

# RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly, crusted scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointing with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

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# GOOD BLOOD

Your heart beats over one hundred thousand times each day. One hundred thousand supplies of good or bad blood to your brain. Which is it?

If bad, impure blood, tenses your brainaches. You are troubled with drowsiness yet cannot sleep; you are as tired in the morning as at night; you have no nerve power; your food does not seem to do you much good.

Stimulants, tonic, headache powders, cannot cure you: but

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

will. It makes the liver, kidneys, skin and bowels perform their proper work. It removes all impurities from the blood. And it makes the blood rich in its life-giving properties.

For Biliousness take AYER'S PILLS. They promptly relieve and surely cure. Take them with Ayer's Sarsaparilla: one aids the other.

volumes for the enthusiasm with which Americans are taking to the game. American teachers are not, however, exceedingly popular. The imported article has the preference, and a golf teacher without a Scotch or English accent cannot expect to be a howling success. No self-respecting club or hotel manager would think of engaging a teacher who talked plain Yankee. Of course, the origin of that prejudice lies in the fact that Scotland is the home of golf, and that English and Scotch players were experts in the sport long before Americans succumbed to its charms; but nowadays, when the Americans have experts of their own, it is the swell thing to have an English or Scotch teacher, and that settles it.

### NOT A BAD PROFESSION.

It isn't a bad profession, that of golf teaching, provided a man loves the game. He goes to some delightful place and wears a becoming red coat, and is treated with respect by the men and with awe mixed with adoration by the women. He isn't on the same terms with the guests as are other employees. He is a personage, and his friendship is a prize. No one can afford to snub the golf teacher, and a word of praise from him will please a girl more than a sonnet from any of the other men about the place. It's all well for a young millionaire to tell her that she has star-like eyes, but when the red-coated oracle says, 'You're in splendid form, miss. That was a rippin' drive,' she beams with pride and walks on air for the rest of the day.

So long as this enthusiasm confines itself to matters purely professional, and the immense offered up to him things go smoothly, but golf teachers are human, and that complications are inevitable is proved by the wail of a Vermont hotel man who wrote to a sporting goods dealer here:

'Where can I get a new man for my golf links? I want one ugly as sin. That Smith you sent me last year was all right, but he was too dashed good-looking. The women went around mooning about him, so that men in the house couldn't stand it.'

The only thing that one can learn well in the in-door schools is the drive, but that is a tremendous undertaking for a novice. A young woman went down to one of the schools for her first lesson on the hottest day we've had this spring. She looked crisp and cool and dainty, and she didn't anticipate any trouble in learning the game. A brisk, business-like Scotchman took her in hand.

'Ever played?' he inquired, laconically, as he looked for a light stick.

'I never had a golf club in my hand.' 'Well, now's the time to begin.' He handed her a club and she looked at it dubiously.

'What shall I do with it?'

'Hold it this way,' and he showed her the way to do it. 'Now stand away from the ball, bend over a little more, swing your club like that; don't stiffen your arms; let the club carry them around it at full length; just loosen all your muscles and get a free, sweeping swing; rise off your left heel as you bring the club over your shoulder and off your right heel as you follow the club around after the blow. Now.'

The girl lunged wildly and tilted her hat over one ear, but didn't disturb the ball.

'You must stand wider,' said the teacher, judiciously.

'I beg pardon.'

'Put your feet further apart. You can't stand firmly that way.'

She moved her feet several inches further from each other.

'More than that.'

She obeyed, but he wasn't satisfied.

### DOOMED TO GOLFOMANIA.

'Put one foot here and the other foot there,' he commanded, marking places on the floor with his golf club. She struck a Colossus of Rhodes attitude and clutched her club firmly. Then she tried another swing and this time she hit the ball. To be sure it flew off and hit an inoffensive workman who was polishing clubs at the side of the room, but that first crack of her club against the ball roused her sporting blood and doomed her to golfomania. She pounded away vigorously, knocking dents in the floor, striking the balls all over the shop, growing hot and excited, while the teacher encouraged her by precept and example. Her hat was in the way, so she flung it aside. Her hair

fell down across her eyes and she ran a side comb recklessly through it with utter disregard of her pompadour.

'You'd get freer arm action if it wasn't for those stiff cuffs,' said the teacher, and she rolled her shirt-waist sleeves up above her elbows. The immaculate cool young woman who had begun the lesson had disappeared. In her place was a red-faced, perspiring, dishevelled girl with determination in her eyes.

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### A TERRIBLE COUGH.

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'Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL, A DOCTOR TESTIMONY.

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY. 'Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 23, 1919.

'I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Bronchitis; your Lozenge is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who may suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,

A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M. Edinburgh, L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

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KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief of all cases of Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

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# "BEE HIVE" KNITTING WOOLS

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### THE BOTTOM PRINCIPLE.

Nothing 'merely happens so.' Always keep that fact where you can see it. Whatsoever comes to pass has an adequate cause right behind it. I don't say this as though it were a new discovery. Not a bit. It is the bottom principle of all knowledge. But we are apt to forget it—that's the point; we forget it, and so have a lot of trouble there's no need to have.

Here is Miss Esther May, whom we are glad to hear from, and to know. In the matters set forth in her short letter she speaks, not for herself only, but for two-thirds of the women in England.

'In July, 1890,' she says, 'I had an attack of influenza, which left me in a weak, exhausted condition. I felt languid and tired. Everything was a trouble to me. The good appetite that is natural to me was gone; and when I did take a little food it gave me a dreadful pain in the chest. There was also a strange sensation in my stomach. I felt as if I had eaten too much when perhaps I had scarcely eaten anything.'

'Then, after a time, I began to have a dry, hacking cough, and to break out in cold, clammy sweats. Not very long afterwards my ankles began to puff up and swell, so that when I stood on my feet it was very painful.'

'I gradually got worse, and worse. The medicines given me by the doctors seemed to have no effect. I lost flesh, like one in consumption, and I feared I should never be any better.'

'In March, 1893, a gentleman told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and said he believed it would help me. Although I had no faith in it I sent for the Syrup and began taking it. One bottle relieved me and gave me some appetite. I ate and enjoyed my food as I had not done for years. I gained strength every day.'

'I am now as healthy and hearty as I ever was in my life, and I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup.—(Signed) Esther May, Huckingham Road, Northfleet, Kent, September 8th, 1893.'

'In the spring of 1887,' writes another correspondent, 'my wife got into a low state of health. She complained at first of feeling tired and weary, and could not do her work as usual. Her month lasted badly; she couldn't eat; and she had a deal of pain in her chest and back.'

'Later on her legs began to swell, and soon the swelling extended to her body. With all this her strength failed more and more, until she could just get about the house in a feeble fashion, and that was all. No medical treatment did more than to relieve her, as you may say, for the moment.'

'This was her condition when Mother Seigel's Syrup first came under our notice. We read of it in a book that was left at our house. After she had taken the Syrup only a few days she was decidedly better. And, to conclude, by a faithful use of the medicine the swelling went down, her appetite came back, and she was soon as well and strong as ever. Seeing what the Syrup had done for my wife, I began to take it for indigestion and dyspepsia, which had troubled me for years; and it completely cured me.—(Signed) J. Heath, Oratava House, Alpha Road, Cambridge, June 15th, 1893.'

We were speaking of nothing happening without a cause. The cause of all the suffering of these two women was one and the same—indigestion and dyspepsia. Men have it often enough, but this disease is especially the bane of women— with chronic constipation as one of its worst features. It is the cause of nearly all the ills and ailments they suffer from. Let every woman get the book which Mr Heath speaks of and learn all about it. They can thus find out what the first symptoms are, and take Mother Seigel's Syrup the very day they appear.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or it may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who utters it. Many a word spoken by us is afterward regretted, but no word of affectionate appreciation finds a place among our sadly-remembered expressions.

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