

GRAND OLD PARTY.

THE CANADIANS ARE IMMENSELY PLEASED.

Over the British Feature of the Wilson-Gorman Law—Dangerous Heresies Among Democrats—A Bimetallist the Man—in 1897.

The Canadians are happy. They have got just what they want. They are better off than they ever loved to be. The best they ever loved for was reciprocity, but now Wilson revenue bill has not only destroyed our own revenue, but made free trade or allowed Canada to keep on a tariff against the states higher than our own tariff against them.

The Canadians used to pay us a tariff on buckwheat, rye, oats, barley, wheat, hops, sheep, and finished lumber, when brought across the river at Ogdensburg. They paid \$300,000 a year into the Ogdensburg custom house. They paid this tariff themselves. When we put the tariff on sheep, cattle and eggs they went down just that tariff in Canada. When we took the tariff off they went up again in Canada. There is not a resident from Niagara Falls to Quebec, on either side, who doesn't say so.

Yesterday to settle this question officially, for all the politicians lie so about it, I called at the Ogdensburg custom house, says the Montreal correspondent of the New York Sun. The collector was very kind to me, and his obliging and gentlemanly clerks gave me all the information I wanted.

"How much money was received by this custom house from the Canadians during the month of January, 1897?" I asked.

The clerk referred to the books and said: "Just \$22,439, and we took in \$25,415 in April, \$24,031 in May, \$23,401 in October, and \$30,857 in November."

"Why did you receive so much in November?" I asked.

"Well, the Canadians paid \$11,000 on eggs and \$13,500 on horses, and sheep, barley, etc., made the rest."

"Now," I asked, "what were the receipts under the Wilson bill for November, 1895?"

The clerk looked at the book and said: "Just \$7,307 for January, \$6,174 for February, \$7,155 for March, and \$7,816 for April."

"So we have lost in revenue in this one custom house," I said, "from \$12,000 to \$20,000 a month?"

The clerk was silent.

"How much Canadian wool came in under the Wilson bill in January, 1897?" I asked.

"Under the free-wool tariff," said the clerk, "106,643 pounds, worth \$22,522, came in free."

"And we got no duty at all?"

"Not a cent."

"How about dressed lumber?" I asked.

"Well, 4,598,844 feet came in free during January, 1894."

"And this used to pay a tariff under the McKinley bill?"

"Why, of course. Raw logs with the bark on came free then, but dressed lumber paid."

"So our American saw mills have gone to Canada, where they have cheaper labor?" I remarked.

The polite clerk was annoyed but silent.

"Now," I continued, "I see Canadian wheat, sheep, and other raw material come to us free. Do they charge a tariff on similar stuff from the states?"

"Why, yes; they put a tariff of \$4 a barrel on pork, lard, hams, and bacon, and two cents on Chicago fresh beef. That is to protect their farmers."

"I see all the dramatic companies are complaining that they can't sign no advertising paper to Canada. They say that the Canadian tariff is higher than ours," I remarked.

"Yes, the Canadians charge 15 cents a pound and 25 per cent ad valorem on all printed matter. This is about 100 per cent. The United States tariff against Canadian printing is 25 per cent."

"This is why few American dramatic companies are going to Canada, I suppose?"

"Well, it seems that Canada has got the advantage of us on pork, meat, and books," said the clerk; "yes, and cotton cloth, too, for Canada puts 2 cents a yard on it." And then the customs official was silent again.

"The fact is we are presenting Canada with \$15,000 or \$20,000 a month at this one little custom house, or about \$10,000,000 a year in the custom houses from Halifax to Vancouver, and getting discriminating tariff in return. And now we are trying to make up for the foolishness of the Wilson bill by taxing the incomes of our own citizens!"

Free Milk from Canada.

It is true that we did not import much fresh milk from Canada under the McKinley tariff, but the protection of 5 cents per gallon to our farmers prevented the foreign farmers from supplying some of our markets. The free trade tariff now admits foreign milk free of duty, and all along the Canadian border we may look for more or less Canadian milk coming into the United States. Every quart of this foreign milk will take the place of a quart of American milk. Those American farmers who live nearest to Canada will be deprived of a part of their market and must sell their milk further south in competition with other American farmers, and they all know that they get precious little for their milk as it is.

Their Fences Are Beyond Repair.

Whenever a prominent republican goes east, west or south this year everybody suspects him of repairing presidential fences. Leading democrats wander the country over and nobody suspects them of any such motive. The explanation is so self-evident that to state it would be a reflection on the reader's intelligence.

The Party of the Hour.

Concerning the dominant importance of the remonetization of silver, there is no need of a third party. The republican party is firmly pledged to bimetallicism. The surest and speediest way to return to bimetallicism is through the return to power of the republican party. —San Francisco Call.

A Bimetallist the Man.

There is more or less discussion in eastern papers over the possible presidential candidates of next year. It is a little early to begin that, for many

changes may occur between this time and the meeting of the nominating conventions. But we may say that no candidate on the republican ticket will be acceptable to the west who is not wholly in favor of bimetallicism. The republican party cannot regain its hold upon the western vote without coming out clearly and definitely in favor of an American policy on the money question. The democratic party is controlled by New York influences and the republican party must show itself to be free from those influences. —Denver Republican.

Shutting Out Our Cattle.

As was expected by those who know the real animus of the movement to exclude American cattle from France the government of that country refuses to make any satisfactory reply to the official protest by this country against the exclusion. A letter from Paris to the Philadelphia Press by a well known French-American says no disguise is made there of the fact that the ruling out was not done because of any disease discovered among American cattle, but that the discrimination was made to satisfy the cattle growers of France, who demanded more protection. But the thing was overdone. If the decree had ruled out the cattle of other countries besides the United States the action would have been consistent and given no ground of complaint that our cattle were especially discriminated against. The terms of the decree are unwise in the further particular that the parts of France from which came the protests are those which produce large quantities of wine and sugar. France has increased the duties on our wheat and flour and prohibited the importation of our cattle, and this in return for the favor shown by our new tariff bill to her products. Surely President Cleveland would be justified in retaliating, as recommended by the secretary of agriculture, and no one either at home or abroad could find fault with him for doing so. Yet it is said there is no prospect that he will interfere. One cattle now are excluded from France, Belgium, Germany and Denmark, and all of them that go to England have to be slaughtered within twenty-four hours of their arrival. There are no indications that any of these restrictions will be removed. On the contrary, there are no indications that any of these restrictions will be removed. On the contrary, they are likely to be increased. The German government has intimated an intention to augment the bounty on sugar exported, thus offsetting the discrimination of one-tenth of a cent in our tariff against bounty-paid sugar. If it does this it can keep on excluding American products and add to the list, while other nations can follow the example if they do not fear such retaliation by the United States as it would be proper and dignified to make. The situation is pitifully annoying and all the more so as it has been brought about by democratic policies professed to be followed with the express object of increasing our commerce with other countries.

Of Interest to Farmers.

The farmers of the United States should put on their thinking caps, and study the following statistics: During the seven months ending with January, our exports of breadstuffs were valued at \$86,809,534, a decrease of \$45,000,000. The value of our exports of wheat declined from \$43,867,768 to \$26,997,136, of our corn from \$18,033,867 to \$5,216,591, and of our wheat flour from \$43,556,200 to \$31,878,932. That is the way the democracy is carrying out its promise to obtain "the markets of the world" for our farmers. —Toledo Blade.

Hard Lines on Farmers.

There is a large agricultural district around Kent City, Mich., where the farmers are nearly all interested in and keepers of sheep. They are all very much discouraged. Market lambs which they also sell readily for \$3 at the farm now cannot be sold for more than \$1.75, while the farmers have ceased to depend on their wool at all. With scarcely an exception every flock in this vicinity is for sale. Sheep will be scarcely animals in Michigan if the present system of free wool is continued.

Mum Candidates.

The Democratic Pittsburg Post, which has been surveying the situation somewhat thoughtfully, concludes that "the democrats have no loud-mouthed candidates for the presidential nomination next year." The only ones in sight are mum candidates, and the oldest inhabitant can not remember a time when there were so scarce and mum as at present. There isn't even a loud-mouthed barrel in the whole camp. —Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Law Unto Himself.

For the third time President Cleveland appointed a man by the name of Tinsley as postmaster at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. One would think that two rejections by the United States senate should satisfy the President that the advice and consent of that body cannot be secured in favor of Mr. Tinsley, but Mr. Cleveland is a very peculiar man and the senate does not amount to much in his estimation. —Denver Republican.

That Is, in 1897.

Minister Thurston's unforgettable offense in the eyes of our present administration was his advocacy of the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, and not any infraction of the rules of diplomatic intercourse. Mr. Thurston may be persona non grata to a vast majority of the American people, and Hawaii will be annexed as soon as we can get rid of Cleveland, Gresham et al.

Why We Have Free Wool.

Dinis—Phwat do yez think, Mike? Wilson has bin to London and Grover, Wilson & Co., 'av bin th' biggest buyers at th' London wool sales.

Mike—Av phwat does they want wid English wool?

Dinis—To pull over th' eyes av th' voters before election.

"Phwat's This?"

Pat—Phwat's this sugar trust they do be talkin' about, Dinis?

Dinis—It's th' consarn that puts up th' boodle to elict democrat Presidents an' congressmen, an' thursts them to pay it back wid usury.

Entirely Acceptable.

Nationally and locally the republican party is profiting immensely by the stupidity of its adversaries. The situation is not brilliant, but it is entirely acceptable.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

NEW STORIES AND SKETCHES FOR LITTLE ONES.

Timmy's Horrid Time at School—A Mother's Love Story of a Good Girl Sorrow and Human Kindness—Some Interesting Facts.

"VE HAD A HORRID time at school,"

"Twas 'plurals' in the grammar book."

Said Timmy, with a wince;

"And I don't want to go any more."

To Miss Virginia Pine.

Just 'cat-cats, and 'bird-birds.' Who wants to study half an hour On little bits o' words?

"Say, ma, is grammar any good? We stood up to recite, and everybody laughed because I didn't get things right."

"I thought I do just like the rest, and Billy said, 'man—men.' So when Miss Pine put 'fan' to me, I piped right up, 'fan—fen.'"

"Tooth' came to Fanny Smith; she said, 'The plural form was 'teeth.' Say, ma, what made 'em giggle so, because I said, 'tooth—beeth'?"

"Goose," said the teacher, and 'correct' When Susy answered 'geese.' 'Moose' was the next word, and I s'posed 'Twas right to call it 'meese.'"

"A word that came to Joey Sims, Was 'foot,' and he said, 'feet.' And then Miss Pine laughed right out loud, Because I said, 'boot—beet.'"

"But they all laughed the hardest when 'Cause Jimmy said, 'mouse—mice,' I kinder stammer over 'house,' And said I guessed 'twas 'hice.'"

"When all the rest were marked with L, I only got a three; And I don't see why those queer words Should all have come to me."

"If I'd studied, teacher said, 'Cordin' to her directions, I would 'a found a little list Of what they call 'deceptions.'"

"Well, I thrashed Jimmy after school; He Billy, he thrashed me. Say, ma, don't make me go no more; 'Taint no use, I can see!"

A Mother's Love.

It was a sultry day 'neath India's scorching sun, and Ayse, going to the river for water, placed little Mirrow under a large tree. Nothing could harm him there, she thought, and he was too heavy to carry with her. He was in plain view both from the village above and the river below, and it was in bright daylight, but as she stopped with her pitcher at the water's edge something yellow and black slunk out of the grass, slowly winding and twisting its long body in an endeavor to keep out of sight.

There was a spring, a sharp cry from the child, and the mother, hurrying back, saw nothing save the waving of the branches and grass near the jungle. As she gazed says the Chicago Inter Ocean, horror-stricken, she caught a glimpse of something yellow, and "It is the man-eater," she gasped and sank on the ground. For an hour she sat there, her heart filled with anguish, but not one tear came, and then she went back with a face like stone, to the performance of her tasks, she could see nothing, thing of nothing but that terrible animal. At night when her husband returned his first question was of little Mirrow. She answered but one word; the man stood like one struck dead for a moment, then poured forth a torrent of abuse. She gave no answer, but a look that seemed to freeze his blood.

Ayse sat alone after the others were all quiet in sleep, still seeing but one sight, thinking but one thought. She was a strong handsome woman, with a proud face, and as strong as her husband. It was past midnight when she arose and, taking her husband's long two-edged hunting knife, stole noiselessly out to the river; she had heard that the tiger came there to drink. For two hour she sat without moving; the knife held tightly in her hands; then suddenly something stirred in the jungle, two shining balls of fire appeared, and she knew her hour of trial had come. On came the dark form, still on, and the woman, bracing her nerves, crouched, knife in hand, waiting. Then he saw her, and the shining eyes burned still brighter as he crouched to spring. But something seemed wrong and he hesitated; finally, however, he gave his final spring in spite of his misgivings, and she half rose to meet him, burying the knife deep in his throat. But, overconfident, the force of the jump also pulled out the knife, for the woman still kept it in her passionate hold. Mad with rage and pain, he flew at her throat, but the right hand was ever ready and she cut mercilessly at his throat, and with a last effort fully to the hilt buried it in the soft fur. The morning came and found them lying there together still in death, her face and limbs one mass of blood, and the village was free from the man-eater.

The Cat That Would A-Frogging Go.

Last summer we had a large yellow cat named Tom. He was a great pet, and, of course, had plenty to eat. This made him very lazy, and I verily believe he would have run away had he seen a mouse. But he knew how to get a meal when he couldn't get one at the house. The Onion river, says the writer, in an exchange, flows not very far from our house, and on a log lying in a swamp connected with the river Tom would sit for hours watching for frogs. Some inquisitive frog would pop up out of the water at a convenient distance and sit there blinking at Tom. Tom wouldn't move, except for the lashing of his long tail. All at once he would jump, seize the frog by the middle, crawl back on the log, and proceed to

make a meal of poor froggie. Tom probably thought it was a great treat. But the frogs were about to be revenged. One day Tom was at his accustomed place watching a frog, and very likely thinking of his coming meal. This put him off his guard, and he allowed his tail to touch the water. All at once there was such a meow-ow-ow-owing and spitting as we never heard before. Mother threw open the kitchen door and rushed out. There was Tom splashing around in the water. The frogs had been avenged.

Sorrow and Human Kindness.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train, glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back, says the New York Tribune. A passenger came and stood beside him. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?" "Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said, gently, "and you have lost yours?"

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."

A Lesson in Fractions.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I have a few questions in fractions. Suppose I had a piece of beefsteak and cut it into two pieces; what would those pieces be called?"

"Halves!" shouted the class.

"Correct. And if I cut each half into two pieces?"

"Quarters!"

"That's right. And if the quarters are each cut in half?"

"Eighths!"

"Quite so. And if those were choped in two?"

"Sixteenths!"

"Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut, what would those pieces be called?"

Here there was some hesitation, but in a moment two boys said:

"Thirty-seconds!"

"Just right, just right," said the teacher. "And now we will chop those in half. What have we now?"

Silence followed this question, while the boys shifted uneasily and the teacher held his breath.

"Do none of you know?" inquired the young man. "Come—I'm sure some can tell me."

There was a moment's pause, and then a hand was raised, and the smallest boy in the class piped out:

"Please, sir, I think I know."

"Well, Johnnie, what?"

"Sixty-fourths!"

130,000 Lost Children.

Francis George, the Liverpool bellman, is to retire from the service of the city, after a public career extending over a period of sixty years. He was originally a member of the old dock police force. It is said that one time the office of bellman was worth to the person who held it about £500 per annum. In addition to making public proclamations, it was part of the bellman's duty on all civic occasions to walk before the mayor of Liverpool with a portion of the regalia. It was Mr. George's distinction in that capacity during his long period of office to walk before fifty-three mayors. In these later days the office of bellman has become practically a sinecure. The duties which he had to discharge have become obsolete, and other means of announcement have superseded that of the bellman. Up to the present, however, to the bellman's house in Greek street are taken lost and strayed children who may be found wandering about un cared for in the streets of Liverpool. During his long tenure of office, Mr. George has received from police officers at the bellman's house the custody of no fewer than 130,000 stray children, whom he referred to their parents. Latterly this was the old bellman's chief emolument, each parent paying 6d. for the recovery of the lost children, and £25 a year was granted to Mr. George from the corporation.

Couldn't a Dog Have Found It?

How true it is that a guilty conscience needs no accuser was well shown by a little occurrence reported by an exchange.

A gentleman went out of town for a day's fishing, taking a luncheon with him. When he reached the creek, he discovered that he had dropped the luncheon somewhere on the way, and hastened back to look for it. By and by he met a burly negro, who looked very well pleased with himself and was picking his teeth.

"Did you pick up anything in the road as you came along?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sah," answered the colored man; "I didn't pick up anything. Couldn't a dog have found it and eat it up?"

Quander of a Kansas Girl.

A Kansas girl who believes in character in noses is in a quandary. She has three suitors, one with a long nose, one with a turned up nose, and another with a nose which turns down. According to a local superstition a long nose indicates that the owner will never get up in the morning and make the first a turned-up nose shows the possessor to be of a disposition to be easily disgusted with poor cooking, and a turned-down nose shows that the suitor is sure to devote a great deal of time to ladles. She went to an older woman for advice and was told to marry the one who wanted to get married first.

That Tired Feeling

Is a certain indication of impure and impoverished blood. If your blood could always be rich and pure, full of the red corpuscles upon which the vitality depends, you would never be weak, or Nervous! Boils, pimples, scrofula, salt rheum, would never trouble you. But our mode of living, shut in all winter in poorly ventilated homes and shops, depletes the blood and there is loss of appetite, and weakness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy for this condition. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, builds up the nerves and gives perfect health. Read this:

"Our daughter, Blanche, when four years of age, had a humor break out on her hands and face, which our physician pronounced eczema. If the cold air reached her face or hands they would swell up, look almost purple, and headed blisters would form and break,

Discharging a watery fluid, and the burning and itching would drive her nearly wild. Unless we encased her little hands she would tear patches of skin from her face and hands. We tried many doctors and many remedies and at last gave the case up as hopeless. But our daughter Cora tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, to cure a scrofulous lump near the left breast which caused her much pain and after taking 4 bottles it disappeared. Blanche, who is now eleven, had spent seven years of suffering, so I concluded to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took 5 bottles and her face is smooth and soft as a baby's, the color of a rose petal. Her hands are soft and white, where four months ago they were blue and red and calloused nearly like leather. I cannot express my gratitude by pen or mouth. It seems a miracle and our friends are surprised." Mrs. ANNA L. CLARK, 401 E. 4th St., Duluth, Minn. Get only Hood's, because

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It will furnish this feed cutter, one only to one pair, no one later than July 1, 1905, for \$2.00 cash, and full return personally to him to be responsible and beneficial use in his locality who will not see likely to buy another of this kind in any way. After July 1, money sent in on this offer will be returned to sender and no application will be made to suppliers or letters concerning this offer. It is desirable now or never. The feed cutter is delivered F. O. B. Chicago, if shipped from backwoods will be delivered.

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EVERY HOME-SEEKER

Should READ the pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled "Southern Home-Seeker's Guide for 1905." It contains over 50 excellent letters from Southern farmers now located in the South and of the synthetic and valuable information. For a FREE COPY, address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa. J. F. MERTZ, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

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