

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicines have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad again. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. WILLIE EDWARDS, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Pinely veget- able—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—distress—cure indi- gestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature:

Brentwood

When Father Helped. The fond father held the manuscript while his son practised the oration.

"Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant," cried the youth, "to—to—to—well, what is it?"

The father was wrestling with the manuscript.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "here it is: to dessicate! Go on."

"It's desecrate," cried the boy, indignantly. "Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant to desecrate the—the—the why don't you prompt me?"

The father was staring hard at the manuscript.

"The—the—poodle—paddle—poodle—of our liver ties," he stammered.

"It's the 'palladium of our liberties,'" roared the boy. "Gimme that paper—I'll say it myself."

And he stalked away angrily.

Authority on Soup.

A little boy, promoted to company dinner at the family table, enjoyed his oyster cream hugely until he came to an unrecognized object at the bottom of the plate.

"What is it? Oh, just an oyster, dear," responded the child's mother, sharply appealed to.

"Why did Dora put it in?"

"Oh, to make the soup good."

"She can leave it out next time," the tiny epicure decided. "The soup's good enough without."—Exchange.

Diplomacy is the art of making others believe you are interested in them, when in reality they make you weary.

A Pleasing Combination Post Toasties

with Cream and Sugar.

Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish.

The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavor—a fascination that appeals to the appetite.

"The Memory Lingers."

Sold by Grocers.

Pkgs. 10c and 15c

POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD.
Battle Creek, Mich.

ASTONISHING POWER of RUNNING WATER

BY GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT A.M., LL.D.



PART OF THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI

THE power of running water to remove sand, gravel and pebbles increases in a remarkable degree with the increase in velocity, so that mining engineers can make accurate calculations concerning the velocity which is necessary to remove stones of a certain size from their sluiceways. The transporting power increases 64 times with each doubling of the velocity; so if you increase the velocity threefold you have increased the transporting power of the water 729 times and if you quadruple it you have increased the weight of the pebble which it would move 4,096 times. This at first thought seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and prepares us to appreciate the astonishing results that are produced by running water.

Water moving three feet in a second, or a mile in six hours, will carry along with it particles of fine clay and keep them in suspension. Water moving at twice that velocity will lift and carry along with it fine sand; while a velocity four times as great will sweep along fine gravel and water moving at the rate of two miles an hour will carry along stones as big as a hen's egg. There is hardly any limit to the size of pebble that would be rolled along by a current of six or eight miles an hour, blocks as big as houses being sometimes set in motion and transported for considerable distances.

In various ways one can obtain positive evidence of this power of water transportation. If, for instance, he attempts to wade across the Platte river in Nebraska, which is overloaded with sand and has a gradient of seven or eight feet to the mile, and hence a very rapid current, he will find his bare legs stung by the particles of sand and fine gravel that are driven against them. Or if after a storm one pauses to listen he will hear what sounds like distant canonsading, produced by the knocking of the stones together as they are rolled along upon the bottom of the stream.

The erosive power of a stream flowing over a rocky bed is determined by its ability to shave along sand and pebbles and gravel over its bottom. It is these particles of solid matter that accomplish the erosion, acting as a rasp, or sandpaper, or more properly a sand blast, to remove the solid rock beneath and deepen the channel of a stream. In order to do this, however, there has to be proper adjustment between the supply of loose solid matter to be transported and the volume and velocity of the water. If there is more sand and gravel than the current can handle, this will accumulate upon the bottom and fill up rather than deepen the bed. If there is too little material the stream will flow over the rocks without effecting much erosion, while if there is just the right amount of solid matter to be shaved along it will deepen the channel with great rapidity.

There are many striking examples of the work which has been accomplished by rivers in deepening and widening their channels. We look upon the rise of mountain chains as being most majestic illustrations of the power of natural forces, but the fact is equally impressive that in many cases rivers which run across the line of mountain elevations are able to wear down their channels as fast as the mountains rise and thus maintain their ancient onward course. The Hudson river has thus shaved down a channel through the solid rocks which in ancient geologic times arose across its course at West Point and below, all that picturesque valley of the Hudson being a valley of erosion. The Delaware river has worn an even more striking gorge through the Blue Ridge at the Delaware Water Gap, where it cuts directly across the very hard strata of Medina sandstone constituting Blue Ridge, forming perpendicular walls on either side 1,000 feet in height. Similar gorges are found in the Susquehanna and Potomac and many other rivers along the Appalachian chain just above where they emerge upon the surrounding lowland. We often speak of such rivers as "bursting" through their barrier. But there was no bursting in the operation. These gorges were cut by the slow process which we have described, the rivers lowering their channels gradually as the mountains slowly rose.

Among the most striking examples of rivers which have by erosion kept pace with the elevation of mountains across their course is that of the Columbia river, in Oregon, where for a long distance it occupies a trough running directly through the mountain chain thousands of feet in depth. Another very striking instance is that to be seen in the Amur river where it crosses the Bureya mountains in eastern Siberia. For nearly 100 miles

the stream crosses this range with a gradient that is continuous with that of the vast prairie regions above and below. The Yenisei river has cut a similar gorge across the granite mountain chain which rose up to separate the fertile plains of Minusinsk from the vaster plains of northern Siberia.

Coming to our own country, we find in addition to the streams already mentioned, gorges and canons on a most impressive scale in the upper part of the Susquehanna river, where the east branch cuts across the Allegheny mountains south of the state of New York, and forms the beautiful Wyoming valley, which is wholly one of erosion. The west branch has likewise cut a gorge of equal dimensions 50 miles or more in length west of Williamsport, which is fully 1,000 feet in depth, as one can see by the fact that here the coal mines on either side are that division of the countless smaller streams which joined together make the great

other side of the Allegheny mountains, one strikes into the various branches of the Ohio river and finds himself in a trench several hundred feet below the general level of the land, and extending for more than 1,000 miles in length until the river emerges into the center of the Mississippi valley. The upper part of the Mississippi occupies a similar gorge for a still greater distance. Everywhere along this portion of their course on ascending either side of the river to the summit, one will find himself upon a vast plain, extending off in either direction, whose main superficial irregularities are those which have been produced by the erosion of the bed of the stream and which joined together make the great

Matchmaking of Japanese

Mr. Orio Tamura, as we will call our young gentleman, is about twenty years old, an article in the *Wide World* says. He is an up-to-date Japanese, and has put off all thoughts of matrimony until this comparatively late date—for Japan—in order to finish his university studies. Now, however, he has finished his training, and has intimated to his father, as a dutiful son should, that he would like to marry. That is all he is required to do, at present; it is the business of his parents to take the next step.

Orio's father, presumably, has some quiet talks with his wife on the subject, and then betakes himself to a professional matchmaker, or go-between. These marriage brokers are a class apart—discreet men of the world, with good deal of insight into human nature. For the sake of his own reputation and future of his go-between usually does his best to please all parties.

Sometimes, in the east as in the west, love laughs at restraints, and somebody or other conveys a hint to the marriage broker that a meeting between Mr. A—and Miss Z—might not be unacceptable to both; in which case the task is easy. Usual etiquette forbids them to speak to each other, but nevertheless they are doubtless very busy taking "stock" of the other's appearance and manners.

Fate of a Merchant of Fez

The merchants of Fez are to be found all over Morocco. In due course Ali Mahmoud launches out into business on a large scale, says the *London Graphic*. He prospers exceedingly and presently purchases a black female slave to assist his wife in her duties. Ali Mahmoud takes a house in the pleasant olive-groves. In course of time he buys two more slaves and is fairly set up as a householder.

When his first daughter is born there is great rejoicing. The baby is immediately stained all over its little body with henna and then smeared liberally with butter and wrapped in woolen clothes. On the seventh day these are removed and the child is washed for the first time. When the girl has reached her first year her head is shaved, leaving a little tuft by which Mohammed could catch her up to heaven if he were so disposed. In her seventh year her hair has grown long again. She is then veiled, and her proud father sets about looking for a husband for her. It is still the custom to betroth children from infancy.

All Mahmoud prospers, and, save for a few domestic troubles, his life runs smoothly. In the evenings Ali will sit and smoke in the bosom of his family. On Thursdays and Saturdays he visits his friends. They pass

the time in simple games of cards or in listening to the weird efforts of itinerant musicians. Our merchant gets stout as he approaches middle age. One day his world tumbles about him. Such is the uncertainty of fate in Morocco.

He was serving in his shop when the customer suddenly raised his voice and cried out that he was getting false weight. The accusation was terrible, and Ali vehemently protested his innocence. It was an arranged charge by an enemy of the merchant, who philosophically bowed his head with this saying: "Kismet! Mine enemy has found me, and the serpent requires milk." The arbitrators were called, and, having been bribed previously, they find Mahmoud guilty and sentence him to the usual punishment meted out to givers of false weights. He is dragged to the southern wall of the city, to a place where a tall gibbet is erected. By the irony of fate it is within sight of his own house. A rope is made fast to his right wrist and hoisted up until his toes can just touch the ground. Here he is left till sunset. The idlers jeer at him and the gamins of the quarter pelt him with stones and refuse. At sundown his friends carry him home. Broken and disgraced, thus ended his career as a respectable merchant.

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HIS HOPES.



Jinks—Do you expect to move this spring?

Fickle—I expect to, yes; but hope my wife may decide to grant me a reprieve.

BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee."

"Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising, the inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema."

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1822 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."

A Teacher in the Making. She was a popular young normal student, who had been to a party the night before, and as a consequence was "not prepared" in the geography class.

The woman instructor, true to her method of drawing upon the general knowledge of a student rather than to permit a failure, after eliciting two or three "inconsequential" "stabs" from her fair but jaded disciple, asked for the products of the Chirch.

The victim brightened. "Tea," she asserted, preparing to sit down.

"Yes, and what else?" encouraged the instructor.

The young woman smiled with sweet hopelessness.

"Now you can mention others, I am sure. Just think about it."

"Tea," drawled the flute-like voice of the pretty girl, "and," puckering her forehead with an intellectual tour de force, "and laundry work." Youth's Companion.

Get After the Flies. With the warm days flies flies amazingly. Now is the time to attack them and prevent the breeding of millions from the few hundreds that already exist.

Perhaps the most effective method of destroying flies is by burning pyrethrum in each room. This stuns the flies and they can be swept up and burned.

Flies are dangerous carriers of disease and an enemy of humankind. Do your part toward keeping down the pest and improving the health of your community.

Oh, Mr. Wright. Wilbur Wright was talking to a Dayton reporter about the Daily Mail's \$50,000 aerial race from London to Manchester.

"It was shocking, though," said the reporter, "that Graham White, an Anglo-Saxon flying man, let himself be beaten by a Frenchman."

Mr. Wright smiled.

"Shocking?" he said. "It was more than that. It was a-Paulian."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. H. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

In the Way.

"You haven't much of a memory for dates," said the conversational boarder.

"Nope," replied Farmer Cortosello. "I used to have. But it interfered with business when you're sellin' spring chickens."

Why Bother About It?

"Do you think a man who will neglect his business to go to baseball games is of sound mind?"

"Oh, come, let's be optimistic. I can't believe everybody's crazy."

Dr. Flaneo's pleasant Fellets cure, complexion. Confinement is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Lowering the gas makes the world brighter—to lovers.

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturalist, Says About Its

Canada than in the country of the

United States. Food

and climate better for the

farmer than ever

farmers will produce

supplies. Wheat can be

grown 500 miles west

of the International Boundary

and will be taken at a rate

beyond present conception

people in the United

States alone who want

to live in Canada

and make their homes

and make their homes</