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Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

"Cherry-Blossom."

THE JAPANESE GIVE GOOD EXAMPLE

"It is a proverb of Cherry Blossom Land that a healthy stomach is the basis of all strength. Good nature is also recognized as of great importance to the Japanese as a people remarkable for their health, endurance, patience and skill.

Wild Cherry (Prunus Virginiana).

The UNITED STATES DISPENSARY, which is an authority on medicines, says of the properties of this Black Cherry bark: "Uniting with a tonic power the property of calming irritation and diminishing nervous excitability. Adapted to the treatment of diseases in which there is debility of the stomach or of the system."

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine of proper strength is a better solvent and preservative of the active medicinal principles residing in most of our indigenous or native medicinal plants than is alcohol.

Nature's Garden. Dr. Pierce is only the discoverer who knows how to combine the plants given us by Nature to cure our diseases. This preparation is of pleasant taste, agrees perfectly with rebellious and sensitive stomachs, and is extremely effective in restoring tone and vigor to the entire system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is made in a large laboratory, thoroughly equipped with every scientific appliance, at Buffalo, N. Y. Qualified chemist are in charge of the laboratory, with nearly a score of skilled physicians and surgeons employed to scrutinize, determine and prescribe these remedies and other means of cure as seem best suited to many thousands of cases of chronic diseases which come before them for treatment each year.

BOWSER THE MARTYR

Has Sewing Bee, in Which He Does Much Needed Repairing.

REJECTS THE HELP OF WIFE.

Revels in Buttons and Patches While Looking Upon Himself as a Greatly Abused Man—Leaves His Home For the Street to Drown His Sorrows.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] Mrs. Bowser needed but one look to know Mr. Bowser's face as he reached home the other evening to show that something was out of gear with him. His shoulders humped up, his under lip stuck out, and he had the sulks of a boy going to a flogging.

"What's wrong with that shirt?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "Button off, of course," was the reply. "It's been off for the past four weeks, and that is what brought this case of bronchitis on me. I haven't said anything because it's no use."

"But what on earth are they for?" she asked. "You will see after dinner."

"Never mind me. I am of no account in this world."

"But if you had a chill or anything of that sort I want to know it and send for the doctor."

"Never mind if I have a dozen chills and will be in my grave ere a week has passed. As long as one is not appreciated in this world he'd better be dead."

Felt That He Was a Martyr. Mrs. Bowser realized that the time had come around for Mr. Bowser to feel that he was a martyr. All this-



HE THEREAFTER BEGAN DARNING.

Hands got that feeling two or three times a year. No one exactly knows what brings it on, but it is sure to come, and no darning needle will ward it off. She wanted to laugh and gossip, and she did to some extent, but he ate his dinner in solemn silence.

"If you want that sock darned hand it to me," said Mrs. Bowser as she reached for it. "How you could get a hole like that in a new sock puzzles me. I paid 50 cents a pair for them."

"I won't trouble you," was the reply. "I was told years ago that the time would come when I'd have to darn my own socks, and now it is here."

"But you aren't going to darn them with red string, are you?"

"Anything is good enough for me. I can go around all day in perfect agony and what is it to you? Yes, I am going to darn them with this red twine, and if I fall dead tomorrow and am taken to the morgue the keeper will see what a wife I had and how I must have suffered."

Sewed on the Button. Mrs. Bowser had to get up and go down the hall to her building, and

meanwhile he was busy with the button. After the darning needle had drawn the twine through the eyes once all the room was taken up, but he cut off the twine and called it a job. He then pulled off the other shoe and looked at the other sock. There was no hole in it, but he made one and sighed heavily as another wadged made its appearance.

"What's wrong with that shirt?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "Button off, of course," was the reply. "It's been off for the past four weeks, and that is what brought this case of bronchitis on me. I haven't said anything because it's no use."

"Look here now, but when that shirt came home from the laundry three days ago the buttons were all there and all tight. I looked them over, as I always do. When you took the shirt off you gave it a pull and sent the button flying. It must have been the one I found on the floor yesterday."

Button Was Too Big. "That's all nonsense! Hand that shirt over to me. You have three or four more and don't need to put this on at all."

But Mr. Bowser stuck to his tailor job and sewed on the button. He knew that it would never go into the button-hole, but he would have it there for an ornament anyway. The effect of the red twine on the white background was picturesque, to say the least.

"These trousers have needed patching for the last five years, but you haven't had time to do it. I shall now do it myself."

"But they are an old pair that you keep to work around in."

"There's no principle about it. If you use a blue patch on a green ground all the boys in the neighborhood will be gazing you the first time you step outdoors."

"Then the boys will be informed that I have to do my own sewing or there wouldn't be any done. Don't bother, Mrs. Bowser. Just keep your nose in that novel and never mind me. Blue patches on green grounds are good enough for your husband. He hasn't long to live anyhow, and what's the odds whether the patches are blue or black or green?"

Wiped a Tear Away. Mr. Bowser sniffed and sniffed and wiped a tear away, and as he began to fit a patch eight inches square to a hole not over two inches in diameter and sew it fast with the red twine Mrs. Bowser could control her feelings no longer.

"I am not only neglected, but insulted in my own home, and human nature can stand no more."

"But I had to laugh. I think that patch is the funniest thing I ever saw. Why, even the cat!"

"Mrs. Bowser, I am going out. I am a homeless man, and where I shall go heaven only knows. Perhaps when I am brought home dead and you gaze into my white face you will cease your merriment and realize that you are responsible for the death of a good man. Good night, Mrs. Bowser—woman, good night."

She tried to stay him, but in vain. He left the house for the street with tears in his eyes and wandered up one street and down another, and the south winds sighed and moaned, and the crickets called to each other that all was lost, and the policeman on his lonely beat stopped him to say:

"Look here, old man, I've got my eyes on you, and if you try any monkey work in this neighborhood I'll make your heels break your neck. What's an old coon like you doing on the street at this hour of the night anyway? Move on with you!"

M. QUAD.

Physiological.

"Just let that alone till you go to bed, and I will sew it on in a jiffy," said Mrs. Bowser. "You didn't say anything about a loose button this morning or it would have been fixed then."

"When one has talked and talked for twenty years, what's the use of talking any more? The button has been loose for months and months, and I have been waiting to see if you would notice it. Today as I bent over in the street car to pick up a cent dropped by a lady off went the button. Two working girls tittered about it, and I heard one of them say that the old man was coming all to pieces. I tell you this, but of course you can't understand my humiliation. It is a sad, sad house, but I must put up with things until Providence sees fit to remove me."

Sewed on the Button. Mrs. Bowser had to get up and go down the hall to her building, and

First Bootman to Second Ditch—"I's got more brains in 'is head than you and me 'as got in the rest of our bodies"—Tatter.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TORTURED

BY BLINDING HEADACHES.

Who Could Be Well, and Happy, and Free of Pain.

Headaches simply mean poisoned blood. The human body is constantly decaying and being renewed. Dead matter is absorbed by the blood, and should be taken from the blood by the kidneys, bowels and skin and passed out of the system. If one of these organs does not act properly, the blood becomes impure—if two fail, death is certain.

When there are constant headaches, it is always found that the bowels are irregular, the kidneys weak, or the skin sluggish, pale or scaly. The waste matter is left in the blood—carried to the brain—and irritates the nerves. To treat headaches with cocaine, morphine, phenacetin and the best of "headache powders" is useless. They relieve for the moment, but they clog the system and do harm. They never reach the seat of the trouble, they cannot purify the blood.

"Fruit-atives" completely cure headaches. They stimulate the liver and make the bowels move regularly. They regulate the kidneys. They induce healthy skin action. Thus, all the waste matter—body poisons—are taken out of the blood and there is nothing to cause headaches. "Fruit-atives" are the only remedy that really cures.

"Fruit-atives" are fresh fruit juices in which the medicinal action is greatly increased by the special way in which they are combined. See a box; 6 for \$2.50. At all druggists' or sent on receipt of price.

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