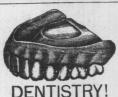
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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 29.

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in the valley. They particularly include a superior lot of Men's and the woman to more exposure than she North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee, Women's Tan Bals, which I have nanager.
Sherbrooke, N., S.-F. O. Robertson, marked at the very lowest figure. to creep into her blood. She could protect

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Everything you need

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The Christian Intelligence records this incident of a stage-coach trip in Western Montana, twenty five years ago. A mother was half over the freezing cold had begun her babe, but her own life was in danger. As soon as the driver knew how severely she was suffering he gave her all his extra

much as possible, hoping to reach warmth and refuge before her condition became serious. His passenger's welfare was now his only thought, and by frequent inquiries he sought to assure himself of her safety. But the fatal drowsiness had stolen over her, and when no answers were returned to

his questions he stopped, and tore open the coach door. The woman's head was swaying from side to side. Instantly he took the babe from her, and estowed it as comfortable as he could in a furry bundle under the shelter of the seat :

hen, seizing the mother roughly by the arms, he dragged her out upon the frozen round. His violence partly awakened her, but when he banged the door together and prang to his box and drove on, leaving her n the road she began to scream. ning madly after him.

"My baby ! my baby ! O my baby !" the cold. By and by, when certain that she along without you at all; we just need you, that it happened. I was tellin' im how it had warmed her blood into healthy circulation, the driver slackened the speed of his but cared to stay an' be such a blessing to paid off-the peach orchard idea was his, horse, and allowed her to overtake him and us! God hasn't given ten talents to everyyou know—an' he helpin' so faithful an, all
resume her place in the coach with her livbody, nor five—mebbe not but one, but if we
—an' then he said that. I was glad, Tain't resume her place in the coach with her liv-ing and unharmed child.

us! God hasn't given ten talents to every-body, nor five—mebbe not but one, but if we use that the best we know how it'll be all

God made our lives to be a song, Sweet as the music of the spher That still their harmonies prolong For him who rightly hears.

The heavens and the earth do play Upon us if we be in tune; Winter shouts hoarse his roundelay, And tender, sweet pipes June.

But oftentimes the song's a pain
And discord mars our harmonies;
Our strings are snapped by selfish strain,
And harsh hands break upon our key But God meant mucic; and we may, If we will keep our lives in tuue. Hear the whole year sing roundelay, December answering June.

God ever at his keyboard plays—
Harmonies right and discords wrong;
"He that hath ears," and who obeys,
May ever hear the mystic song.
—Anongmous.

One moves in silence by the stream, with sad, yet wistful eyes;
Calm as the patient planet's gleam, that
walks the clouded skies.
Along its front no sabres shine, no blood-

For those-no death-bed's lingering shade; at honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade in

the builder's marble piles.

The anthems pealing o'er their dust through long cathedral sisles.

For these—the blossom-sprinkled turf that, and solver in this, trying to smother the flames with his own hands. He sprang for "filling." The table was spread before the

floods the lonely graves, Two paths lead upward from below, and Two paths lead upward from below, and angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow, each falling tear of love.
While Valor's haughty champions wait till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unohallenged through the gate, to sit beside the throne! O. W. Holmes.

Select Literature.

Stupid Jabe Horton.

and he was quite exhausted with his long

He gazed admiringly at the fine peach orfruits. It was the only peach orchard in Centerville, and he was proud of it. wheels, he peered through the thicket. He could see without being seen. The low uncovered wagon stopped nearly opposite him.

"Caleb Horton did a mighty good thing Farmer Swain said to his wife. "Don't them red an' yaller beauties fairly make your mouth water, Sary? Caleb'll do well on them peaches, I'll bet! Shouldn't wonder a mite if he'd pay off half of his everlastin' little ortgage this year. 'Tain't much, but he c'd more'n make ends meet; that mortgage has pested 'im fer years. Celeb must be gittin enterprisin' in his old age!"

"Mebbe so," Mrs. Swain responded, "but I guess Jabe is a good deal o' help to him." "Jabe? Yes, Jabe's got muscle if he ain't got brains. Does seem a great pity that Jabe sh'd a ben born so stupid dull, when all the rest o' that big fam'ly wuz so talunted. Too bad there wa'n't quite smartness enough

ter go 'round!" "Don't talk to me," said Mrs. Swain, with some spirit; "Jabe ain't much to look at, I own, an' mebbe he ain't got any genius to spare, but he's good to his mother and father an' so steady. I don't b'lieve his folks ever was smoking. worried a mite for fear he'd go wrong. Ain't that a comfort? I wish our Tom was half as

steady." She spoke with a sigh. The waggon rattled away in a cloud of dust. Jabe had heard every word. He lay ter pay off the mortgldge, an' I guess that thinking a long time. He had always known he was "thick headed," as he expressed it, wastin' ter me." but Mr. Swain must think he was a simple-

sorrowfully; but he bitterly rebelled that fate had been so unkind. Why hadn't there glad to have me home early for once. She been "enough smartness to go 'round?" All his brothers and sisters were distinguishing themselves somewhere; only he, Jabe, stupid and good-for-nothing, was left to help on the farm. Father and mother were getting old-he couldn't leave them if he wanted to, and he was sure he didn't want to. He was

glad Mrs. Swain thought he was good to his The dinner horn sounded, and Jabe put on his hat, gathered up his long legs and sore

After dinner, while helping his mother wipe the dishes, as he often did, he said in a slow way: "Ma, jes' why do you s'pose there wa'n't smartness enough to go 'round ?" "Go 'round where? What do you mean,

Jabe?" "Why, in our fam'ly; why was all my brothers an' sisters born so knowin' an' able ter git erlong —an' all that—an' only jes' me

tions? Neither your pa nor I could get

your doing your best, an' God'll bless you, think Jabe wan't quite so smart as are other my son!" Jabe was in a measure comfort- other children, but he'll do. If he ain't got valley fifty feet below.

meadow this afternoon. I'll come, too, as smartness the world stands in need of, so soon as I can, and help you." It was a warm day for brush burning, but there is. Jabe is all right, an' I'm proud of

Jabe worked faithfully.

About four o'clock his mother brought him a lunch and a pitcher of cool lemonade. "I wanted to see the fire. I've always liked to watch fires ever since I was little, an I guess I always shall,"

awful good to yer boy !" said Jabe gratefulsnapping and cracking of the dry branches

"Don't get too near, ma, the wind is pret-"O I ain't afraid, Jabe; I'll be careful," and she threw another armful of brush on the blazing pile. Jabe was standing on the opposite side of the fire, shoveling the partially burned sticks

farther up into the flames. When he step- deep of timber. ped back he was horrified to see that the faltered: "Ma! Ma! Yer dress is white in the valley.

red pennons wave;
Its banners bear the single line—"Our duty burning. "If don't see any fire," she said light, and up which they came halloing mer burning. "If don't see any fire," she said light, and up which they came halloing mer is, to save!"

Then the "hawbucks" is, to save!" stant she felt the breath of the hot flames as they leaped to her neck. She started to run hoary with frost.

near an open field of cultivated land, and Jabe siezed his frenzy-stricken mother, forcethrown away, and with tremendous energy men sat down to eat in their shirt sleeves. earth over his mothers burning garments. The fire was speedly subdued, but not be-

burned. She was moaning with pain. Jabe made sure that the last spark of fire was ex- in easy attitudes around the fire. tinguished; then regardless of his own burns, se caught up his mother and fled to the house laying her tenderly upon her bed. When jured woman, he turned to Jabe. "How did you happen to think of anything so sensible young man?" he inquired. "I rather think are not very serious after all.'

I knew fire couldn't burn bare ground. Anybody'd know that." "Yes, but it isn't everbody who knows

how to apply his knowledge so promptly and effectively. I shall have to thank you that my job will be a short one; but I'll be glad it was my job and not the undertak-"Yes, sir! We'll all be glad o' that,"

Jabe responded, simply and fervently. One evening not long after this when Jabe had gone to the village store, he noticed Tom Swain among the usual set of loungers, enveloped in tobacco smoke and rough talk. As Jabe turned to go home he spoke to Tom: "I'm jest on my way home, Tom, an' you can get a ride with me if ye want ter.' "No, thank you, Jabe, guess I ain't quite

"Better come, hadn't ye? Pretty muddy to walk; the moon'll be down soon, an' it'll be black dark 'fore long; come on I want ter tell ye 'bout a fishin' plan I've got !" "All, right, Jabe, guess I will go," Tom answered, and slamming his hat violently on wolves were howling, and get up and peer out of the window and speak of "poor Tom. his head, he shambled out with Jabe. The fishing plan was duly discussed and decided on; then for awhile they drove in

"Scuse me," said Jabe after a time, "but is that thing useful or jest ornamental?"

"Not either, I guess," Tom laughed; "but all the boys smoke; why don't you?" "Me! Don't want ter; an' if I did, I ain't got any money ter burn yit; I'm helpin' pa wouldn't help any. Smokin' seems like

"Tis wastin," said Tom, "and I'm wastin' money, not only smoking but other ways. I wish I could quit, but s'pose I've gone too far Well, here's home, and I guess mother'll be wastes a lot o' worryover me." "Does she? Wal, I guess mothers do; fact I know some do."

"How do you know that, Jabe?" "Wal, its reasonable that mothers should; an' then I heard one mother say so. She didn't say it ter me, but I heard it." " Did you? Well, I'll bet it wasn't your

bad. We don't never have but jes' one own make 'em a lot o' trouble, but when we are old enough to know better, it seems kind o'

can, don't it?" "Fact! Tom replied; tis dirt mean for a feller to disappoint his folks, and I'm going to do something pretty soon. I'm about tired of herding with those store loafers, and I

"Wife," said Mr. Horton some time later, 'Neighbor Swain told me to-day that Tom is a different boy now-doing well, an' that it was on account o' somethin' our Jabe said, and I'm so glad you didn't want to leave us, was owin' to Jabe that we got the mortgidge

right, Jabe. Don't forget that. I know from the error o' his way's is it? I used to with rock, a hundred feet or more in width, but one talent, he don't bury it in no nap-"Jabe," said his father, later, "I wish kin, an' he don't squander it. He does his you'd burn that brush beyond the south best, an' Jabe'll do! I guess tain't more much as 'tis a willin' mind ter use what

thought you'd like 'em," she said, "and I The Story of the Big Timber.

By IRVING BACHELLER, Author of "Eben "Set right on that log, ma, an rest. You're ly. Mrs. Horton fanned herself with her big sunbonnet, but soon she began piling opening in the evergreen canopy of the forest opening in the evergreen canopy of the forest shivered as one looked at them through the blast of heat and smoke that rose from the

> I stood many a night at the door of the hig log shanty and saw the sparks shoot up and crackle in the leeward boughs of hemlock. It was forty miles to the clearing on the southern side of the camp, but at every point in the northern semi circle of the compass there was a trackless and unmeasured

At a certain opening in the ridge, near bottom of his mother's dress was a blaze. Lavery's, one could look ten miles across a tongue and limbs seemed paralyzed. At last water of the Ottawa that lay like a belt of

The "big skid" flanked the river at the She turned quickly, but in the depths of end of the trail, down which "hawbuck" and her sunbonnet, did not at once discover the teamster started in sulky silence before daynervously; "I guess not—where is it?" Then
Jabe sprang towards her. At the same installed their oxen in the big shed, and the teamsters put away the horses that came in I was the cook's helper at Lavery's, and

With knitted brow and inted brow and interesting and intere proud position of indispensability on the upper Ottawa.

For the rest, beans and molasses, salt pork

> the shovel which, in his first terror, had been roaring fire of logs every evening, and the The keen air went to their blood like wine in the work of the day, and the shanty roared with laughter as they ate. Songs were the solace of the evening hours, while the big lumbermen lay lounging on the bunks or sat

The brogue of Scotch and Irish and the talk. There was the brute majesty of the the doctor had dressed the wounds of the inmuscles of breast and arm in their laughter, or when the furrows moved and tightened as shoveling earth over your mother's clothes, on their brows in the stern dignity of anger.

> harangued them with mock oratory that which two men, blindfolded, struck at each other with straps, was sometimes proposed, but not unless there had been drinking, in which old grudges were apt to be revived. These northern woodsmen loved the smell of powder and the feel of a gun. It is an inborn, over-ruling passion with most of them. Generally an idle hand had a gun in it, and

the itching palm was one that had long been deprived of its birthright. These godless men of the forest spent their Sundays, in good weather, hunting on snowshoes, and the roar of their guns rushed through the timber and bellowed in the dis-

It happered sometimes that a luckless hunter ventured too far from camp and never got back, for one reason or another. I heard much of one "poor Tom," who had gone away hunting of a Sunday, the winter before, and met his end somewhere in the great wake in the dead of night, when the timber

One cold Sunday morning in I started over snew for Long Pond with a brawny Scotchman known as McVeigh. That was four miles beyond the Ottawa, and hard walking in the light snow.
We wounded a caribou on the further side of the river and followed its trail of crimson

for miles to the top of the great ridge in the The sky was clouded over and the cold inusually severe. McVeigh seemed to know every tree in the forest, and we were con-

tinually coming upon landmarks that reminded him of a story. We had stopped a moment to light our pipes, and were striding with long steps through the soft snow. The woods were silent, and I could hear only the creak of our wshoes and McVeigh puffing at his pipe. He halted suddenly and turned his ear to

listen. I could hear then a faint but growing sound in the far distance back of us. "It's wolves," said the old woodman "an' they're on this line o' blood. We'd better leave it an' make for the top o' the

to cross the ridge and make our way down the valley to camp. It was a stiffer climb than we expected, however, with the snowshoes, and even before we got to the top that Little avalanches of snow fell on our heads as we hurried in the underbrush. We strode through the open timber at the top of our speed, and as I turned to my compar noticed a mighty serious look in his face. He stopped suddenly and looked back

sure," he said. "I'm thinkin' we must 'a' got some o' that blood on our shoes." There was a great slash in the timber right before us. The steep southern side had been stripped quite bare by the lumbermen for a

some ten rods at this point and then came

From Sunday to Sunday the sky had been thick with snow that flew before the dry wind like down. Every flake that fell in the big slash had been driven to this rocky gore by the wind coming up the river out of

There was full fifty feet of snow in the deep pit, which, under a slender crust, lay light and dry as a heap of feathers. On the far side the trees stood to their boughs in

The great gloomy cavern under the canopy of the forest was choked with snow. Mc-Veigh picked up a fallen branch of dead pine as we came to the bend, then cautiously stepped out upon the dome like top of the great drift. I was a mere boy of eighteen, overhead, and the stars in the cold zenith and but for the coolness of my companion I should have lost my head and probably my

> he, as I came running after him, frightened at the near sound of the wolves. "Ye might go t' yer ears if ye broke in

here," said McVeigh, and, as he spoke, he thrust the long rod of timber down into the heap of snow. "See there!" he continued; "the weight very class of people we do not want are being

o' yer finger sends it down out o' sight, We'll stop an' rest a while an' ye'll see a bit We crept, with shortened steps, to the white summit of snow near the far side of the

pit, and its slender sheathing cracked and crumbled under our shee frames, though, fortunately, it was strong enough to hold us. "By the living Lord !" said MoVeigh, in a sharp voice, as we turned about, "look there! Stand still now! Don't move!" There was a fearsome ring and echo in the air as the gray pack wallowed up the top of

the ridge in the dead timber. There was near a score of them, so Mc-Veigh claimed-and he would have it always that he had counted them-with legs so long, as I now remember, a fair sized dog could close bunch, the snow-spray flying over them. They were the big grey timber wolves. Now that the danger had come close, I was quite cool, and when they stopped at the seems incredible as I think of it now after

all these years. pack o' them stopped when I hollered," said McVeigh, in telling the story, when we were

"Then they made for us, jumpin' clear every move o' their legs. There was a fall quaint dialect of Frenchmen mingled in their o' six feet at the edge o' the pit an' they talk. There was the brute majesty of the jumped in a bunch. The big heap o' snow trembled when they hit it, an' they sunk as if it had been water. We heard a smothered roar an' seen the splinters o' crust fly an' the white snow shut over 'em. Then it stirred There were a number of men who could like the boil in a pot an' caved an' ran down you saved your mother's life. Her burns sing doleful ballads, and one who often at the break like sand in a hollow, an' then, praise God ! it was still." That is the end

of the story. would take us, and told how we wallowed the wolves. The boys listened with much interest, but not a man would believe us! The first big thaw that came, we took them

It is astonishing, said a physician to the writer, how little thought the people give of the year. To this very careleseness I lay ends fatally. Take the matter of left-overs. A warming hash, ragout or meat pie is all weather when the blood needs cooling. I would entreat every housekeeper not to buy a morsel of pork, ham or sausage, from June until October. Reserve even beef, lamb or veal for the cooler days of summer, and in long hot spells let meat entirely alone. Nature provides for these burning days with fine, firm, white-fleshed fish. If you have dition of the people has for the most part, as left over food to be utilized, convert them into chilled appetizing salads instead of ragouts. If soups are a necessity, let them the right kind of people. purees or bisques. 1 would prohibit pie and rich cake, and let fruit, ices, delicate jellies or milk puddings take their place. I'd also put a veto on hot breads. If people could stomachs I'm called to care for all summer and see the mischief done by overeating and

eating things that have no business to be cooked in hot weather, they would realize I

How to Speak without Notes. Dr. Newman Hall taught himself extempore speaking by practising daily for a whole year, ten minutes a day, locking his door, opening the Bible at random, and delivering catch his eye. "At first," he says, "I found about the subject if I could not talk on it.
At the end of the twelve months, however,
I found that I could not only speak with a
greater degree of fluency, but could hold
myself strictly to the subject in hand."

Baking Powder

cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food

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Kind lady—Here's a dime; poor man; but I can only give you a nickel—can you change Made from pure

—God hides some ideal in every soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert

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People say it is "good Tea." That's enough.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

BARRISTER. NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc.

O. T. DAMELLE

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Money to Loan on First-Class

(Wolfville Acadian.) disappointment by our people. It is true that increase in population is not the greatple. The important consideration is not how many inhabitants we have, but rather without exception decreased in population. This to a certain extent is inevitable nor is the best men physically and mentally come sible positions have need of them. But this wretchedness as we do not find in the coun-

want are becoming less.

These problems then face our poor men and women may be helped to find employment and encouraged to better their condition in life? Would it not be well to their demoralizing environment and given a such as liquor saloons, gambling dens, houses legislator of today. The true patriot can not afford to disregard them. The impor-tant thing is not how many people we have but what kind they are.

The second problem is: How may the bet-

country like our's we have need of more peo-Sparsely settled districts can not comm roads, cannot keep in touch with improved Earming, which would be profitable under unable to compete with the agriculturists of other districts. The result is, the sons leave sus returns report decrease rather than in-crease. The farmers in our own valley cam not compete in the raising of many crops with those of the Ottawa valley. The reapopulation, which would mean cheaper transportation, better roads, more improved government to aid in the jagricultural de The farmers' sons should be encouraged to remain on the farm. Agriculture under favorable conditions means increase o wealth to our country. All should be done favorable. But while immigration is en couraged-and rightly-in other parts of the neglected? If the Cornwallis and Annapoli land as is the great Northwest, we should have coming amongst us a desriable class of them and to us. If neither the Dominion or Local government will take in hand the advertising of our valley, the municipalities of Kings and Annapolis should do so.

small increase in our population in the last we believe, steadily improved. We need

Stop Thief!
would be a justifiable cry directed against
the countless humbugs that offer a cure for
Catarrh. There is only one sicentific method
of treatment for Catarrh. Make the air you
breathe the carrier of healing, balsamic, curative agents. It baths every inch of mucous
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—prompt—permanent. Remember the name -prompt-permanent. Remember the name Catarrhozone. All Dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

ongress detailed his experiences with large had suffered from an injury in the fiastric region, and it seemed probable that an ulcer region, said to seemed please the seemed please at the had resulted. The pain on eating was so great as to make him avoid food. A wine glass of olive oil taken before meals gave complete relief. The same remedy was tried in other cases in which stomach discomfort was a prominent symptom. Even in cases of gastric cancer relief was afforded to many symptoms.

A Good Corn Ren A Good Corn Remover.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitues offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggist.a

it? Blind Beggar—Lor', bless yer; here's yer nickel, kind lady; now promise me yer won't go over to that there bargain sale an' spend it foolish.