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The Cod Liver Oil Emulsion "Par Excellence." Is a Rich, Liquid Food, Powerful as a Nutrient and tissue-builder.

Ozomulsion is EASY TO TAKE—Because it is Sweet, Clean, Pure and Pleasant to the Taste.

Ozomulsion is EASY TO ASSIMILATE—Because, being Highly Nutritious and Easily Digested, it is Quickly Converted into Blood, and Repairs the Wasted Organs and Worn-out Tissues.

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Ozomulsion Cure

For WEAK LUNGS, CONSUMPTION, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, ANAEMIA, RICKETS, MALNUTRITION AND CHRONIC COLDS AND COUGHS.

For Pale, Sickly Children and Nursing Mothers it is a wonderful, Strength-giving, Vitalizing Tonic.

Ozomulsion gives the patient a feeling of buoyancy and overcomes Depression and Melancholy.

Beneficial Results are Obtained after the First Dose.

There are two sizes—5oz. and 16oz. Bottles; the Formula is printed in 7 languages on each.

OZOMULSION LABORATORIES 65 Pine St., New York.

HOW TO EAT CORRECTLY.

Horace Fletcher's Rules for Perfect Feeding of Human Body.

In an article on the "Growth of Fletcherism" in the World's Work, Isaac F. Marcosson gives Horace Fletcher's following rules for eating which are given to all patients of the Harvard Dental School Dispensary:

1. Eat only in response to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.

2. Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallow itself.

3. Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soup and lemonade. Water has no taste and can be swallowed immediately.

4. Never take food while angry or worried, and only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.

5. Remember and practice these four rules and your teeth and health will be fine.

Equally significant of the growth of Fletcherism are the efforts made by the proprietor of a chain of fifty dairy restaurants in New York and elsewhere. It consists of the distribution of a nicely printed folder among the customers, containing a "dietetic code." It includes instructions on "How to Eat." Some of them are, "Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly;" "Never permit yourself to eat a meal in a condition of nervous worry;" "Eat what you find of benefit;" "Do not eat anything that disagrees with you."

Commenting on the last rule, the folder says: "The following out of this rule will require self-denial, but some time in your life you must definitely decide whether you are to be master over your body or be its slave, and it is better to make the decision at once, and after you have practiced correct habits of eating for a short time it will be surprising how soon your true appetite for things that are wholesome and good will assert itself, and you will instinctively turn to the right foods."

Here, then, is a "quick lunch" restaurant advising its patrons to use slow-lunch methods.

Greatest Book Writers.

Washington Correspondent Brooklyn Eagle.

According to Ainsworth R. Spofford, the aged and scholarly assistant librarian of Congress, the people of Germany are the greatest writers of books in the world. He brought out this fact today in a little discussion of books and authors, in which he said that the taste for history at the present time amounts almost to a passion.

"Are history writers improving in accuracy?" "Accuracy," replied Mr. Spofford laconically, "is still the rarest of human virtues."

"What is the tendency of writers nowadays as to topics?" "It runs from facts as the sparks fly upward. In England alone last year 1000 books of fiction were brought out. Almost as many were brought out in this country. But many of them are books on the sciences—I call them the dismal sciences. Authorship in Germany is much more widely diffused than in any other country, and printing costs less in Germany than elsewhere. France prints about as many books every year as England—books on science, literature and political economy. Italy, too, is a country where many books are written and printed."

"Two hundred years ago," continued Mr. Spofford, "nine-tenths of the books published were on the subject of religion. That was at the time of the Puritans. Today less than one-tenth of the books are on that subject. That is the field that is least progressive. In all others there is less tendency to accept what has been written or said, and there is a very gratifying number of books produced nowadays that are not merely copied from other works and that seek well authenticated facts as a basis. The books that have not this quality are tolerated less than they formerly were. Considerable has been written for and against the higher criticism, and now and then an iconoclast adds his contribution, but most of them are expression of the orthodox kind."

If men took on years as slowly as women no girl would ever get out of baby clothes.

DEFENDS OLD HYMN.

A Vigorous Defense For the Grand Old Hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Indianapolis Sentinel.

Now comes forth from obscurity a certain Rev. Mr. Patterson. He hails from Princeton, Ind., which is much to Princeton's discredit. He transports himself to Chicago, to appear there before the Presbyterian psalmody convention with an idea.

But the idea. Narrow, bigoted, twisted, distorted, the poor parent of it should be ashamed of it. It is something that he should hide away.

This reverend gentleman proposes that the grand old hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," shall be stricken from the pages of the church's song books.

"It may mean, says he, 'anything that a man may want it to mean. It may mean Christian light, or Buddhist light, or atheist light."

One could see a joke in Rev. Mr. Patterson's remarks if one did not realize that the minister meant his observations to be taken seriously.

But what does the hymn mean? It was written by Cardinal Newman and it came from his pen as the result of long and painful mental and physical suffering. But few of us are unacquainted with its history. We know how Dr. Newman was sailing on the Mediterranean, coming home from a long sojourn in Sicily, where disease and fever had laid him low and brought him near to death.

The ship was becalmed a week and lay in a dead sea, over which scarcely a ripple of breeze played. Dr. Newman was sad at heart, weary of body, anxious to be again at home, sick and lonely. Suddenly there came over his spirit a delightful resignation; it was the expression of a trust in divine guidance.

The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

There was a plaintive cry in it, but not a hopeless cry. It was an appeal; but an appeal that would not fall upon deaf ears.

Then came the whole poem; it stole into his heart; it banished sorrow, banished grief. The pain departed, the longing was silenced; the loneliness disappeared—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

For atheist or Buddhist? Such words as these? And, if they are, by that very fact is atheism adorned and Buddhism made divine!

No grander hymn has been written; no grander hymn has ever been sung. It has brought straying feet back to the path. It has brought solace to aching wounds. It has brought peace and comfort and happiness. It has been the "kindly light." It has brought sinners to redemption. It has kept them in the straight and narrow way.

It has sung hope and cheer. It has done to all what it did to Dr. Newman. Our small crafts have been becalmed at sea; our hearts have been weary; our bodies have been racked with pain; our souls have been sought in darkness for the Light. We have longed for home, for friends and for the touch of hands that are dear to us; we have turned in vain in quest of a face we cannot forget; we have hearkened in vain for a voice we did not hear; we have wept in anguish and repented in sorrow.

And has not this grand old hymn had a word for us? Indeed, more than all this—we have sung it slowly, sweetly, above the biers of those we have "loved long since and lost awhile."

It was good enough and pure enough to lead us to the Light. It was noble enough and Christian enough to sing above our dead, in the memory of the dead and for the solace of the living. No words of Rev. Mr. Patterson will drive the old hymn from our minds or from our hearts. We will keep it, because it is good and because it has done good, and because it is filled with promise, filled with hope and is broad.

His Trip.

From Harper's Weekly. Harry Payne Whitney tells of a horse-owner of every luxurious tastes who, however he may be, is satisfied with no less than the best.

During the racing season in the west, this horseman once invited a friend in humble circumstances to dine with him at a certain very expensive hostelry.

The guest was much impressed by his surroundings, and made frequent inquiries touching the cost of the various luxuries there to be obtained. At the dinner nearest its close, he asked the horseman as to the amount of the tip he usually gave the waiter.

"Well," said the horse-owner, "if he serves me well, I generally hand him a dollar. If the service is badly, why, I give him a tip on the races."

New York World: The Armstrong bills should not be amended to the extent of a punctuation mark without the consent of the committee and Charles E. Hughes, whom the people trust.

GRASS WIDOW INDUSTRY

Thrives in Chicago—Fourteen Hundred of the Legally Bereaved Collect \$672,000 in Alimony Annually.

Chicago, March 6.—Fourteen hundred grass widows in Chicago are annually drawing \$672,000 in alimony from their former husbands.

The reputation of these grass widows and their easy methods of acquiring an income has extended to Europe and has started an influx of immigration of Continental femininity anxious to attach themselves to some opulent and easy Chicago man with the object of joining the colony.

The divorce law of this State is such that it is practically certain that any wife, no matter what kind of a case she have, can get from her husband alimony for a considerable length of time and perhaps permanently.

The divorce records of Cook county show that between 2,200 and 2,300 divorces are granted each year within its boundaries, and the average amount of alimony allowed a woman, when she is either a plaintiff or a defendant in a divorce case, being about \$10 a week would give about \$672,000 a year contributed from the pockets of the unwilling husbands.

Figures on the amount of money paid out in divorce settlements of previous years are difficult to obtain, but it is probable that a million dollars a year would be a low estimate of the total sum that aids in the support of the gay grass widow.

One man who declares he has suffered from the grass widow evil is a retired manufacturer of considerable wealth living in one of Chicago's aristocratic suburbs on the income of his property. He is a well educated, typical American, and while on a visit to London became acquainted with the woman who subsequently became his junior. She was considerably his junior in years, possessed a little money of her own and became his wife after a short courtship.

The husband found that instead of acquiring a partner who would be a comfort to his declining years he had married a woman whose object was to live separately from him on alimony which she confidently believed a Chicago court would award her merely on her own representations.

These are the declarations of the man, based on his experience with his European wife: European women are being spoiled morally by America's army of grass widows.

Divorced and "separately maintained" women ought to be segregated from other married women in boarding houses.

European women believe all Americans millionaires and think it is typically American to marry the first one of them who comes along and separate soon after with a "maintenance" income.

In relating his experience the grass widow victim declared that he believed it would be found hundreds of men are in the same predicament as himself and that something ought to be done to disabuse the minds of women from the idea that "marrying for alimony" is a reputable or defensible occupation. He is a venerable looking man, with flowing white hair and beard, and in describing his experience spoke more in sorrow than in anger.

"There is no doubt in my mind," he said, "that the prevailing opinion among the women of Europe is that it is possible in this country for them to live separate from their husbands on alimony."

"Take my own case as an illustration. My wife moved in a fairly good circle of society in London before I married her. She had lived in Paris also, and when she met me I suppose she conceived the plain which she afterwards attempted to carry out.

"When we reached Chicago she negated the idea of our going to housekeeping in a flat, which I was perfectly willing to furnish, and we went to live at a high class boarding house in one of the suburbs on the North Side, where I owned considerable property. We had no sooner settled down in the boarding house than she began to evince signs of discontent which I could not account for. I had given her her own way, which I thought was the best method to go along with her. I have since discovered my mistake, but we will let that pass.

"In the boarding house was one of the typical grass widows which are overrunning Chicago. This woman was a gay and festive sort of person, and every month exhibited the good sized check which she said she was receiving as 'separate maintenance' from her husband. She also asserted she was receiving alimony from three others, but in this I believe she exaggerated. But it only served to stir up my wife to carry out the plan she had conceived when she married me on the Continent. We hadn't been here a year when she began her action for separate maintenance.

"The grass widow in a boarding house is an unsettling influence on all the other married women in it," continued the victim. "The woman who met when we settled down in Chicago here persuaded her that life with me was a dull, uneventful existence, and if she only succeeded in her alimony proposition she could live as she pleased, enjoy more liberties than she could as a married woman, and spend her time at card parties from morning to night."

Attorneys in discussing the divorce law of the State admit that it is made to give the advantage to the woman, and that often women take undue advantage of its provisions in appealing for relief. They say, however, that if it were otherwise it would, in very many cases, work a great injustice upon the women, who, as a rule, are not so well able to bear the expense of litigation as are the men. They say that the judges are disposed to give a woman every opportunity, and will not even permit a man to show she is absolutely unworthy to receive relief, holding that as long as she is his wife she is entitled to every protection up to the time the matrimonial ties are formally dissolved.

Chatanooga News: There is no occasion for all this worry about President Roosevelt's future. Mr. Roosevelt is an energetic man who can make his own future.



WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained, by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.



Quite A Business, Nowadays. Bonds—What are you doing now? Scribbler—Literary work; I write anecdotes of distinguished men. Bonds—I see; you put old jokes in famous mouths.



Sure Not Jack—Does your wife worry as much as ever about your health? Bob—No, I'm insured now.

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Good Boy, Georgie! "Oh, George, dear," she whispered, when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of I preferred! None of the others were ever so thoughtful." George was staggered for a moment. Then he came back with, "Not at all, dear; you overrate me. This is the one I've always used."

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Who Said It! Some one said C. C. Moore had gone out of the milk business. He has. But if you could see the Milk and Cream that is sold every day by Ernest and Walter you would think they had taken the old man's place. We will fill your order promptly. The boys will treat you as the old man did. DOUBLE OAKS DAIRY. Milk Depot.