

Mrs. F. M. Thomas

Writes: "I was suffering most terribly from female weakness. I had inflammation and very severe pain. My back ached so that I could almost cry with pain. My digestion was poor. I had palpitation of the heart so that I was unable to do my work. I have tried numerous remedies and none could help me but Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. It is to them I owe my health to-day."

Mrs. F. M. Thomas, Grand Rapids, Mich.
222 Port Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DR. CODERRE'S
RED PILLS
FOR
PALE & WEAK WOMEN

Write for our FREE BOOK "PALE AND WEAK WOMEN." Our doctors give free consultations by letters or at their office every day from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sunday excepted. Fill in question blank if you wish. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are not a medicine. They are a food. They take together with the blood the impurities of the system and purify it. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. The Purifying Tablets are sold at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50. No return of money. Before all imitations.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.
Med. Department, 241 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
54 St. John St., Quebec, Can.
274 St. Denis St., Montreal, Canada.

For sale by C. H. Gunn & Co.,
Druggists, Chatham, Ont.

CURE YOURSELF!
CURE FOR GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SKIN Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, etc.DR. SPINNEY & CO.
Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, Wishes Successes without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, despondent, no ambition, losing flesh, painful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves unstrung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feelings, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. etc. etc. Diseases quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the virus and errors of youth and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Bashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles around the Eyes, Impotence, Loss of Sleep, Nervousness, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Disasters in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with pain, loss of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARICOCELE and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are over our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent. \$1.00 for failure.

URTHER AND PISTULA CURED. THE SIGNS OF SYphilis are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and watery growths. We cure these life without injurious drugs. Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? IMPOWENCY or Loss of Sexual Power, and you contentedly MARRIED? Do not afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never-failing remedy that will purify the blood and positively bring back Lost Power.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN. — There are any troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of a system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, turbid appearance. These are men who die of this difficult and dangerous disease, which is the end stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure of all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs. BOOK FREE. — Those unable to call write for question list and book of home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our best opinion always given, and good, careful treatment given to every patient.

Office Hours—9 to 8: Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., also 2 to 4. Consultation free.

DR. SPINNEY & CO.
30 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY

Solomon Sloan's Advice on How to Run the Universe.

Mr. Editor:—
If I were boss:—
There would be a new goddess. The Goddess of Liberty is too much of a myth.

Liberty is one of the things that would be grand and glorious, but unfortunately it does not exist. The American people cut loose from Great Britain for the purpose of having their liberty. Did they get it? They objected to taxation without representation. They insisted on the right of self-government.

How many people in the United States now are satisfied with the way taxes are levied? How many are satisfied with the people who levy them? Did we get it? Is the President of the United States, the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the Alderman from your own ward, the man you would have selected for the place?

How much has the average citizen to say about who shall govern him? Nothing. Even the political boss cannot always select the man he wants for the high places.

The man he wants in many cases would not stand a show of election, so the best thing he can do is to find a man that will partially suit him and can be elected.

And this is self-government! This is liberty!

The boy at home longs for the time when he shall be his own master, when he shall have his liberty.

He gets his liberty, the limited liberty that comes to any and all who dwell in a civilized community, and ready to limit his limited liberty still further by taking upon himself a wife and begetting himself a family.

The poor man longs for wealth that he may be at liberty to do as he pleases and do as he chooses.

The rich man sighs for the days of his poverty, for Wall Street guides his movements, fashion dictates his place of abode, and his cook and his caterer even direct his thirsts and his appetites.

Liberty is an idle dream and the Goddess of Liberty a mockery and a sham.

We need a new goddess, and if I were boss we would have one.

If I were boss we would have on our flags and on our dollars a figure representing the Goddess of Duty.

Duty is an attainable ideal, Liberty is unattainable.

No man, however humble, but can do his duty—his duty to himself, to his family, to his employer, to the nation.

However high the ideals of liberty, the ideals of duty are immeasurably higher.

The man who does his duty to his fellow men is the highest type of man. If I were boss heroic figures of the Goddess of Duty in the market places, in the exchanges, on the dollars, in the parks, would ever remind the nation of its duty, the man of his duty to himself and to the world.

Duty would be the American goddess and "E Pluribus Unum" would be always translated "duty." If I were boss—Solomon Sloan.

No Time to Lose.



Tommy Bates (the elevator boy)—Hurry and catch on if you want to go up!

A Trying Occasion, Smart Set.

"You are late, madam."

"You said 11."

"Yes, madam; but yesterday."

"My! how stupid! Did it matter?"

"It always matters with me, madam."

"I am sorry. I beg your pardon."

"It is granted, madam. Slip this off, please."

"The waist first?"

"Oh, certainly. There. Erect, please."

"How is that?"

"Better, Emile, the pins."

"I'm sorry, now, you didn't let me have the other material. This looks—"

"Tut, madam. This will be perfect when it is completed."

"But—"

"You must allow me to be the judge, madam. Your elbow, please."

"The sleeve seems awkward."

"You do not know. Wait."

"Can I stand that so tight around my neck?"

"Certainly, madam. It is necessary."

"I am afraid that color—"

"Madam, you do not know. I am the judge."

"I think I am about to faint."

"How dare you, madam? Don't you see that I am in a hurry?"

A Few Years Hence.

The Wayfarer—Please can you help a poor man that can't get no work at his trade?

"What is your trade?"

"It used to be stealin' horses—when they was horses for to be stole."—Indianapolis Press.

His Idea of It.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer to the rural Justice, "we appeal to a higher court."

"All right," replied the Justice, "take him out and lynch him."—Atlanta Constitution.

BABY'S AWFUL BURN

Large as a Silver Dollar. Hot Coffee Scalds Breast and Hands. Skin Comes Off with Clothes. All Remedies Useless.

CURED BY CUTICURA

My little boy was two years old when he reached upon the table and spilled a cup of hot coffee all over his left hand. It had gone through to his breast, and before I could remove his clothes it had burned his breast, and the skin came off with the clothes, and he has to-day a scar as large as a silver dollar on his breast. I applied a great many things. The burn was a very ugly one, hard to heal. I was requested to try CUTICURA (ointment), which healed up rapidly, but before I used a half a box of CUTICURA it was well. Oh, I think CUTICURA is the salve after all others. Nov. 29, '08. Mrs. R. CANN, Needles, Cal.

BABY'S SORE HAND CURED

I was obliged to keep my first three fingers of my little boy's hand done up all the time, as it was a raw sore, beginning to extend down toward the palm. We consulted three different physicians, each a certain length of time. A gentleman recommended CUTICURA. I purchased CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA (ointment), and CUTICURA (lotion). I put aside what I had been using, and began with this. Well they cured that hand. Mrs. DIAMOND.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so swift, so speedily effective for discharging skin humors of infants and children as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of skin cures, followed by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor remedies. They afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. PORTER & ARB. CO. PROPRIETORS. "All About Baby's Skin and Sore," free. CUTICURA SOAP.

SAVE YOUR HAIR

SOME DIFFERENCE.

"How did you say that Skreech rendered that solo?" asked Beoffit of Seesharp.

"I didn't say that he rendered it at all," I said he rendered it."

To Save Her Child

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Gallagher, of LaGrange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to greases on her breast, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, etc. Sold by A. I. McCall & Co.'s Drug Store.

He—Did you tell that other fellow you were engaged to that you loved me more?

She—Yes, and the horrid thing! he wanted me to return the ring.

What a Tale It Tells.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, a yellowish tint to the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear eyes, and restore the complexion. Only 50c at A. I. McCall & Co.'s Drug Store.

Love, which we often call the greatest thing in the world, can do less for suffering than skill.

Astounded the Editor.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was gradually worn down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for the liver. For indigestion, loss of appetite, stomach and liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at A. I. McCall & Co.'s Drug Store.

Every church should be self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating.

Their Secret is Out.

All Sadielville, Kk., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whitaker, who had for a long time endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough. It positively cures Coughs, Colds, Lo Grippe, Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

The Scandinavian churches give one-seventh of all the money in the world for foreign missions.

Christianity is still compelled to apologize for Christendom.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Jas. McKee, Linwood, Ont. Lachin McNeil, Nabou, C. B. John A. McDonald, Arnprior, Ont. C. B. Billing, Markham, Ont. John Mader, Mahone Bay, N. S. Lewis Butler, Burin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

We have found use for every faculty we possessed, natural or acquired.

The power of educated womanhood is simply the power of skilled service.

Every divinity school should be hot with zeal for evangelization.

PINE-OIL

Admits instant relief in all Aches and Pains, Tooth, Ear and Head-aches, Rheumatism, Sprains and Swellings, Lumbago, Interst and Extremities, Burns, Scalds, etc. Sold by A. I. McCall & Co.'s Drug Store.

For sale by C. H. Gunn & Co., druggists.

PARISIAN HUMOR.

Some Jests Transmitted From the Gay City of France.

Mme. Z. to one of her woman friends: "I'm one year married today, and during all that time I could never induce my husband to get himself photographed. Just fancy—boo-boo!—when we come to be divorced I won't even have his picture!"

Morning dialogue: "Marie, my dear, I suppose you are going to the funeral of M. Duval today?"

"Charles, dear, you're crazy! I go to the funeral of that horrid old skinhead! Never on your life!"

"My dear, it affords a splendid opportunity to exercise the dog."

"Oh, Charles, dear, I never thought of that! Of course I'll go!"

A fast young man reformed and married an elderly lady with plenty of money. Shortly after the wedding she expressed a desire to go to the opera ball.

"Nonsense, my dear," said the husband, who was afraid of meeting some of his old companions there. "It is not a nice place. In fact, all sorts of trash go there. But it is useless for him to suggest difficulties and offer objections. She insisted, and he had to capitulate. In the evening she came out of her dressing room with a deck load of paint and powder. So the only one who went to the Ball de l'Opera. There in the happy throng the husband espied some former friends, blonds and brunettes all in a group, forming a living bouquet of laughing beauties. One of them noticing him sprang forward with uplifted hands.

"Pete! Oh, Pete!" she exclaimed, "where in thunder did you find all that old paint and parchment?"

"Young lady," said the husband, with a look of indignation, "I wish you to understand that this is my wife!"

"Oh, b-b-beg pardon! B-b-bon soir, madame!"

Mrs. Pete never went there any more.

First That Came to Hand.

The commercial reporter had asked to be connected with Hyde & Tallows of the wholesale markets.

"Hello!" he said. "I want the quotation on land oil."

"I didn't say that occurs to me at the moment," replied the absentminded college professor who by some mistake at the central office was at the other end of the wire. "Is this, which, I think is from Josh Biner. 'When a feller starts to go down hill, he finds everything greased for the occasion.' Will that?"

But the other here interrupted him, with loud and violent language.

Winner Takes All.

"The two leading candidates in your congressional district are very friendly, I hear," remarked the stranger.

"Yes, siree!" replied the native Texan, "but they've made a couple of pretty stiff bets with each other on the result."

"Any odds?"

"No, too close. Each feller bet the other a plug hat, a biled shirt, a pair of new boots, a carpetbag, an a single ticket to Washington."

Gentle Revenge.

Jeames—Did you ring, mem?

Madame—Yes. If Mrs. de Smythe calls, ask her to wait.

Jeames—I didn't see you wasn't coming back till late, mem?

Madame—Of course I'm not. But Mrs. de Smythe can wait till she gets tired. It'll do her good. She wasn't at home to me last week, and I'll get even that way.—Pick-Me-Up.

One.

"Now that you are married," said her intimate friend, "do you intend to byphenate your name and call yourself Mrs. Plumb-Duff?"

"No," replied the lovely bride, with a shy glance at her fond and proud young husband. "That is not a scandalous name."

Remarkable Modesty.

"Will you marry me, Miss Tommey?" asked Mr. Collingsworth.

"No, indeed," replied she. "I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Of course you won't. You'll never have an opportunity. But that is no reason why you shouldn't marry me."—Detroit Free Press.

Tippitts' Fallings.

Rickwell—I shall have to give Tippitts a talking to. He's too hard on my shirts.

Trendway—Tippitts is your laundryman, is he?

Rickwell—Laundryman? No. He's my valet.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Slow.

He—I've been waiting for the last half hour for a chance to kiss you?

She—Poor fellow! You have my sympathy.

He—What do you mean?

She—You require the services of an oculist.—Chicago News.

A Jovial Pair.

"Mrs. O'Bease is getting a fairly stout. I've heard of people spoken of as 'round,' but I never saw any person as round as she."

"Oh, I don't know. There's her husband. He's a rounder."—Philadelphia Press.

A Literary Man.

"Jack, you ought to straighten up your writing table."

"Lemme alone, Julia. If I were to straighten up this table, I couldn't find a thing on it until it got all mused up again."—Indianapolis Journal.

Did It With a Slam.

"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right," said the hard-hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Unusually Large.

"Yes, sir," said the actress haughtily, "that is my figure—\$1,000 per week."

"Um—er—don't you think," responded the manager thoughtfully, "your figure is—er—a little bit padded?"—Smart Set.

Literary Pursuits.

"I pity authors who have to lead such sedentary lives."

"Sedentary? You don't call chasing publishers a sedentary life, do you?"—Chicago Record.

Important to Authors.

It is too late to write for the Christmas magazines now. They went to press early in July.—Atlanta Constitution.

Doctors Like It.

For over twenty years Vapo-Cresolene has received the unqualified support of the medical profession; we feel very proud of this. Physicians everywhere realize the importance of this direct way of treating all throat affections. Put some Vapo-Cresolene in the vaporizer, light lamp beneath, and then breathe in the healing and germ destroying vapor. It is the doctor's prescription now for whooping cough, frequently curing it in a few days.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Vapo-Cresolene, 12¢. Extra supplies of Vapo-Cresolene and 2¢ cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 115 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

Recommended and sold by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store, Chatham.

The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it the more it will contract.—O. W. Holmes.

Putting food into a diseased stomach is like putting money into a pocket with holes. The money is lost. All its value goes for nothing. When the stomach is diseased, with the allied organs of digestion and nutrition, the food which is put into it is largely lost. The nutriment is not extracted from it. The body is weak and the blood impoverished.

The pocket can be mended. The stomach can be cured. That's the medicine for the stomach and blood, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acts with peculiar promptness and power on the organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a positive cure for almost all disorders of these organs, and cures also such diseases of the heart, blood, liver and other organs, as have their cause in a weak or diseased condition of the stomach.

The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless, the last corruption of degenerate man.—Johnson.

The World's Most Famous Picture

In the Dresden gallery in Germany hangs the most valuable picture in the world, (worth \$500,000). Raphael's "St. Anne and Child." This great picture, has, by permission, been specially copied and reproduced on heavy paper, size 22 x 30, in all the colors and beauty of the original, and is given with this year's Saturday Night's Christmas number. "The Modern Madonna," admitted the most beautiful picture ever made by photograph. It has also been reproduced, size 16 x 21, and is given as another premium with the most beautiful book ever issued in Canada; full of stories, poems and artistic illustrations, some of the pictures occupying full pages. A boy's picture, "An Impromptu Speech," is also in colors, and "Don't Cry, Mamma," is the most touching picture of the home of a missing Canadian soldier yet produced. The whole sixty pages are original, bright, clean and typical of Canada, as also is the title page, which depicts in six colors, an Indian boy plucking feathers from a king turkey of the forest which he has slain. Order at once, for nothing as good has ever before been offered in Canada, and last year's Saturday Night's Christmas was sold out within three days of its publication. Price 50 cents, in tubes ready for mailing. At all newsdealers, or from The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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