscles sore, while sleeplessness and nervousness make life a burden. The natural activity of the body is not so great in old age and all the organs get dull and sluggish, failing to carry out the waste matters and poisons accumulating in the system and they are taken up and absorbed by the blood, rendering it weak and unable to properly nourish the system. There is no reason why old age should not be as healthy as youth if the blood is kept pure and strong. S. S. S. is purely vegetable and is the safest and best blood purifier and tonic for old people, because it is gentle, but at the same time thorough in its action, purifying the blood of all poisons and foreign matter, strengthening it and toning up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. Almost from the first dose the appetite increases, the general health begins to improve and the pains and ailments pass away.

Union, S. C. D. F. GREGORY.

SSS
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Know His Blackstone.

"I'll commit you, sir," said the judge to the noisy fellow in court. "You are a nuisance."
"You dare not, your honor," replied the noisy chap.
"Do you mean to defy me?" asked the judge.
"Not at all, your honor," calmly answered the disturber of the peaceful quietude, "but you say I am a nuisance—and you must be wise to the fact that it is unlawful to commit a nuisance."

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, swelling, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Onsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Woman's Inconstancy.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who begins in the middle when he asks a question.
"Did I ever notice what?" said a party of the other part.
"That the practical experience of an actress is usually far in advance of her advertised youthfulness!" exclaimed he of the prelude.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No more nervousness after first day's use of the Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free Trial Bottle and Treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 311 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Just Like a Woman.

"I can't understand how you manage to find your way across the ocean," said the fair passenger.
"We rely on the compass," replied the captain of the ocean greyhound. "The needle, you see, always points north."
"Yes," she said, "but suppose you should want to go south?"

Now They Don't Speak.

Maude—Congratulations me, dear Jack proposed last night and I accepted him.
Clara—Yes, he offered to bet me a pair of gloves you would.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of theft that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. & T. A. T. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIRKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At Lonely View.

"Can't say that I am much impressed with the neighborhood," remarked the man who had been through the suburban cottage.
"What's wrong?" growled the real estate agent.
"Well, to begin with, I can hear the mosquitoes singing."

"Well, what do you expect mosquitoes to do—whistle?"

The Knippen opens for the fall season

September 3, presenting "Escaped From the Harren," by Charles A. Taylor, followed the next week by "The White Tiger of Japan." It is understood that this theatre will be given up this season to melodrama of the ultra-thrilling sort.

The Baker theatre, under the management of George A. Baker, (who also manages the Empire), opened Sunday, August 27 with musical burlesque. The Fay Foster company crowded the opening week, and is succeeded Sunday, September 3, by "The Brigadiers."

"The Kentucky Belles" opens the following week, namely, September 10. Thus, at the Baker there will be a thirty-eight week season of musical burlesque with a change of bill each week.

The ten-cent vaudeville houses are doing a smaller business—good bills at the Star and Grand. The Lyric still continues a stock company at ten cents admission.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Uncle Sam's People

are emigrating to America and Canada by the thousands.

Where there is a dollar to be made you will find a Yankee. Alberta affords the greatest opportunity of any country in the world for good investments. Land can be bought of the C. P. R. company in easy payments of one-third to one-tenth down, 6 percent interest, yearly payments, from \$5 to \$500 per acre, that is as fine land, as the sun ever shined on. I am conducting parties out of Spokane, Monday of each week, giving special railroad rates and showing them over the country. Join the crowd. Any information cheerfully given. JAMES H. LEWIS, 705 Land Agent Alberta and Canadian Railway lands. 719 Riverside Ave. Spokane, Wash.