

# Health in March, April, May!

Use the Only Spring Remedy in the World That Has  
Stood Every Test of Time.

## Paine's Celery Compound Makes One Well.

In March, April and May use Paine's Celery Compound.

And only Paine's Celery Compound! For it is nature's remedy.

It is the only spring medicine that the best physicians recommend.

Clergymen of all denominations speak of the wonderful medicine with enthusiasm. Paine's Celery Compound has a record of life saving work that has never been equalled.

Paine's Celery Compound cures disease. It makes people well. It has saved the lives of thousands of sufferers. It makes the weak strong.

It purifies the blood and enriches the nerves.

Every condition of winter life has been detrimental to health. There has been a steady decline in nervous vigor. Now that spring comes the body is ready to cast off unhealthy tissues if it is only given a chance. This opportunity comes when the excretory organs, kidneys, skin and bowels are made to work actively and the nerves are able to furnish sufficient energy to the digestive organs.

No remedy in the world accomplishes these results like Paine's Celery Compound. It nourishes, regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament. It causes an increased appetite and tones up the stomach to deal with the increased food. Its nourishing action is immediately manifest in a clearing up of the muddy, unwholesome skin, an increase in weight and more refreshing sleep.

First discovered after laborious scientific research by the ablest physician America has produced, Prof. Edward E. Phelps M. D., L. L. D., of Dartmouth College, it is prescribed and publicly endorsed by the best practitioners in every city of America. It has been so enthusiastically recommended by grateful men and women in every walk of life that it is today in every sense the most popular remedy the world ever knew.

It has proven itself the greatest of all spring medicines.

In Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg and other cities, the leading druggists

have found that the demand for Paine's Celery Compound surpasses that of all other remedies together!

Paine's Celery Compound, taken during the early spring days, has even more than its usual remarkable efficacy in making people well. It makes short work of disease. It rapidly drives out neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and rheumatism from the system. It removes that lassitude, or "tired feeling," which betokens weakened nerves and poor blood.

Women working in close offices; saleswomen tire out and nervous from long hours standing on their feet and waiting on impatient, irritating customers; overworked, worried and disheartened men and women everywhere will be astonished to find how much happier life becomes when their nerves have been strengthened and their blood purified by means of this great remedy.

No other remedy has the hearty approval of a like body of educated men, nor has there ever been a remedy that was welcomed in so many intelligent, prudent homes where care is taken to get only the

best in so vital a matter. In such families all over the country Paine's Celery Compound is the first, last and only remedy used.

Prof. Phelps had studied the nerves in health and disease, when well nourished and when under-nourished, in men and women and children years before he looked for the remedy. Paine's Celery Compound is the outcome of his entire professional life. It is the one remedy that the world could not lose to-day at any price.

Paine's Celery Compound induces the body to take on solid flesh.

Physicians recognize Paine's Celery Compound as the one scientific spring remedy, and it is universally prescribed by them wherever there is great need of a vigorous and prompt restoring of health and strength to the worn-out system.

Paine's Celery Compound is the best spring remedy because it is more than a mere spring remedy. It brings about a healthy appetite, complete digestion, regular action of the bowels and the other excretory organs whenever taken, whether in

summer or in winter; but as the greatest of spring remedies it has extraordinary opportunities for inducing the body to throw off morbid humors that poison it and cause rheumatism, neuralgia, heart trouble and a general low state of the health, as in spring the system is more pliable, and chronic diseases, so securely lodged in the system that they are with difficulty ousted, become more tractable.

Thousands of men and women have found from personal experience that Paine's Celery Compound makes people well, and keeps them from sickness who take it in the spring.

Many a father and mother have noticed the unmistakable improvement in the health of their children from taking Paine's Celery Compound in the spring. It is one scientifically accurate remedy filled by its composition to thoroughly purify the blood and dispel that exhausted feeling and get rid of skin diseases, headaches and fits of depression with which children with weak, nervous systems, as well as grown people, are afflicted.

### HER LAST CHANCE.

"This," said Mrs. Gaffery, "this is the last time, Perlina Milkin, the very last time. I've spent enough upon you since your ma died and I took charge of you to marry six girls who had their senses about them. I've dressed you like a Christmas doll, and I've let you go into company, and I've sent you to the most fashionable places to board in summer, and here you are, four and twenty, and not so much as engaged. It's perfectly disgusting, Perlina; and what I have to say is, if you don't settle your affairs this summer I'll give you no more chances. I expect to die in the poorhouse as it is. Why, I was married at 17, and your ma at 18, and your Aunt Delight, about the plainest little critter I ever saw, wasn't but just 16. What's the use of advantages and you have looks, Perlina—if you don't make use of 'em."

"I'm sure I don't know what you expect me to do. I can't very well propose to any one," said Perlina, ready to cry. "I do everything I can, and they make love to me, and they say all sorts of things. If they don't pop the question, how can I make them? There, now, I suppose you waited until Uncle Gaffery asked you to have him before you said you would."

"Your Uncle Gaffery would have committed suicide if I had refused him," said Aunt Gaffery. "You may not believe it now, but I was a beauty in my youth. As for what you can do, you ought to know; but what I say is this: Come home engaged, or I'll stop all this useless extravagance. I have crammed your trunk to the tune of \$500, and you are going to Sanatoga with the Kerosene Newsboys, and if you can't do it now, I'll give it up as a bad job."

With which speech she inflicted on her niece's cheek that matter-of-course peck which female friends choose to consider a kiss, and bade good-bye. And despite her new wardrobe, her big Saratoga trunk the prospective summer gaiety and the chaperonage of M. S. Kerosene Newsboy, poor Perlina cried a good deal in the hired carriage which conveyed her to the boat. What was she to do? To marry money—and that was what she was expected to do—was a harder task.

Aunt Gaffery was a good business woman, and would not be likely to spend any more money on an unsuitable article, and Perlina shivered at the prospect before her. It this summer's campaign should prove a failure. On the whole she looked so ill when she arrived at Saratoga that her mirror told her that her best plan would be to retire early and take as much beauty sleep as possible, in view of any eligible gentleman who might put in an appearance next day.

Fresh as a rose and dressed in her most becoming morning dress, Perlina took her seat at the breakfast table next morning and nestled close to Mrs. Kerosene Newsboy in the most bewitching manner.

That lady, an ample matron, with a loud voice, greeted her affectionately, and at once introduced her to two gentlemen who were her neighbors.

"Mr. Kolt, Miss Milkin; Miss Milkin, Mr. Downhill. All old friends of mine. Charmed to make you know each other, and then devoted herself to breakfast, and let those who preferred it to waste time on conversation. And so Miss Milkin, having the field to herself, made eyes at both her new acquaintances, and shrewdly noted, amid her infantile giggles and dimplings

that both were smitten. They were of the age, or rather of the ages, at which the heart is most susceptible of cupid's arrows. Edmund Kolt was a son of 19 and Hiram Downhill was at least 65.

Never before had young Mr. Kolt had such bewitching attention offered him. And as for old Mr. Downhill, his memory brought back some dove-like glances, such as those Miss Milkin showered upon him, from the long-vanished years of his youth, but not many.

To cut a long story short, Miss Milkin, having discovered that Mr. Kolt was very rich and an orphan, and that Mr. Downhill was a very wealthy bachelor, at once set her cap for both gentlemen, resolving to accept the one who proposed first. She loved neither. A girl of her views, who had made a rush into the matrimonial market with but one stipulation—that the man she married should have money—was scarcely likely to have a heart. A husband meant to her easy circumstances, freedom from her Aunt Gaffery's incessant "nagging," liberty to flirt as much as she chose with ineligible, who were often very interesting, and freedom from the dread of being an old maid.

M. S. Newbody, who was, on the whole, a good natured woman, willing to see her friends well settled, furthered the little affair to the best of her ability. There were walks, rides, drives, chattering in cozy corners, and at last a proposal. It came from Mr. Kolt. Youth is hasty. Age is slow. Mr. Downhill was just making up his mind to do it, when Mr. Kolt did it. And Miss Milkin said "yes" and would have

fallen into his arms but that they were in full sight of an old lady who had just leveled her opera glass full at them from a window.

"Yes," Perlina had answered, and young Kolt blushed rosy red, and "his soul" like that of Gloriana, in the Wild Irish Girl, presumably "went on a jig to heaven," for the band was playing delightful dances for their edification; and afterward, when they had had supper, Perlina locked herself in her room and wrote to her Aunt Gaffery. Her letter ended thus:

"So you see I'm engaged, and you can't tattle me any longer. I don't suppose poor Kolt will ever set the river on fire, but he's a good natured fellow, and I can just twist him around my finger. And, remember, you are bound to give me a handsome wedding dress, and have always promised me poor ma's pearls the day I was married. Your affectionate niece,  
"PERLINA."

Mrs. Gaffery signified her approval by return of post, and Perlina's mind was at rest. It did not trouble her much that in less than a week a telegram summoned Kolt to the city. She could use the fast-fading days of freedom better without an engaged lover at her side, and she certainly made the most of them. She plunged into flirtation in a way that frightened even Mrs. Kerosene Newsboy, and was happier than she had ever been since her search for a husband commenced. As for poor Mr. Downhill, she quite snubbed him, now that she had no views concerning him. Meanwhile the absent Kolt wrote love letters, and she answered them.

"Never shall I forget my feelings when you went out to ride with the old Downhill," he said in one of these. "I really thought for a while that you liked him."

And to this she replied:  
"How could you fancy that I should like a superannuated old creature like that? I only took a little notice of him out of pity."

Poor Perlina! Life was certainly very much checkered. One morning Mrs. Newbody opened a New York paper, and, having glanced down the column of marriages and deaths, gave a faint shriek and looked at Perlina in a terrified way. Perlina snatched the paper and saw this record:

"Suddenly, on the 11th Edmund Kolt, Edmund Kolt—there was no doubt of it. Mrs. Newbody looked at Perlina, expecting to see her faint. To her surprise, the young lady, though very serious, was quite calm.

"Poor fellow," she said; "I'm very sorry. Do be quiet, dear Mrs. Newbody! Don't let's have a scene. No one knows we were engaged, and you need not tell 'em. I don't want my season spoiled."

Then she arose and went to her room, cried a little, bathed her face, used some pearl powder on her nose and went downstairs to charm Mr. Downhill by beaming upon him and asking him how he could be so dreadfully and neglect her so.

In a word, now that the old love was gone, she "took up with the new," and in a week Mr. Downhill had proposed and was accepted. And the astonished Mrs. Gaffery received an account of the situation which greatly surprised her.

Old Mr. Downhill was rather more obstinate than even Mr. Kolt had been. He asserted his rights and insisted upon the open wearing of the engagement ring.

There was no more flirtation for Miss Milkin, and every one knew what had occurred. She wore a diamond ring of value on her finger, and was guarded by her old beau from morning until night. He even wrote her several notes between their

parting at midnight and meeting at nine in the morning, and in one of them he referred to her flirtation with young Kolt.

Miss Milkin was one of those unlucky victims to love of letter writing who can never resist putting things down in black and white. She wrote this sentence in her reply: "You naughty, naughty goose! How could I care for a stripling like that? Poor fellow! he was very nice; but only a boy, you know." And when she had written it she thought how much jollier it was to run about with him than to sit in a corner with old Mr. Downhill, who was always afraid of catching cold, and who would not let her dance because he could not. Still he was rich, and she was engaged at last, after all.

One evening she walked the piazza with her betrothed, leaning on his arm in the most confiding manner. The evening train was in, and people were waiting for the steges to bring the newcomers.

As they rattled up to the door some one was seen waving a white handkerchief. A young man with very red cheeks—and then some one called out: "Why, it's Kolt, alive and well." For there had been much lamentation over the poor fellow. As he sprang out of the crowded vehicle they rushed toward him to shake hands and tell him that he had been supposed dead.

"Death in the paper, you know, old fellow," said one exultant. "Weally vewy cnyous how death could be in the paper when you wasn't dead, you know?"

"It was poor grandfather. I was named after him, you know. I never thought what people would think. I—" Then he turned pale and hurried into the house, fearing that the awful news had killed his poor Perlina.

Miss Milkin was in the parlor. She had fled on his approach and was really quite faint, and Mr. Downhill had gone for a glass of water. Every one else was out of doors, and the young fellow rushed toward her.

"My dearest love!" he whispered: "my darling! you did not think I was dead?"

"Yes—did I?" gasped Perlina.

He bent over and caught her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"Oh, I couldn't die and leave you!" he said. "I—"

But here a hand came down upon his shoulder and a thin voice breathed in his ear:

"Young man, I am very glad to see you restored as it were from the grave, but I



### SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DR. WOOD'S  
**NORWAY**  
PINE  
**SYRUP.**

**THE MOST PROMPT,**  
Pleasant and Perfect Cure  
for **Coughs, Colds, Asthma,**  
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**Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping**  
**Cough, Quinsy, Pain in**  
**the Chest and all Throat,**  
**Bronchial and Lung Diseases.**

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of this medicine with **Wild Cherry** and other pectoral **Herbs and Balsams** to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

**Price - 25c. and 50c.**

**POST-MISTRESS IN TROUBLE.**  
Indigestion and Dyspepsia Had Made Her Prisoner—Two Years of Distress Turned to a Joy Song Because South American Nerve Cure Her Sufferings.

Maria Edge, Post-Mistress of Edge Hill, says: "For nearly two years I suffered agonies from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. I could eat practically nothing without its producing the severest pain. The doctors could do so little for me I about gave up hope of recovery. I was induced as a last resort to give South American Nerve a trial. Two bottles wonderfully helped me. Three bottles completely cured me, and for six months I have enjoyed perfect health."

**Auction of Old Muskets and Shotguns.**

The war spirit is particularly strong in and around the interesting old town of Bristol. There was a sale near the town on Saturday and the auctioneer aroused the fighting blood of those present by dragging into the light of day a great array of old army muskets, shotguns, cutlasses and other warlike paraphernalia. He puts these up for sale and the bidding at once became very lively. The auctioneer was not slow to take advantage of the effervescent patriotism of the crowd and put up a fine philippic against the treachery of Spain. The old guns went off like hot cakes and the lot was soon cleaned up. One of the most enthusiastic bidders, a worthy gentleman named John Balts, bought all his purchase for pay for and immediately organized an impromptu demonstration. He rigged himself up with a belt an old army canteen, an old powder flask, several bayonets and the biggest of his muskets over his shoulder. The other buyers lined up behind him and by a common impulse joined in singing the "Rally Round the Flag Boys," while they marched around the room. Their singing drowned the voice of the auctioneer and practically put an end to the sale.—Philadelphia Record.