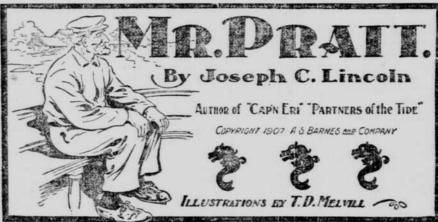




"The Lunch 'Amper, of Course," He Says. "The 'Amper for the Heatables.'



SYNOPSIS.

ration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward ward with the story of the rest that with it, and chicken and asparagus, and I happened to ask 'em if they and nine sorts of pickles, and canned Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of day. There was to be a Fourth of July and good loud healthy cheese, and red latter pair's lavish expenditure of money. Pratt's first impression was connected The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they ermed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who themselves. Van said 'twould be an gave Hartley up. "The Heavenlies" long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef.

CHAPTER III .- Continued. "And while we're giving you the story of our lives, skipper," says Hartlev, with one of his half smiles. "I want to say right here that our pres ent surroundings aren't all that fancy painted 'em. They're too much in the lime light." This was just one of his crazy ways of saving things: I was getting used to 'em a little by now. "We're too prominent," he says. "The populace are too friendly and interested."

"Also," says Van, "the select bunch of feminines from the hotel have taken to making our front walk a sort of promenade. Martin and I are naturally shy; we pine for solitude."

There was more of this, but I managed to find out that what they wanted was a quieter place than Scudder's. A place off by itself, where they could be as natural as a picked chicken. I agreed to try and help 'em find such a place. And I said, too, that I'd think about the cooking idea. Money didn't seem to be no object-I could have my wages by the hod or barrelful-just as I see fit.

"Well," says I, getting up to go. "I'll see. Let me sleep on it for a That's my natural life; and I don't spell, same's you fellers have done on Nate's pin-feather beds. But I ain't so sure about your staying all summer. How about that young lady friend of yours, Mr. Van Brunt? She may take a notion to send for you to clear, and you could see the schooners God's earth should want to run," he introduce her to the king of Chiny or the grand panjandrum with the little round bottom on top. Then you'd have to pack up and cut your cable."

minute. I thought first he was mad somebody had dipped their finger in at me for putting my oar in where it the bluing bottle and smouthed it along wa'n't supposed to be. Then he the bottom of the sky, was the Wapalaughed. "Sol." says he, "that young tomac shore, and away aft, right over lady and I are kindred spirits. For a the stern, was the Trumet lighthouse, year I'm natural and happy, and she like a white chalk mark on a yellow can nurse her Hooligans and go on charity sprees. Then-well, then we bank behind it. fall back on our respected parents and wedded-er-bliss. Hey, Martin?"

lit another cigar and nodded. But he didn't say nothing.

chased around trying to find a house than a spoiled mackerel all the morn- eyes staring at the ground all the and lot where them Heavenly lunatics ing, braced up and got real chipper. By time. And he never spoke two words lic treasury, and he amassed an imcould be natural. I located a couple of and by they resurrected that book of till we got to the fair grounds. bully summer places, all trees and theirs and had what you might call a windmills and posy beds and hot and Natural Life drunk. I never see print- five or six hundred folks, I should that his frauds could only be discovcold water and land knows what. But | ing that went to a person's head the | think, and more coming all the time. | ered by weighing. they wouldn't do: they "smelled of way that book seemed to go to theirs. coupons," Van said. What they really I judged 'twas kind of light and gassy wanted, or thought they wanted, was reading and naturally riz and filled the thought and had brought such dextrous use of that tool. Whence

For a week or ten days we kept the loon.

tired and quit. It got to be July and cook in that basket. We had my their month at Nate's was 'most over. | chowder and four kinds of crackers Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical nar- I was up there the evening of the third with it, and chicken and asparagus, wanted me and the sloop for the next celebration over to Eastwich and some wine and champagne. When I'd of the boarders wanted to go and see hoisted in enough of everything so the balloon and the races and the my hatches wouldn't shut tight, and greased pig chase, and such like. If pulling on one of the Twins' cigars, I the Twins didn't care I'd take the job, says to Van: I said. But they took a notion to go excuse for me to give 'em another Life?" chowder, if nothing more. So, on the morning of the Fourth we started, me and Van Brunt and Hartley and Lord the layout yet. James, in the Dora Bassett. Talk about cruises. If I'd known-and vet

#### CHAPTER IV. The Pig Race.

out of it come-But there! let me tell

I don't cal'late that I ever had a better run down the bay than I done that morning. 'Twas a fair wind, and a smooth sea, not the slick, greasy kind, but with little blue waves chasing each other and going "Spat! spat!" under the Dora Bassett's quarter as she danced over 'em. And that's just what she did-dance. There wa'n't any hog-wallowing for her; she just picked up her skirts, so to speak. and tripped along-towing the little landing skiff astern of her-like a 16year-old girl going to a surprise party.

An early July morning on the bay down our way is good enough for vours truly, Solomon Pratt. Take it with the wind and water like I've said: with the salt smell from the marshes drifting out from the shore, and up with the smell of the pitch-pines on the bluffs, and me in the stern of a good boat with the tiller in my hand and a pipe in my face-well, all right!

need no book to tell me so neither. The Heavenlies enjoyed it, and they'd ought to. 'Twas clear then. though it got hazy over to the east'ard later on. But then, as I say, 'twas strung out on the skyline, some full says, "when they can keep still, is beup, with their sails shining white in the sun, and others down over the edge, with only their tops'ls showing. Van. he looked hard at me for a Far off, but dead ahead, just as if

fence, the fence being the high sand

The Twins laid back and soaked in the scenery. They unbuttoned their Hartley, in the shadow of the vines, jackets and took long breaths. They For the next three or four days I and even Hartley, who had been bluer up to the visor of his cap, and his tium.

hunt up, but didn't have no luck. Everybody was happy but Lord and fourth generation. There was con- and cunning, hard-headed scoundrels. Whenever I'd think I'd uncovered a James, and I could see that he wa'n't siderable many summer folks—not so —Pearson's Weekly. promising outfit the Heavenlies would easy in his mind. He set about amid- many as there is at the cattle show in turn to and dump in a cargo of objec- ships of the cockpit and hung onto the August-but a good many, just the tions and bury it again. After five or thwart with both in is, like he was same. I counted five automobiles, and

gone down sudden I'll bet they'd have 'em lop-sided. dredged up that Hopper valet and the thwart together. And then they'd gang and his nose turned up to 12 have had to pry 'em apart. His lord- o'clock. ship wa'n't used to water, unless 'twas to mix with something else.

hands into his pockets, tilts his hat back to the boat." back and begins to sing. More effects But I hadn't seen so many shows as of the Natural Life spree, I suppose, he had and I wanted to stay. but 'twas bully good singing. Might | "You wait a spell, Mr. Hartley," have been saying most anything, call- says I. "Let's cruise round a little ing me a short lobster for what I first." know, 'cause 'twas some foreigner's So we went shoving along through lingo, but the noise was all right even the crowd, getting our toes tramped if I did have to take chances on the on and dodging peddlers and such like words. I cal'late to know music when every other minute. There was the I hear it.

stopped. "Martin, you're better al- in a tent: "Walk right up, gents, and ready. I haven't heard you sing for cast your eyes on the greatest marvel two years or more. The last time of the age all alive and solid stone was at the Delanceys' 'at home.' Do only two nickels a dime ten cents," you remember the dowager and 'my and all the rest of it. Pretty soon daughter?' Heavens! and 'my daugh- we come to where the feller was sellter's' piano playing! Agnes told the ing the E Pluribus Unum candy-red, dowager that she had never heard white and blue, and a slab as big as a anything like it. You and she were brick for a dime. together, you know. Give us another verse.

But Martin wouldn't. Shut up like a clam and reached into his pocket for a cigar.

"That was A No. 1, Mr. Hartley, says I. "I wish you could hear Solon Bassett play the fiddle; you'd appreciate it.'

queen's corns.

Blessed if I could see what there was funny about it. Solon can play like an Injun. Why, I've seen him shoulder. bust two strings at a Thanksgiving ball and then play "Mrs. McLeod's Reel"-you know, "Buckshee, nannygoat, brown bread and beans"-on t'other two, till there wa'n't a still foot in the hall.

We made Eastwich Port about noon and had dinner. I cooked up a kettle of chowder--fetched the clams along with me from home-and 'twould have done you good to see the Heavenlies lay into it. Lord James he skipped around like a hoppergrass in a hot skillet, fetching glasses and laying out nine or ten different kind of forks and spoons side of each plate, and opening wine bottles, and I don't know what all. When he hove in sight of the wharf that morning he was toting a basket pretty nigh as big as he was. I asked him what it was.

"Why, the 'amper," says he. "The which?" says I.

"The lunch 'amper, of course," 'he

says. "The 'amper for the heatables." Well, I wondered then what in the nation was in it, for 'twas heavier than lead. I remember that the heft left-over riz biscuit. But now I see why 'twas heavy. There was enough dishes and truck for ten men and the plum pudding with sass, and coffee

"Mr. Van Brunt," says I "is this part of what you call the Natural

"You bet, skipper!" says he. He hadn't finished the chowder end of

Well, I heaved a sigh. 'Twas kind of unnatural to me, having come on me all to once; but I cal'lated I could get used to it in time without shedding no tears. Didn't want to get used to it too quick, neither; I wanted the novelty to linger along, as

you might say. When the dinner was over-the Heavenlies was well enough acquained with the family to nickname it "lunch"-I started in to help his lordship wash dishes. The Twins sprawled themselves under a couple of pine trees and blew smoke rings.

"Hurry up there, messmate," say I to the valet; "I want to get through time enough to run up to the fair grounds and see that greased pig race."

Hartley had been keeping so still cal'lated he was dropping off to sleep, but it seems he wa'n't. He set up,

"I'll go with you, skipper," says he. "Might as well do that as anything. I've never seen a greased pig race. They don't have 'em on the Street." "Chase nothing but lambs there draws Van Brunt, lazy, and with his

eyes half shut. Then he turned over and looked at his chum. "Great Caesar! Martin." he says "you don't mean to tell me that you're going up into that crowd of hayseeds to hang over a fence and watch some one run, do you? Why any one on

should want to watch 'em do itthat's worse yet. Come here and be natural and decent." But Hartley wouldn't do it. His

nervous-like, with his foot. "Come on, Van," he says, "I want the walk."

"Not much," says Van. "Walking's almost as bad as running. I'll be here when you get back."

There was a dickens of a crowd, ping" the money in so skilful a manner Everybody that could come had borrowed the horses and carryalls of name of "The File," from his making six funerals of this kind I got sort of afraid 'twould bust loose and leave I see the Barry folks from Trumet right if the profit is likely to be large.

him adrift. If the Dora Bassett had riding round in their four-horse coach struck a derelict or something and and putting on airs enough to make

> Hartley gave one look around at the "Gad!" says he, "this, or something like it, is what I've been trying to get

By and by Hartley shoves both away from. Come on, Sol. Let's go

"test-your-strength" machine and the "Good!" says Van. when his chum merry-go-round and the "ossified man"

Hartley stopped and stares at it. "For heaven's sake!" says he. "What do they do with that?" "Do with it?" says I. "Eat it, of

course. "No?" he says. "Not really?" "Humph!" I says. "You just wait a shake.

There was a little red-headed young-Van he roared and even Hartiey ster scooting in and out among the managed to smile. As for Lord James | folks' knees and I caught him by the he looked at me like I'd trod on the shoulder. "Hi, Andrew Jackson!" says I. "Want some candy?"

He looked up at me as pert and sassy as a blackbird on a scarecrow's "Bet your natural!" says he. I

jumped. "Lord!" says I; "I cal'late he knows

Hartley smiled. "How do they sell that-that Portland cement?" says he. "Give me some," he says, holding a half dollar to the feller behind the oilcloth counter. The man chiseled off enough for a fair-sized tombstone and handed it out. Hartley passed it to the boy. He bit off a hunk that made him look like he had the mumps all on one side, and commenced to crunch it.

"There!" says 1. "That's proof enough, ain't it?"

But he wa'n't satisfied. "Wait a minute," says he. "I want to see what it does to him."

Well, it didn't do nothing, apparently, except to make the little shaver's jaws sound like a rock crusher, so we went on. By and by we come to the fence alongside of the place where they had the races. The sack race was on, half a dozen fellers hopping around tied up in meal bags, and we see that. Then Hartley was for going home again, but I managed to hold of it made me ask him if he' fetched him. The greased pig was the next along some of the late Hannah Jane's number on the dance order and I wanted to see it.

Maj. Philander Phinney, he's chairman of the Eastwich selectmen and Canada in soil, product, topography or and the raising of the standard of inpretty nigh half as big as he thinks he is: he stood on tin-toe on the judge's stand and bellered that the every point many business men and to the credulity of the public meets greased pig contest was open to boys under 15, and that the one that caught the pig and hung on to it would get | was beyond the boundary of the five dollars. In less than three shakes country." of a herring's hind leg there was boys enough on that field to start a reform school. They ranged all the way "om little chans who ought to have in home cutting their milk teet, to "boys" that had vellow fuzz on their chins and a plug of chewing tobacco swered the maiden. in their pants' pocket. They fetched in the pig shut up in a box with laths over the top. He was little and black and all shining with grease. Then they stretched a rope across one end of the race field and lined up the pig-

chasers behind it. "Helio!" says Hartley, "there's our Portland cement youngster. He'll not-" never run with that marble quarry inside of him '

Sure enough, there was the boy that had tackled the candy. I could see his red head blazing like a lightning bug alongside of a six-foot infant with overalls and a promising crop of side whiskers. Next thing I knew the starter-Issachar Tiddit, 'twas-he opens the lid to the pig box and hollers "Go!"

The line dropped. That little bnd pig see 20 odd pair of hands shooting towards him, and he fetched a yel! like a tugboat whistle and put down the field, with the whole crew behind him. The crowd got on tiptoe and stretched their necks to see. Everybody hollered and hurrahed and "haw,

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Devil's Bible.

This wonderful volume is in the royal library of the royal palace of Sweden. It is a huge copy of the Bible written on 300 prepared asses' skins. One tradition says that it took 500 years to complete this copy, which is so large that it has a table by itself. Another tradition asserts that it was done in a single night, owing to the assistance of his satanic majesty, who yond me; and why you, of all men, when the work was completed gave the monk a portrait of himself for a frontispiece.

However true this may be, there blue streak seemed to have struck in ness of the King of Darness adorning can still be found the illuminated likeagain and he was kicking the sand, the front page of the work. This book was carried off by the Swedes. during the Thirty Years war, from a convent in Prague.-Sur lay Magazine.

An Early Coin S weater

"Coin sweating," which so often fig-It may be that Hartley did want ures in the Old Bailey calendar, is a that walk, same as he said, but he very, very old crime. More than six actually forgot to smoke, which was didn't seem to get much fun out of it. centuries before Christ there was a a sort of miracle, as you might say, Went pounding along, his cigar tipped coin sweater, one Alexander of Byzan-

> He was the chief officer of the pubmense and sudden fortune by "clip-

The Byzantiums gave him the nicka state's prison in a desert, I judged. empty places same as you'd fill a bal- their wives and mothers-in-law and probably comes the modern term of their children's children unto the third "file" applied to thieves, pickpockets

> Right and Wrong. Many a wrong seems to become a

## EXCELLENT WEATHER AND MAGNIFICENT CROPS

REPORTS FROM WESTERN CAN-ADA ARE VERY ENCOURAGING.

A correspondent writes the Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press: "The Pinch-Creek district, (Southern Alberta), the original home of fall wheat, where it has been grown without failure, dry seasons and wet, for about 25 years, is excelling itself this year. The yield and quality are both phenomenal, as has been the weather for its harvesting. Forty bushels is a common yield, and many fields go un to 50, 60 and over, and most of it No. 1 Northern. Even last year, which was less favorable similar vields were in some cases obtained, but owing to the season the quality was not so good. It is probably safe to say that the average yield from the Old Man's River to the boundary will be 47 or 48 bushels per acre, and mostly No. 1 Northern. One man has just made a net profit from his crop of \$19.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of land. Land here is too cheap at present, when a crop or two will pay for it, and a failure almost unknown. Nor is the district dependent on wheat, all other crops do well, also stock and dairying, and there is a large market at the doors in the mining towns up the Crows Nest Pass, and in British Columbia, for the abundant hay of the district, and poultry, pork, and garden truck. Coal is near and cheap. Jim Hill has an eye on its advantages, and has invested here, and is bringing the Great Northern Railroad soon, when other lines will follow."

other parts of Western Canada show it run up a bill. splendid yields and will make the farmers of that country (and many of them are Americans) rich. The Canadian Government Agent for this district advises us that he will be pleased to give information to all who desire it about the new land regulations by which a settler may now secure 160 acres in addition to his 160 homestead acres, at \$3.00 an acre, and also how to reach these lands into which railways are being extended. It might be interesting to read what is said of lations to brag too much about their that country by the Editor of the Marshall (Minn.) News-Messenger, sweet sleep. who made a trip through portions of it in July, 1908. "Passing through more than three thousand miles of Western Canada's agricultural lands, touring the northern and southern farming belts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with numerous drives through the great grain fields, we were made to realize not only the magnificence of the crops, but the magnitude, in measures, of the vast territory opening, and to be opened to farming immigration. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers there, and millions of acres under cultivation but there is room for millions more, and other millions of acre- notwithstanding the wide diffusion of age available. We could see in Western knowledge, the spread of education climate, little that is different from telligence among the people, the ap-Minnesota, and with meeting at peal of the quack and the charlatan farmers who went there from this with a readier response than ever .state, it was difficult to realize one London Hospital.

Breaking the Ice. "Do you think any girl ever pronie?" he asked.

"Not unless she is obliged to," an-"H'm! I hadn't thought of that," he iron.

said, after a pause. "But, George," she said, laying her hand affectionately upon his arm and

looking into his eyes, "you, I am sure, will never force me to that humiliation.'

"No-er-that is to say-of course The ice was broken and three minutes later George was Jennie's 'ac-

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery-Defiance Starch-all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never anproached by other brands.

Help! Murder! "Why did you knock Jones down?" "We were talking about the fre-

quency of Brown's jag." "Well?" "Well, great Scott! he referred to

Brown's present drunk as 'the current bun."-Boston Transcript. The fellow who lands the first blow generally wins, but if we all waited

for the other fellow to begin, there

Strong Winds and Sand Storms cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

wouldn't be any fight.

Advocates of corporal punishment evidently believe that an occasional spanking makes children smart.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Liberality does not consist in giving largely, but in giving wisely .-

> Try a pair of smart White House Shoes. Walk home, or anywhere—they start comfortable. Continue comfortable —end comfortable—stay graceful.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES. FOR MEN, \$3.50, \$4,00, \$5 00 and \$6.00. FOR WOMEN, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes for youngsters. Ask your dealer for them. THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers

ST. LOUIS

fort.



Mr. Asker-Do you find your new auto a good climber, Harrry? Harry-Well, it's not a speed mar vel when it comes to running up hills, The wheat, oat and barley crop in but say, old man, you just ought to see

LAUGH WAS ON THE DEACON.

Statement Might Be True, But Cer

tainly Was Unhappily Expressed.

French, at the last meeting of the

Squashville Political Debate club.

"that this club has been degenerating

ever since I became a member of it."

he saw a slight smile on the faces of

his fellow members.

cott's.

The deacon paused and flushed as

"What I mean to say is," he con-

tinued, with some haste, "that ever

since I joined this club I've noticed a

gradual but decided change for the

The smile on the faces of the other

members deepened, and the deacon's

face turned almost scarlet.
"You all know what I mean," he

added, desperately. "What I mean is

that from the very minute I became a

member of the Squashville Political

Debate club. I could see that it was

beginning to lose its value as an or-

ganization, and the longer I have

stayed in it, the more steadily have I

seen it running down hill!"-Lippin-

A RUNNER-UP.

"I regret to say," remarked Deacon

His Epitaph. "I have just one request," said the

dving man to his relatives. 'What is it?" they asked him earnestly. "We will grant you anything." "Well," replied the man, feebly, "I want you to have carved upon my

monument these words: 'Here lies a

man who worked for his living." Realizing that he had forestalled any attempt on the part of his rich refamily connections, he sank into a

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney
for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financial;

orable in all business transactions and financialt' able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and nucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Public Credulity.

After making full allowance for the increased spending power of the masses, figures prove conclusively that

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the poses in leap year, as they say, Jen- proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods. and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the

> A Piercing Motive. "That farmer's wife certainly does

stick her boarders." "Very likely; it's her pin money."-Baltimore American.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 10: N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

A hov never looks in a mirror to see if his face is clean after washing it; he looks at the dirt on the towel

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Ease. 25c at your Druggist's Write A.S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

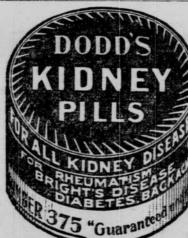
It takes a truthful man to tell a lle big enough to attract attention.

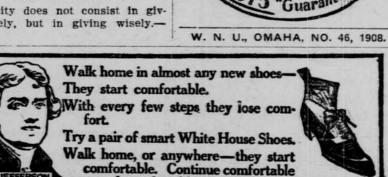
Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. You: dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Marriage is a contract, but there

are lots of contract jumpers

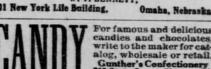
When a man is short he usually has a long face.





"Last Best West" pamphlets and maps sent free. For these and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada

or to the authorized Canadian Government Agent W. V. BENNETT.



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Restored to Health by Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over-came irregularities, pe-riodic suffering, and ervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to KatharineCraig 2355 afayette St., Denver, ol., writes: 'Thanks o Lydia E. Pinkham's egetable Compound I am well, aftersuffering for months from neryous prostration. man, of Laurel, Ia., vrites: "I was in a run-

Miss Lillian Ross, 530

owncondition and sufred from suppression, digestion, and poor circulation. Lydia II. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong." Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Kewanee, Ill., says: "Ly-dia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had

failed to help me."

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,

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.

periodic pains, backache, that bear-

ing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-

tion, dizziness, ornervous prostration.



### Neglected Colds and Coughs are the cause of many cases

of Pneumonia and Consumption. No matter how slight your Cough or Cold may be, cure it before it has a chance to do any harm.

# DR.D.JAYNE'S Expectorant

is the oldest and best known medicine in the world for relieving and curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Croup, Whooping-Cough, and diseases of this class. Your druggist will supply you. In three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c, and 25c. Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Ver-

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both adults and children. It is

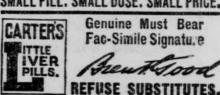
also a safe worm medicine.

CARTER'S Positively cured by these Little Pills. tress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nam

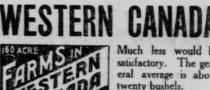
PILLS.

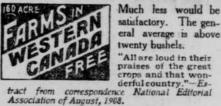
Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue. Pain in the They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

sea. Drowsiness. Bad



45 to 50 Bu. of Wheat Per Acre





It is now possible to secure a homestead of 160

acres free and another 160 acres at \$3.00 per acre.

Hundreds have paid the cost of their farms (if

purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10.00

to \$12.00 per acre from one crop. Wheat, barley, oats. flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great

success and dairying is highly profitable. Excel-lent climate, splendid schools and churches, rail-

ways bring most every district within easy reach of market. Railway and land companies have

lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.