Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1902. NO 8.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
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Veterinary Ointment
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Best Ointment made and costs just one-half the money.

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As I am an authorized agent of the Herbaroot Medical Company, of Montreal, for the sale of **Herbaroot Tablets and Powders**, the great family medicine and KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS, for the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Torpidity of the Liver, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pains in the Back, Female Weaknesses, and all impurities of the blood, I would say to those in poor health that I will send by mail to any address on receipt of price, Herbaroot Tablets.

200 days' treatment, with guarantee, -	$1.00
100 " " " "	.50
Herbaroot Powder, per package	.50
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Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.

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Good, smart agent to represent us in Nova Scotia for the sale of hardy Fruit and Ornamental stock. Sample case supplied free. Good pay weekly. We offer special inducements to any one who will make a specialty of ornamental business, having over 200 acres in cultivation we are in a position to give best possible satisfaction. Apply now. Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Fine . . . . Job . . . . Printing . .

Good Stock,
Neat Workmanship,
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My Men's lines of FINE CONGRESS and BALS made by the well known firm of John McPherson & Co., Ltd., (union manufactory), are the best I have ever had in quality and style.

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I am handling the CANADA GRADE in all lines of RUBBERS. No risk in buying these goods, for every pair is warranted to give good satisfaction; if not, return them and a new pair will be given for them.

DRESSING and LACES of all kinds always in stock.

Call and see for yourself

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Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockeryware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. L. PIGGOTT.

Poetry.

THE ANGEL DEATH.

Strange, how we think of death,
The angel beloved of God,
With His face like an asphodel flower,
And his feet with nepenthe shod.
Strange how we turn and flee
When he comes by the sunset way,
Out of the valley of rest,
Down through the purpling day.

Why should we fear him so!
What doth the white one bear!
Heartsease of Paradise,
Lilies of purer air!
Comes he, so off, so kind,
Down from the singing sky—
Soft as a mother comes,
Stirred by an infant's cry.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears,

Never are kind acts done,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to Heaven
Its sunshine and its tears.
While the tomorrow's stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day.
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

Select Literature.

A Knight of the Highway.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

(Continued.)

"See how ambitious we are getting!" exclaimed Miss Merton, as Rossiter wished them good-morning.

"Positively grasping!" cried Miss Densmore. "We counted up our tickets last night, and calculated how much we should have at the end. I've spent mine in my mind a dozen times already," and she gave one of her infectious little laughs.

That day was one of delight to Rossiter. Both of the girls were as gay as birds, and he caught something of their gayety. Only once was there a reference to the occurrence which had marred the pleasure of the hop-dance.

Miss Merton had walked across to chat a moment with Mrs. Becraft, to whom she had taken a fancy and whom she recalled from the preceding year, and Rossiter chanced to be stripping a pole near the box of the two girls.

"I wanted to ask you a question," said Miss Densmore, when she saw he had finished. "Miriam is not inclined to talk about it for fear, I suppose, of disturbing me. But wasn't the man the other night the one who—"

"Yes," interrupted Rossiter, not waiting for her to complete the sentence. There seemed to be no other way but to be perfectly frank with her. "But he'll not be snoopin' here again, as Mr. Parmelee says."

"I heard what Jack said. I wonder if it was the wisest course to take? Anyhow, I should be afraid to turn such a creature loose after it."

The same thought had occurred to Rossiter, but he did not acknowledge it. "Whiskers" bitter vindictiveness he did not doubt. Fear of being caught was the only thing that would deter him from attempting some sort of revenge. Indeed, that had already occurred, had Rossiter but known it, which went far towards disproving his assertion in regard to Dawson's appearance.

As the pole-puller and Joe Becraft were walking towards the sleeping quarters of the men that night they fancied they detected a figure in the shadow of a tree near the lower rear corner of the hop-kiln.

"We'd better see who it is," said Rossiter; "there may be some mischief going on here."

As they advanced, the figure emerged from the gloom and came to meet them.

"It's me," said Parmelee's jolly voice, "just havin' a look round. Come into the kiln a minute." Thus bidden, they went along with him.

"You go back out there," Parmelee said to a farm-hand whom they found within, "and keep your eyes open."

The pungent smell of the drying hops permeated the air. Parmelee opened the door which led down into the floorless space where the huge stove stood to see that the draughts were right and the fire hot. Sulphur fumes from two pans upon the stove top were rising thickly. A little blue streamer floated out into the baling-room of the kiln. Parmelee slammed the door and turned towards Rossiter and Becraft.

"I was lying here last night, on the bunk yonder," said he, with a jerk of his thumb, "along about two o'clock. I'd just got a fresh kiln on, an' the fire all fixed, an' had told Dick Whittlesey to watch it, an' was thinkin' that mebbe I'd have a little snoose, when I happened to glance over the window here—the same one where that hairy devil poked his head in t'other night—an' I swear there was a pair of eyes borin' into me. They were goin' quicker'n a pole-cat but I can tell you it didn't take me long to get out there after 'em. There wasn't a sign of anybody, however, but as I stood peering into the dark cracklin' an' there was a little gleam of light behind the kiln."

"Fire!" cried Rossiter.

"Fire! Yes, siree," cried Parmelee. "Well, I let out a yell for Dick Whittlesey and he came boundin' to the door, scart as a rabbit. 'Water!' I shouted to him. 'Bring that bucket!' We always keep a bucket handy, you know, in case anything should happen inside. He was pretty quick, I suppose, but it just seemed an eternity to me. However, when he did come, we weren't many seconds gettin' over to the other side, and there was as pretty a little blaze as you'd care to see just beginnin' to eat into the boards of the kilen, if we'd been five minutes later, you wouldn't be standing where you are now!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Rossiter, "that's a mighty serious matter! You think—"

"Think!" broke in Parmelee; "you don't have to think long to spot the pair o' hands that tried that trick. It's that devilish ape I thrashed the other night though there's nothing to prove it. Very considerate, I call it of those Waterbury people to fix up that stockade, or whatever it is, for hoboes over there, and bring all the offscourings of creation into this part God's heaven can feed and sleep. We are reaping the benefit of their little scheme."

"I don't believe this fellow will try it again here," said Becraft, as he and Rossiter turned to go.

"Guess you're right," answered Parmelee. "Of course, he saw that we did and knows we're pretty sure to be on the lookout. If you should go over to Waterbury tomorrow, like as not you'd find him there with some of his handsome pals, as innocent as you please."

As Rossiter and Becraft sallied out on their excursion to Blue Creek on the following Sunday morning, they encountered Jack Parmelee and Mr. Merton in earnest talk at the gate.

"Goin' for a tramp?" Parmelee asked, as the two passed.

"Yes," answered Rossiter, "over to Blue Creek."

"It's quite a place," said Parmelee. "I'll tell you what you might do," he continued, "if you care to walk so far."

"What's that?"

"Well, if you follow the creek down for three-quarters of a mile, mebbe, you come to a little branch that leads up through a side gully. Strike into that for a score of rods, cross big dip right there, and after you've gone oh, say, twice as far again, take a bee-line through the woods and you'll hit our loggin'-road that'll the Blue Creek Road, which takes a fetch you out at the meadow below the orchard."

"Much obliged," said Rossiter.

"And say," added Parmelee, "you might just have your eyes open and watch for any traces of that hairy hobo."

"We'll do it," and the two swung off.

It was one of those vital September mornings. The artist Frost had begun work upon his autumn picture giving little touches here and there which later he would amplify until the whole country-side from horizon to horizon would show the result of his glowing skill.

"You're not sorry you came hop-pickin', are you?" demanded Becraft as the two stopped for a moment at the spot where Rossiter had encountered "Whiskers."

The valley of the Blue Creek was at their feet, peaceful and beautiful in the September sunlight.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Rossiter; "very far from it. And I've you to thank for it all. I feel that I'm a different man from the vagabond you met that day in Illica."

"There's no doubt o' that. Nobody'd take you for the same chap. But as for thanks, I don't want to hear anythin' about that sort o' thing. You don't suppose I've forgotten what you did for me, do you?"

"Well, we'll call it quits, and say no more about it. But why say anything to mother about that business in the river? She made it mighty uncomfortable for me the other day."

Becraft grinned.

"Did she?" said he. "She always thought you were just about right, but by jinks, now you're the whole thing, an' no mistake."

"What does she think about a certain son of hers? Eh, Joe?"

"If it wa'n't for Simpson's absence I should set all this down as foolishness, Miriam," said he.

"Wasn't Simpson by when father started for Hintonville?" she asked, "and didn't he hear father speak of going to the bank for money tp pay the pickers and say he meant to return by the Blue Creek Road because he wanted to speak with Ezra Merriman an instant?"

"He was there, by the Eternal!" cried Parmelee, "for he brought the horse out."

"And you know Simpson owes father a grudge for having him discharged last spring. Father said he never would have let you take him back if help hadn't been so scarce," continued Miss Merton, growing more animated.

"If there's anything wrong," said Parmelee, now awakening to the possible seriousness of the situation, "we're lösin' valuable time. You'll come?" he asked, turning to Rossiter. "I'd rather have you along than anyone else I know."

"I'm at your service," said Rossiter. "You find Dick Whittlesey, Miriam, and tell him to hitch on the light wagon with the yellow gear, and drive towards Merriman's by the Blue Creek Road as fast as he can. We'll go across lots. If anything's goin' to happen it'll be at the dip."

Parmelee had suddenly thought of the remains of the fire which Rossiter and Becraft had seen this depression in the road.

"You know that Sylvia went with father," said Miss Merton as she hurried away.

"By thunder, so she did!" cried Parmelee.

Rossiter's face grew very grave at this news.

"You haven't a revolver have you?" he asked.

"No; I wish to heaven I had!" exclaimed the farm manager. "There's a shot-gun at the kiln, but it's so heavy it'd be more hindrance than use."

Parmelee paused long enough at the barn to catch up the ox-goad, then he led the way down through the orchard. The dog-trot pace he set did not satisfy Rossiter, but he ventured no complaint. Parmelee was inclined to drink at the spring, but his companion restrained him, telling him water was a poor stay for what they might have in hand. Swerving from the logging road at the glade, they struck off almost at right angles. Progress was slow now, yet they did not relax into a walk until they approached a fence beyond which the bank of the branch of the Blue Creek glen pitched abruptly. Up to this time they had exchanged few words.

"I've been thinking it out," said Parmelee, leaning for a breathing- spell against the top fence-rail, "an' I guess we'd better part here, so you can hit the dip on one side and I on the other. If you follow the fence you will come out in a pasture about three hundred yards from the road; then if they're in sight you can shout and wave to 'em to stop. I'll cross the glen here, and that'll land me on the other side of the dip. In case everything's right, it may advantage us more to have you appearin' from one way an' me from the other. You'll have a little further to go, but I take it you're a good bit speedier than I am. How does the plan strike you?"

"As excellent," answered Rossiter.

"All right then," said Parmelee, "we're off."

Here and there as Rossiter sped on, the sunlight lay in little golden spots upon moss and bracken, but mostly his track lay through soft, cool, and green shade. The ground was high and dry, and, though the trees were set thickly, there was no undergrowth to impede his progress. His blood sang in his veins, and he was keyed to the heights of action. He leaped across hollows, sprang over fallen logs, and vaulted cross-fences with the light-heartedness of one hastening to a tryst. His thought did not include Mr. Merton, nor did it take into account the possibility of harm befalling the girl. Neither did he harbor any dream in his mind that to him aught could accrue from any aid he might give to the girl whose gracious loveliness had grown to be so much to him. He was filled with the joy of serving. That alone impelled him.

At length the forest grew thinner, and he saw before him the open field and beyond it the Blue Creek Road. As he emerged from the trees he discovered that a short distance from the dip the highway took a sharp turn, so that in reality he had but a few rods of it in view. He had traversed but half the length of pasture when he descried a horse and buggy rounding the bend. Was it Mr. Merton and his niece? An instant, and he knew that it was, and Mr. Merton was driving rapidly. Rossiter began to shout and wave his cap, but evidently the noise of the wheels drowned his cries, and against the dark background of trees skirting the glen his figure was not seen, for the occupants of the carriage did not appear to be looking towards him, and there was no diminution of the speed of the horse. He redoubled his shouts, and yet without effect. Then it occurred to him that his proximity to the fence and foliage might be the cause of his not being noticed, and he ran obliquely into the field swinging his arms. Just as the horse reached the crest of the hill he fancied Miss Densmore observed him, but he was not sure, for a moment later the buggy disappeared.

He did not slacken speed, but raced on over the springy turf, his ear alert to catch the first sounds of a struggle. A confusion of shouts came to him as he drew near the fence separating the pasture from the road. He put his hands upon the top rail and went over with a bound. Almost before his feet touched ground he was conscious of what was going on in the dip below him. Mr. Merton's horse was rearing and plunging in the grasp of one man, while Mr. Merton was lashing savagely with his whip at two others who were attacking him from opposite sides of the buggy. Of Miss Densmore Rossiter could see nothing, but he surmised and rightly, that she was crouching half upon the seat and half upon the bottom of the vehicle to give her uncle freer play with his whip.

With an Indian-like yell Rossiter dashed down into the dip. Already one of the men—"Whiskers"—had Mr. Merton in his grasp. He seemed not to heed the shout, but the other, Simpson, turned his head, and seeing who it was, stepped back a pace. "Whiskers" attention was thus attracted, and he too recognizing Rossiter ripped out a terrible oath.

"Tackle him, tackle him, you dummy! I'll tend to the ole gent," he added.

He had not relaxed his ferocious grip on Mr. Merton, and Rossiter saw that Miriam's father was in imminent danger of being dragged from the carriage. His whip slipped to the ground and the reins would have fallen beneath the wheels of the horse had not Miss Densmore opportunely seized them Rossiter eluded Sampson's clumsy attempt to grasp him, and sprang to Mr. Merton's aid, thus forcing "Whiskers" for an instant to release his hold. If he could keep them at bay until Parmelee arrived, all would be well. He danced out of reach along the edge of the embankment after he had fetched "Whiskers" a stinging buffet, Sampson close after him.

"Parmelee! Parmelee!" he shouted. There was a faint cry in answer 'Whiskers' renewed his attack on Mr. Merton, but Sampson stopped short, and the man who was grasping the horse's head glanced about in apprehension.

"The game's up, 'Whiskers' said Simpson, "we'd better make tracks."

"Not if Hell splits," cried the furious tramp, and he caught from the roadside a bludgeon which he had evidently dropped in order the better to use his hands, and menaced the now defenceless Mr. Merton.

"That bag o' money, or I'll brain ye!" he shouted.

Rossiter made a rush at Simpson. The man was powerful but awkwad whil Rossiter had never lost the agility of his college days. There was no grappling though the farm-hand made a clutch at his antagonist, a second afterward to reel backward under a fierce blow that landed upon his jaw. Then Rossiter was past him. The bludgeon was poised in 'Whiskers' hand, and Mr. Merton was fumbling in his pocket, when Parmelee's shout from the crest of the dip caused the tramp to turn. He knew that his dastardly attempt had failed. Even at that instant his confederate released the struggling horse, and the frightened animal plunged forward. 'Whiskers' eyes were murderous. Rossiter had seen the same look in them before in the wood. The young man's impetuous leap past Simpson to Mr. Merton's assistance had brought him and the enraged vagabond face to face. The long run and the violent efforts he had made since seemed suddenly to weaken him. He felt his breath go. He was aware of the swinging bludgeon and of trying to dodge the blow, and then it was as though earth gaped and swallowed him.

He returned to consciousness of existence through a variety of painful sensations, most of them in his head.

He opened his eyes.

"Are they gone?" he asked weakly.

"Yes," someone said.

He knew the voice, and gained suddenly a clear realization of his surroundings. Parmelee, Mr. Merton, and Dick Whittlesey were standing about him, while over him Miss Densmore was bending with a look concerning which, he many times afterward questioned himself, wondering if he had seen it in a dream.

(To be continued.)

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—I have used Minard's Liniment on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a journey without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.
Schr. "Storke,"
St. Andre, Kamouraska.

A NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.

The Yukon Territory, not to be outrivalled by older provinces, has produced a patriotic song, which has been received with much favor in Dawson city and other portions of that far-away district. The new song is entitled "Yukona" and was written in competition for a prize of fifty dollars offered by the Klondyke Nugget, the big daily of the north land. The words were written by Miss Imogene Colman and the music by Prof. Arthur Boyle. The music, a copy of which has been received in the east, is of a stirring character and well adapted to the sentiment of the lines. "Yukona" is an admirable title to the song, which ranks well with "The Maple Leaf" and other airs of the sort.

MISS JONES' VOICE GREATLY IMPROVED

A startling improvement is noticeable in Miss Jones' singing. Her voice is stronger and sounds clearer and sweeter than before using Catarrhozone, which is a wonderful aid to singers, speakers and ministers. Catarrhozone Inhaler insures absolute freedom from colds, coughs and catarrh, clears the nose and throat and prevents hoarseness and huskiness. Catarrhozone makes the voice brilliant and enduring and is uncommonly well recommended by prima donnas, members of parliament, lawyers, doctors, and thousands that use it daily. Better try Catarrhozone. Price $1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's pills cure constipation.

—An exchange says: "This is the glorious season of the year when you wear a heavy coat one day, a thin coat the second day, a porus plaster the third and a doctor's bill the fourth."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc

MICA AXLE GREASE
makes short roads. And light loads.
Good for everything that runs on wheels.
Sold Everywhere.
Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

ALMOST LOST.

But Saved Through a Letter from an old Acquaintance.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

I feel it a duty to let the public know through your paper what a close call I had and how I escaped. I was engaged as brakesman on the C. P. R., and contracted rheumatism, which soon became chronic. I became unfitted for work, and finally was unable to walk, in which condition I was when a letter from a friend in Winnipeg toln me of Dr. Clarke's wonderful Little Red Pills, and how they had cured several of his acquaintances. I resolved to try them and it was only after taking six bottles that I began to improve. I am now, I am pleased to say, as well as ever, and back at my old occupation. I believe I would have died had it not been for this marvellous medicine.—A. F. Wood C. P. R., Montreal.

Thos. F. Gallwan, Marbank, Ont., says: Your pills are giving good results. My case is one of eczema of 17 years standing.

F. H. Yaets, Marlbank, Ont., says: I have had stomach trouble for over two years, and tried different remedies. Three boxes of Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills did me more good than anything I ever tried.

Peter D. McFadyen, Riverdale, P. E. I., writes: I have used your pills for stomach trouble and found them a wonder. Your catarrh cure is also a perfect cure.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, eczema, coughs, backache, indigestion, stomach and liver troubles, female complaints, even when the diseases have been standing for many years. Price 50 cents per box. For sale everywhere. The Canada Chemical Company, Peterboro, Ont., will forfeit $10 for any case that these pills do not help.

Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Catarrh, and Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Eczema, same price, $10 will be paid for any case they will not cure.

—There are no old people now, according to the modern credo. Nevertheless, much might be said to those who feel that they do not care to make the struggle, and who are content, or at least resigned, to accept advancing years in the old fashioned way. To them might be suggested the difference between attractive and repellant old age. No one ever becomes wholly indifferent to the opinions of others, or loses his or her vanity completely, and there are many who would be much astonished if they realized that their age had developed in them quite unnecessarily much that was distinctly unpleasant. It is a pity, therefore, that some of the space that is given to beauty talk to the would-be youthful contingent is not devoted to old people, and things that they evidently never consider suggested to them by such impersonal means. How they should dress becomingly and be even more carefully 'groomed' than in youth. How they should control their features, especially their mouths, which they should never allow either to harden or relax. How the purity of perfect cleanliness of skin and attire is more important with them even than with younger people (if that were possible). How they must keep erect, feeling assured that the effort will bring its own reward in the courage it begets, and how they should never forget that it is as great a mistake for them to relax the effort of appearing at their best as for the younger members of the community. Old age may be made both beautiful and lovable. Unfortunately however, the majority of persons make it neither.

"DAD."

An exchange says: "There is a class of men who are seldom, if ever, appreciated at their true value. In this enlightened age they are commonly called "Dad." It is dad that humps himself year in and year out, on the farm, in the office or workshop, in order that his boy or girl may go away to school, and upon their return, that the boy may have a fine horse and top buggy and the girl a costly piano. It is dad that hustles and cultivates great calloused knots on his hands and becomes stoop-shouldered in order that his offspring may revel in luxury and make tarnel fools of themselves. His sons and daughters have learned at his expense to despise his old-fashioned ways. They secretly laugh at the style of his Sunday coat and bell-crowned hat. On Sunday when his daughter has company and he would like to sit in the parlor and listen to the music, he is given in various ways to understand that his presence is not desirable, and the poor old man goes out into the kitchen and stays the remainder of the afternoon. God help the son and daughter who goes back on Dad. In the catalogue of low-down cussedness that of ingratitude to one's parents is the most contemptible."

A SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

Some remedies cure this distresting complaint in a day, some in a month but Nerviline never fails to cure in a few moments. Just ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water—that's all you need, and away goes the dysentery, cured to stay cured. Nerviline also cures cramps, colic, pain in the stomach and sick headache. It has five times the strength and curative powers of ordinary remedies, and should be in every household. Better buy a 25c. bottle and try it. Nerviline is all right.

Hamilton's pills for the liver.

—A dog has its place in the home, but that place is not to terrify our friends and visitors when they try to approach our house, nor to make them uncomfortable after they enter it. We are unfair to a dog when we allow it to make a nuisance of itself to those who have no special interest in its welfare. The best place for a dog is generally where there are no people other than the family. There is something wrong about a dog or the license it is allowed in a home when it arouses in a guest or friend those feelings which our instincts permit us to suffer but not express.

A pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.

"Test it?"

Save the tags, they are valuable.

Landlady—I hope you slept well, sir?

New Boarder—No, I didn't. I've been troubled with insomnia.

Landlady—Look here, young man. I'll give you a sovereign for every one you find in that bed!

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price, 25 cents.

—It is always a matter of surprise that others should take their worries so much to heart; also that they make so light of ours.