

**THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.**

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote Mrs. Pinkham in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swell, and was generally miserable. Mrs. Pinkham promptly replied with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

When you open your heart to lust, love will leave your life. A well-read man must hump himself if he would be original.

**Don't Get Footsore! Get FOOT-EASE.**

A certain cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. Cures Frost-bites and Chilblains. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Fidelity to old truths demands hospitality to new ones.

**Lane's Family Medicine**

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Prices 25 and 50c.

It needs no courage to choose evil in the face of good.

**GARFIELD TEA IS AN HERB MEDICINE:** It is of inestimable value in all cases of stomach, liver, kidney and bowel disorders; it promotes a healthy action of all these organs.

It is the easiest thing in the world to begin things.

**Saves Doctor Bills.**

Knill's Red Pills for Wan People "Pale or Weak." Only 25c a box.

To be content with less is to have less discontent. No man is great whose aims are small.

**Do Not Trifle** with danger—and remember every cough or cold means danger.

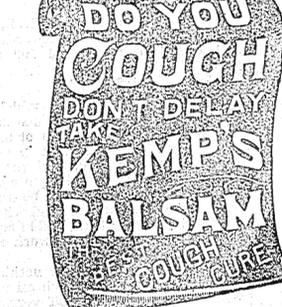
**Shiloh's Consumption Cure**

will cure your cough or cold at once. It will heal and strengthen your lungs. It is a safeguard for you always. Take it at the first indication of a cough or cold.

"A severe cold settled in throat and bronchial tubes—colds always lasted several months, tried Shiloh and it cured me at once. Am glad to add my testimony."

Prepared by **PIRRE CUSHING**, Rector St. Mark's Church, LeRoy, N. Y. Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists at 25c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write for illustrated book on consumption. Sent without cost to you. S. C. Wells & Co., LeRoy, N. Y.



It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure of consumption in first stages, and a cure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect, after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists every where. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

**WATERBURY'S** CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

**AT LAST.**

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling,  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit;  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abundant grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing  
The life for which I long.

—John G. Whittier.

**For Love of Madelaine.**

BY JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
(Copyright, 1909, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Although I had been a frequent caller at the home of Madelaine Zimmer, as I had a right to be, I had never met Charles Newkirk there. Indeed, there were many other young men of my acquaintance whom I had never met at her home, for that matter, but the fact that Newkirk and I never happened to be callers in the luxurious house of the Zimmers at the same time is worthy of mention. This was the Newkirk who was in love with Madelaine.

His tenderness for her was hardly within my knowledge, as he had never told me of it, but it was so firmly a matter of belief with me that it interfered with my ease of mind. I knew he called to see her; that was sufficient to make out a plain case of rivalry against him. After that whenever I encountered him at the club or at receptions the very sight of him quickened my sense of envy. His handsome features, his rakish mustache, his correct clothes and his graceful carriage had the distressing effect of putting me in despair of winning Madelaine so long as he was in the field. For that reason I was glad I had never met him when I was paying my devotions to her, as I felt I would suffer, by comparison, in her eyes.

If he was handsome and dashing, he was devoid of some of the essentials for a good husband. I knew this. Madelaine, I was sure, did not know it. Therefore, as one who loved her with every fiber of his heart that was susceptible to passion, I felt a double purpose in my wooing—to save her from him and to win her for myself.

I wanted to tell her what sort of a fellow at heart Newkirk was. Being his rival, however, I dared not. I knew from the discoveries LeBruyere made in dissecting the souls of women that it would have a contrary effect. Newkirk never spoke of her to me. I never spoke of her to him. She never mentioned him to me. Still he kept calling to see her. So did I. Still he and I never met there. When he called I stayed away. When I called he did not come. It might have appeared to Madelaine we were dodging



The very sight of him quickened my sense of envy.

each other. I was glad we were, for I feared my impetuous disposition would have spoiled my chances.

Fortunately I was able to preserve an unruined demeanor, but I was watchful and determined. Newkirk had affairs of business that called him often to New York. I heard also in the club gossip that he had an affair of the heart there, too. From that moment I was resolved to put a literal construction on the maxim: "All is fair in love and war."

Soon after this Newkirk went East, to remain a month, he said. In happy coincidence the Zimmers left the very next day to pass the summer session at Charlevoix. The day following I sailed for Charlevoix to pass my vacation. She welcomed me there with evidences of delight. It was a period of supreme happiness to be near and to know that Newkirk would not interfere for a week or month.

Then was my time, if ever, I realized, to win her. As a wise general would do preparatory to assaulting a

citadel, I made a plan. It was simple enough. It was to tell her that Newkirk was dead. That would leave the field clear. In her moment of bereavement I would naturally be the one man to whom she would turn for consolation. The rest would be easy.

I broke the sad news to her one day while we were strolling along the cliffs. She didn't take it much to heart, and I feared for my success. Women are so much more condoning in times of grief. It was too late to change the plan then. I did the best I could. I held her hand, I pressed it to my lips, I muttered things so tender that they escaped my articulation. When I thought there was nothing proper left for me to do but jump over the cliff and hope they would never find my body, she turned to me with an expression of tenderness in her great brown eyes that filled my soul with joy.

"And you love me, Madelaine?" I sighed.

"I have loved you with all my heart for a long, long time, John," she whispered.

There we plighted our troth. The

birds sang sweeter than ever they sang before. The sun shone brighter; the lake and the sky were bluer and the air was perfumed as we slowly paced along. We forgot the dinner hour and didn't care, for we were happy.



It was late in the afternoon when we returned to the hotel. We were sitting in the cooling shade of the great veranda. Another boatload of visitors hauled up from the wharf were being discharged from the hacks and we were studying them as they passed into the hotel.

My eye fell on one of them and it made my love-laden heart stop beating. Madelaine saw my sudden emotion.

"What is the matter, John, dear?" she exclaimed in alarm.

"I could not find words at that moment, but she followed my fixed stare with her terrified glances until she, too, saw the cause of my attack of momentary paralysis.

She gave a scream and threw herself fainting in my arms.

There, among the new arrivals, stood Charles Newkirk, back from the grave in which I had so recently placed him.

"What does this mean, Newkirk?" I demanded as savagely as I could when I recovered a part of my senses.

Whatever answer he made was lost to me, for at that moment Madelaine's mother came shrieking to her daughter's aid. A score of other women rushed in upon me. I surrendered my fainting loved one to their more skillful attentions, and extricating myself from the hysterical concourse, I went to meet Newkirk face to face. Madelaine was mine at last and I had nothing to fear from him. As her protector I felt it to be my plain duty to punish him for his impertinent intrusion.

He was gone from the veranda. I went into the hotel rotunda looking for him, but he was not there. I went to the clerk's desk.

"Where did that insolent fellow go?" I demanded.

"Whom do you mean?" asked the apprehensive clerk.

"Why that fellow Newkirk."

"They have gone to their room."

"They? Who are they? Newkirk is the only one I want."

"I mean Mr. and Mrs. Newkirk. They just arrived—on their wedding trip, I believe."

I looked at the hotel register and there was Newkirk's familiar handwriting tracing the words: "Charles Newkirk and wife."

"Shall I send up your card?" asked the clerk.

"No; I guess I have made a mistake," I said softly.

Then I hurried back to see if Madelaine had recovered. She was sitting beside her mother looking pale. I sat on the other side of her. She leaned over to me with a faded expression in her erstwhile lustrous eyes.

"Was it his ghost, John?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

"No, dear, that was his wife you saw with him," I said calmly.

"But you told me he was dead," she said, with a tone of deep injury in her voice.

"Well, aren't you more surprised to hear that he is married?"

"Why, no. He told me he was going East to marry some other girl when I jilted him the week before last."

Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Archbishop of Canterbury recently entered his eightieth year, having been born on St. Andrew's day, 1321, at Santa Maura, in the Ionian islands. It is generally stated that he was born in Sierra Leone, of which his father, Major Octavius Temple was governor.

The history of mankind is an immense volume of errors.

**TOO TIRED TO STIR!**

Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It builds them up in every way by toning up the blood and strengthening the nerves. Nothing else in the world can do Nervura's work. It seeks out the weak spots and strengthens them. It enriches the blood and gives it a healthy circulation, thus putting new life into the entire body.

Strength to overcome the general discouragement is followed by the ambition to be well. A few nights of sound, refreshing sleep brings a new sensation of acquired strength. How ready now is this woman for every duty and every plan for pleasure! The new color in her cheeks shows the potent work of the vegetable elements in Nervura. This woman is now a cured woman, and such transformations are occurring in every community through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. If you are run-down and discouraged, here is the certain help.

**Dr. Greene's NERVURA FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES.**

**MRS. OLIVER WILSON, of Northboro, Mass., says:**

"I was suffering from nervousness, caused by female weakness and nervous prostration. I was so nervous and weak I could not go up a common pair of stairs without stopping to rest, and troubled to sleep at night. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura and have obtained my old elastic step around the house. After creeping around for two years, hardly able to do anything, it has proved a boon to me truly."

**READ DR. GREENE'S OFFER.**

Dr. Greene's advice is free to all who seek it, either by personal call at his office, 35 W. 14th Street, New York City, or by letter through the mail. All who are broken in health should call or write without delay to Nervura's discoverer for free counsel.

**Weary Women Get Strength and Vigor from Dr. Greene's Nervura.**

She had planned to go out with her husband, but her strength failed her.

Her nerves were excited all day, and when night came she just couldn't find the courage. It is the old story of weakness and nervousness taking the pleasure out of life and filling it with discontent and suffering. It is not honest fatigue resulting from the daily task; it is weariness born of weakness and ill health.

The ideal strengthener for weak women is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It builds them up in every way by toning up the blood and strengthening the nerves. Nothing else in the world can do Nervura's work. It seeks out the weak spots and strengthens them. It enriches the blood and gives it a healthy circulation, thus putting new life into the entire body.

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No matter how pleasant your surroundings, health, good health, is the foundation for enjoyment. Bowel trouble causes more aches and pains than all other diseases together, and when you get a good dose of bilious bile coursing through the blood life's a hell on earth. Millions of people are doctoring for chronic ailments that started with bad bowels, and they will never get better till the bowels are right. You know how it is—you neglect—get irregular—first suffer with a slight headache—bad taste in the mouth mornings, and general "all gone" feeling during the day—keep on going from bad to worse until the suffering becomes awful, life loses its charms, and there is many a one that has been driven to suicidal relief. Educate your bowels with **CASCARETS**. Don't neglect the slightest irregularity. See that you have one natural, easy movement each day. **CASCARETS** tone the bowels—make them strong—and after you have used them once you will wonder why it is that you have ever been without them. You will find all your other disorders commence to get better at once, and soon you will be well by taking—

**THE TONIC LAXATIVE**

**Cascarets**

LIVER TONIC

10c. 25c. 50c.

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NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

**CURE** all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking **CASCARETS** to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice and start with **CASCARETS** to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

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