Don't Blame Us
If after we have left town you find you have not a supply of Ready to sew-on feet [illegible] only 10c a pair.
WILLIAMS - GEORGETOWN

Glenwilliams.
Mrs H Beaumont [illegible]

The Georgetown Herald.

REFOOT YOUR OWN
hose with our ready-to-sew on feet but buy them at once, only 10c a pair.
WILLIAMS - GEORGETOWN

FORTY-THIRD YEAR | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5, 1908. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

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EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
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The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

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[illegible]

Eight cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.
Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.
Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.
Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.
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J. M. MOORE, Manager.

DIRECTORY.

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W. A. F. CAMPBELL
Successor to Messrs. Goodwillie & Goodwillie.)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Money to loan. Office at Messrs. Goodwillies' old stand, Georgetown.

WALTER S. MORPHY
Barrister, &c., Brampton, solicitor for the Dominion Bank and the Townships of Toronto, Albion and Caledon. Office telephone No. 85. Residence No. 105.

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DRS. WEBSTER & NIXON,
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OFFICE and residence: Norval and Georgetown.

DR. A. S. ELLIOTT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Sutherland) Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
PHYSICIAN, surgeon, etc., office and residence, Main street, south, opposite Presbyterian church.

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DENTIST
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches. Office over the Post Office.

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OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned. Phone 37.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Peel and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm stock a specialty. Orders left at the HERALD office will receive prompt attention.

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SOCIETIES.

HOME CIRCLE
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 61, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—
J. BAIRD, J. ALLEN,
N. LONG. E. Hawhirter

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.
DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 10c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS
(Successor to R. Gollop.)
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., next Hellstrom's. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Rolston Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Baths.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. BARBER & BROS.,
PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

Lawson Bros.,
GEORGETOWN
Planing Mill
Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, including Sash, Doors, Mouldings, &c. on short notice. A complete stock of
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.
Always on hand.
Bill Stuff a Specialty
LAWSON BROS.

JAS. M. BUCK,
BUTCHER
Always has on hand Home Cured Hams and Bacon, Spiced Roll and Smoked Back.
Pressed Beef and Tongue, our own make.
Sausage, Bologna and Headcheese always fresh.
Try our Boiled Ham, 28c per lb. Special.
Beef, Pork, Etc., Finest Quality.
N.B.—No Factory Produce sold at this establishment.
J. M. BUCK - Georgetown.

NO HONING-NO GRINDING
Steel is iron free from dirt, air or foreign substance fused with carbon. Carbon gives toughness, strength, keeness and life. Thirty year's study of the razor situation has shown a way to add the highest per cent of carbon to a Carbo Magnetic razor blade through a secret process of ELECTRIC TEMPERING giving it a uniform diamond like hardness—something absolutely impossible with fire tempered razors, and they are Hamburg ground. But Test this UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED razor at home—or have your barber use it on you—for thirty days WITHOUT OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE.
W. C. ANTHONY, Agent

BEST QUALITIES OF COAL
Including a full supply of Scranton, the best to be had, for which I have the exclusive right to sell in this locality.
Anthracite Coal in all sizes including No. 2 Chestnut, the best and cheapest summer fuel on the market.

COAL
—AND—
WOOD
Promptly delivered.
Your patronage solicited.
John McDonald,
GEORGETOWN - ONTARIO
TELEPHONE NO. 12.

Finest Goods for
Wedding Presents
—AT—
T. J. WHEELER'S
Silverware and Cut Glass, of finest quality and at lowest prices.
Choice selection of Watches and Jewelry.
Repairing Promptly done.
T. J. Wheeler
Jeweler
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

Ferguson
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Pupil Illinois College of Photography.
Studio—Main st., GEORGETOWN.

SCRANTON COAL!
We have just received the first shipments of an 800 ton order of SCRANTON Coal in all sizes which we offer at $6.50 per ton during the month of May.
We will carry Lehigh Valley and Plymouth Coal in separate bins.
Blacksmith Coal and Soft Lump for threshing and steam purposes.
We have in stock a large amount of Slabs in four-foot lengths suitable for summer fuel.
Portland Cement
Flour, Feed and Provisions.
John Ballantine
GEORGETOWN, - ONT
Phone 30.

Arthur B. Castell,
T. S. F. College of Music
London, England.
Choirmaster Presbyterian Church.
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing.
GEORGETOWN - ONT.
Tuition Fee (in any branch) $6.00 per term of 20 lessons, at my residence or at pupil's home. Pianos tuned.

COLIN - MITCHELL
STEWARTTOWN.
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.
Also a full line of Farm Implements Wagons and Carriages.
Colin Mitchell,
Stewarttown

Bank of Hamilton
A Savings Account is your best friend.
CONVENIENCE—No formality in opening accounts, or in depositing or withdrawing money.
PRIVACY—Information as to savings accounts is confined to trusted clerks, pledged to secrecy.
Georgetown Branch
W. N. McKAY, Manager.

Authorized Capital $1,000,000 Head Office, Toronto.
—THE—
FARMERS BANK of Canada
To those wishing for a safe and convenient depository for their money, we would suggest that you open a SAVINGS ACCOUNT with us.
$1.00 starts an account on which interest is paid quarterly. Withdrawal by cheque allowed.
[illegible] CONNELL [illegible]

F. H. DEACON & CO.
Members Toronto Stock Exchange.
Stocks bought and sold on all Exchanges. Commission—One quarter of one per cent.
High Grade Investment Bonds and Debentures a Specialty.
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED
Office—72 King Street West, Toronto.

Choice Goods!
FOR SPRING
AT
Graham's Furniture Store
Call and see our large display of up-to-date furniture. Prices right. We do not ask you to buy if you are not suited. We keep in stock all lines of kitchen, dining room, parlor, hall and bedroom furniture; also mattresses, feather pillows, down comforters, lineoleums, oilcloths, rugs, mats, window shades, curtain poles, curtain stretchers and pictures.
Phone 63 A—Shop. Phone 63 B—House.
G. W. C. GRAHAM, - Main street, Georgetown
The Leading Funeral Director, Embalmer and Furniture Dealer.
Upholstering and Picture Framing a Specialty.
WE CARRY THE STOCK. WE SAVE YOU MONEY.

NORVAL FLOUR
The best in the market.
For sale by the best grocers.
ROBT. NOBLE
NORVAL M[illegible]S.

POETRY.

THE LOST CHILD.

[illegible]
And [illegible] when no one Cared.
It was [illegible] like a Wreck.
And People smiled like Bears.
I thought that my own Mother—
Had not Forgotten me.—
And God I—I thought He'd lost me,
Like a penny in the Sea!
The noises seemed to grow and grow,
And roar until they Drowned me:—
And I could only say, "I'm Lost."
And then—at last—they found me,—
THEY FOUND ME!

TO-DAY'S STORY.

How Crophorn Held the Pass.

NOBODY knows "Crophorn's" exact age, but she certainly is too venerable to be of use on a dairy-farm, and her breed is as uncertain as her years; but any suggestion that she be tranformed into beef always meets with a decided negative from Tom Ottway.

"She's the mascot of the herd," is all her owner usually will say in explanation of her privileges; but sometimes, when in a more communative mood, he will tell how she lost her right horn and earned her present name.

It was nearly a dozen years ago, and Crophorn was then known as Dapple. Late in one of the hard- [illegible] winters which the peninsula [illegible] northern Michigan has ever known [illegible] proudly stood guard over a spindle- [illegible] calf only a few days old.

[illegible] Ottway was not married, and had [illegible] bought the valley farm, on [illegible] fields were fully cleared. [illegible] but had been absent for a fortnight, visiting a sister in Canada. She had expected to be away not more than a week, but had been detained by a severe Februrary storm. The back country then could be reached only by stage or in private conveyance.

Tom was very busy while she was gone. In addition to feeding the sixteen head of cattle, the pigs, poultry and three horses, and getting his own meals he spent every spare moment in felling trees in the south slashing. He wished to clear at least five acres there before the sap started, so as to burn the tract over early in the summer.

As the result of his hard work, Tom ordinarily slept well, but of late his nights had been disturbed by the presence of wolves. There were many big gray ones about, but when game was abundant they caused him little anxiety. Now, however, the deep snow had lessened their ordinary supply of food, and they were drawing nearer to the settled country. Tom had no neighbors within three miles, and his clearing was one of the most exposed in the county.

For nearly a week he had heard a pack in full cry not far from the open fields, and then, as their tracks showed, they had made a dash at the cattle-yard. The high log fence had repelled them, although in one place they had made repeated efforts to jump over.

This yard was roofed over at the west end, and the shed thus formed was boarded up, except for a narrow gate next to the barn. A straw-stack near the centre afforded additional shelter, the sides having been eaten away by the young stock till they could burrow practically out of sight. Here they gathered to sleep at night, although the shed was deeply bedded in straw and usually left open.

The small barn was a strong but temporary structure, only large enough to shelter the horses and farm implements. The combined pig-pen and hen-house was of logs, built as a lean-to on the south side of the barn.

On the day following the first actual visit of the wolves, a 'sou'wester' gathered itself together somewhere over Lake Michigan, and came shrieking across water, field and forest, bringing eighteen more inches snow. This fresh snow was heavy, but not damp enough to prevent it from drifting in hard windrows. The backwoods roads were thus again rendered impassable.

Tom heard the hunting cry of the pack even above the howling of the storm; and in going to the slashing, he found a skull and thigh-bones where a belated deer had been pulled down and devoured. Most of its surviving companions had gone far to the southward long before.

When he started for the house at sunset he saw two wolves sitting on their haunches on a knoll thirty or forty rods away, watching him. He pointed his ax-helve at them, like a gun, and they slunk off into the timber; but when he reached the barn, he discovered that five lean creatures had followed him to the limits of the underbrush.

Tom made everything snug at night before attending to his own wants. The cattle were a little uneasy; they had already detected the presence of the pack. The stout fence seemed impregnable, but there was a great drift at the southeast corner that ran up to within a yard of the topmost log. The young man regretted that he had not taken time to dig it away that afternoon, and resolved to come out after supper and cut a trench next to the fence.

Darkness came on while the meal was being prepared and as he was eating, he heard a howl just below the barn. Going to the window, he saw a procession of dim forms stealing across the snow around the end of the cattle-yard. Hastily securing his repeating rifle and cartridge-belt, he hurried across to the yard, where he hung a lantern on the inside next to the corner of the barn. He then climbed over and went a few paces below the stack. He arrived not a moment too soon.

The pack ranged along the farther fence leaping and snapping. The cattle [illegible] hat. All were frightened, but two of the steers showed the litter and showed symptoms of a willingness to fight. There seemed to be about a dozen wolves outside.

Dapple and her calf were inside the shed, the gate of which Tom had closed that evening to keep the other cattle from them. It now occurred to him that the herd might be safest with them, as he could guard the opening over the gate with his rifle.

The pack, foiled in their efforts to reach the cattle by jumping over the fence on north side, now started to circle the end of the yard. Tom ran and opened the gate, hoping the steers would lead the way inside, but instead they hurried behind the stack.

At this instant the wolves found the big drift and ran up on it. Their leader lifted his forefeet to the top log, and was on the point of leaping into the yard, when Tom took aim and fired.

The beast sank down across the fence, struggled for a moment, till his body slid forward to the trampled ground below. At the sound of the gun the cattle began to bellow, and at last bolted for the gate. Tom fired again as two more wolves showed their heads, but the next instant was enclosed by the stampeded herd, and had to run for his life. He was in the corner by the barn, and could not dodge past them.

He sprang through the gate, and was turning to the left, when one of the steers, blind with terror, plunged headlong against him, hurling him against a post that supported the slab roof.

His thick cap prevented his skull from being fractured, but the force of the blow was so great that he sank down unconscious, across his rifle, at the foot of the post.

For a minute thereafter the cattle jammed in the gateway; then they forced their way inside and crowded to the farthest corner, each fighting to get into the middle of the struggling mass.

[illegible] back of the post [illegible] come to grief. This protected her from being trampled upon, and kept the little creature safe. As the stampede passed her, she leaped to her feet like a deer, and, determined to protect her calf at all hazards, rushed to the open gateway.

Ten of the wolves were now in the cattle yard. For a time they hesitated. Their leader was dead, and the smell of this man-place was very disquieting. But hunger soon overcame their suspicions.

As they gathered themselves together for a concerted rush, Tom's wits slowly returned to him, and he sat upright, half-dazed. The out-cry of the wolves recalled him a partial realization of the situation.

Twice the wolves encircled the stack, searching in vain for stragglers. Then they saw Dapple, and rushed straight at her.

The cow stood so that only her head and neck projected beyond the side post. The first wolf that came was caught on her horns and hurled backward upon his fellows; the next and the next followed suit. So fierce was the cow's defense that the pack then sheered off, and ran, yapping and leaping, along the side of the shed.

Then the calf bawled in fear, and its mother drew back inside the gate. On the instant the wolves returned, and she dashed out to meet them. A wiry old she wolf sprang directly upon her head. Dapple thrust her down and drove one sharp horn through her chest, inflicting a mortal wound. But the limp body held her nose to the ground, and she charged fairly outside of the gate, when two more wolves leaped upon her shoulders. She was borne down till Tom could see nothing but a snarl of struggling animals.

Then with a mighty effort she broke the horn short off in the wolf's carcass, and with the same impulse freed herself of the others. But she was bleeding from a dozen wounds and sadly crippled by the loss of the horn. The pack was upon her again in an instant, and but for prompt aid, she must have perished.

Tom was now roused and clear-headed. He sprang forward and fired among the wolves, the muzzle of the weapon being held so close to them that the flash actually scorched their hair. Three times the rifle rang out, and then the survivors ran away and skulked in the farther end of the enclosure, where they could hardly be seen in the darkness.

Dapple was so roused that she was inclined to fight her rescuer, but finally hurried to the side of her calf. The little creature, frightened by the smell of blood kept as far from her as possible. Tom closed the gate, refilled the magazine of his rifle, and walked to where the lantern was hanging.

The trapped wolves could not escape. Turning the light upon them, he fired till the last one was dead. They made not the slightest effort to attack him.

He did what he could for Dapple's injuries, but her wounds caused a fever that dried up her milk, and the promising calf was stunted, although its owner succeeded in keeping it alive. The other cattle were so afraid of the wolves' bodies that although he skinned and removed them the next day, the herd could not be induced to leave the shed till driven to do so by thirst.

Another pack crossed the clearing the next night, but did not venture near the buildings. The money received from bounties and the sale of the peltries more than paid all damages, although Dapple—or Crophorn, as she was henceforth called—was ruined, except as an example of bovine courage and ability [illegible].

[illegible]

A college professor had been seriously ill of a fever for several weeks, but the fever had left him at last, and he lay in a stupor, utterly exhausted.

"This is the really critical period," the attending physician said to the watchers in an undertone. "If he has sufficient vitality to carry him through this—and I am strongly disposed to hope he has—he will [illegible] an opportunity [illegible] what is going on about him.

One of the attendants, who happened to be standing near the window looking at the rosy sunset, remarked to the doctor:

"[illegible] lurid sky there is."

The sick man opened his eyes and turned his head in the direction indicated.

"Lurid!" he exclaimed, in a tone of disgust. "If you will consult your dictionary, madam, you will find that lurid means gloomy, ghastly, dismal!"

"He will recover!" announced the doctor, triumphantly.

Bits of Humor.

Tramp—Can you assist me along the road, mum?

Lady of the House—Personally I cannot; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so!

Miss Jenkins—How do you like my new motoring costume?

Miss Wilkins—I think it suits you splendidly—especially the mask and goggles.

Caller—What's your name, little girl?
Little Girl—Dorothy.
Caller—But what's your last name?
Little Girl—I don't know what it will be. I'm not married yet

Nell—Maude has lost a good friend in Jack.
Belle—Why, have they quarrelled?
Nell—No; they are married.

Mrs. Talker—Diamonds are becoming more expensive every year.

Mrs. Shortly—Yes, and judging from what Henry says, so are hearts, clubs and spades.

First College Teacher—What lesson do we learn from the [illegible]

Elderly Bore—Your face awakes a memory. When I look at you my thoughts are taken far, far away?
She—How I long to follow them!

Little Elmer—Mamma says you are a duck of a doctor.

Pompous M. D. (greatly pleased)—Indeed! How did she come to say that?

Little Elmer—Oh, she didn't say it just that way, but I heard her tell papa you were a quack.

Lawyer—Are you sure that occurrence was on the 17th of the month?
Witness—Yes, it was the 17th.
Lawyer—Now, remember, you are under oath. How do you know it was the 17th?
Witness—'Cause the day before that—
Lawyer be careful what you say now. Go on.
Witness—Was the 16th, and the day after it was the 18th.

"Where are you going?" "To the coronation." "What?" "Yes. Going to have a crown put on a tooth.

[illegible] no noymore?" anyher "Why get toget asked a friend of the late Russel Sage. "You can't eat it. You can't drink it. What good will it do you?"

Ever play marbles?" Uncle Russell asked.

"Yes, when I was a boy."

"Couldn't eat 'em could you? Couldnot drink 'em, could you? No use to you, were they? What did you play marbles for?"

His Status.

The caste system is so deeply rooted among the people of India that Christian Hindus are still under its potent influence. For example, Mr. J. C. Oman, formerly professor of natural science in the Government College of Lahore, tells in his recent book, "The Brahmans, Deists and Muslims of India," of the native Christian head master of a mission school who was asked in a court of justice what his religion was.

"Brahman-Christain," he replied.

The judge, who was a European, not recognizing such a sect, asked for more information.

"I am a Brahman-Christian," reiterated the head master. "I cannot call myself simply a Christian," he continued with some warmth, "when that Choorah (sweeper) there is also a Christian. I am a Brahman-Christian, sir."

BRONCHITIS CREEPS INTO CONSUMPTION.

Coughing weakens the tubes and makes a resting place for the bacilli. Why let Bronchitis become established? It's easy to cure—just inhale Catarrhozone—breathe in its soothing balsams and relief comes at once. Catarrhozone is so certain in Bronchitis that every case is cured. Throat is strengthened, cough stops, irritation goes away, all danger of tuberculosis is prevented. For throat trouble, catarrh and coughs, Catarrhozone is The Remedy. 25c. and $1.00 sizes at all dealers. Get it to-day.

For sixteen years the name "Salada" has stood for the maximum of quality, purity and flavor in blended Ceylon Teas, so that the only thing you need to look out for is the "Salada" label on every package of tea you buy.

Enjoying Trouble.

Men are pretty much alike, after all. They like to keep their woes in mind, and take a good deal of satisfaction in the consciousness of [illegible] mental or physical. [illegible]

[illegible]

"O Maister John, it's you, is it?" cried George, when I had entered. "Tis a sight of a while since I set eyes on you, and I believe I shan't do it again."

"Oh, cheer up, George! Cheer up! It's no use to give in so soon. How are you to-day?" said I.

"Oh, I be turble bad with rheumatix; turble bad I be. When I do lift me hand to me head"—suiting the action to the word—"it do hurt most scandalous, most scandalous, sir. Oh-ho-ho! Massy me!" he yelled with pain.

"Well, that's bad, George," I returned "but don't lift it."

"Oh, it do ketch me turble bad when I do lift it up,"—again going through the performance,—"it do make me holler. Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o!" He yelled loud enough to be heard all over the parish.

"Well, well, George, but don't lift it? Let it stay quiet. I can see well enough that it hurts you."

"That's just what the doctor says," put in the wife. "'Ee says, says 'ee, 'Garge, don't 'ee go to lift your arm up to-day.' But, sure as life, Garge will lift it up and up, and it do make 'ee holler scandalous."

A Disappointment.

The old truth that things are not always what they seem was established anew the other day. In this case the discrepancy between fiction and fact [illegible] be most amusing, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger:

It was noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house.

He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy [illegible] with a bald head and chop[illegible] off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and with his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at his gigantic side partner and then down at the frail cane-bottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order.

"Bring me," he said, in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a doughnut."

Master of His Fate.

It was the meeting of the baseball team in a New England village, and the business before it was the election of a captain for the coming season.

Of the dozen youngsters present, more than half were candidates for the post. First one then another rose and stated the claims and qualifications of his particular favorite.

The matter was still undecided when the son of the owner of the ball-field stood up. He was a small, snub-nosed lad with a plentiful supply of freckles, but he looked about him with a decided glow of dignity and confidence.

"I'm going to be captain this year," he said, convincingly, "or else father's old bull is going to be turned into the field."

He was elected unanimously.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More little lives are lost during the hot weather than at any other time of the year, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay too frequently means that the child has passed beyond aid. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are small children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the trouble comes unawares the prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says:—"One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea which Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured. I know of no medicine so good for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ARE YOU DROWSY AFTER MEALS?

Is there a fulness in your stomach—a drowsy, lazy desire to sleep—this isn't natural in healthy folks and only occurs when the liver is torpid. You need a stimulating tonic—need Dr. Hamilton's Pills to stir your liver and put life into sleepy organs. You'll feel brisk and lively—you'll eat, digest and sleep well after regulating with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No medicine so universally used, so mild, so sure to benefit as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold by all dealers in 25c. boxes.

Get my "Book No 4 For Women". It will give weak women many valuable suggestions of relief—and with strictly confidential medical advice is entirely free. Simply write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The book No 4 tells all about Dr Shoop's Night Cure and how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied to correct these weaknesses. Write for the book. The Night Cure is sold by all dealers.