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The Food Tonic.
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MALT-NUTRINE is produced from high-grade Malt and Hops. It is the opinion of many leading physicians that the proportion of ingredients presented in MALT-NUTRINE makes it a **Food Tonic** peculiarly adapted for medicinal use. The food value of the solids extracted from Malt and the valuable tonic properties, have caused medical men to order MALT-NUTRINE for their patients in a wide range of conditions.

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In 85 Years
Things have changed, yet, for this length of time,
Royal Blend Scotch
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Buy it always.

For over half a century
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Every home should contain a bottle of Brandy—for there is no medicine so generally suitable for use in cases of sudden illness, and none that can be so safely administered in emergencies by people without experience.

We recommend a trial of these Fine Brands:

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The Season for Stouts.
It's about this time every year that we notice an increasing demand for Stout. People in a delicate state of health, and even those of a more robust nature, find good Stout a promoter and preserver of health. By the daily use of this tonic beverage you can get yourself in good shape for the long winter months.
Dog's Head Guinness' Stout—Brewed in Ireland and bottled in England by Read Bros., Ltd. The fact that this Stout is sold in most parts of the world is guarantee of its quality.
Keith's Medicinal Stout—We are proud to say that this is a home product, brewed from the genuine Dublin Malt at the Nova Scotia Brewery. We recommend this Stout.
ORDER YOUR STOUT TO-DAY.
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Ask Us About This FREE Toilet Paper Fixture
Eddy's "Oniwon"—the fixture of the future. It has no moveable parts, yet delivers units of two sheets—only—as needed. Clean, compact, economical.
We give it FREE to introduce. Write for booklet and special offer.
THE E. B. EDDY CO. Ltd.
Here since 1881. HULL - CANADA

Jams and Marmalades.
There is no use talking, Sir William Hartley puts up great Jams, Marmalades and Jellies. That thousands and thousands of Nova Scotians are convinced of this fact, is evidenced by the increasing demand for the various lines put out by this factory. We are the selling agents for Nova Scotia, and carry a very large range. Next time you are down town drop in and get our list of these goods, together with prices.
WENTZELL'S LIMITED
The "Big Store"

A WEIRD PROCESSION.

Snake Charmers Follow Celebrated Performer To His Grave.

Five hundred snake-charmers, sounding weird notes on their pipes, formed the unusual yet picturesque procession that followed to his grave Katch Sarak, a man of big renown in his business, who died in terrible agony as the result of a cobra bite received while practicing his profession in the neighborhood of Garden Reach, India.

"Guru," or master, he had become dubbed by the people amongst whom he lived, such was his influence over poisonous reptiles. His services were sought recently by a neighbor who had missed many fowls from his compound. Going at dusk one day, the snake-charmer discovered a cobra of unusual size amongst the birds, so formidable, in fact, that he postponed his attempt to capture it until daylight, when he was successful in securing it.

Instead of dispatching the snake at once, he took it to the local bazaar for the edification of the natives. On attempting to extract its fangs, the cobra wriggled free and darted at its captor, who was bitten on three fingers. The "guru's" supposed godlike qualities proved of no avail. Consternation reigned amongst the crowd as he lay in awful agony; the news of his plight spread swiftly through the bazaar, and more than a hundred other snake-charmers scurried to the scene; but all their efforts, all their devices, their earnest prayers, were of no avail against the powerful poison. Within ninety minutes Katch Sarak was dead.

With great ceremonial Katch Sarak's pipes, snake-basket, earthenware jars, and the other impediments of his craft were borne before him to the cemetery, where he was laid to rest amidst the heartrending wail of the pipes of his colleagues.

The Putumayo Indians.

The Indians of the Putumayo district of Peru, whose brutal abuse by the rubber companies has aroused the world, are described in a recent issue of "Folk-Lore," by Capt. T. W. Whiffen, who apparently lived among them before they were subjected to the white man's kindly attention. According to Capt. Whiffen, they are a pretty hard lot themselves. For example, they kill the second twin at birth, and the mother always drowns a sickly or deformed child. They kill their prisoners and eat them. In fact they were still in the stone age when Capt. Whiffen studied them, and, contrary to the opinion of Dr. Martin, had never been any higher in the evolutionary scale. Their only social function was a kind of dance, to which the participants and audience were summoned by the beating of drums so loud that it could be heard for a distance of eight or ten miles. One of the curious customs described by the captain was their method of using tobacco. The leaf was made into a "treacly decoction," and this was "licked ceremonially" by friends in the tribal palaver, and also as a sort of binder—like an oath—in making a contract.

Novel Auto Cab In London.

When the automobile taxicab appeared and gradually swept the old hansom from the streets of London many were the lamentations of old clubmen at the disappearance of their beloved "London gondola," which had served them so well ever since they could remember. The bodies of the old Londoners, who mourned the passing of the hansom, would turn in their graves if they could see the "novel autocab" which is now appearing on the streets of London. It is a weird-looking thing, like an old-fashioned Sedan chair, hitched on to the side of a bicycle, and is the latest invention. It runs on three wheels and is driven from the saddle of the attached cycle. Hooded like a taxicab, it can seat three persons, two on the back seat, and one on a pivot seat. As it consumes little petrol, the fare will be only half that of the taxicab.

Preaching In Kilts.

Rev. L. Branford, of Islay, Scotland, is a cleric who habitually wears the kilt. In doing so he merely revives a custom which was once universal among the Highland clergy.

Up to about a hundred years ago the Highland priests not only wore the kilt on all occasions, but they had their own tartan, the main color of which was dark blue. Further, the Highland cleric of the old days usually went about armed to the teeth. Even on the Sabbath he would be preceded on his way to church by his servant bearing his broadsword and pistols. When the minister ascended the pulpit he took his weapons with him, placing them in a conspicuous position on the pulpit ledge.

Bells of St. Paul's.

Apropos of the renovation of the dome and cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, it might be mentioned that the bells of the famous church are rung on Sundays, Holy days, and special occasions by twelve members of the Society of College Youths. The duty of chiming the bells for the week-day service falls upon George Harrison who, by passing the ropes through a series of pulleys, thus bringing them together, is able to chime six bells by himself. It might be mentioned that the Society of College Youths has been in existence since 1637.

Peel's Crossing Sweeper.

Sir Robert Peel used to live in one of the Whitehall Gardens houses about to be swept away for the new offices of the Board of Trade, and even when Premier continued to reside there among his beloved pictures, only transacting his official business in Downing street. So late as 1894—45 years after Peel's death—a charge used to figure in the British Estimates for an annuity to the man who swept the crossing in Whitehall traversed by Sir Robert on his way from Whitehall Gardens to No. 10 Downing street.

Come now, sale on.
Stove Pipe, 15 cents length; Elbows 15c. Stove Pipe fitted up. Leave your orders Cups and Saucers, 40 cents half dozen, Plates, 25c. half dozen and up; Wash Boilers, 45c. and up; Coal Hods, Shovels, great variety Enamelware and Tinware. All lines of Crockery and Glassware marked down. Quart Fruit Jars, 8 cents each, Tea Kettles, Stove Pots, Stove Polish and Pipe Varnish, Lamps, 20c. and up; Chimneys, all sizes.
H. B. BIGNEY,
59 Gottingen St., foot of Cunard St.
oct3 1m

Ripe Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Lettuce, Celery, Radishes, etc., etc., at T. F. COURTNEY & Co.'s. mch27

The Royal Bank of Canada.

DIVIDEND NO. 105.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of Three per cent. (being at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter, and will be payable at the bank and its branches, on and after

MONDAY, the 1st day of December next,

to shareholders of record of 15th Nov.

By order of the Board.

E. L. PEASE,
General Manager.

Montreal, P. Q., Oct. 17, 1913.
oct20, 31, nov 5, 7, 12, 14

If you like your Winter Overcoat made with fly front, ask to see the Single Breasted "BLIZZ". The collar may be buttoned close to the throat. $15. up.
874

FIT-REFORM

W. F. Page,
Halifax

Daily Investment News
Halifax, Nov. 14, 1913.

An Investment Of $296

will now buy for you a most desirable selection of securities—comprising a $100 debenture of a great steel and coal company, a $100 preferred share of a large public service corporation, and a $100 preferred share of a well-known industrial concern.

The average income return from this representative selection is 6.74 p. c. All three securities are staunchly protected by large excess assets and earnings and are of the highest investment character.

$59.20 down will secure this selection on our Partial Payment Plan, and $29.60 monthly for eight months will give you complete ownership. Dividends and interest will be credited while you are paying for the securities. More shares may be had at the same rate. Better pin this ad. to your letter and mail to our Halifax office for booklet and full particulars of this selection.

J. C. Mackintosh & Co.
EST'D 1873
Members Montreal Stock Exchange.
HEAD OFFICES:
Exchange Building, Halifax.
Also, at St. John, Montreal, Fredericton, New Glasgow.

When you want to know how real ALE tastes,
ASK FOR
Howard's
and you will be convinced. Your dealer will supply you, or 'phone 98 for a new lot.
HALIFAX BREWERIES, LTD.,
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We Enlarge Pictures in Crayon and Water Colors
From any Photograph or Tintype.
We also make Frames to order, and Develop and Print Films for amateurs.
For Special Prices, Call at
The H. P. BAZAAR,
32 Gottingen Street, Halifax.
oct18 3m pd

NOTICE.

THE Nova-Scotia-Fire Insurance Company of Halifax, N. S., hereby gives notice that on the 5th day of August, 1913, it did complete a re-insurance agreement with the Home Insurance Company, New York, for the re-insurance of each and every one of its Policies in force in Canada; and that it has applied to the Minister of Finance for a release of the securities deposited by the Company with the said Minister at Ottawa, on the 17th of December, 1913, and all Canadian Policy Holders opposing such release are hereby called upon and notified to file their opposition with the Minister of Finance, on or before the 17th day of December, 1913.

Dated at Halifax, N. S., this 15th day of September, 1913.

ARTHUR C. BAILLIE,
Liquidator of the
Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Company.
sept 15 3 mos

The True Source of Beauty
is, and must be, good health. Sallow skin and face blemishes are usually caused by the presence of impurities in the blood—impurities which also cause headache, backache, languor, nervousness and depression of spirits. If, at times, when there is need you will use
BEECHAM'S PILLS
you will find yourself better in every way. With purified blood, you will improve digestion, sleep more restfully and your nerves will be quieter. You will recover the charm of sparkling eyes, a spotless complexion, rosy lips and vivacious spirits. Good for all the family, Beecham's Pills especially
Help Women To Good Health
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.
The largest sale of any medicine. The directions with every box point the way to good health.

The Heart's Highway.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

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CHAPTER XVI—(Conintued.)

No love nor fear for me was in her eyes as she looked at me, only that enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, and I loved her better for it, if that could be. A man or woman who is but a bond slave to love and incapable of aught but the longing for it is but a poor lover.

"I tell thee, Harry, cut down the plants on Laurel Creek!" she cried again, and I answered, to appease her, not daring violent contradiction lest I rouse her to some desperate act, this wild, young maid with Nathaniel Bacon's hair in the locket against her heart and as fiery blood as his in her veins, that it should come in good time, but that I was under the leadership of others and not my own.

"Then as soon as may be, Harry," she persisted, "for sure I should die of shame were my plants standing and the others cut; and, Harry, sure it could not be at all were it not for my fine gowns which the Golden Horn brought over from England!"

With that she laughed, and stood aside to let me pass, but suddenly, as I touched her in the narrow way, her mood changed, and the woman in her became uppermost, though not to her shaking. But she caught hold of my right arm with her two little hands and pressed her fair cheek against my shoulder with that modest boldness of a maid when she is assured of love, and whispered, "Harry, if the militia is ordered out they say they will not fire, but—if thou be wounded, Harry, 'tis I will nurse thee, and no other, and—Harry, cut all the plants that thou art able before they come."

Then she let me go, and I went forth thinking that here was a helpmeet for a soldier in such times as these, and how I gloried in her because she held her love as one with glory. Round to the stable for my horse I stole, and it was very dark, with a soft smother of darkness because of a heavy mist, and the moon not up, and I had backed my horse out of his stall and was about to mount him before I was aware of a dark figure lurking in shadow, and made out by the long sweep of the garments that it was a woman. I paused, and looked intently into the shadow, where she stood so silently that she might have deceived me had it not been for a flutter of her cloak in a stray wind.

"Who goes there?" I called out softly, but I knew well enough. I knew well enough it was Catherine Cavendish, and indeed I marveled that I had gotten thus far without meeting her. She stepped forward with no more ado when I accosted her, and spoke, but with great caution.

"What do you, Master Wingfield?" she whispered.

"I go on my own business an it please you, madam," I answered, something curtly, and I have since shamed myself with the memory of it, for she was a woman.

"It pleases me not, nor my grandmother, that one of her household should go forth on any errand of mystery at such a time as this, when whispers have reached us of another insurrection," she replied. "Master Wingfield, I demand to know, in the name of my Grandmother Cavendish, the purpose of your riding forth in such fashion."

"And that, madam, I refuse to tell you," I replied, bowing low.

"You presume too greatly on your privileges," she burst out. "You think because my grandmmother holds you in such strange favor that she seems to forget, to forget"—

"That I am a convict, madam," I finished for her, with another low bow.

"Finish it as you will, Master Wingfield," she said haughtily, "but you think wrongly that she will countenance treason to the king in her own household, and 'tis treason that is brewing tonight."

"Madam," I whispered, "if you love your grandmother and value her safety you will remain in ignorance of this."

Then she caught me by the arm with such a nervous ardor that never would I have known her for the Catherine Cavendish of late years.

"Harry, you shall not go," she whispered. "I say you shall not! I—I—will go to my grandmother. I will have the militia out. Harry, I say you shall not go!"

But then my blood was up. "Madam," I said, "go I shall, and if you acquaint your grandmother 'twill be to her possible undoing, and yours and your sister's, since the having one of the rioters in your own household will lay you open to suspicion. Then, besides, your sister's bringing over of the arms may be traced to her if the matter be agitated."

Then truly the feminine soul of this woman leaped to the surface with no more ado.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried out. "I care not for my grandmother, nor my sister, nor the king, nor Nathaniel Bacon, nor aught, nor aught— I fear, I fear— Oh, I fear lest thou be killed, Harry!"

"Lest my dead body be brought home to thy door and the accusation of having furnished a traitor to the king be laid to thee, madam?" I said, for not one whit believed I in her love for me. But she only sobbed in a distracted fashion.

"Fear not, madam," I said. "If the militia be out and I fall, it will go hard that I die before I have time to forswear myself yet again for the sake of thy family. But I pray thee keep to thyself for the sake of all."

With that I was in my saddle and rode away, for I had lingered, I feared, too long, and as God is my witness I had no faith that Catherine Cavendish did more than assume such interest in me for her own ends, for love, as I conceived it, was not thus.

I hastened on my way to Barry Upper Branch, where was the rendezvous,

Catherine urging Harry not to become a rebel

and on my way had to pass the house where dwelt that woman of strange repute, Margery Key, and it was naught but a solidity of shadow beside the road except for a glimmer of white from the breast of her cat in the doorway. But, as I live, as I rode past a voice came from that house, though how she knew me in that gloom I know not.

"Good speed to thee, Master Wingfield, and the fagots that thou didst gather for the despised and poor shall turn into blessings, like bars of silver. That which thou hast given, hast thou forever. Go on and fear not, and strike for liberty and no harm shall come nigh thee." As she spoke I saw the bent back of the poor old crone in the doorway beside her cat, and partly because of her blessing and partly because, as I have said before, whether witch or not, she was aged and feeble and ill fitted for such work, I leaped from my saddle and gathered her another armful of fagots and laid them on her hearth.

I left the old soul shedding such tears of gratitude over that slight service and calling down such childish blessings upon my head that I began to have little doubt that she was no witch, but only a poor and solitary old woman, which, to my mind, is the forlornest state of humanity. How a man fares without those of his own flesh and blood I can understand, since a man must needs have some comfort in his own endurance of hardships, but what a woman can do without chick or child and no solace in her dependency I know not. Verily I know not that such be to blame if they turn to Satan himself for a protector, as they suspected Margery Key of doing.

I rode away from Margery Key's, having been delayed but a moment, and the quaver of her blessings was yet in my ears when verily I did see that which I have never understood. As I live, there passed from the house of that ne'er do well next door, which was closed tightly as if to assure folk that all therein were sound asleep, a bright light like a torch, but no man carried it, and it crossed the road and was away over the meadows, and no man whom I saw carried it, and it waved in the wind like a torch streaming back, and I knew it for a corpse candle. And that same night the man who dwelt in that house was slain while pulling up the tobacco plants.

I rode fast, marveling a little upon this strange sight, yet, though marvel-

OUR DUTY.

There's a city far beyond us, to which our foot-steps lead;
There's a Father watching o'er us, to supply our every need;
When in darkness or in danger, that guiding hand is near,
And helps to soothe the breaking heart, and dry the falling tear.
When our friends scorn and desert us, and we seem to stand alone,
It is then Christ shows His power to those who are His own.
When misfortune overtakes us, leaving all our work undone,
And we see no joy in living, nor pleasure in what we've won;
When we need a friendly greeting, or something that costs less,
Or meet a friend who always spoke with wonted cheerfulness,
But now who turns his head aside and looks the other way;
He knew you when you prospered, but he knows you not to-day!
What better friend, then, can you want, than one who is the same?
Whether you're steeped in sorrow, or you hang your head in shame?
He scorns not the tattered garments
Nor the face that's not fair,
He loves and claims us ever, and our duty is quite clear.
When here on earth a friend may help or cheer us on our way,
We always stop to thank him before he goes away.
How much more then should we thank Christ who died on the Cross of shame,
To make our spirits pure and bright, and free us from all blame?
Who made for us a place in Heaven, where no sin nor death can come?
And gave to us poor wanderers an everlasting home?
What then, friends, is our duty, how much do we owe Christ?
Who did not deem His life too great to be thus sacrificed,
What think you that we owe Him, how can we ever pay?
The debt that's always growing as we go on our way!
Not money can we give Him, for that He will not take,
But if we try to do His will and suffer for His sake,
Gladly He'll accept it, no matter how small it be,
"As ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto me."

JESSIE E. MUNRO.

ing, but afraid, for things that I understand not, and that seem to savor of something outside the flesh, have always rather aroused me to rage as of one who was approached by other than the given rules of warfare rather than fear. I have always argued that an apparition should attack only his own kind and hath no right to leave his own battlefield for ours when we be at a disadvantage by our lack of understanding as to weapons. So if I had time I would have ridden after that corpse candle and got, if I could, a sight of the bearer, had he been fiend or spook, but I knew that I had none to lose. So I rode on hard to Barry Upper Branch.

There was an air of mystery about the whole place that night, though it were hard to see the use of it. Whereas, generally speaking, there was a broad blazon of light from all the windows, often to the revealing of strange sights within, the shutters were closed, and only by the lines of gold at top and bottom would one have known the house was lit at all. And whereas there were always to be seen horses standing openly before the porch, this night one knew there were any about only by the sound of their distant stamping. And yet this was the night when all mystery of plotting was to be resolved into the wind of action.

I entered and found a great company assembled in the hall, and all equipped with knives for the cutting of the tobacco plants and arms, for the militia, as was afterward proved, was an uncertain quantity. One minute the soldiers were for the government, when the promises as to their pay were specious, and the next, when the pay was not forthcoming, for the rioters, and there was no stability either for the one cause or the other in them.

(To be Continued).

When you have a cold, use Nyal's Cough Syrup. It soothes the throat and lungs and relieves the cough. Pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

For a bad cold.
Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine Essences in Catarrhozone. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhozone is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—not a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhozone" to-day; 25 cents and $1.00 sizes.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

R. R. TIME TABLES.

I. C. R.	Depart.
Pictou and Sydney Express, daily except Sunday,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston) daily,	8.00 "
Ocean Limited, daily,	8.20 "
Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday,	12.40 p.m
Maritime Express for Montreal, daily except Sunday,	3.10 "
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou, daily except Sunday,	5.40 "
Express for Truro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday)	8.45
	Arrive.
Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday),	8.40 "
Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday),	8.55 "
Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday),	11.55 "
Maritime Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal,	1.30 p m
Express from Sydney (except Sunday),	7.50 "
Ocean Limited from Montreal daily,	10.00 "
Express from St. John daily,	10.20 "

D. A. R.	Depart.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.15 a. m.
Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond,	8.30 "
Express for Kentville (through to Annapolis on Saturday),	2.55 p. m.
	Arrive
Express from Kentville (from Annapolis on Monday's)	9.05 a. m.
Accommodation from Annapolis,	5.45 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth,	6.42 p. m.

All the above are daily except Sunday.

H. & S. W. RY.	Depart.
Express to Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturday,	6.00 a. m.
Accommodation to Yarmouth—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,	7.25 "
Accommodation for Liverpool—daily, except Sunday,	2.30 p. m.
	Arrive.
Accommodation from Liverpool—daily, except Sunday,	11.30 a. m.
Express from Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturdays,	7.45 p. m.
Accommodation from Yarmouth—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,	8.20 "

SUBURBAN SERVICE.

Regular suburban trains stop at all stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains run daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mentioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX

Express for Sydney,	7.00 a.m
Express for Yarmouth,	7.15 "
Accommodation for Annapolis leaves Richmond (flagged at Rocky lake),	8.30 a. m.
Mixed for Truro,	12.40 p.m.
Express for Middleton (flagged at Lakeview),	2.55 p. m
Suburban for Bedford,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou,	5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	6.20 "
Express for Truro (stop when signalled at Rockingham and Bedford) daily,	8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	11.15 "

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Suburban from Windsor Junction,	7.55 a.m
Mixed from Truro,	8.40 "
Express from St. John (stops at Bedford only) daily,	8.55 "
Express from Middleton,	9.05 "
Express from Pictou,	11.55 "
Bluenose stops at Bedford and Rockingham if flagged,	4.55 "
Suburban from Bedford,	5.55 "
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 "
Express from Yarmouth (Lakeview Flag Station),	6.42 "
Express from Sydney,	7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	9.45 "

She wears large boots.
Has to go account of corns—but they can be cured in twenty-four hours with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Use no other but Putnam's

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK HEAD ACHE
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
ACHE
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately, their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Men's Gloves.
Something About Those SILVER'S Sells.
There are Perrin's, Fawn's and Dent's. In Cape and Mocha, lined. Tremendous range of styles and prices, from $1.25 to $4.75.
Unlined Leather in Mocha, from $1.00 to $2.25.
A strong showing of Wool Gloves, from 50c., 75c., $1.00 up to $2.50.
Also, full line of Boys' Wool Gloves—25c., 40c. and 50c. pair.
Coat Sweaters For Men.
The ideal garment for those Crispy Fall days. Great for Walking, etc. We have the best makes from $1.50 to 5.00
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