THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY

An Address Delivered by Elder Orson F. Whitney, at the Funeral of Joseph T. Richards, Salt Lake City, October 13, 1909.

(Reported by F. W. Otterstrom.)

I feel the deep solemnity of this occasion, and I am sensible that it is not a time for many words; neither have I prepared any discourse; indeed, I have scarcely had opportunity to collect my thoughts since receiving the tidings of the departure, to a better world, of our dear friend and brother who has left us.

I desire to speak a few words to comfort those whom he left behind; but I am dependent entirely upon the inspiration that we have the right to receive on such occasions. I cannot hope to add anything to the eloquent words that have already been delivered, so far as pertains to the professional career of Joseph T. Richards; and the honorable gentleman (Judge D. N. Straup) who has addressed us is far better able to speak of him in that connection than I am. I wish to refer to him as I knew him—as a friend and a neighbor, as a husband and a father, as a good citizen and an upright man. I have been a friend to this family for many years; I have received from them many tokens of friendship, and have drawn towards them in their sorrows as well as in their joys; and when I strike at them I feel part of the blow.

What can I say that you do not—really know? A truer husband, a kinder father never lived than this man; nor was there ever a more devoted, more faithful wife than the widow left lonely in the world. Joseph T. Richards had a tender heart. Under that cool and undemonstrative nature—which loved to do good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame—there was a wealth of charity, a big-heartedness that comparatively few could know of, because of his retiring disposition. He was a modest gentleman; his good deeds were not spoken from the housetops, nor published in the newspapers; but the poor and sick and sorrowful of the neighborhood knew him, and he will live in their memories. His example in this respect was an eloquent sermon in itself. He was a dutiful son; he honored his father; he loved his mother; and he stood by the right, as God gave him to see the right; for he was as brave as he was fair-minded and true-hearted. It is a pleasure, a solemn pleasure, to bear testimony of his virtues. We need not fear to praise him; we need not fear that we will flatter, when we speak well of Joseph T. Richards.

The proud Byron, in a misanthropic and ironical vein, wrote an epitaph for the monument of his favorite dog, which began with these words:

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe
And storied urn records who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been."

It is not so here. Not one word has been uttered in vain—not one word will be uttered in vain. There is ample to justify the eulogy already pronounced, and all that my feeble words can add thereto.

"One to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or full of years and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose;
While over the buds of youth the death wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitter tears
Stream on the eyes of those that love as close;
We think on what they are, with many fears,
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years."

ALL IS RIGHT.

Something of this feeling oppresses us today, and yet we know that goodness will not die out of the world. We feel that there are good men left; that "God is in his heaven," and "all is right with the world," since he is watching over it. But what can we say or do that will convince this broken-hearted widow, or these fatherless children, that the world is as bright as it was before? It comforts us but little to be reminded that death is the common lot. Tennyson says, in substance: It does not make my grief the less—to tell me that others are suffering; rather does it increase my sorrow, to know that others are sorrowing as well.

But there is a view that we may take of death which relieves the tension and the pressure, and lets light in upon the darkness. We are not comforted by the woes and pains of others; but when we begin to know the purpose of suffering and can feel that there is a providence in our sorrows, we can derive consolation from the saddest experiences. It requires sorrow as well as joy to make the soul fruitful; as it requires storm and sunshine to make the earth productive. Earth would be a desert if it had nothing but sunshine parching upon it, and it would be a swamp if it had nothing but the rains; but by the blending of the two, it is rendered beautiful, covered with verdure and flowers. If we can take the affectionate view that sees a silver lining in the cloud, and realize that behind a frowning Providence there hides a smiling face—death loses its terrors and takes on another aspect. The grizzled king is found to wear a mask, and when he unmasks to our hopeful view, we do not find him the tyrant we supposed him to be; and we can echo the sentiment of the poet:

"Life is our jailor, and death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bars and set us free."

"'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities."

True, this is not the human view; it is not the natural view. God had to speak before men could think such thoughts; but it is the view justified by the teachings of him who spake as never man spake, and who, in the faith of this good man, is the Savior of the world. He taught us to believe that death is but the doorway out of the world, as birth is the doorway into it.

"The Land of All Forgetting"—(title of solo rendered before the opening of this address) What is meant by that? I have been trying to solve it while sitting here. Does it mean that we shall forget, after we pass beyond the border line into the other world—that we shall forget this life and all that it contains, and all that we have experienced here? I cannot believe the poet meant that, for I have faith in the poets. They are prophets; they are seers; they see into the heart of mysteries, and tell us what they see there. If it means that in that brighter and better world we shall no longer dwell upon the sorrows and pains of this life, and that in that sense they shall pass away, no more to be remembered in the joy and happiness that will then clothe and crown us, I can look upon the hereafter as "The Land of All Forgetting;" but not otherwise. Rather is this life the land of all forgetting, as compared with that other life out of which we came.

Wordsworth never reached a higher point of a sublimity than in the great ode, "Intimations of Immortality," in which he declares:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness, nor yet in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Wordsworth ought never to have apologized for that sentiment. It was supposed to be new, and some pious, well-meaning people, who did not believe in the pre-existence, tried to convince the poet that he had uttered something untrue; and he felt almost constrained to recall that gleam of divine inspiration. He never should have retracted it, and I do not believe he ever did in his soul. Why, it was nothing more than a reiteration of what had been taught by the Son of God himself. He prayed to his Father in heaven: "Father, glorify me with that glory which I had with thee before the world was." If we limit the meaning of that passage, and hold that it applied only to him; that he was the great exception, the one human being who lived before this life, and that the rest of us have all sprung up here, and never had a previous existence, then what shall we think of the promise made by the Son of God: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will send you another comforter, even the spirit of truth, that proceedeth from the Father; and he shall testify of me; he will bring things past to your remembrance; he will show you things to come; he will take of the things of God and reveal them unto you." Shall we take so short and shallow a view of these glorious words, as to suppose that he meant that the comforter whom he would send would merely be a means of refreshing one's memory as to the things of yesterday, or last week, or last year? Or that the "things to come," mentioned by him, were only the things of tomorrow, or next week, or six months hence? Is that all? Do not believe it, my friends. The Son of God, who came forth from God, and returned to God, was the great exemplar for the human race; as he lived before, so we lived before; and because he lives again, we shall live again. "In my Father's house are many mansions," said he; "I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Jesus Christ taught the meaning of life. He taught men to revere the past, and he gave them a spirit by which the past could be recalled, by which glintings of the eternal bygones could come back again to comfort and bless; and he drew aside the curtain of the future and showed men what to hope for. He teaches us that we are the children of a divine parentage; that we lived before we came here; that we shall live after we depart hence. Out of eternity we came; into eternity we go—if we choose to take that view—but in reality it is all eternity: Time is but a section of eternity. For convenience sake, a certain period has been set apart and divided into centuries, years, months, weeks, days, minutes, and so forth—simply for our convenience. But, after all, what is this segregated part of duration, called time, but a portion of eternity?

Verily is this mortal life "the land of all forgetting," for we have forgotten all that went before; and nothing but the spirit of God can revive the recollection and "bring things past to remembrance." Nothing but that spirit can unveil the future and kindle an eternal hope in the sorrowful human heart. This is the mission of the Comforter—it is the spirit of prophecy as well as of memory.

WHY ARE WE HERE?

And why are we here? "For a wise and glorious purpose." We came from the presence of God our Father; the whole human race are his children, his sons and daughters. We came here to gain an experience that no other life could bestow, because no other life could give the same opportunity to suffer and toil under similar conditions. Sorrow and tribulation are purifying, developing, and exalting in their tendency. Who does not know that? It is not our pleasures that purify us. Nay—if we pursue the phantom of pleasure too far, it destroys us. It is not our joys that give us the greatest development; it is our sorrows, our tribulations. Read Emerson's splendid essay, "Compensation." He shows the effect of sorrow and calamity, including the loss of loved ones; he shows the elevating effects of such experience—shows them most beautifully, and closes with these words:

"And the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots, and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the wall and the neglect of the gardener, becomes the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

Who were our greatest men—the giants of history—Lincoln, Garfield, and others? Why, many of them were orphans, waifs upon life's ocean, left without care or culture, but having within them something of sterling worth, that all their tribulations and struggles only served to develop and bring to full fruition. The tempests that sway the forest oaks cause them to strike their roots deeper, and spread their foliage wider, to be a shelter from the storm or from the parching rays of the sun, for those who fly to them in times of need. It is so in the great forest of humanity. Those to whom we look for counsel and guidance, for support and protection, are the men and women upon whom the tempests have beaten, and who know what it is to suffer. We do not go to the willow and the sagebrush for protection from the storm—but to the monarchs of the forest, that have swayed for years amid the tempests, strengthened by all the storms that have spent their fury upon them. It is so with the tribulations of human life. Do not believe those who tell you that sorrow has no mission, no beneficent purpose. Do not believe those who describe death as the king of terrors—we have made him so; that is all.

It is just as natural to die as to be born. Our birth into this world is a death, and our departure out of this life into another life is a birth. But there is a difference: We shall not forget, after we pass hence, what we have learned here. We shall not forget the loved ones left behind. We shall retain all that we have learned, and regain all that we have forgotten. Have we really forgotten it? Do we not know it still? It is only the body that does not know; the spirit knows; the spirit came down from God—"trailing clouds of glory," partly remembering what it knew there; but it cannot manifest all that it knows through this clog of clay, this body, which it came here to obtain, in order to become a living soul.

By virtue of Christ's atonement, however; by the operations of the gospel of salvation—faith in God and obedience to him who died that we might live—the body will be transformed. It will be brought forth from the grave; the spirit will regain possession of it; and in that glorified condition, all the past will be remembered, and all that the present can bestow will be added to it, and the glories of the past will flow into the glories of the future, as the rivers into the ocean. The gospel of the Son of God teaches us to hope for eternal life, to hope for eternal companionships—a continuation of the associations that we have formed here; and the great principle of affinity—like cleaving unto like—will determine your place and mine in the mansions of the hereafter.

I have a dear wife in heaven; I have dear children who have passed away. I know how to feel for those my friends in their bereavement. I have mourned over the departure of loved ones to a better world—not for their sake, but for my own. But I expect to meet my wife, and that she will be my wife—and that those children will be my children—forever. I expect it as much as I expect tomorrow's sun to rise. This is the hope of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It teaches this mourning widow and these stricken little ones, these sorrowful parents and kindred and friends—it teaches them to look up and trust in God, in the firm assurance of an eternal reunion beyond the grave. Christ's gospel would have been a failure had it offered anything less.

I am only reciting to you well known truths—old as eternity. The faith that I stand for does not claim to be a new thing—merely a restoration of the ancient truth. It does not tell all—not at the present time. It teaches some things of the past, some things of the future; it explains to a certain extent the meaning of life and the meaning of death; and it tells me to bow in resignation to the will of God and wait for the full and final explanation. The finite mind cannot comprehend the infinite. What were the use, then, of an infinite explanation? But—

"Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
(As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue)
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

"And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me,
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

"And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink,
And if some friend we love is lying low,
And human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

"And you [illegible] shortly know that [illegible]
Is not [illegible] God sends his
Friends
And that [illegible] the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

"But not today—then be content, poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: God knew the best."

A Handy Home-Made Remedy For Coughs and Colds.

A cold or cough often comes on quickly. This simple remedy, if kept handy, will nip it in the bud. Although inexpensive, there is nothing better at any price. It usually stops a deep-seated cough in twenty-four hours, and is splendid for hoarseness, whooping cough, chest pains, bronchitis, etc.

Granulated Sugar Syrup ..... 13½ oz.
Pinex ..... 2½ oz.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint Granulated Sugar and ½ pint of warm water; stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces Pinex in a pint bottle and fill up with the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

None of the weaker pine preparations will work in this recipe. Use the real Pinex itself, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway White Pine Extract, and is rich in all the healing elements of the pine. All druggists have it or can easily get it on request.

This recipe makes a full pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time—for only 54 cents. It and has a pleasing taste.

Strained honey can be used instead of the syrup, and makes a very fine honey and pine tar cough syrup.

NO CASE ON RECORD.

There is no case on record of a cough or cold resulting in pneumonia or consumption after Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken, as it will stop your cough and break up your cold quickly. Refuse any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow package. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Schramm-Johnson Drugs, Salt Lake City.

Sale Lake Photo and Supply Co. Kodaks, finishing, framing. 142 Main Street.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

By the new German automatic machine, a letter is registered by pushing it through the slit and turning a handle. The machine stamps the envelope and prints off a receipt, which it throws out to the sender.

Phosphorescent photographs have an image consisting of white calcium sulphide, which shines in the dark after being exposed to luminous rays. The process requires care, but a French authority states that there is no real difficulty. Into a moderately warm solution of 1 ounce of gelatine in 10 ounces of water 50 grains of potassium bichromate and 200 grains of phosphorescent calcium sulphide are stirred. This solution is used to coat a film of plain celluloid, and after drying the plate thus prepared is exposed under a positive for about the time needed for a carbon print. Warm water is the developer.

The effect of buildings in lessening wind force is shown by Berlin records. In 1884 an anemometer was placed on a tower in the open country at a height of about 106 feet, and in 1903 this was surrounded by buildings about 75 feet high. The mean velocity of the wind as shown by the instrument was reduced from about 18 feet per second in the five-year period of 1884-8 to 12 feet in 1899-1903.

"Electro-activity" is the name given by M. Ranucie, a French physicist, to a new radiation from nitrogen compounds that he has been studying for a considerable time. Nitrogen boride, which has a remarkable resistance to heat and chemical attack, was found to act on photographic paper after the very long exposure of one or two years, and the effect was exerted not only through photographic black paper, but through other opaque materials, like leather, rubber and opaque glass. The radiation is absorbed, however, by very thin leaves of metal. The electricity of flames, radium rays, the electric spark and friction all excite this kind of radiations, but the X-rays have no effect. Tested with an electrometer, no sign of radio-activity was shown. An electroscope, however, proved that electrified particles were emitted by nitrogen boride, and it was concluded that the radiation differs from radio-activity in being more completely due to electricity. Experiments with other substances indicate that "electro-activity" is peculiar to compounds containing nitrogen, uranium nitride being most energetic in its effects.

It is rather surprising to consider that only eight or nine elements are more abundant than titanium. Chemists of the United States geological survey find that it makes up about two-fifths of 1 per cent of the earth's crust, and exceeds in quantity all other heavy metals together except iron. The proportion of iron is about 5 per cent. The bulk of the crust, it will be remembered, is non-metallic, 50 per cent being oxygen and 25 per cent silicon.

A perennial puzzle in southern England is the origin of the so-called dene-holes that are so numerous in that locality. They were sunk in the chalk at some prehistoric time, and usually consist of a narrow shaft 75 or 100 feet deep, ending in a chamber 20 to 50 feet in diameter, and 15 or 18 feet high, or a series of two or three or more chambers. They occur in groups, about 60 pits at Hangman's Wood, Essex, being contained in the space of a few acres. A late inquirer, Rev. J. W. Hayes, has investigated the character of the chalk debris, and the ancient and modern use of chalk, and he offers an explanation of the pits quite different from the theories that have been most favored. His view is that the dene-holes were simply quarries of chalk. The export of the material began in pre-Roman times, and it was natural to make the pits in groups where the strata supplied solid blocks and the location was convenient. Buckets or baskets were used for raising the material taken out. It has been widely believed that the pits were made for granaries or places of refuge, or both, but strong evidence against these ideas is the fact that many worked-out pits contain waste from later excavations.

After four years of vain effort to produce an epidemic among rats, M. de Kruyff, of the agricultural bureau at Buitenzorg, Java, hit upon a new plan. Pouring half a teaspoonful of carbon disulphide into each occupied rat hole he lighted the vapor, and the poisonous gases from the explosion almost instantly killed all rats. In 43 holes subsequently opened, 131 dead rats were found, two holes containing 10 rats each.

A typical lunar landscape has been imitated in a curious way by Paul Fuchs, a German experimenter. Iron ore slag from a smelting furnace was run off at 1,100 degrees C., and cooled with water applied in various ways. Craters, mountains and plains were produced according to the conditions of the slag and the cooling.

Deaf mutes are seldom absolutely unable to hear any sound, and by measuring their perception and properly cultivating their powers, many of them may be given a very useful degree of hearing. As the voice cannot be varied at will in quality, pitch and intensity, Dr. Marage, the French specialist, has developed a more accurate acoumeter, or measure of audition. Five sirens coupled together give the fundamental vibrations of the five vowels and this apparatus gives sounds of constant quality that have a known pitch, varying with the speed of the motor and a known intensity changing with the pressure of the air traversing the machine. With the ear at a distance of 20 inches, the intensity of sound is raised by increasing the air pressure until the vibrations are perceived. The normal ear hears sound produced under a pressure of 1 millimeter, and if the pressure must be raised to 40 millimeters to make the sound heard, the sharpness of hearing is put down as 1-40, and so on. If there is no hearing at 20 millimeters, the test is continued with a tube from the siren to the ear. The perception varies for the different sounds, and a record is made in five divisions showing the sensitiveness of the hearing for each of the vowels. The ear's capacity being known, it is trained by the simple and exact vibrations of the vowel siren. In suitable cases, hearing develops rapidly, and results are reached in two months that would require several years—with great exertion and fatigue—to attain by voice teaching.

In a novel French water sterilizer, the water is led through spiral tubes surrounding a mercury vapor lamp, which itself is in the form of a long glass tube illuminated by the passage of an electric current through the contained mercury vapor. This light is rich in violet and ultra-violet rays. The bacteria of the water are killed by exposure to these rays, and any solid impurities may be removed by passing through an ordinary filter on its way to a sterilized container.

In the wood-preserving process of Capt. Malenkovic, an Austrian, solutions of salts of zinc in other metals are mixed with fluoride of sodium and forced into the wood, which is then heated to 100 degrees C. The insoluble fluorides thus formed keep timber indefinitely.

The curious story has found its way into the text books that the tapeworms known as Liguliae, found in the body cavity of various fishes, are used in some parts of France and Italy as a delicacy called macaroni piatti or, sur blanc. Though the statement was shown 15 years ago to be erroneous, it is still cited as a marvelous fact. The fable has been again exposed by a late writer, Parona, who states positively that such a habit does not exist, and shows that the myth arose from the report by Rudolphi that the Liguliae are at times eaten with the tench they infest, being mistaken for the fat of the fish.

That old age is a mechanical effect of the slowing down of mental activity is a new medical explanation. When in a passive condition, aroused by no stimulation, the walls of each body cell are impermeable to solutions from within and without, and its crystalline excreta accumulate within, while no nutrition can enter from without. A stimulus from thought or the will causes the membrane to become permeable, when the waste of the cell is discharged and food material is admitted. This double activity induced by healthy thinking keeps the body machine in working order, and the arteries in normal condition. In middle life one's thinking is likely to have become settled down into fixed habits. A regular routine is followed, new fields are not entered, and there is mental stagnation. The cell waste accumulates, bringing the chronic alterations of the arteries so characteristic of age. To retard the coming of old age, suitable exercise, physical and mental, is necessary and effective to a considerable degree, and it has been often noted that hale old men have been active and kept a broad-minded interest in affairs. The theory explains the influence of a hobby, which many men have declared has prolonged their lives.

A "rodent goat" is the extraordinary type of new animal whose remains have been found in a cave of Majorca by Miss Dorothea Bate. The lower jaw has a single pair of incisor teeth, in place of the four pairs of incisors and the canines generally characteristic of the ruminants.

$3 Just 9 Days More---No Longer

A Remarkable Offer to Prove the Wonderful Merits of a Remarkable Treatment To All Who Apply During the Remaining Days of November.

$3—A MONTH ALL MEDICINES FREE—$3

$3 $3 $3 $3 $3 $3

To all who suffer from Catarrh in any of its complicated forms including Deafness, Asthma, Bronchial troubles, Hay Fever, and Lung troubles.

This low fee charged will hardly cover the cost of the medicines used, but Drs. Shores want every sufferer from Catarrhal diseases to test their wonderful NEW TREATMENT. THEY WANT TO PROVE TO THE AFFLICTED THAT THEIR NEW TREATMENT CURES CATARRH in all it's complicated forms, more surely and in one-fourth the time required under the older methods of treatment.

DON'T DELAY—All Are INVITED DURING NOVEMBER ONLY

First come first served—while this wonderful offer is meant for everybody yet it naturally follows the public will not be slow to respond to such an opportunity—and late comers may have to wait their turns. Don't let anything stand in your way now—be among the first to come and be cured, come today, come any day this month and get rid of that dread Catarrh practically free. Consultation and examination free and confidential for any disease whether you take treatment or not.

$3 We TREAT And CURE

CATARRH—Deafness, nose and throat troubles, eye and ear diseases, bronchial and lung troubles, asthma, stomach, liver and kidney diseases, bladder troubles, chronic diseases of women and children, heart disease, nervous diseases, chorea (St. Vitus' dance), rickets, spinal trouble, skin diseases, sciatica and rheumatism, diseases of the bowels, piles, fistula and rectal troubles, goitre (or big neck), blood diseases, tape worm, hay fever, hysteria, epilepsy, insomnia, etc., and all curable nervous and chronic diseases. Prices and terms low and uniform, and can be arranged to suit your convenience.

FACTS

17 Years' continuous Success in Salt Lake 11 Years in Los Angeles, same name treated Personal treatment by Drs. Shores. No cheap hired Doctors. We do business over our own name. We are strictly reliable

$3 WE ALSO CURE by MAIL $3

Do not despair because you live a distance from the city. Drs. Shores' new system of HOME TREATMENT makes it easy to get expert advice and treatment at home. WRITE for their new symptom list and take advantage of the grand special offer. CONSULTATION FREE whether you take treatment or not, the advice costs you nothing.

DO YOU HAVE CATARRH?

READ THESE SYMPTOMS AND SEE. Many Folks Do Have Catarrh and Don't Know It.

THE HEAD AND THROAT

This form of catarrh is most common—resulting from neglected colds—quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' Famous Treatment.

"Is your breath foul?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Is your nose sore and tender?"
"Is there pain in front of head?"
"Do you hawk to clear the throat?"
"Is your throat dry in the morning?"
"Do you sleep with your mouth open?"
You can be easily cured now—don't let it run into

THE BRONCHIAL TUBES.

When catarrh of the head or throat is neglected or not properly treated it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes and after a while attacks the lungs. Quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' Famous Treatment.

"Have you a cough?"
"Do you take cold easily?"
"Have you pain in the side?"
"Do you raise frothy materials?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
Don't risk neglecting these warnings. Stop the disease before it reaches the lungs.

OF THE EARS.

Catarrh extends from the throat along the eustachian tubes into the ears, causing partial or complete deafness. Quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' Famous Treatment.

"Is your hearing failing?"
"Do your ears discharge?"
"Is the wax drying in your ears?"
"Do you hear better some days than others?"
"Is your hearing worse when you have a cold?"
Don't neglect this until your hearing is irreparably destroyed.

OF THE STOMACH.

Catarrh of the stomach is usually caused by swallowing poisonous mucous which drops down from the head and throat at night. Quickly cured at little cost by Drs. Shores' Famous Treatment.

"Is there nausea?"
"Do you belch up gas?"
"Are you constipated?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Do you bloat up after eating?"
"Is there constant bad taste in the mouth?"
Now is the time to be permanently cured. Drs. Shores are curing hundreds every year.

OFFICE HOURS—Week days 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evenings 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays and holidays, 10 a. m. to 12 p. m.

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The goodness comes not from the making, but from the chocolate.

Ghirardelli's
GROUND CHOCOLATE

is good, because it is perfect and pure.

Don't ask merely for chocolate —ask for Ghirardelli's.

Cocoa Fact No. 13

The United States, Germany, France, Great Britain, Holland and Spain are the six greatest consumers of cocoa in the order named. The United States is leader by a large percentage due to the widespread knowledge among Americans of the high food value and palatability of this beverage.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Pineules For Backache, Rheumatism and the Kidneys and Bladder
GEO. T. BRICE DRUG CO., 209 Main—Kenyon Pharmacy.

Answer This Question

When a remedy has lived for over thirty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their very lives to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

We challenge the world to show any other one remedy for a special class of disease which has attained such an enormous demand and maintained it for so many years as has **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** the famous woman's remedy for woman's ills. Unless it is a very good medicine and the claims made for it are honest, such a record would have been impossible—fraud or misrepresentations would long ago have been detected and the business gone into oblivion. Read this unsolicited letter:—

Melbourne, Iowa:—"I suffered for many years with female troubles, inflammation, and bearing-down pains, so that I was unable to do my work.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and I am so thankful for the great good it has done me. I feel that I am a living advertisement for this medicine as I have influenced so many of my friends to use it, so thankful am I that it restored me to health."—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. D. 1, Melbourne, Iowa.

When a woman like Mrs. Watermann is generous enough to write such a letter as the above for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women. For we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

We say it in all sincerity and friendship—try this medicine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.