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Yours truly,
(Signed) W. G. NICHOLSON.

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FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER.

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whites, discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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IN BELGRADE

A Canadian's Impression Of Servia

A READING PEOPLE

ARE THE SERBS—THE PAPERS SPICY.

No Great Horror Over Going to Jail—Sunday a Day of Weddings—The Serbs Cleaner Than the Italians.

Special Correspondence; Letter No. 5.

Belgrade, Servia, May 22.—The devout Servian attends church near daybreak on Easter morning, when the climax of the Christian year is reached, and the resurrection is commemorated. The church bells, which have remained silent since Good Friday, again peal forth, and the ban upon music and festivities, which has prevailed through Holy Week, is removed. At the forenoon service at the cathedral a choir of men and women in the gallery rendered the choruses throughout the service, without instrumental accompaniment—there being no organs in Servian churches—with wonderful richness of tone and harmony. The voices, particularly the basso, were excellent and had been well drilled by the choirmaster, who conducted the special singing. The sepulchre had, of course, been removed, and the vestments of the metropolitan and the fourteen priests who assisted him, the incense, and the elaborate ritual of the Greek church, were rich and gorgeous. Easter Monday was, of course, observed as a holiday—130 holidays, Sundays included, are observed in the Servian year—and at Topchider much dancing of the "Kola," the Servian national dance, took place on the green. On the succeeding days of Easter week, however, a better exhibition of this invigorating exercise of the peasantry was afforded us at a fair held in the churchyard of St. Mark's chapel—and an interesting exhibition for Western eyes it is. The peasant lasses are in their best finery, their hair elaborately dressed and decked with artificial fruit and flowers and hung with scores of gold or silver coins, which jingle as they dance and advertise at once to the admiring swains their worth in money, their proficiency in dancing and their personal charms. These latter, if the truth be told, are not transcendent, and are often eclipsed by those whose dark skins and raven locks may be decked only with a kerchief, yet are made attractive by their white teeth and liquid black eyes. I may as well, once for all, venture to express an opinion formed after some six weeks travel in Italy and the Balkans, namely, that the average of good looks is much higher among the men than women of these regions. Of course, there are notable exceptions to the rule, but both here and in Italy it has struck me that the burden of labor which is and had been borne by women from time immemorial has robbed them of many graces.

To return to the Kola. It is a monotonous jig-like dance performed to the accompaniment of monotonous music. The strolling musicians, with two, three and four stringed fiddles and a bass viol, strike up, two or three bystanders join hands and begin a shuffling measure, others join, until a long chain of jigging dancers is formed, who move in and about the crowd, but chiefly in a circle, the musicians following, sometimes with difficulty, over the uneven ground—the bass viol, topped sometimes with the player's hat, removed from his perspiring brow, bringing up the rear, the player scraping away cheerfully, as he stumbles after the others. There is little variety of either music or movement, yet it is astonishing with what zest the young people of both sexes join the chain of dancers, and continue the exercise with ever increasing liveliness until a sudden stoppage of the music breaks up the dance, when another note or two calls forth fresh dancers. Somewhat allied to this dance is the dance of the Hungarians, known as the "charadas." The monotony of movement and music is somewhat similar but the charades is danced by separate couples, with ever increasing rapidity to the most weird music, resembling a windstorm sweeping through the forest, with shrieking of witches, and howling tempest. This dance seems more artistic than the kola, but my comparison may not be fair, inasmuch as I have seen the latter simply as danced by the peasants and gypsies on the bare ground or turf, to rude accompaniment, while the Hungarian dance was performed at a private party by two ladies of the Hungarian nobility, with their partners, accompanied by a skilled Hungarian orchestra and the concomitants of fashionable dresses, polished floors and electric lights. One of the dancers informed me that the gypsies of Hungary dance the charadas with much greater freedom and abandon than is permitted to ladies of their rank—which I can well believe.

The dancing was but one feature of the Fair I have referred to. Brass bands, refreshments booths, ice cream carts and many side shows catered to the multitude. We witnessed the immortal tragedy of Punch and Judy, performed in a conjuror's tent, the squeaky tones of Mr. Punch's voice being in accordance with time-honored precedent, but he talked for the time being in the Servian tongue, while a decidedly continental beard adorned his usually prominent chin.

The occasion of this annual Fair seems to be the festival or slava of St. Mark's day—which we had seen commemorated under a different calendar and different circumstances at Venice. The Slava is an ancient institution of Servia. Each family celebrates its Slava once a year—on the date when their ancestors became converted to Christianity, or rather the day of the saint who supposedly converted them. A cake is blessed and cut by the priest in the morning, and one or more candles burn beside it throughout the day. Friends of the family call, refreshments and sweetmeats are served, and a family reunion is held. We had the privilege of attending one of these functions on Easter Monday. Strange to say, each church has its Slava as ell. On the invitation of the archdrake we partook of similar refreshments similarly served in the presbytery of St. Mark's to those we had received at the private Slava just referred to.

Another strange custom more nearly concerns the press, and might perhaps be adopted in Canada with advantage. There are more than thirty newspapers published in Belgrade. With a population of seventy or eighty thousand in the city, and but two and a half millions in the whole of Servia (there are as many more Serbs in Hungary and elsewhere outside the kingdom), the supply of papers seems excessive. But the Serbs are a reading people, and the papers are said to be spicy. I cannot speak with knowledge of their contents, for they are printed in the Servian language and characters—those mysterious letters known as the Cyrrillia alphabet—resembling in part the Russian and in part the Greek alphabet—which one sees on the signs and windows of every shop and office. From all accounts, however, the journals run to license and are very pointed, not to say personal, in their comments, and in consequence often lay themselves open to prosecution, which means that someone must go to jail. This is where the Servian ingenuity saves the situation and the liberty of the press is secured, while the dignity of the law is upheld. Each paper hires a man to go to jail in the name of the journal when so required. His name is printed in the paper as the "responsible editor." He is a person of no particular character or consequence and he is willing to "serve time" whenever called for in the interest of his employer. Meantime the real editor is not disturbed or distracted in his editorial work. This is no comic opera tale, but solemn fact, attested to for me by many respectable witnesses. I am told a similar practice prevails in some parts of France.

To "go to jail" seems not to be regarded with the horror which the same experience arouses in some other lands. A change of government is, I am told, usually followed by the imprisonment of the ex-premier or some of his colleagues. The present popular prime minister, who is just now in London, has been two or three times in prison. The prime minister under King Milan, by whose order he was imprisoned, was in turn sent to prison by the order or under prosecution of the present government, the premier recommending the cell he himself had occupied to his predecessor in office, good naturedly assuring him that he would find it more comfortable than the other dungeons, as he had during his term had it rendered more habitable for a political prisoner. The former premier donned holiday attire and went cheerfully to the fortress, which does duty as prison. I met him the other day, when he spoke jocularly of his experiences. "I was a good doctor, and they made me out a bad politician," he said. "I shall write a book of my experiences," he added laughingly. He carries a pedometer in his waistcoat pocket, with which he still regulates his daily walks, having prescribed for himself twenty thousand steps a day, as necessary to his health, when in prison.

Sunday is a day of weddings here—the "Slava" of Cupid, so to speak. The priests of other parishes have the privilege of celebrating the marriages of their parishioners in the cathedral, and each Sunday a succession of these interesting events is witnessed by a concourse of both sexes, who have, not only one, but many brides to admire or criticize. The bridegroom, however, is a much less conspicuous figure than his best man. The latter wears a broad white sash across the right shoulder and breast, tied at the hip. Otherwise, the wedding party, including the bride, are dressed much as in Canada or other civilized lands. I am writing, of course, of the city well-to-do folk of Belgrade, who are a well and fashionably dressed people at all times. The best man escorts the bride from her carriage into and out of the church and drives off with her after the ceremony, taking charge of her for the balance of the day. The groom takes his place beside her before the altar during the ceremony there and afterwards in the body of the church, where both bride and groom have crowns placed on their heads. Silken or other fabrics, given by the bride's friends, are here presented to her, and the young couple walk up and down a few steps together; after which the bride is taken charge of by the best man once more, and the groom relegated to the charge of his god-father, in whose carriage he follows that of the bride, while the other guests in carriages complete the procession, which drives about the city, the party finishing the day with dancing and other festivities. One procession succeeds another at brief intervals. I am told that as many as sixty couples have been married on one Sunday at the cathedral—though I cannot vouch for this. Three bridal parties were in the cathedral at the same time while we were there, all very handsomely dressed, the brides looking very attractive in the customary white with bridal veils. I regret to say that divorces, which are granted by the synod of the church, are reported very numerous and readily obtainable for slight causes. Some six hundred cases are said to await the judgment of the next session—though again I cannot vouch for the figures.

Another spring custom here is the May household movement. A week ago yesterday (1st May, old style) the streets were alive with bullock carts laden with household effects, and the movement still continues. It seems as if half the households of Belgrade were making a Mayday migration, while fresh coats of cream color on the stucco clad walls of many of the residences—the majority one-storied—gives the impression of fresh occupancy.

I have mentioned the tragedy of Punch and Judy. That of Hamlet has been holding the boards at the National Theatre. As it too is rendered in Servian, I have not ventured to witness the performance, nor yet the triumphs of an American wrestler, who has got the better of many antagonists, white and black, at the circus here. Short excursions by steamboat to the neighboring Hungarian towns of Semlin and Pancsova across the Sauve and Danube respectively have made pleasant pastimes. Passing beneath the old fortress, with its bastions, moats and ancient Turkish "torture tower," invites reminiscences of old days of Servian rule, of the Turkish invasion and 500 years of occupation, of the final throwing off of the Turkish yoke and the alternating rule of the rival Karageorgovitch and Obrenovitch dynastics, the latter ended by Alexander's death, the former now in occupation of the throne. That the tragedy just referred to could have happened less than four years ago, it is difficult to realize, as one stands amid groups of quiet, orderly citizens on the main thoroughfare of the city, listening to the music of the fine regimental band stationed in the palace garden on the site of the old palace—now destroyed—as near as may be to the very spot where the gruesome deed was done. Trolley cars passing and repassing, courteous, sober men and modestly behaved women (I have seen none others in Belgrade streets), officers saluting one another with graceful dignity, well-ordered outdoor cafes and cabstands few yards off—all serve to obliterate the thought of that evening of horrors and give one the impression that it is but a phantasm of a disordered mind.

Passing the fortress by steamboat, a fine view of the east side of the city is obtained, succeeded by a panorama of quiet homes along the shore and well tilled hillsides beyond, suggesting parts of French Canada; while as the eye wanders over the apparently limitless expanse of the swollen Danube, dotted with verdant islets, the impression of a Canadian that he is looking at the stretches of the St. Lawrence among its Thousand Islands is strong.

A few final impressions of attractive Belgrade—attractive in spite of its rough pavements. Its common people are more cleanly in their habits than the same class of Italians. If not more industrious and thrifty, they are more self-respecting. Beggars are not numerous. They are respectful to each other and to strangers. Socialism of a mild and orderly kind seems prevalent among the industrial classes. We witnessed a procession of socialists, which was said to number 5,000 men and women, a day or two after our arrival here. We have received such kindness and courtesy from Servians in their homes. To the British and foreign diplomatic corps of the Servian capital in general we are indebted for many courtesies:

—C. O. ERMATINGER.

To Get More Strength from Your Food.

WHEN the Bowels are filled with undigested food we may be a great deal worse off than if we were half starved.

Because food that stays too long in the Bowels decays there, just as if it stayed too long in the open air.

Well, when food decays in the Bowels, through delayed and overdue action, what happens?

* * *

The millions of little Suction Pumps that line the Bowels and Intestines then draw Poison from the decayed Food, instead of the Nourishment they were intended to draw.

This Poison gets into the blood and, in time, spreads all over the body, unless the Cause of Constipation is promptly removed.

That cause of Constipation is Weak, or Lazy Bowel Muscles.

When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby they need Exercise to strengthen them, not "Physic" to pamper them.

* * *

There's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowel-Muscles.

Its name is "CASCARETS," and its price is Ten Cents a box.

So, if you want the same natural action that a six mile walk in the country would give you, (without the weariness) take one Cascaret at a time, with intervals between, till you reach the exact condition you desire.

One Cascaret at a time will properly cleanse a foul Breath, or Coated Tongue.

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Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket Cascaret Box with you constantly.

All Druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC." 741

IN SCHOOL WITH HER SON.

Iowa Woman Proves Herself a Clever Pupil.

Not long ago a fifty-year-old Iowa editor started his college course at the State University, and now an Iowa woman is going through high school with her son. Perhaps the only case of mother and son attending public school together, says the Clinton Herald, is that of Mrs. Ella Feldman and Worth Feldman, classmates in the Sioux City high school.

Finding her son somewhat indifferent to the joys of student life, Mrs. Feldman has adopted the course of studying side by side with him. It was two years ago that Mrs. Feldman first tried the plan of attending night school. She and her son graduated to the sixth grade of the Armstrong school, where both are now doing good work.

Mrs. Feldman is said by her instructors to be an especially apt pupil, her interest in class work being much greater than that of the average student.

Mrs. Feldman is the owner of a quarter of a block at Fifth and Court streets, whereon she has eleven houses. While attending she employs a housekeeper, while Mr. Feldman is the superintendent of her realty interests. She has been in the restaurant business in Sioux City, having kept three different eating places during her business career.

Talk is cheap if you get it from a gossip.

The Safe Tonic for Young and Old

The "Canada Lancet" (the leading medical authority of the Dominion) says of Abbey's Salt—

"Its ingredients have been repeatedly analyzed by expert chemists, and have been pronounced fully up to the requirements of the test for purity as laid down in the latest edition of the British Pharmacopea. We consider Abbey's the best effervescing salt made in any country."

Get well and keep well by taking a morning glass of

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25c. and 60c. a bottle. At all Druggists.

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There is only one thing that can make an Outing Suit hold its shape. That's hand tailoring.

Summer Tweeds and Worsteds, Flannels and Serges, must be moulded in shape by hand—and held in shape by hand stitching—in order to stay in shape.

Fit-Reform Outing Suits keep their style and their proportions, because they are hand tailored.

$15. up.

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fills the demand for a furnace possessing the largest amount of grate surface in proportion to the diameter of the top of the fire pot. It possesses all the advantages of a return flue construction.

The "Admiral" has the largest ash pit of any furnace on the market, thus permitting the free removal of ashes.

Wood or coal may be burned in the "Admiral" furnace.

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