STOMACH UPSET?

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, GAS, INDIGESTION.

Your meals hit back! Your stomach is sour, acid, gassy and you feel bloated after eating or you have heavy lumps of indigestion pain or headache, but never mind. Here is instant relief.

Don't stay upset! Eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin and immediately the indigestion, gases, acidity and all stomach distress ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets are the surest, quickest stomach relievers in the world. They cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

How True, Ah, How True!

The children at school were telling their ambitions and reasons for them. Finally, Frances, who came from a home in which peace was supposed to exist, became spokesman. "I want to be married," she told them. "I wish a husband to scold all the time."—Indianapolis Star.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the *result* of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Dependability.

The ability to be dependable gathers up all the flowers of virtue in the human soul and brings their essence into daily use. It turns the watch dog into a spiritual companion, and paints the most humble heart with lines of beauty.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.—Adv.

To Have and to Hold.

You never can tell. Many a fellow who tells a girl he couldn't live without her eventually finds himself tied to her apron strings.—Philadelphia Record.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Way She Says It.

Probably conscious superiority is never more emphatically expressed in speech than when one neighbor woman says to another. "You know how men are."—Ohio State Journal.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Many a man's failure in small things is due to his being troubled with great ambitions.

Cure pimples, headache, bad breath by taking May Apple, Aloe, Jalap rolled into a tiny sugar pill called Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

The fellow who is bent on getting married is generally broke afterward.

The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, Etc., Etc.

Copyright by Irving Bacheller

BARTON LEARNS OF THE EXISTENCE OF A WONDERFUL POWER KNOWN AS "MONEY."

Synopsis.—Barton Baynes, an orphan, goes to live with his uncle, Peabody Baynes, and his Aunt Deel on a farm on Rattleroad, in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit, about the year 1826. He meets Sally Dunkelberg, about his own age, but socially of a class above the Bayneses, and is fascinated by her pretty face and fine clothes. Barton also meets Roving Kate, known in the neighborhood as the "Silent Woman." Amos Grimshaw, a young son of the richest man in the township, is a visitor at the Baynes home and Roving Kate tells the boys' fortunes, predicting a bright future for Barton and death on the gallows for Amos. Reproved for an act of boyish mischief, Barton runs away, intending to make his home with the Dunkelbergs. He reaches Canton and falls asleep on a porch. There he is found by Silas Wright, Jr., a man prominent in public affairs, who, knowing Peabody Baynes, takes Barton home after buying him new clothes. Silas Wright evinces much interest in Barton and sends a box of books and magazines to the Baynes home. A short time later the election of Mr. Wright to the United States senate is announced.

CHAPTER V.

—5—

The Great Stranger

Some strangers came along the road those days—hunters, peddlers and the like—and their coming filled me with a joy which mostly went away with them, I regret to say. None of these, however, appealed to my imagination as did old Kate. But there was one stranger greater than she—greater indeed, than any other who came into Rattleroad. He came rarely and would not be long detained. How curiously we looked at him, knowing his fame and power! This great stranger was Money.

I shall never forget the day that my uncle showed me a dollar bill and a little shiny, gold coin and three pieces of silver, nor can I forget how carefully he watched them while they lay in my hands and presently put them back into his wallet. That was long before the time of which I am writing. I remember hearing him say, one day of that year, when I asked him to take us to the Caravan of Wild Beasts which was coming to the village:

"I'm sorry, but it's been a hundred Sundays since I had a dollar in my wallet for more than ten minutes."

I have his old account book for the years of 1837 and 1838. Here are some of the entries:

"Balanced accounts with J. Dorothy and gave him my note for $2.15 to be paid in salts January 1, 1838. Sold ten bushels of wheat to E. Miner at 90 cents, to be paid in goods.

"Sold two sheep to Flavius Curtis and took his note for $6, payable in boots on or before March the first."

Only one entry in more than a hundred mention money, and this was the sum of eleven cents received in balance from a neighbor.

So it will be seen that a spirit of mutual accommodation served to help us over the rough going. Mr. Grimshaw, however, demanded his pay in cash and that I find was mainly the habit of the money-lenders.

We were poor but our poverty was not like that of these days in which I am writing. It was proud and cleanly and well-fed. Our fathers had seen heroic service in the wars and we knew it.

I was twelve years old when I began to be the reader for our little family. Aunt Deel had long complained that she couldn't keep up with her knitting and read so much. We had not seen Mr. Wright for nearly two years, but he had sent us the novels of Sir Walter Scott and I had led them heart deep into the creed battles of Old Mortality.

Then came the evil days of 1837, when the story of our lives began to quicken its pace and excite our interest in its coming chapters. It gave us enough to think of, God knows.

Wild speculations in land and the American paper-money system had brought us into rough going. The banks of the city of New York had suspended payment of their notes. They could no longer meet their engagements. As usual, the burden fell heaviest on the poor. It was hard to get money even for black salts.

Uncle Peabody had been silent and depressed for a month or more. He had signed a note for Rodney Barnes, a cousin, long before and was afraid that he would have to pay it. I didn't know what a note was and I remember that one night, when I lay thinking about it, I decided that it must be something in the nature of horse colic. My uncle told me that a note was a trouble which attacked the brain instead of the stomach.

One autumn day in Canton Uncle Peabody traded three sheep and twenty bushels of wheat for a cook stove and brought it home in the big wagon. Rodney Barnes came with him to help set up the stove. He was a big giant of a man with the longest nose in the township. I have often wondered how any one would solve the problem of kissing Mr. Barnes in the immediate region of his nose, the same being in the nature of a defense.

That evening I was chiefly interested in the stove. What a joy it was to me with its damper and griddles and high oven and the shiny edge on its hearth! It rivaled, in its novelty and charm, any tin peddler's cart that ever came to our door. John Axtell and his wife, who had seen it pass their house, hurried over for a look at it. Every hand was on the stove as we tenderly carried it into the house, piece by piece, and set it up. Then they cut a hole in the upper floor and the stone chimney and fitted the pipe. How keenly we watched the building of the fire. How quickly it roared and began to heat the room!

When the Axtells had gone away Aunt Deel said:

"It's grand! It is sartin—but I'm 'fraid we can't afford it—ayes I be!"

"We can't afford to freeze any longer. I made up my mind that we couldn't go through another winter as we have," was my uncle's answer.

"How much did it cost?" she asked.

"Not much differ'nt from thirty-four dollars in sheep and grain," he answered.

Rodney Barnes stayed to supper and spent a part of the evening with us.

Like other settlers there, Mr. Barnes was a cheerful optimist. Everything looked good to him until it turned out badly.

He told how he had heard that it was a growing country near the great water highway of the St. Lawrence. Prosperous towns were building up in it. There were going to be great cities in Northern New York. There were rich stores of lead and iron in the rocks. Mr. Barnes had bought two hundred acres at ten dollars an acre. He had to pay a fee of five per cent. to Grimshaw's lawyer for the survey and the papers. This left him owing fourteen hundred dollars on his farm—much more than it was worth.

Our cousin twisted the poker in his great hands until it squeaked as he stood before my uncle and said:

"My wife and I have chopped and burnt and pried and hauled rocks an' shoveled dung an' milked an' churned until we are worn out. For almost twenty years we've been workin' days an' nights an' Sundays. My mortgage was over-due, I owed six hundred dollars on it. I thought it all over one day an' went up to Grimshaw's an' took him by the back of the neck and shook him. He said he would drive me out o' the country. He gave me six months to pay up. I had to pay or lose the land. I got the money on the note that you signed over in Potsdam. Nobody in Canton would 'a' dared to lend it to me."

"Why?" my uncle asked.

"'Fraid o' Grimshaw. He didn't want me to be able to pay it. The place is worth more than six hundred dollars now—that's the reason. I intended to cut some timber an' haul it to the village this winter so I could pay a part o' the note an' git more time as I told ye, but the roads have been so bad I couldn't do any haulin'."

My uncle went and took a drink at the water pail. I saw by his face that he was unusually wrought up.

"My heavens, an' earth!" he exclaimed as he sat down again.

"It's the brain colic," I said to myself as I looked at him.

Mr. Barnes seemed to have it also.

"Too much note," I whispered.

"I'm awful sorry, but I've done everything I could," said Mr. Barnes.

"Ain't there somebody that'll take another mortgage?—it ought to be safe now," my uncle suggested.

"Money is so tight it can't be done. The bank has got all the money an' Grimshaw owns the bank. I've tried and tried, but I'll make you safe. I'll give you a mortgage until I can turn 'round."

So I saw how Rodney Barnes, like other settlers in Lickitysplit, had gone into bondage to the landlord.

"How much do you owe on this place?" Barnes asked.

"Seven hundred an' fifty dollars," said my uncle.

"Is it due?"

"It's been due a year an' if I have to pay that note I'll be short my interest."

"God o' Israel! I'm scairt," said Uncle Peabody.

Down crashed the stick of wood into the box.

"What about?"

"It would be like him to put the screws on you now. You've got between him an' his prey. You've taken the mouse away from the cat."

I remember the little panic that fell on us then. I could see tears in the eyes of Aunt Deel as she sat with her head leaning wearily on her hand.

"If he does I'll do all I can," said Barnes, "whatever I've got will be yours."

Rodney Barnes left us, and I remember how Uncle Peabody stood in the middle of the floor and whistled the merriest tune he knew.

"Stand right up here," he called in his most cheerful tone. "Stand right up here before me, both o' ye."

I got Aunt Deel by the hand and led her toward my uncle. We stood facing him. "Stand straighter," he demanded. "Now, altogether. One, two, three, ready—sing."

He beat time with his hand in imitation of the singing master at the schoolhouse and we joined him in singing an old tune which began: "Oh, keep my heart from sadness, God."

This irresistible spirit of the man bridged a bad hour and got us off to bed in fairly good condition.

A few days later the note came due and its owner insisted upon full payment. There was such a clamor for money those days! I remember that my aunt had sixty dollars which she had saved, little by little, by selling eggs and chickens. She had planned to use it to buy a tombstone for her mother and father—a long-cherished ambition. My uncle needed the most of it to help pay the note. We drove to Potsdam on that sad errand and what a time we had getting there and back in deep mud and sand and jolting over corduroys!

"Bart," my uncle said the next evening, as I took down the book to read, "I guess we'd better talk things over a little tonight. These are hard times. If we can find anybody with money enough to buy 'em I dunno but we better sell the sheep."

"If you hadn't been a fool," my aunt exclaimed with a look of great distress—"ayes! if you hadn't been a fool."

"I'm just what I be, an' I ain't so big a fool that I need to be reminded of it," said my uncle.

"I'll stay home an' work," I proposed bravely.

"You ain't old enough for that," sighed Aunt Deel.

"I want to keep you in school," said Uncle Peabody, who sat making a splint broom.

While we were talking in walked Benjamin Grimshaw—the rich man of the hills. He didn't stop to knock, but walked right in as if the house

"One, Two, Three, Ready—Sing."

were his own. It was common gossip that he held a mortgage on every acre of the countryside. I had never liked him, for he was a stern-eyed man who was always scolding somebody, and I had not forgotten what his son had said of him.

"Good night!" he exclaimed curtly, as he sat down and set his cane between his feet and rested his hands upon it. He spoke hoarsely and I remember the curious notion came to me that he looked like our old ram. He wore a thin, gray beard under his chin. His mouth was shut tight in a long line curving downward a little at the ends. My uncle used to say that his mouth was made to keep his thoughts from leaking and going to waste. He had a big body, a big chin, a big mouth, a big nose and big ears and hands. His eyes lay small in this setting of bigness.

"Why, Mr. Grimshaw, it's years since you've been in our house—ayes!" said Aunt Deel.

"I suppose it is," he answered rather sharply. "I don't have much time to get around. I have to work. There's some people seem to be able to git along without it. I see you've got one o' these newfangled stoves," he added as he looked it over. "Huh! Rich folks can have anything they want."

Uncle Peabody had sat splintering the long stick of yellow birch. I observed that the jackknife trembled in his hand. His tone had a touch of unnaturalness, proceeding no doubt from his fear of the man before him, as he said:

"When I bought that stove I felt richer than I do now. I had almost enough to settle with you up to date, but I signed a note for a friend and had to pay it."

"Ayuh! I suppose so," Grimshaw answered in a tone of bitter irony which cut me like a knife-blade, young as I was. "What business have you signin' notes an' givin' away money which ain't yours to give—I'd like to know? What business have you actin' like a rich man when you can't pay yer honest debts? I'd like to know that, too?"

"If I've ever acted like a rich man it's been when I wa'n't lookin'," said Uncle Peabody.

"What business have you to go enlargin' yer family—takin' another mouth to feed and another body to spin for? That costs money. I want to tell you one thing, Baynes, you've got to pay up or git out o' here."

He raised his cane and shook it in the air as he spoke.

"Oh, I ain't no doubt o' that," said Uncle Peabody. "You'll have to have yer money—that's sure; an' you will have it if I live, every cent of it. This boy is goin' to be a great help to me—you don't know what a good boy he is and what a comfort he's been to us!"

These words of my beloved uncle uncovered my emotions so that I put my elbow on the wood-box and leaned my head upon it and sobbed.

"I ain't goin' to be hard on ye, Baynes," said Mr. Grimshaw as he rose from his chair; "I'll give ye three months to see what you can do. I wouldn't wonder if the boy would turn out all right. He's big an' cordy of his age and a purty likely boy, they tell me."

Mr. Grimshaw opened the door and stood for a moment looking at us and added in a milder tone: "You've got one o' the best farms in this town an' if ye work hard an' use common sense ye ought to be out o' debt in five years—mebbe less."

He closed the door and went away.

Neither of us moved or spoke as we listened to his footsteps on the gravel path that went down to the road and to the sound of his buggy as he drove away. Then Uncle Peabody broke the silence by saying:

"He's the dam'dest—"

He stopped, set the half-splintered stick aside, closed his jackknife and went to the water-pail to cool his emotions with a drink.

Aunt Deel took up the subject where he had dropped it, as if no half-expressed sentiment would satisfy her, saying:

"—old skinflint that ever lived in this world, ayes! I ain't goin' to hold my opinion o' that man no longer, ayes! I can't. It's too powerful—ayes!"

Having recovered my composure I repeated that I should like to give up school and stay at home and work.

Aunt Deel interrupted me by saying:

"I have an idee that Sile Wright will help us—ayes! He's comin' home an' you better go down an' see him—ayes! Hadn't ye?"

"Bart an' I'll go down to-morrer," said Uncle Peabody.

Some fourteen months before that day my uncle had taken me to Potsdam and traded grain and salts for what he called a "rip roarin' fine suit o' clothes" with boots and cap and shirt and collar and necktie to match. I having earned them by sawing and cording wood at three shillings a cord. How often we looked back to those better days! The clothes had been too big for me and I had had to wait until my growth had taken up the "slack" in my coat and trousers before I could venture out of the neighborhood. I had tried them on every week or so for a long time. Now my stature filled them handsomely and they filled me with a pride and satisfaction which I had never known before.

"Now may the Lord help ye to be careful—awful, terrible careful o' them clothes every minute o' this day," Aunt Deel cautioned as she looked at me. "Don't git no horse sweat nor wagon grease on 'em."

Barton gets new inspiration from the words of the great Silas Wright, who plans for the education of the boy when he is old enough to leave home for school.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENROLLED UNDER RED CROSS

Greek Girls, Trained Here as Nurses, Will Do Work of Mercy in Their Own Country.

Greek girls in the uniforms of American Red Cross nurses are now serving in the hospitals of Greece. These girls are part of a number from New England who, anxious to help their fellow countrymen, decided to become nursing aids, says the public information bureau, Washington. They enrolled in training courses in the Massachusetts General hospital and other Boston hospitals, where they soon became proficient in their work. Recently four of them, who had practically completed their courses, decided that they would like to go back to Greece with the American mission which was just then about to leave. Through the Greek legation they applied for permission to go with this mission as members of the American Red Cross.

Now they are not only serving their own people, but are also creating a feeling in Greece which cements the long friendship of the Greeks with America. Although no American troops have been landed on Greek soil, the people are nevertheless pleased with the sight of an American uniform, no matter what branch of the service it represents.

Another group of Greek girls in Boston is taking up courses at Simmons college in dietetics, domestic science and home aid. These girls also expect shortly to sail for Greece.

Our Wonderful Language.

A certain merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of his extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies. "Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed." "Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow, but, take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

All Must Be Earned.

All external good has its tax, and if it come without desert or sweat, has no root in me and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn.—Emerson.

Fully Explained.

Jennie was asked why she did not go next door any more to play with her little chum. She replied: "Our dispositions didn't match, so we disbanded our acquaintance."

SECURE FARM NOW

Western Canada Offers Opportunity to the Ambitious.

Fertile Land at Moderate Cost, With Social and Other Advantages That Mean So Much, Will Soon Be Taken Up.

The desire to have a piece of land of one's own is a natural instinct in the heart of every properly developed man and woman. In earlier years, on account of the great areas of land available in the United States, no great difficulty was experienced by any ambitious settler who wished to become his own landholder, but the rapid increase in population, combined with the corresponding rise in the price of land, has completely changed this condition. Land which a generation ago might be had for homesteading, now commands prices ranging to $100 an acre and over. At such prices it is quite hopeless for the city man with limited capital, to attempt to buy a farm of his own. To pay for it becomes a lifelong task, and the probability is that he will never do more than meet the interest charges. If he is serious in his desires to secure a farm home he must look to countries where there is still abundant fertile land available at moderate cost, and where these lands are to be purchased on terms which make it possible for the settler with small capital to become a farm owner as the result of a few years' labor. He will also want land in a country where the practices of the people are similar to those to which he has been accustomed; a country with the same language, same religion, same general habits of living, with laws, currency, weights and measures, etc., based on the same principles as those with which he is familiar. He wants a country where he can buy land from $20 to $40 an acre which will produce as big or bigger crops as those he has been accustomed to from lands at $100 an acre. He wants this land where social conditions will be attractive to himself and family, and where he can look forward with confidence to being in a few years independent, and well started on the road to financial success.

All these conditions he will find in western Canada. The provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba provide the one and only answer to the land-hungry. The land is there; it is the kind of land he wants; the conditions are as nearly ideal as is possible, and the prices and terms are such that the man of moderate capital has an opportunity not available to him elsewhere. Land values are going to increase, but it will largely depend on how well the soil can be used, and the modern farmer is using it each year to better advantage.

But those who are on the ground and come closest to the heart of the farming sections are convinced that no material decrease in value is in sight. Indeed, they are almost unanimous in believing that we shall see a strong real estate market for fertile land, with prices maintained; and as development and further equipments are added the prices on the open market may be expected to show a further increase as the years go on—up to the limit of income plus what men are willing to pay to possess an attractive home.

Someone once said: "Never sell short on the United States. You will lose every time." And this applies to those who are inclined to believe that the future of farm values is in doubt. The American farmer is going forward, not backward, and the same may be said of the Canadian farmer. —Advertisement.

Suited to His Trade.

"What a strapping fellow that man yonder is!" "He ought to be. He is a harness maker."

RHEUMATISM IS PAIN ONLY, RUB IT AWAY

Instant relief from pain, soreness, stiffness following a rubbing with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Stop "dosing" rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain! It is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia and reduces swelling.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

Noncommittal.

"Does your wife sing?"

"Er—that's a matter of opinion."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Present prices should provide the needed stimulus for a back-to-the-farm movement.

Saw a fellow the other day who'd cut out his bad habits all at once. He was riding slow lying down.

When Baby is Teething

GROVE'S BABY BOWEL MEDICINE will correct the Stomach and Bowel troubles. Perfectly harmless. See directions on the bottle.

Many of those little new nations seem to have come into the world with chips on their shoulders.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well.

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

Hayes' Healing Honey

Stops The Tickle
Heals The Throat
Cures The Cough

Its Soothing Healing Effect soon gives relief.

If the Cough is deep-seated and the Head or Chest is sore, a penetrating salve should be applied. This greatly helps any cough syrup in curing Coughs and Colds.

A FREE BOX OF

GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE

(Opens the Pores and Penetrates)

For Chest Colds, Head Colds, and Croup,

is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. This is the only cough syrup on the market with which this additional treatment is given. The salve is also very valuable as a Germicide for the Nose and Throat. You get both remedies for the price of one. 35c.

Sold by all Druggists. If your Druggist should not have it in stock, he will order it from his nearest Wholesale Druggist.

Made, Recommended and Guaranteed to the Public

by PARIS MEDICINE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Keep a Bottle Handy

Pain whether it comes from rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, backache or sprain is usually most acute at night.

If you have a bottle of Yager's Liniment handy and use it you get quick relief. Price 35c.

The large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 50c bottle of liniment and lasts the average family for months. At all dealers.

YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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143 6th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Wanted Applewood Logs

12 inches and over in diameter, sound and green. Local buyer will call promptly upon receipt of your reply.

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HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.
Keystone Saw-Tool, Steel and File Works
Tacony, Philadelphia, Pa.

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED 2½c; Double Edge 3½c. Every Blade Hair Tested. Will shave better than new blades. Enclose money or stamps.

KEEN EDGE SHOP
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