# The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 44. MILTON, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904. No. 3.



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## Church Directory.

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Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

**KNOX CHURCH**

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Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

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Sunday School: 3 p.m.
Bible Class in Vestry, 9.45 a.m.
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Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

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## Travellers' Guide.

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GOING EAST.
7.05 a.m. 9.33 a.m. 11.14 a.m. 7.59 p.m.

GOING WEST.
9.01 a.m. 5.20 p.m. 7.24 p.m. 9.07 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
West 9.07 a.m., 6.01 p.m. East 7.05 a.m., 7.59 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
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| GOING NORTH. | GOING SOUTH. |
|---|---|
| 8.36 a.m. | 6.02 p.m. |
| 10.15 a.m. | 8.23 p.m. |


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## COUNTY HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1904.

| CLERKS | January | March | May | July | Sept. | Nov. | Jan. '05 | Hours of Opening |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Milton | Friday 8th | Tuesday, 1st | Tuesday, 3rd | Friday, 1st | Tuesday, 6th | Tuesday, 1st | Tuesday, 3rd | 10 a.m. |
| Oakville | Tuesday, 5th | Tuesday, 7th | Tuesday, 5th | Tuesday, 5th | Friday, 2nd | Friday, 4th | Friday, 6th | 10 a.m. |
| Georgetown | Wednesday, 6th | Wednesday, 8th | Wednesday, 6th | Wednesday, 6th | Wednesday, 7th | Wednesday, 9th | Wednesday, 11th | 9 a.m. |
| Acton | Friday, 15th | Friday, 17th | Friday, 15th | Friday, 15th | Friday, 16th | Friday, 18th | Friday, 20th | 2 p.m. |
| Campbellville | Saturday 16th | Saturday 18th | Saturday 16th | Saturday 16th | Saturday 17th | Saturday 19th | Saturday 21st | 9 a.m. |
| Burlington | Monday 4th | Monday 6th | Monday 4th | Monday 4th | Monday 5th | Monday 7th | Monday 9th | 11 a.m. |

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, on the above mentioned days.

County Court Sittings for the trial of Issues without Jury, on the above mentioned days, when there are no Jury Terms, 10th January, 4th April, 4th July and 4th October.

County Court Sittings for Jury Terms, 11th January, 5th April, 5th July and 5th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd Tuesday after each Term.

T. G. MATTHESON,
Clerk of the Peace.

By Order.


E. & J. HARDY & CO.

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90 Fleet Street, London, E.C., England.

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**Effectually Suspended.**

Only one dog has ever had the audacity to enter parliament during the proceedings. A hundred years ago the lords were thrown into consternation by a dog's entry. Lord North was addressing the house, and the dog promptly proceeded to bark furiously at him. Lord North, considerably upset, moved that the member who was interrupting him should be suspended. Thereupon the dog was driven out and suspended in such a manner that he never interrupted again.—London Opinion.


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E. MARCHAND,
Jeweler, Milton.


# The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON


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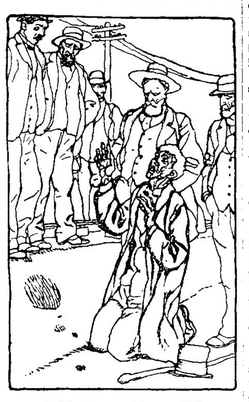
Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in and ring the courthouse bell like fury. Do as I say."

Tears stood in the judge's eyes. "It is so," he said solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it today, but somehow"— He paused. "The hounds!" he cried. "They deserve it. My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night—saw them climb the fence, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them—saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day by the flashes of lightning. The scoundrels were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with



*"Ah's bawn wid a caul!"*

them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life among them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Crossroads. If there's a chance of it, dead or alive, bring him back!"

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the judge's speech.

"Bring him back." God could, maybe, but he won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and, as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The square!" he shouted. "Start from the square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse."

"They will be!" shouted a farmer. "Don't you worry about that."

"We want to get into some sort of shape!" cried Eph.

"Shape!" repeated Hartley Bowlder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just in time as the westbound accommodation rushed by on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaned the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood or cared what he said or in the general excitement even wondered why he was going away. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared and the noise of its rush grew faint the courthouse bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rushing pellmell into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on the embankment.

"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week she'd never have known John Harkless."

## CHAPTER IX.

ALL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six Crossroads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoof beat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly cackled one old hen, with her wabbling, sailor run, smit with a superstitious horror of nothing. She hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by. Sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her husband rattled up in a buckboard and got out the shotgun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife and often looking up from his work to shake his weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Crossroads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said a sleeping—country. The sun dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed flowers, and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but unmurmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Crossroads. From a thicket of ironweed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head; that was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time and had prepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment; it was all as open as the light of day, all done in the broad sunshine. Nothing had been determined as to what was to be done at the Crossroads more definite than that the place was to be wiped out. That was comprehensive enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private. Today he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled and to outward vision unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock coat and generous linen, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Bowlbers, on the other was Lige Willetts. Mr. Watts preserving peace between the young men with perfect tact and sang in bass.

They kept good order and a semblitude of quiet for so many except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a rope fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Crossroads, and the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlement the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shanties. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield and a dozen others did, in fact, break away and set a sharp pace up the slope.

Watts tried to call them back. "What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, and, like the others, was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread!" Then as suddenly as he had appeared he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused, and the whole body came to a halt while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic clicking and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old Wilkerson:

"John Brown's bedy lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."

A few near him as they stood waiting began to take up the burden of the song, singing it in slow time like a dirge. Then those farther away took it up. It spread, reached the leaders. They, too, began to sing, taking off their hats as they joined in, and soon the whole concourse, solemn, earnest, uncovered, was singing—a thunderous requiem for John Harkless.

The sun was swinging lower, and the edges of the world were embroidered with gold, while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause—sung perhaps as some of the ancestors of these men sang with Hampden before the bristling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambuscade along the fence heard the dirge rise and grow to its mighty fullness, and they shivered. One of them, posted nearest the advance, had his rifle carefully leveled at Lige Willetts, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly, "I reckon we'll see a big jamboree other side Jordan tonight, huh?"

The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength and swelled to power and rolled and thundered across the plain.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
His soul goes marching on!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on!"

A gun spat fire from the higher ground, and Willetts dropped where he stood, but was up again in a second, with a red line across his forehead where the ball had grazed his temple. The mob spread out like a fan, the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambuscade from both sides. Mr. Watts, wading through the high grass in the field north of the road, perceived the barrel of a gun shining from the fence some distance in front of him and the same second, although no weapon was seen in his hand, discharged a revolver at the clump of grass and weeds behind the gun. Instantly ten or twelve men leaped from their hiding places along the fences of both fields and, firing hurriedly and harmlessly into the scattered ranks of the oncoming mob, broke for the shelter of the houses, where their fellows were posted. Taken on the flanks and from the rear, there was but one thing for them to do to keep from being hemmed in and shot or captured. (They excessively preferred being shot.) With a wild, high, joyous yell, sounding like the bay of young hounds breaking into view of their quarry, the Plattville men followed.

The most eastward of the debilitated edifices of Six Crossroads was the saloon. It bore the painted legends, on the west wall, "Last Chance;" on the east wall, "First Chance." Next to this and separated by two or three acres of weedy vacancy from the corners, where the population centered thickest, stood—if one may so predicate of a building which leaned in seven directions—the house of Mr. Robert Skillett, the proprietor of the saloon. Both buildings were shut up as tight as their state of repair permitted. As they were farthest to the east, they formed the nearest shelter, and to them the Crossroaders bent their flight, though they stopped not here, but disappeared behind Skillett's shanty, putting it between them and their pursuers, whose guns were beginning to speak. The fugitives had a good start, and, being the picked runners of the Crossroads, they crossed the open, weedy acres in safety and made for their homes. Every house had become a fort, and the defenders would have to be fought and torn out one by one. As the guns sounded, a woman in a shanty near the forge began to scream and kept on screaming.

On came the farmers and the men of Plattville. They took the saloon at a run, battered down the crazy door with a fence rail and swarmed inside like busy insects, making the place hum like a hive, but with the better industries of destruction. It was empty of life as a tomb, but they beat and tore and battered and broke and hammered and shattered like madmen; they reduced the tawdry interior to a mere chaos and came pouring forth laden with trophies of ruin, and then there was a charry smell in the air, and a slender feather of smoke floated up from a second story window.

At the same time Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assault which came to a sudden pause, for from cracks in the front wall a squirrel rifle and a shotgun snapped and banged, and the crowd fell back in disorder. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr Watts solicitously examined a small

*They were coming.*

aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. The house commanded the road, and the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant.

A rickety woodshed which formed a portion of the Skillett mansion closely joined the "Last Chance" side of the family place of business. Scarcely had the guns of the defenders sounded when, with a loud shout, Lige Willetts leaped from an upper window on that side of the burning saloon and landed on the woodshed and, immediately climbing the roof of the mansion itself applied a brand to the dry, time worn clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on the woodshed close behind him, his arm lovingly infolding a gallon jug of whisky, which he emptied (not without evident regret) upon the clapboards as Lige fired them. Flames burst forth almost instantly, and the smoke, uniting with that now rolling out of every window of the saloon, went up to heaven in a cumbrous, gray column.

As the flames began to spread there was a rapid fusillade from the rear of the house, and a hundred men and more, who had kept on through the fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through the flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from within. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce eyed girl, with a case knife in her hand, ran out in the face of the mob. At sound of the shots in the rear they had begun to advance on the house a second time, and Hartley Bowlder was the nearest man to the girl. With awful words and shrieking inconceivably she made straight at Hartley and attacked him with the knife. She struck at him again and again, and in her anguish of hate and fear she was so extraordinary a spectacle that she gained for her companions the seconds they needed to escape from the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent they sped from the door unnoticed, sprang over the fence and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willetts from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. "Look to your left! There they go! Don't let 'em get away!"

The Crossroaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett was badly damaged. He seemed to be holding his jaw on his face with both hands. The girl turned and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was either magnificently sacrificial and fearless or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body.

"Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we fire from here we'll hit the girl. Shoot!"

Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof at the edge out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn. They kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side, of the field when suddenly, without any premonitory gesture, the elder Skillett dropped flat on his face. The Crossroaders stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shanty into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground and began to carry it back with them. But Skillett was alive. His curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the retreaters staggered. Nevertheless as the two men slid down from the roof the burdened Crossroaders were seen to break into a run, and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back in the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding along up the pike, except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope, and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other, crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog and then springing out with triumphant bellowings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grace of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life, saw a horse dash by him, a big, black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with lather. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope and drew rein beyond the burning buildings just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a cathedral.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!"

In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in sarcastic response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has got them!"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat for him, moreover, whose counsels had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word—was a greater, and by the word and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring to stop them, was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to save the Crossroads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if at the last he had not tacitly approved, and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait. It would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, perspiring and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No one else was hurt.

"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick!" There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Crossroaders, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillett saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillett and one other would be sick enough to be good for awhile.

"Listen!" cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the

*She made straight at Hartley.*

missive in his hand, a Western Union telegraph form. "Warren Smith, Plattville," was the direction.

Found both shell men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at noon in secondhand clothes store wearing Harkless' hat; also trying to dispose torn full dress coat known to have been worn by Harkless last night. Stains on lining believed blood. Second man found later at freight yards in empty lumber car left Plattville 1 p. m., badly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Harkless made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Crossroads. This clears Skillett etc. Come over on 9.15 accommodation.

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning any one would have been confused and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for awhile, and I don't deny but the Crossroads is pretty tough, but you've done a good deal here already today, and we're saved in time from a mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw him on the Rouen accommodation."

A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskily tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,

While we go marching on."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads sang, they knew not how, gaunt, ancient nothing of the fantastic jurisdiction of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on those who deserved it these patient refugees, conscious of atrocity, disfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossroads corners, while the skeleton of the burning buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes through the smoky twilight.

From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter, fainter:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
His soul goes marching on."

## CHAPTER X.

AT the city hospital in Rouen that night a stout young man introduced himself to Barrett, superintendent of police, Warren Smith and Horner, sheriff of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkless was an old and dear friend of mine." He paused for a moment. The Plattville men nodded solemnly. "An old and dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty, and Warren Smith took him silently by the hand.

(To be continued.)

**The Number Forty In the Bible.**

The rain that produced the flood fell for forty days and forty nights, and after it ceased it was forty days before Noah opened the ark. Moses was forty days on the mountain fasting, and the spies spent forty days investigating matters in Canaan before making their report. Elijah fasted forty days in the wilderness, and Jonah gave the people of Nineveh forty days in which to repent. The forty days' fast of Jesus is known to all readers of the New Testament.

**Loaded For Them.**

"Eddie, do you know what happens to bad little boys?"

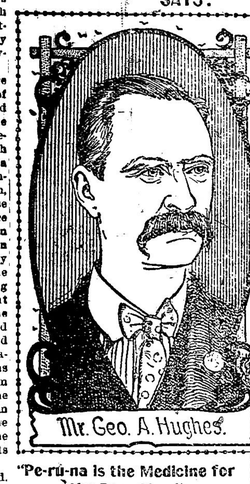
"Yes'm; the bears eat 'em up."

"Then why don't you try to be good?"

"Huh! S'pose I am afraid of bears? Say, I got a toy pistol!"


MR. GEO. A. HUGHES SAYS:

"I FEEL AS GOOD AS I DID AT 20."



Mr. Geo. A. Hughes.

Many Suffer With Catarrh and Don't Know It.

The Phase of Catarrh Most Prevalent in Summer is a Run Down, Worn Out Condition Known as Systemic Catarrh.

"Pe-ru-na is the Medicine for the Poor Man."

Mr. Geo. A. Hughes, 633 Mass. Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

*"Peruna has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I am forty-five years old now, and feel as good as I did at 20. I was very thin and run down, but Peruna acted just right in my case. I am a carpenter and some times need a tonic. Peruna is the medicine for a poor man."—Geo. A. Hughes.*

**A Congressman Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family.**

Hon. Thos. J. Henderson, Member of Congress from Illinois, and Lieutenant in the Union Army for eight years, writes from the Lemon building, Washington, D. C., as follows:

*"Peruna has been used in my family with the very best results, and I take pleasure in recommending your valuable remedy to my friends as a tonic and an effective cure for catarrh."—Thos. J. Henderson.*

Catarrh assumes different phases in different seasons of the year. In the early summer systemic catarrh is most prevalent. That tired, all worn out feeling, in nine cases out of ten is due to catarrhal condition of the mucous membranes. Peruna cleanses the mucous membranes and cures the catarrh wherever located.

There are no remedies for catarrh just as good as Peruna. Accept no substitute.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



BABY LAUGHS.

Baby laughs when mother gives him Baby's Own Tablets, they cure pain and make him well and happy. They are mother's help and baby's every day friend. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They relieve teething troubles, cure colic, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse the bowels, allay teething pain, and cure all the common ailments of childhood. No cross, sickly babies in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Mrs. M. Ready, Denbigh, Ont., says: "I don't know what higher praise I can give Baby's Own Tablets than to say that I would not be without them in the house. I have found them all that is claimed and keep them on hand to meet any emergency." Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 25 cents by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.