

FISHING DOWN EAST



The Wonderful Wilderness Country Whither Thousands Are Getting Ready to Travel With Rod and Camera This Spring—Inexhaustible Supplies of Trout and Salmon in the Maine and Canadian Regions—One Man's Record 13,000.

No outdoor pastime that takes the devotee away from home is so universally enjoyed as fishing. It is an exhilarating, care-destriving sport that is practiced practically from one end of the earth to the other; and in our own country hundreds of thousands who never indulge in any other form of outing and exercise religiously set aside at least a few days in the year for the enjoyment of this time-honored amusement.

Every section of the United States has its peculiar kind of fishing. In the Gulf of Mexico the mighty tarpon is king; in California waters the leaping tuna is the special quarry of the angler; along the Atlantic coast the bluefish tempts the skill and tries the patience of American citizens as illustrious as ex-President Cleveland; and nearly everywhere throughout the land some species of the most popular of all fresh water denizens, the trout, is found, and in many sections the lordly and much-prized salmon.

Nowhere on the continent, however, is there a most distinctively "fishing country" than in the State of Maine. New England as a whole, indeed, might well come under that designation, for the marvellously rich fishing country of the Pine Tree State is admirably supplemented with the lake and river-gemmed Commonwealths of New Hampshire and Vermont adjoining, while in New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and other portions of the great Canadian wilderness contiguous, the opportunities for the angler are practically unlimited.

Even as this article is being written, a great host of fishermen (and not a few of them are of the fair sex), are quietly and eagerly making the necessary preparations for the annual descent upon the New England or Canadian wilderness, their brains on fire with visions of the "big fellows" they know are waiting for the cast of the fly or the trolling of the bait.

One can get ready for a fishing trip, even to the wilds of Maine, within a reasonably short space of time, but there are lots of Waltonites who prefer to devote weeks to those delicious preliminaries, because it adds just so much to the long drawn out sweetness of the "spring fishing fever."

Down in Maine the piscatorial season will be in full blast about the first of May, for it is about that time that the annual telegram which gives to thousands of Americans such an electric shock—"the ice is out"—finds its way into the newspapers of the coun-

try, or is displayed on straw-colored blanks in the windows of railroad ticket offices.

And the railroads! How much they have done not only to popularize the sport of fishing, but to make it so easy a pastime, that even frail women may now journey into "the heart of the ancient wood" and have just as good a time, and just as good sport, as their husbands and brothers, without the least bit of discomfort.

Piscatorial Pilgrimages.

Of the big delegation of amateur fishermen that will shortly be starting north and east from the cities and towns of the South and the Middle Atlantic States, by far the larger percentage will go to the imperial State of trout, salmon and "big game," Maine. There are American fishermen—some of them of national reputation—who have annually been making piscatorial pilgrimages to the same fishing ground for twenty-five, thirty and even forty years.

Of course, for those who prefer it, there is still the primitive lean-to of branches, the canvas tent, and the spruce-bough bed, with the nocturnal reunion and story-telling around the camp fire. The woods-to-day, in fact, is all things to all men, and it is literally a case of paying your money and taking your choice.

Nowhere in this great democracy of ours is there a more democratic corner than the woods of Maine. There everybody is on a footing of social equality for the nonce. It is a fine place not only to get attached to nature, but to human nature.

Some of the perennial fishermen have "records" of catches that are nothing less than astounding. There is one authentic case of a gentleman who in thirty-four years, each year accompanied by the same guide, has taken from the waters of the Rangeley region no less than 13,000 trout. Many of these, of course, have been returned to their native element, on account of smallness of size, but think of sitting before one's open fire on a stormy evening in December and recalling the capture of 13,000 fish, with their accompanying train of exciting or romantic incidents!

If any one should inquire what part of Maine is the best fishing ground, the answer might both truthfully and logically be, "any old part of the State." Watered, as it is, by such long and sinuous rivers as the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Allagash, the Fish and the St. John, and gemmed all over its smiling surface with hundreds of water-sheets ranging in size from forty-mile-long



Five Trout Weighing 12 Pounds.

Moosehead Lake down to the most diminutive of ponds, Maine could scarcely be anything but a fishing country of highest repute.

Its lakes and streams, naturally prolific of the finny tribe, are kept so well stocked by the fish and game authorities that to all intents and purposes, they are practically inexhaustible. For the thousands of trout, togue, bass, pickerel and other game fish that are taken from the waters of Maine every year by the great invading army of rod-bearers, hundreds of thousands of "fry" are carefully put into those same waters by the employees of the fish commission. This is one reason why the fishing is always good "down in Maine." Business jannies and waves of prosperity may play tag up and down the spinal column of the body politic as they will, but the fishing goes on in the lakes and streams of Maine with the regularity of Tennyson's brook, and every report in the State is "the best," if the word of its regular habitues is to be taken at par.

The "fishing fever," like the gripe, is no respecter of persons. One of the most ardent enthusiasts of the sport, and a regular victim of the "spring fever," is a noted United States Senator, who has a famous camp at the Rangeleys. Doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs (the latter usually in the guise of professional guides), captains of industry, Wall Street bankers, merchant princes, gentlemen of leisure, bookkeepers, railroad officials, journalists and about every other profession and calling represented in this strenuous American life of ours, are found upon this outdoor roll of honor, some of them gliding in from the windy west in palatial private cars, the six-pound trout which they land, almost from the platform of their Pullman, being later done to a turn by a high priced chef of ebon hue.

Outfits may be secured or completed in Boston, the great gateway to the New England fishing, hunting and vacation country, or in Portland or Bangor.

Present indications for an early opening of the 1908 fishing season are very promising, and inquiries at railroad ticket agencies are reported to be fully up to the average.

On account of the comparative absence of snow and slush last winter, the ice in the Maine lakes formed very clear, which enables the warm rays of the spring sun to penetrate.

For this reason the guides are predicting that the ice will be out of Moosehead, Rangeley and the other lakes by May 1 or earlier.

To the comfort and convenience of modern travel by rail—one may nowadays leave New York or Boston in a parlor or sleeping car and be transported to the edge of river or lake in the midst of the almost primal wilderness—has been added the modern fishing camp and its 20th-century accessories, in which the downy couch, the piano, the up-to-date culinary department, in fact, most of the luxuries of civilization save elevators, are to be found, banishing all the terrors that "roughing it" inspires in the minds of many, and making for ease and comfort

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. L. O. ROTENBACH.

Theme: Dead Eyes Opened.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—At Bethany Presbyterian Church the pastor, the Rev. L. O. Rotenbach, preached the third sermon in the series on "Miracles, the Wonders of Jesus and His Lessons For Today." His theme was, "Blind Eyes Opened." The texts were in Mark 7:23: "He took the blind man by the hand and led him out of town," and Matthew in 9:29 and 20:34: "According to your faith be it unto you; Jesus had compassion."

Mr. Rotenbach said: "The texts bring before us three scenes in the healing of Jesus. The first is yonder where lies the city of Bethsaida, near the Sea of Galilee, close by the Jordan. Jesus is in that city; you can see Him together with His disciples. Now, notice that company of people yonder. See, they are leading a blind man. They bring him to Jesus and beseech Him to touch him. Here is faith on the part of that company and neutrality apparently on the part of the man. What he needs is faith. Jesus undertakes to arouse that. He takes the blind man by the hand, leads him out of the city, one side by themselves, the man and Jesus.

Now, notice the process, for such it is. The Master listens his eyes with spital, places His hands over them and asks: "Seest thou aught at all?" The man looks up. Here is faith's beginning: "Yes, yes, I see men, but I see them like unto trees walking." Again those hands are placed over his eyes, and now Jesus makes him look up also. He sees clearly!

Here, now, is the second picture—two blind men of their own volition are following Jesus. Let us get the setting. The Master is teaching with Jairus, a ruler, comes beseeching Him. "My daughter is dead; come, lay Thine hand upon her and she shall live." He goes to grant the request, when through the throng a woman makes her way, reaches out her hand timidly and touches the hem of His garment and is made well. At the house of Jairus professional mourners have taken possession. Jesus puts them off. "The maid is not dead but sleepeth." They laugh at Him. He goes in, takes her by the hand, and lo! she rises, and the fame of it went everywhere.

That is the setting, and now as He departs from thence, these two blind men keep following Him. We can see them go. How pathetic the sight! We can hear them creeping out after Him. Listen, "Son of David have mercy, have mercy, have mercy." But He heeds them not. Now, at length they approach the house where He is to remain. He goes within. A crowd remains outside. But these two blind men, what will they now do? They are keeping right on eagerly through the crowd. They are at the door now. What! they have gone into the house and right up to Jesus.

He asks, as He looks upon their sightless eyes: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" Do they believe? Why! He has healed that woman in the way a little while before when she had but touched Him. He has raised from the dead the daughter of Jairus by simply taking her by the hand, and they had kept following after Him all along the dusty road, though utterly ignored by crowd and by Him. Do they believe now when at last they stand by His side? "Yes, Lord," and as the answer bursts from their eager lips, He touches them, saying: "According to your faith be it unto you," and their eyes are opened. Faith is triumphant.

Now, over there we have the third picture. Again we need the setting to bring out the force and the beauty of it. Jesus is going up to Jerusalem. It is the week before Passover—a week before the cross. As He goes He takes His disciples one side and says: "Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man shall be betrayed; and they shall condemn Him to death and deliver Him to the Gentiles to be mocked, scourged and crucified, and the third day He shall rise again."

Then comes to Him the mother of Zebedee's children. Her request is that her sons might sit one on the right, the other on the left of Jesus in His kingdom. The ten, you remember, are incensed, but Jesus calls them unto Him, saying: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles lord it over them, but it shall not be so among you. Whoever will be first among you let him become your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve and to give His life a ransom for many."

After these two events Jesus, His disciples and a great multitude depart from Jericho. He is in the midst of one of those great pilgrim bands on their way to Passover feast. They have come from Galilee, augmented in numbers as they have drawn nearer to the city of David.

Their people believed on Him—as a prophet, and in a vague way as Messiah and the coming king, who even now, when they arrive at the city, may be crowned, as once before they sought to crown Him by force. On swears the prophet—A crowd before Him, another behind, Himself and disciples with others in the middle. He perchance engaged in teaching. Suddenly a sharp cry breaks in upon them. At the roadside ahead sits blind Bartimeus and a companion begging. They hear the advance of the multitude, the cry—"What sayest thou, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" At once all he had felt, hoped and believed of Jesus burst out in one great cry: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us." The multitude, impatient at disturbance, rebukes them and bids them be still. No, no, louder yet rises their cry: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us."

That cry reaches Jesus. He stops, commands that they be brought to Him. Bartimeus leaps forward, throws aside his cloak, a lane opens through the crowd and now they are before Jesus. "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." See the wonder eyes and Jesus. Is it a wonder that He is moved with compassion? He touches their eyes. They receive sight immediately, follow Him, glorifying God, whilst the multitude sings praises unto God.

These three scenes are given us not so much to please or interest us, as to touch our hearts and to instruct our faith. There is a manifest progress also. In the first the blind man is led of others to Jesus. In the second they follow after Him of their own eager volition, and in the third Jesus has an advance party. Here in a flash is the message of faith, and faith we may receive divine things.

We have in the first scene the great truth of the guiding presence of Jesus. We read: "He took the blind man by the hand and led him."

Tender as a beautiful is this ministry. Jesus Himself leading the blind. Can you catch the significance? Can you see the leveling force of the Gospel? All ye are brethren. Yes, and Jesus proves it by taking the hand of the blind.

Can you also realize the positive directness of Christian service? "Bear ye one another's burdens," is the injunction, and we have Jesus taking the blind man and leading him. He for the time is eyes for him.

Your Christianity is halting, my brother, if you have not in your life that first-hand ministry, which feels the infirmities of another and touches him where his need is.

There is here also the perfecting service of Jesus. His dealing with this man is a process. He leads him by the hand. He moistens his eyes. He places His hands over them, asks them "Seest aught?" "Yes, but faintly." Places hands over eyes again, their sight comes clearly.

So He deals with you and me. Our first experience of Him whilst joyous and hopeful, still is inadequate. But how patient and forbearing is He with our weakness and of fellow-sinners clears the spiritual vision.

Let Him keep in touch with you, whilst you yield your will, life and love to Him. He will finally perfect your vision and you will see Jesus even as He sees you.

In that second picture we have a startling manifestation of the all-sufficient power of Jesus. His question is: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?"

A great faith grasps this and holds it tenaciously. Those two blind men followed Him along that weary way. They kept on until they came to Him inside the house. Can you see them? Their sightless eyes striving to look into His eyes? Can you hear their answer: "Yes, Lord, yes, Lord, we believe that Thou art able." "According to your faith" is His answer and they see Him—Jesus.

Do you desire the triumph of a great faith, a faith that sees Jesus? Then you, too, must believe that "He is able." You do believe it? "Yes, to be sure you do—in a way. But do you believe it with all your soul by a faith that grips your life? Do you believe it with a faith that impels you, that it did those sightless ones along the roadway, weary roadway of your life, through the thronging crowds whose carelessness and indifference besets you on every hand, right into the very presence of Jesus Himself?"

You have been trying to do things for yourself. Hadn't you better let Him do them, for He is able? Do you things He alone can do for you; trust Him. Commit your way unto Him—for remember "According to your faith will it be done unto you."

In this third scene we have prominently the compassionate personality of Jesus. We read: "Jesus had compassion." In fact, all the Jesus had compassion. He had compassion, and therefore faith, faith, faith. First, we have Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Remember He is always passing by, in the great throngs to-day, as then.

Do you feel your great need of Him? Cry out to Him. Bartimeus did that and his companion. You feel oppressed, hindered, discouraged by the very ones from whom you have reason to expect? Cry out yet much the more—those two by the wayside did that. They received sight and then followed after Jesus. Do that, just that, the way will open. Secondly, we read Jesus stood still. He always will, provided the right note is in your cry. Remember He is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord, and yet—He hears that cry.

Remember He is on His way to Jerusalem to accomplish His decease; as that conference upon the Mount of Transfiguration revealed the weird shadow of the cross already is creeping over Him—and yet He hears that cry!

What is in that cry? Need? Yes. Suffering? Yes. But He finds that everywhere. There is something more in it. "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy." This one had faith in Jesus, then, the man with a great rabbi, but he had faith in Him supremely as the promised deliverer of Israel, the Messiah. It meant Jesus—Thou Christ—have mercy. No wonder He heard and stopped and called them to Him.

Thirdly, Jesus has compassion. He always has. Let there be the cry of conscious need, which believes implicitly in Him and the Mount of Transfiguration has He great compassion. It is always "the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

My brother man let Him be such a Saviour to you as we have seen Him in these three pictures of tender ministry. Let Him lead you by the hand—a living presence. Let Him draw out your faith till you can say with joy: "He is able. Let Him hear your heart's cry of a great faith that wins His compassion."

The King Revealed.

A weary, dusty traveler came once to the door of a widow's cottage in Scotland, asking for food and shelter. It was a perilous time, and the woman knew not whether to count the stranger a soldier in the crown, or a beggar, or a thief. She sought her ruin; but when, by a few careful questions, he was convinced that he could trust her, he threw aside his cloak, and there shone upon his breast the badge of royalty. Then the widow knew that it was her exiled king, the noble Bruce, returned once more to claim his rightful sovereignty. Her heart was opened wide, and she gave him all she had, of food, and arms, and her two noble boys to bear him company as he renewed his struggle for the throne. So to the few most trusted of ones our King, who comes in His humility, reveals His royalty, and they have the high privilege not only to see His glory, but to help Him to win His own.

Visions and Ideals.

Carrying with us a sense of divine companionship, conscious of our heritage from generations past, may we never stand bewildered between our visions and our tasks, but find in them and in every opportunity for human help the heavenly call to us to be artists in divine things, making real in human lives and institutions our visions and our ideals.—Rudolph Freeman.

Think No Evil.

Remember that charity thinketh no evil, much less repeats it. These are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry Van Dyke.

The Dove of Peace.

High above the storms rides the dove of peace and its message lives despite the wind and wave.



Eighty miles an hour is the speed of a hurricane movement.

Some of the larger boats of the Atlantic service carry as many as 150 firemen.

The population of Greater New York is 4,400,000; of Greater London 6,100,000.

According to the Rev. B. L. Agnew the average salary of Presbyterian ministers is \$700 a year.

William Newberry, of Quincy, Mich., is ninety-five, but he has never used spectacles to read or work with.

Lamar Jackson, a full-blooded Choctaw, has been appointed to a cadetship at West Point from Oklahoma.

Hezekiah Wilkins, who fused the first heat of iron made west of New York, died at Detroit recently, aged eighty-seven.

To go further afield, mere children of ten, nine and even eight years of age are, by Indian custom, often married. This applies to the girl only, although native boys of from twelve to fourteen become husbands and the nominal heads of households.

Consul Britain, of Kehl, explains the new method of keeping clean the congested business streets of the larger German cities. Metal tanks are inserted at intervals to the level of the street, and covered with iron lids. Into these the offal is easily swept. In the night the tanks are hauled to the dumping grounds.

While giving a geography lesson, a teacher called upon a precocious youngster named Johnny to tell what he could about "zones." Johnny responded as follows: "There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine zones are temperate and intemperate, while the feminine zones are both horrid and frigid."

The deepest well in the world is probably the one at Spenberg, Germany, some twenty miles from Berlin, sunk for the purpose of obtaining rock-salt brine. A bore-hole of sixteen inches diameter was carried down to the depth of 230 feet, where the salt bed began; after a further descent of 680 feet the bore was reduced to thirteen inches diameter, and then continued till the extraordinary depth of 4119 feet was reached.

The real name of Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was Daniel Foe. His father, a butcher of Cripplegate, was James Foe. Both father and son were busy men among Dissenters about the year 1700, and the son, to distinguish him from the father, was always called Mr. "D" Foe. His letters to Lord Halifax, written in 1705, are signed in three different forms—"D. Foe," "De Foe" and "Daniel De Foe." He afterwards adopted De Foe or Defoe as his usual surname, and he has been known ever since as Daniel Defoe.

MOVING PICTURES OF CLINICS.

Prof. Negro Successfully Uses Them in Demonstrating Nervous Diseases.

Professor Camillo Negro, of the University of Turin, Italy, has succeeded in using the cinematograph for clinical purposes. The attempts hitherto made in Paris and New York to apply this system of photography to the demonstration of nervous crises have not so far been successful in clinical application, but Professor Negro's demonstrations admirably illustrate the characteristic forms of neuropathy in a human subject.

While the professor is explaining each case the cinematograph is at the same time reproducing all the peculiar movements of which it is impossible to give an idea by a simple photographic plate. Particularly striking have been his demonstrations of cases of organic hysterical hemiplegia, epileptic seizures and attacks of chorea. Professor Negro's films will shortly be shown in London.

Street Names in China.

The name proposed as a substitute for the present commonplace title of Sixteenth street, in Washington, D. C., is the Avenue of Presidents. To this some persons object because of its length.

How would they like to import a few street names from China, where such poetic names as the following are in vogue?

Street of Golden Love. Street of Everlasting Love. Street of Longevity. Street of One Hundred Grandsons. Street of One Thousand Grandsons. Street of Saluting Dragons. Street of the Resting Dragons. Street of Refreshing Breezes. Street of Sweeping Breezes. Street of One Thousand Beautitudes. Street of a Thousand-fold Peace. Street of Five Happinesses. Street of Ten Thousand Happinesses. Street of Manifold Brightness and Street of Accumulated Goodness.—New York Sun.

Living In.

Recognizing as we have all along that a large number of shop girls are not quite prepared for the reform which we advocate the significance of Messrs. Swan & Edgar's example is in no way discounted because a few girls are "terribly upset by the change." The work of education is going on, and this event is a part of that work.—Shop Assistant.

Tradition.

Tradition is forever vindicating itself. Herodotus told of the pygmies in Africa and the supercilious modern scoffed until Stanley ever more found them. So there was no Minoan and no Labyrinth—Lil Evans unearthed the proofs.—Statesman, Charlotte.

NO ONE CAN ALWAYS AVOID

Catching Cold on the Street Car



Many people persist in riding on the street cars, insufficiently protected by clothing. They start out perhaps in the heat of the day and do not feel the need of wraps.

The rapid moving of the car cools the body unduly. When they board the car perhaps they are slightly perspiring. When the body is in this condition it is easily chilled. This is especially true when a person is sitting.

Beginning a street car ride in the middle of the day and ending it in the evening almost invariably requires extra wraps, but people do not observe these precautions, hence they catch cold.

Colds are very frequent in the Spring on this account, and as the Summer advances, they do not decrease. During the Spring months, no one should think of riding on the car without being provided with a wrap.

A cold caught in the Spring is liable to last through the entire Summer. Great caution should be observed at this season against exposure to cold. During the first few pleasant days of Spring, the liability of catching cold is great.

No wonder so many people acquire muscular rheumatism and catarrhal diseases during this season.

However, in spite of the greatest precautions, colds will be caught.

At the appearance of the first symptom, Peruna should be taken according to directions on the bottle, and continued until every symptom disappears.

Do not put it off. Do not waste time by taking other remedies. Begin at once to take Peruna and continue it until you are positive that the cold has entirely disappeared. This may save you a long and perhaps serious illness later on.

Bad Effects From Cold.

Mr. M. J. Deutsch, Secretary Building Material Trades Union, 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I have found your medicine to be unusually efficacious in getting rid of bad effects from cold. I was especially in driving away all symptoms of catarrh, with which I am frequently troubled."

"The relief Peruna gives in catarrhal troubles alone is worth the price per bottle. I have used the remedy for several years now."

Spells of Coughing.

Mrs. C. E. Long, writes from Atwood, Colorado, as follows:

"When I wrote you for advice my little three-year-old girl had a cough that had been troubling her for four months. She took cold easily, and would wheeze and have spells of coughing that would sometimes last for a half hour."

"Now we can never thank you enough for the change you have made in our little one's health. Before she began taking your Peruna she suffered everything in the way of cough, colds and croup, but now she has taken not quite a bottle of Peruna, and is well and strong as she has ever been in her life."

Peruna for Colds.

Mr. James Morrison, 68 East 16th St., Paterson, N. J., writes:

"I have given Peruna a fair trial, and I find it to be just what you claim it to be. I cannot praise it too highly. I have used two bottles in my family for colds, and everything imaginable. I can safely say that your medicine is the best I have ever used."

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\$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

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Electric light was first exhibited outside the Gaiety Theatre in 1864.

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Goldfish came from China, and the first were sent to England in 1691.

WAS DELIRIOUS WITH ECZEMA.

Pain, Heat and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad kind. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected; and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just a little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

Twenty minutes of rain in a year is sometimes all that Southern Egypt gets, and there is no dew in that country.

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Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results. The key to do this is to profit by the experience of others. We offer a book telling all you need to know on the subject—man who made his living for and in that time necessarily much money to learn the best way for the small sum of 25 CENTS in postage stamps. It tells you how to Detect CENTS in postage stamps, and Cure Disease, how to Market, which Poultry to Save, indeed about everything you must know on the subject to make a success. SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS IN STAMPS.

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USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c. *E. W. Grover*

What was there so remarkable about Hercules cleaning the Augean stables?" asked the professor.

"The fact," said the student after some thought, "that so large a Government contract could be fulfilled without anybody's being charged with graft."—Washington Star.

Three hundred Berlin streets are planted with 44,000 trees, which are said to represent a value of \$190,000. Nearly a thousand gardeners and assistants are employed to take care of them. N. Y.—16