HOUSE WORK

Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

His Singular Infirmity.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"I'll have to write it for you, ma'am," said the new boy, hesitatingly.

"I think not. My hearing is quite good. Your name, please?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Are you ashamed of your name?"

"No, ma'am, but——"

"Then we will not waste any more time, if you please. I am waiting."

The boy's eyes rolled wildly in their sockets and his face became contorted as he began:

"Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk Clarence! That's my first name. The other is Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup Perkins! I never stutter 'cept when I'm speaking my name, and when I'm nagged like this I'm a whole lot worse, ma'am."

Not Hard to Do.

The writer of detective stories laid down his pen with a sigh of relief.

"There!" he said. "I've worked out the problem. All I've got to do now is to build up a measly plot to fit it."

Looking through the first page columns of the Daily Blood and Thunder he soon found a suitable crime, and with the aid of Poe's Tales of Mystery he had no difficulty in rigging up the intervening incidents.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Grandfather's Cure for Constipation

GREAT medicine,—the Sawbuck. Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil, nor "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

* * *

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and,—a Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood-pile.

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, because,—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles without work.

* * *

They don't Purge, Gripe, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like "Physics."

They don't flush out your Bowels and Intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juice, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters always do.

No—Cascarets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles, that line the Food passages and that tighten up when food touches them, thus driving the food to its finish.

A Cascaret acts on your Bowel Muscles as if you had just sawed a cord of wood, or walked ten miles.

Cascarets move the Food Naturally, digesting it without waste of tomorrow's Gastric Juice.

* * *

The thin, flat, Ten-Cent Box is made to fit your Vest pocket, or "My Lady's" Purse. Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

Carry it constantly with you and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need one.

Be very careful to get the genuine made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

Henry Milner Rideout enlivens his new tale with the usual touch of mystery and sudden disaster. "Admiral's Light" it is called. It is the story, pleasantly told, of an adventure-loving boy who grows up in a remote lighthouse village. The descriptions are refreshingly suggestive of green hills and running water. The illustrations, too, are especially charming—a frontispiece by Martin Justice and eleven little marine drawings by Charles W. Woodbury.

In "The Memoirs of Monsieur Claude, Chief of Police Under the Second Empire," we are given a book of a quality altogether unique. Added to the engaging mystery of the Sherlock Holmes stories, the somewhat sinister attraction of "Les Mysteres de Paris" and the morbid interest of Poe's detective tales are elements of quite a different order—the accuracy of an impartial historian, the authority of a participant, the authenticity of an eye-witness. Fifty years of the inner history of the most interesting capital in the world forms the subject matter of this book. The man most intimately acquainted with all its strange and surprising happenings is the writer. The secret motives of famous men, the unknown causes of great events; all the hidden, eccentric, yet powerful machinery which during the reign of Louis Philippe and the Second Empire drove the French ship of state on her devious course is here laid bare. Nor are incidental episodes wanting, stories characterized by all those qualities which make truth so much more and so much less than fiction—that incompleteness, unexpectedness and apparent inconsequence which so surely and sharply distinguish verity from verisimilitude.

A. E. W. Mason's reputation as a teller of an absorbing story is too great for surprise at any excellent thing that comes from his pen, but "The Broken Road," his novel of England and India, seems to rest on a level not hitherto attained by him. It is not only marked by a knowledge of Indian and Anglo-Indian conditions that allow him to write entirely at his ease, but also by a reserve in his power that gives to the reader unquestioning confidence in the author's conclusions. While the story is ostensibly concerned with the tragedies and mutations connected with the interrupted building of a great governmental road in the hill-country, it really turns on the education in England of an Indian prince, Shere Ali, heir to the throne of Chilistan. His apparently complete assimilation of western ideas and acquiescence in the restrictions of English rule in India fall off when he goes back to his native country, and his return to the ideals of his own people and his own religion speaks his doom. But that catastrophe does not come until his heart is broken with despair when he realizes that he is after all of the subjugated and despised race. There is a woman in the tale who works woeful mischief, although she is technically good, and only has too pronounced a taste for pearls. Apart from the deep interest of the story the reader seems to be listening to a denunciation of great wrong as he reads, and it is this quality of earnestness in the work that sounds a new and a higher note.

A Winter Hat.

"Does your husband take any interest in your clothes?" asked Mrs. Kimball of her pretty friend, Mrs. Archer. "Of course, Mr. Kimball likes to see me well dressed," she added, "but I do wish he'd sometimes say whether he liked a thing or not."

Mrs. Archer smiled as she answered demurely, "Oh, yes, Mr. Archer takes a great interest in what I wear. Only last winter he bought me a hat."

"Bought you a hat himself! Why, wasn't it sweet of him!" exclaimed her friend.

"Yes, it was," admitted Mrs. Archer, and again she smiled.

"I was trying to be economical and wear my last year's hat, which never had been a success; but that poor boy couldn't endure it." That "poor boy" was a powerful man measuring six feet two.

"Well, it got to be about the middle of December, and one night he came home bringing in his own hand a bandbox. I never shall forget his look of triumph and pleasure as he opened it and said, 'There, Louise! That's the kind of a hat I like to see you wear!' It was lovely, too, all trimmed with pink roses and chiffon; but, do you know, the poor dear, never noticed that it was straw!"

A Little Sarcastic.

An old woman went into a grocer's and ordered a pennyworth of carrots. After being served she inquired, "D'ye mind throw something in wi' them?" "Oh, yes," replied the greengrocer; "if you wait a minute I'll throw in a sack of potatoes an' a barrel o' apples an' a hundredweight o' turnips an' a box o' oranges! An'," he shouted, as the old woman flounced out of the shop, "when you busy I'll throw in the horse an' cart!" If you not satisfied then, come back for the shop!"—London Mail.

A Half Length Picture.

A countryman bargained with a California photographer for a half length picture of himself at half price, and when the artist delivered a fine view of the subject from the waistband down the victimized sitter indulged in remarks more forcible than polite.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fatal Honors.

Jimson—What became of that man who had twenty-seven medals for saving people from drowning? Dock Worker—He fell in one day when he had them all on, and the weight of 'em sunk him.

Many people have a habit of finding fault not with a view of bettering conditions, but to satisfy a petty desire to gossip.

Old Favorites

False Appearances.

The world is still deceived with ornament
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it,
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the gulled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
—William Shakspeare.

Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes!
—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

MOTHERS SHOULD BE PAST 25

At Least That Is the Conclusion of Dr. Bela Revesz.

After an exhaustive examination of the causes that determine the size and weight of newly born children, Dr. Bela Revesz comes to the conclusion that heredity has nothing to do with it, says the New York Sun. The size of the child depends entirely on the age of the mother, he thinks, and the older she is the bigger and stronger the child is likely to be, regardless of the stature and strength either of the parents or grandparents.

Speaking generally, he finds that the children of very young mothers are likely to be small and ill nurtured, while those born to women more than 25 are apt to be large and robust. He considers the reason very simple, the woman of 25 being fully matured, so that no nourishment is expended upon her development.

From this position the doctor attempts to explain the racial characteristics of various peoples. Thus the Scandinavians, who make late marriages, have maintained high stature and robust physique.

On the other hand in the south of France and in southern Italy very young girls are given in marriage, and in consequence the race has dwindled in height and frame and even in energy and initiative. Hebrews in Poland are a conspicuous example of the evil of early motherhood.

The doctor thinks that the same principle may account for the smallness of the Japanese, and he is sure it does for the degeneracy of the Hinclass, wherein girls marry young, as build of city people to be inferior to that of peasants, and it tends to cause physical retrogression in the leisure class, wwherein girls marry young, as compared with the class of workers, in which the young women have to take up trades or domestic service for several years before they can marry.

The Light of Genius.

For more than a week a school teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself.

Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the teacher was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken when, alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said to a bright-looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eye.

"To balance his tail!" shouted the bright boy.

Good Some Other Time.

"Just as Jack was about to kiss me last night father walked into the room."

"What did you do?"

"I gave Jack a rain check."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who said, when he wanted to abuse a town: "It is the jumping-off place?"

A man may be so homely that the reflection of his face would dent a new milk pan, but he can marry.

New Zealand's Wonderland.

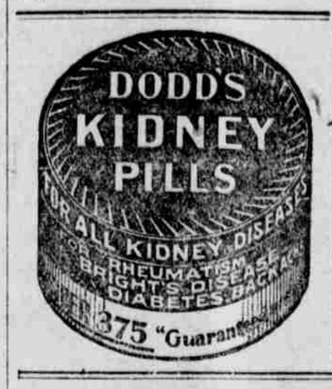
New Zealand is a kind of Utopian colony where women vote and poverty is unknown, says W. G. Fitz-Gerald in the Technical World Magazine. It is firstly a pastoral, and secondly an agricultural country. But it is mainly remarkable to the outsider for its most curious aboriginal race, whose origin has been lost in obscurity; and for the thermal "wonderland" of North Island, where a vast region has been set apart by the government for all time as a sanatorium for invalids. This region abounds in volcanoes, many of them over 6,000 feet high, whose crater-lips emit steam, vapors, and poisonous gases. In one of the mountains a hot, steaming lake lies at the bottom of a funnel-shaped crater whose perpendicular sides are mantled with snow and ice. The land seethes with hot springs, geysers, "Porridge Pots," mud holes that forever boil, and exploding pools.

Later Particulars.

Alexander the Great was explaining to the reporters how the story originated that he had wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

"That ridiculous yarn," he said, "was started by a reactionary who happened to see me wiping a cinder out of my eye. But I've separated him from his job in the treasury department, all right, all right!"

Feeling satisfied that he could leave the verdict to impartial history, he dismissed the reporters with a wave of the imperial hand.



An Unpleasant Office.

The task assigned to the bell boy at a small New England hotel was no sinecure; and he realized it, for the old gentleman who had requested that he be awakened for an early breakfast was extremely deaf.

"I don't know what I'll do about the man in No. 41, that wanted to go off on the 7 o'clock train," the bell boy announced breathlessly to the proprietress.

"Haven't you waked him up yet?" demanded that brisk person.

"I've waked him three times," said the boy, sulkily, "but he hasn't heard me yet. Everybody else has, though, on that floor. I know, because they've all hollered to me to stop battering on their doors."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Sixty carloads of Canadian-made harvesting machinery have been ordered for Siberia.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Out of an average annual loss to the world's shipping of 2,172 vessels, 94 are completely missing and never heard of again.

We Sell Guns and Traps Cheap. Buy Furs & Hides, or tan them for robes & rugs. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis

Disputed the Proposition.

"All that you are, my friend," said the lecturer, singling out an elderly man sitting in a front seat, who appeared to be deeply interested, "all that you are, I repeat, you owe to heredity and environment."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the elderly man, turning red with indignation, "I never had no dealin's with that firm in my life, and I don't owe them nor nobody else a b'ared cent!"

Few men in Europe have had a more striking career than the Rev. Dr. Bishop Cabrera of the Spanish Reformed church, who was educated to the Catholic priesthood, but embraced the Protestant faith and became a voluntary exile to Gibraltar, when he returned to lead the Evangelical party after the revolution in 1868.

Man Proposes, Woman Disposes.

"No," said the girl with the refrigerator heart, "I can never be your wife—and I'm sure I never gave you any encouragement."

"Encouragement!" echoed the young man who was too dense to realize that he had won by losing. "Why, even your father thinks it all settled."

"How do you know he does?" queried the chilly fair one.

"Because," explained the y. m., "he tried to borrow money from me last week."

Dean of Yale declared that poorer pupils made best scholarships; rich boys neglected their studies.

TWO SISTERS HAD ECZEMA.

Cuticura Cured Scalp Troubles of Two Illinois Girls—Another Sister Took Cuticura Pills.

"I must give much praise to all the Cuticura Remedies. I used but one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, as that was all that was required to cure my disease. I was very much troubled with eczema of the head, and a friend of mine told me to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and am glad to say that they cured my eczema entirely. My sister was also cured of eczema of the head by using the Cuticura Remedies. Another sister has used Cuticura Resolvent and Pills and thinks they are a splendid tonic. Miss Edith Hammes, R. F. D. No. 6, Morrison, Ill., Oct. 3, '06.

What a Settler Can Secure in

WESTERN CANADA

160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE.
20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre.
40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre.
35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre.
Timber for Fencing and Buildings FREE.
Good Laws with Low Taxation.
Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates.
Schools and Churches Convenient.
Satisfactory Markets for all Productions.
Good Climate and Perfect Health.
Chances for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 115, Watertown, So. Dakota Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

S. C. N. U. - - No. 5—1908.

If afflicted with sore Eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

$3.00 $3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Commissioner Smith vs. The Standard Oil Co.

From the Railway World, January 3, 1908.

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, whose zeal in the cause of economic reform has been in no wise abated by the panic which he and his kind did so much to bring on, is out with an answer to President Moffett, of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The publication of this answer, it is officially given out, was delayed several weeks, "for business reasons," because it was not deemed advisable to further excite the public mind, which was profoundly disturbed by the crisis. Now that the storm clouds have rolled by, however, the Commissioner rushes again into the fray.

Our readers remember that the chief points in the defence of the Standard Oil Company, as presented by President Moffett, were, (1) that the rate of six cents on oil from Whiting to East St. Louis has been issued to the Standard Oil Company, as the lawful rate by employes of the Alton, (2) that the 18-cent rate on file with the Interstate Commerce Commission was a class and not a commodity rate, never being intended to apply to oil, (3) that oil was shipped in large quantities between Whiting and East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at six and one-fourth cents per hundred pounds, which has been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as the lawful rate, and (4) that the 18-cent rate on oil was entirely out of proportion to lawful rates on other commodities between these points of a similar character, and of greater value, such, for example, as linseed oil, the lawful rate on which was eight cents. President Moffett also stated that thousands of tons of freight had been sent by other shippers between these points under substantially the same conditions as governed the shipments of the Standard Oil Company.

This defence of the Standard Oil Company was widely quoted and has undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon the public mind. Naturally the Administration, which has staked the success of its campaign against the "trusts" upon the result of its attack upon this company, endeavors to offset this influence, and hence the new deliverance of Commissioner Smith.

We need hardly to point out that his rebuttal argument is extremely weak, although as strong, no doubt, as the circumstances would warrant. He answers the points made by President Moffett substantially as follows: (1) The Standard Oil Company had a traffic department, and should have known that the six-cent rate had not been filed, (2) no answer, (3) the Chicago and Eastern Illinois rate was a secret rate because it read, not from Whiting, but from Dolton, which is described as "a village of about 2,500 population just outside of Chicago. Its only claim to note is that it has been for many years the point of origin for this and similar secret rates." The Commissioner admits in describing this rate that there was a note attached stating that the rate could also be used from Whiting.

The press has quite generally hailed this statement of the Commissioner of Corporations as a conclusive refutation of what is evidently recognized as the strongest rebuttal argument advanced by the Standard.

In fact, it is as weak and inconclusive as the remainder of his argument. The lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois do not run into Chicago. They terminate at Dolton, from which point entrance is made over the Belt Line. Whiting, where the oil freight originates, is not on the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, which receives its Whiting freight from the Belt Line at Dolton. The former practice, now discontinued, in filing tariffs was to make them read from a point on the line of the filing road, and it was also general to state on the same sheet, that the tariff would apply to other points, e. g., Whiting. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois followed this practice in filing its rate from Dolton, and making a note on the sheet that is applied to Whiting. This was in 1895 when this method of filing tariffs was in common use.

Now let us see in what way the intending shipper of oil could be misled and deceived by the fact that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois had not filed a rate reading from Whiting. Commissioner Smith contends that "concealment is the only motive for such a circuitous arrangement," i. e., that this method of filing the rate was intended to mislead intending competitors of the Standard Oil Company. Suppose such a prospective oil refiner had applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the rate from Chicago to East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, he would have been informed that the only rate filed with the commission by this company was 6¼ cents from Dolton, and he would have been further informed, if indeed he did not know this already, that this rate applied throughout Chicago territory. So that whether he wished to locate his plant at Whiting, or anywhere else about Chicago, under an arrangement of long standing, and which applies to all the industrial towns in the neighborhood of Chicago, he could have his freight delivered over the Belt Line to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at Dolton and transported to East St. Louis at a rate of 6¼ cents. Where then is the concealment which the Commissioner of Corporations makes so much of? Any rate—from Dolton on the Eastern Illinois or Chappell on the Alton, or Harvey on the Illinois Central, or Blue Island on the Rock Island, applies throughout Chicago territory to shipments from Whiting, as to shipments from any other point in the district. So far from the Eastern Illinois filing its rate from Dolton in order to deceive the shipper, it is the Commissioner of Corporations who either betrays his gross ignorance of transportation customs in Chicago territory or relies on the public ignorance of these customs to deceive the public too apt to accept unquestioningly every statement made by a Government official as necessarily true, although, as in the present instance, a careful examination shows these statements to be false.

The final point made by President Moffett that other commodities of a character similar to oil were carried at much lower rates than 18 cents, the Commissioner of Corporations discusses only with the remark that "the 'reasonableness' of this rate is not in question. The question is whether this rate constituted a discrimination as against other shippers of oil," and he also makes much of the failure of President Moffett to produce before the grand jury evidence of the alleged illegal acts of which the Standard Oil official said that other large shippers in the territory had been guilty. Considering the fact that these shippers included the packers and elevator men of Chicago the action of the grand jury in calling upon President Moffett to furnish evidence of their wrong-doing may be interpreted as a demand for an elaboration of the obvious; but the fact that a rate-book containing these freight rates for other shippers was offered in evidence during the trial and ruled out by Judge Landis, was kept out of sight. President Moffett would not, of course, accept the invitation of the grand jury although he might have been pardoned if he had referred them to various official investigations by the Interstate Commerce Commission and other departments of the Government.

We come back, therefore, to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was fined an amount equal to seven or eight times the value of its entire property, because its traffic department did not verify the statement of the Alton rate clerk, that the six-cent commodity rate on oil had been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no evidence, and none was introduced at the trial, that any shipment of oil from Chicago territory had been interfered with by the eighteen-cent rate nor that the failure of the Alton to file its six-cent rate had resulted in any discrimination against any independent shipper,—we must take this on the word of the Commissioner of Corporations and of Judge Landis. Neither is it denied even by Mr. Smith that the "independent" shipper of oil, whom he pictures as being driven out of business by this discrimination of the Alton, could have shipped all the oil he desired to ship from Whiting via Dolton over the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois to East St. Louis. In short, President Moffett's defence is still good, and we predict will be so declared by the higher court.

The Standard Oil Company has been charged with all manner of crimes and misdemeanors. Beginning with the famous Rice of Marietta, passing down to that apostle of popular liberties, Henry Demarest Lloyd, with his Wealth Against the Commonwealth, descending by easy stages to Miss Tarbell's offensive personalities, we finally reach the nether depths of unfair and baseless misrepresentation in the report of the Commissioner of Corporations. The Standard has been charged with every form of commercial piracy and with most of the crimes on the corporation calendar. After long years of strenuous attack, under the leadership of the President of the United States, the corporation is at last dragged to the bar of justice to answer for its misdoings. The whole strength of the Government is directed against it, and at last, we are told, the Standard Oil Company is to pay the penalty of its crimes, and it is finally convicted of having failed to verify the statement of a rate clerk and is forthwith fined a prodigious sum, measured by the car. Under the old criminal law, the theft of property worth more than a shilling was punishable by death. Under the interpretation of the Interstate Commerce law by Theodore Roosevelt and Judge Kenesaw Landis, a technical error of a traffic official is made the excuse for the confiscation of a vast amount of property.

The discriminating farmer keeps a supply of

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

For spavin, curb, splint, sweeny, capped hock, founder, strained tendons, wind puffs and all lameness in horses—
For thrush, foot rot and garget on cattle and sheep—
For hog distemper, hog cholera, thumps and scours in hogs—
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