

Billiousness

is certainly one of the most disagreeable ailments which flesh is heir to. Gasted tongue—bitter taste in the mouth—nausea—dizziness—these combine to make life a burden. The cause is a disordered liver—the cure Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They go straight to the root of the trouble, put the liver right, cleanse the stomach and bowels, clear the tongue and take away the bitter taste from the mouth. At the first sign of billiousness take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills HALL FURNITURE We are showing a fine line of Hall Furniture.



Hall Mirrors, Golden Oak, \$4.50 to \$16.50. Hall Seats, \$5.50 to \$18.00. Hall Trees, \$6.00, \$8.50 to \$30.00. All finishes, Golden, Famed or Mahogany.



Pedestals in Fumed, Golden, Early English or Mahogany. Special Prices this week in Carts and Carriages.

R. J. Reid, Phone 577 LEADING UNDERTAKERS.

COAL! The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell. SCRANTON COAL is good Coal and we guarantee prompt delivery. Booth & Co. FOOT WEST STREET.

AS THE FAMILY GROWS THE RENT GOES DOWN.

City of Paris Adopts Novel Plan to Increase Birthrate and Lessen Poverty.

The city of Paris is about to build a large number of dwelling houses to be rented to the poor at a rate far lower than that prevailing. These houses are to be reserved for families having at least three children, and it is proposed to grade the rents according to the number of children—the larger the family the lower the rent. The plan now under consideration contains the following schedules, the figures being the annual rent: For families counting not more than three children: Four rooms, 300 francs (\$77.20); three rooms, 333 francs (\$84.27); two rooms, 223 francs (\$56.47).

Families counting more than three children: Four rooms, 260 francs (\$65.50); three rooms, 290 francs (\$72.50); two rooms, 179 francs (\$44.75).

For this purpose the city is considering a loan of 200,000,000 francs (\$50,000,000), bearing 3.50 per cent interest, payable in seventy-five years from 1915.

Abolition of the Bar. Brockville Recorder. Very much has been heard during the past few weeks about the abolition of the bar; there has been little or nothing said about the abolition of treating. Many church courts, especially Methodist conferences, have openly proclaimed their satisfaction with Mr. Rowell's proposal to do away with the retail sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises where it is purchased; not a single representative body of any sort has yet singled out Sir James Whitney's proposal to make treating illegal.

The reason for this difference is obvious. Mr. Rowell's scheme is both effective and enforceable; it would be impossible to enforce Sir James Whitney's measure and it would affect little if it were thoroughly carried out everywhere. On this point there is manifestly a consensus, because no one has a word to say for the proposal.

A Skilled Workman. The foreman of a large ironworks was short of laborers one morning, and as a last resort, went to an old tramp who was lying asleep beside one of the furnaces, and roused him with the question: "I say, my man, are you wanting work?" "What kind of work?" asked the tramp. "Can you do anything with a shovel?" "Yes," replied the tramp, rubbing his eyes. "I could try a piece of ham on it."

Woman Healed Ticker. Everett, Wash., June 25.—Miss Anna A. Malley, socialist lecturer and writer of Everett, and formerly of New York, will head the socialist state ticket in Washington, the count of the nomination for governor over Richard Winsor, of Seattle, by a majority of 800.

The trouble with most people is that they seem to think they are as good as we are.

A Shotgun Heroine

By LAWRENCE A. CLAY.

When Colonel Gilder had been called to town that morning on business, leaving his daughter Floy and the cook to care for the house, he had said to the girl before leaving: "Daughter, remember what I have told you many times over: A tramp may appear during my absence. You will be sitting here on the veranda. He will gruffly demand food or money. You will order him away in your sternest tones."

"But he won't go," she said. "He may or he may not. If he doesn't—if he shows a disposition to hold his ground or attack, you are to retire within your fortifications. I refer to the house. You will find my loaded shotgun in the sitting room. The tramp will probably attack by the side door, as that cannot be seen from the highway. Face the door with the gun at your shoulder. If he appears in the doorway give him warning. If he does not heed the warning—"

"Shoot him on the spot, papa," finished the daughter. "Exactly. That is, pepper his legs with the birdshot. That will demoralize him and result in a retreat. Do not pursue him, but hold your ground until reinforcements arrive. I will be the reinforcements. Do you clearly understand?" "I do, father."

An hour later, as Miss Floy reclined on the rocker on the veranda, a hurly-burly was observed at the gate. He had a swagger to his shoulders and a bad face. As a first military movement, the girl stood up. As a second, she assumed a very stern and uncompromising expression.

"Missy, could I get a bite to eat at the kitchen?" was gruffly asked. "No, sir. No tramps fed here."

The man shrugged his shoulders and looked around in a leering way. He was about to observe that the poor poorer, and that there was no longer a show for a hard working man, when Miss Floy retired within the fortifications to secure the first advantage. The tramp took it that she had gone to call a man of some worth or a female who could handle a broomstick with deftness and vigor, and he retreated on his reserves. As he reached the highway an auto came up and stopped and the gate was opened and opened.

Meanwhile, within the fortifications, the girl had armed herself with the gun. She thought the attitude of the tramp defiant. Yes, now he was ringing the bell; now he was shuffling his feet; now he was retreating to come around to the side door.

"Halt! Halt!" for a moment he halted, and then his form showed in the door. The gun was fairly pointed and then discharged, and a fall and a shout followed. Then the cook came rushing in to find a girl covering on the floor and to exclaim: "For mercy's sake, but has the dear girl went and committed suicide?"

"Out there! Out there!" gasped the shooter as she pointed to the open door.

"And what's out there? Oh, missy, but here's a dead man! Was it that that went and killed him?"

"It's a tramp that attacked the house. Papa told me to retire within the fortifications and defend them."

"Tramp? It's a tramp then I'm a lady! It's a young man, missy young man and well dressed, and upon my soul there's an otomley at the gate."

The colonel had not instructed his daughter what to do with any dead or retreating enemy might leave behind him, and for a moment the girl could only stand and wring her hands. She had made a mistake in her quarry. She braced up after a moment and ran through the house and down the path to the gate and cried to the chauffeur, who was nodding in drowsiness: "Quick—quick! Half a mile down the road—a doctor! I have shot your master!"

"Shoot him! What for?" "I don't know, but hurry—hurry—hurry! Maybe there's a chance to save his life."

The auto whizzed away and Miss Floy returned to the house. The cook had straightened the legs of the victim, put a pillow under his head and was sprinkling water in his face.

"Is he—is he dead?" was tearfully asked. "Dunno, missy, though I saw a leg tucked a minute ago. 'If he's dead then I'll be electrocuted!"

"For sure! You see, he's a beautiful young man and an innocent young man, and it'll be cold-blooded murder. Yes, you'll be electrocuted, but I'll be there to hold your hand and cheer you to the last."

At that moment the young man sighed. Then he opened his eyes. Then he rose up on his elbow. "Praise the saints!" plausibly observed the cook.

"In so great a whispered miss Floy. "Can you tell me what has happened?" asked the young man as he raised himself stiffly higher with a gasp.

"I say, my man, are you wanting work?" "What kind of work?" asked the tramp. "Can you do anything with a shovel?" "Yes," replied the tramp, rubbing his eyes. "I could try a piece of ham on it."

Woman Healed Ticker. Everett, Wash., June 25.—Miss Anna A. Malley, socialist lecturer and writer of Everett, and formerly of New York, will head the socialist state ticket in Washington, the count of the nomination for governor over Richard Winsor, of Seattle, by a majority of 800.

The trouble with most people is that they seem to think they are as good as we are.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Who will run as the candidate of the new United States progressive party.

little assistance. I thought you were a tramp. I have sent your auto after a doctor, and we will have you in bed soon. I can't believe to tell you how sorry I am."

"You peppered my legs, and the nervous shock did the rest. Don't worry about it. This is Miss Gilder, I take it? I am Mr. Traitor. I was here to see your father. First time I was ever taken for a tramp or shot in the legs, but don't mention it."

The doctor arrived, and with the aid of the cook and chauffeur, the victim was carried to the guest chamber. About twenty bird-shot had peppered his legs. The job of poking them out lasted about two hours. During this operation the medico was gruff and uncommunicative, but when the last pellet had been laid on the sand he said: "Young man, you could get up and just away tomorrow, but you won't do it."

"You'll stay here for a couple of weeks. You'll be up in two days, but don't forget to hobble to the last day."

"To make it a case of remorse for that girl. Remorse—admiration—love! If you are already engaged throw the girl overboard; if you are not then you will be inside of three months. What are a few birdshots in the legs compared to a girl like Miss Gilder?"

This was a question Mr. Traitor had asked himself half a dozen times within the next two hours, and he was quite content to be a patient. Col. Gilder heard of the shooting hero's reaching home, and he came rushing into the house, to exclaim: "Egad, but there's nothing to beat military tactics! The enemy appeared in force; you retired within your fortifications; you advanced to storm them; you drove him back and then sallied out and took him prisoner. All perfectly regular."

Three days later as Miss Floy happened to be alone on the veranda for a moment the same old tramp reappeared. There was a grin on his face and nothing vicious about it this time.

"And how about a bite to eat under the present circumstances?" "Young man—shot in the legs—shot by a girl—lying upstairs—girl sorry—young man, glad—moonlight—lartle doves—bless you, my child—bless you."

"You can go to the kitchen and ask the cook, but let me tell you that you are a very impudent fellow!" And yet the tramp knew human nature.

Mallorytown Reports. Mallorytown, June 24.—John Root had a barn raising on Tuesday. Eggert Nally sold a driving horse to Dr. Campbell, of Lansdowne. Farmers are planting corn. Strawberries are selling at two boxes for twenty-five cents. D. F. Armstrong has purchased a new eight-horse power gasoline engine and hay press. Miss Kate Malloy, who has been at Whitby Ladies' College, is home. Mrs. R. H. Miller, of Brockville, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. Root, Alexander Morrow is painting Charles Tennant's house. Miss Marie Stack, who has been training as nurse at St. Joseph's hospital at Elmira, N.Y., is home for two weeks' holidays. Amos Blanchard is visiting his father, F. L. Blanchard.

Polly a Good Fire Alarm. A parrot, shouting "fire lady, fire," an accomplishment which has delighted visitors, turned out to be in earnest last night when in response to its insistent calls its mistress went into the yard, where the bird was hopping about and found a small grocery next door to her home in the outskirts of the city was on fire. Whether it was a "wise old bird," or merely indulged in "parrot talk," the pet was the means of saving the store and its mistress' home from total destruction—Paducah, Ky., dispatch in Pittsburgh Post.

THE METHODIST ITINERACY.

"The first head of Stations! Wherever is Paw? Methuselah Corners: John Jeffrey Mc'raw."

The maid throws the paper wide-spread on the floor. She shuts down the window, and closes the door.

Her head is upheld and her eyes are aflame. "To think of it, mother. A mission—That's clear."

But the gentle-eyed mother says "Hush, my dear. Perhaps it's a call, and your father will say. That when duty commands he can only obey."

"Oh, nonsense!" the maiden retorts with a sneer. "Methuselah Corners? It's rougher than here. Why, any young fellow, just lately ordained, to such a poor circuit might well be glad to slip down poor dad in so common a place."

You know very well it is a shame, a disgrace. Six hundred a year—and a deficit, too. Oh, isn't there something a woman should do to still the arrogance, waken the pity of that most incapable, stupid committee?"

The mother remarks with a peace-loving smile. "Perhaps we'll discuss it, dear—after a while. Your temper is roused, and your sympathy stirred, but nothing important has really occurred. We're not in the ministry, dearest, for perhaps you have noticed that fact for yourself. If we can do good in the place we are sent, your father and I will be proud and content. So dry up your tears, and sweeten your looks, and help to pack a small case full of books."

The maiden rebels. Her expression is grim. She mutters: "To think of them jockeying HIM! Some silly old greybeard who's ON the committee."

Will have a nice charge in the heart of the city. And Dad, who WON'T hint for a nice invitation. Must do with a circuit, instead of a station. A circuit—three churches, no members alive. And each blessed Sunday—twelve miles of a drive. The young people gawky, the choir a disgrace. No chairman of district would go to the place."

"You talk about faith, with your countenance sad. I want a square deal for my darling old Dad. He preaches far better than others I know. It's time for his 'brethren' to give him a show. But the preachers whose brains are all runnng to hair. Are pulling the wires with an infinite care. And he is too proud to look out for himself. While he gives the excuse he's not looking for pell. He'll never again taste a porter-house steak. —I'd give that sap-headed committee a SHAKE."

Glendower Notes. Glendower, June 21. A new boss has come to the Richardson mines, also a time keeper. Edgar Timmerman and wife are here. Icon Cobalt, visiting his parents. Mrs. Sanford Lesman has the newest yard between Glendower and Verona. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Kewman visited at Allan Snider's, as also did Miss Jennie Brooks.

IMMIGRATION NOT A MENACE.

Southern Endurance and Northern Strength Make Ideal Race.

That immigration, instead of being a menace, is the chief impulse to civilization, is the assertion of Lieut.-Col. Charles E. Woodruff of the Medical Corps, United States Army, in a long article in the Medical Record. Col. Woodruff points out that not only our own civilization but that of Great Britain has been built up from the very beginning by successive waves of new blood. Of these, those best fitted to the environment survive, while those ill fitted perish. This is an immutable law of nature.

"Very few of the descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence are in public life and most of them are nonentities," says Col. Woodruff, "while immigrants and the sons of immigrants are in the seats of the mighty."

Analyzing the lists of American winners in the Olympic games of 1906 and 1908, he finds that at least three-fourths of the American competitors were of "stocks which arrived here after the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the great majority of them arrived in the two or three decades following 1840." Of those who won first, second or third place, 10 per cent. were foreign born, about 43 per cent. were native born of foreign parents, and only 47 per cent. were native born of native parents. "Considering the names," he continues, "it is safe to say that 85 per cent. or more of the winners are of stock which immigrated since 1840." Col. Woodruff notes that the majority of these athletes were of northern or blond stock.

Contractors who employ large numbers of laborers say that for a piece of work requiring tremendous strength they always select Scandinavian, Scotchman or a fair-haired Irishman, while for work that requires the steady exertion of great strength for long periods they prefer an Italian. The former can lift the enormous weight, the latter can wield a heavy sledgehammer for eight or ten hours.

Col. Woodruff's studies prove that the immigration of northern peoples is producing a race of athletes. The experience of employers of laborers proves that the immigration of southern peoples is bringing great staying power and stamina. "When the two shall have been fused in the melting pot the resulting metal ought to be ideal."

TO STIMULATE FARMING.

Mail Order Concerns Offer \$1,000,000 to Increase Trade.

A Western mail order concern has offered to give a million dollars to aid in diffusing a knowledge of scientific farming. In a general way its plan is to hire a scientific farmer for each county and have him make a study of local conditions and tell the farmers how to get more money out of their farms. This looks like philanthropy, but it is long-headed selfishness of an enlightened kind, says the Jersey Journal, similar to that manifested by the railroad companies which send out among the farmers lecture trains and good roads exhibits. These help to make the farmers more prosperous and incidentally better customers.

The plan for local application is good, but there will be some difficulty in finding graduates of agricultural colleges to supply the teachers. The Wisconsin Agricultural College reports its graduates average over \$1,200 the first year, and salaries range from \$600 to \$3,000 even for young men who have not completed their college course. City people with country homes are liberal bidders against the regular farmers and thus attract many of these graduates. Profitable farms attract others and there are not enough graduates to go around. Scientific farming is a "classy" as any of the best learned professions and involves a liberal education. More are being attracted to it because it promises a surer income than law or medicine, for instance.

Make Your Daughter Attractive.

It may be urged upon all rural parents, as well as those in the city, that every reasonable precaution to develop in their growing daughters both attractive personality and beauty of inner character. All this must be done with the thought of making the daughter as attractive as possible in her own right, and thus brighten their prospects for the future.—Farm Boys and Girls.

Uses Slipper to Sound Alarm.

A dainty white, high-heeled French dancing slipper was pressed into service by Miss Doris Bristol, sixteen years old, of Madison avenue, to sound an alarm of fire when a blaze in the basement of her home caused a noisy exit of boarders in flimsy night robes.

Putting on her slippers when the thick smoke coming from the cellar awoke her, and with only a cloak thrown over her shoulders, she ran two blocks to turn in the alarm. Her unprotected hands would not do to break the glass, so, standing on one foot, she snatched off her slipper and with the dainty high heel demolished the glass and sent in the alarm.

Upon her return the sleepers had been aroused by the boarding house keeper, and were hurrying to the street, where they watched the firemen extinguish the flames.—Baltimore Telegram, Philadelphia Inquirer.

White Swan Yeast Cakes.

Combined with good flour and careful baking make the most delicious home-made bread you ever tasted. Incessant upon your grocer giving you White Swan Yeast Cakes—5c, a package of 5 cakes. Sample sent on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DEWAR'S "Special Liqueur" is the Finest Whisky in the world. J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.

Dunlop Means Leadership. No wise buyer abandons the certain for the uncertain. All the certainty that it is possible to get into tires is in Dunlop Bicycle Tires. Made for Canadian Roads. because the Dunlop line has been enduring tests for 18 years, has each and every year, since 1894, outsold every other known Bicycle tire. Then here's a tremendously important point for you to consider: Dunlop Bicycle tires are not only made in Canada, but they are made specially for Canadian roads. They are not the result of over-production in some foreign centre. Not a tire designed for one country and sold in another. See that your new mount is equipped with Dunlop Tires. The answer to those who want to sell you foreign-made tires is that Dunlop lends uncertainty—not enchantment. Dunlop Tires are sold by Bicycle Dealers Everywhere.

FEDERAL MEDICAL BOARD. Change Proposed in Issuance of Certificates. Medical practitioners in Canada will henceforth receive their certificates from a Dominion medical board instead of provincial boards, and will take over the examination of all medical men seeking to practice. It is proposed to inaugurate this system at the annual convention of the Canadian Medical Association to be held in Edmonton from August 10th to August 14th. Dr. H. G. Mackie, of Calgary will preside over the sessions. It is expected that one hundred doctors will attend. An excursion through the Yellowstone Pass of the Rockies has been planned. Lyndhurst Locals. Lyndhurst, June 24.—Roy Webster is very low with very little hope of recovery. A strawberry social was held in the fair grounds, on Friday evening, for the benefit of the Methodist church. It was a grand success. The speakers were: Rev. Kelly, of Lansdowne; J. P. McLeod, of Norton, and Rev. Mr. Smith, of Lyndhurst. Visitors: Mrs. McLeod, of the far west, was a week-end visitor at R. R. Tate's; Mrs. Mary Sheldon, of Athens, at Mrs. W. Johnston's; Mrs. Lottie Flute, of Chaffey's; Mrs. Annie Amos Weeks, of Chaffey's; Mrs. George Gibson has returned to his home at Chaffey's Locks, after spending some time with friends here. Mrs. John Tall is improving, after an attack of appendicitis. Almost any fool can distinguish between vice and virtue, but it takes a wise man to act according to his understanding. "Neilson's ice cream bricks." Gibbover is an animal that feeds on a worker's time.

Health and Beauty Hints BY MISS MAE MARTYN. X. T. Large pores, I know, are disgusting. However, you can soon reduce them if you use an ointment made by the recipe for which I give. Put 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine in 1-2 pint cold water, add 1 ounce of alcohol. When thoroughly dissolved it is ready to use. This ointment cleanses the face, and is especially useful and rubbed in well. After using the cream-jelly a while you will find your complexion will have brightened and the skin once rough, oily and blotchy will be a velvety soft and clear and beautiful. The almond cream-jelly is infallible in protecting the skin from scratches, tan and sunburn. A. G. B. Dieting is a cruel method of flesh reduction and a needless torture, because with a purgative solution, made by dissolving 4 ounces potash in 1-2 pints hot water, you can reduce your weight without suffering or inconvenience. Taking 10 table-spoonfuls before each meal gently and gradually dissolves the fatty tissue and without possible injury and when your weight is where you want it, the flesh will be firm and the skin free from wrinkles. Mrs. A. D. Don't experiment with alleged "hair-tonics," because they may streak the hair. If your scalp is itching and scaly, you should shampoo with cantrox, then apply a little of the quinquina tonic, made by pouring 1-2 pint water in 1-2 pint alcohol, in which is then added 1 ounce quinquina. This tonic will cure dandruff and correct unnatural oiliness. The faithful use of the quinquina tonic will encourage the hair to grow in long and healthy, and abundantly. D. G. Those troublesome hairs can be made to disappear with powdered delatone and water. After 2 or 3 minutes it should be removed and the skin washed, when it will be found that the hairs have completely vanished. No pain or discoloration of the skin follows the use of delatone. Violet M. Fading strength is not due to age in your case, because at 46 a woman should be at her best. You require a blood-tonic and body-builder. er, and I am giving you the recipe for a good one here. Dissolve 1-2 cupful sugar in 1-2 pint water, then stir in 1 ounce karothen and add enough hot water to make a quart. Take a tablespoonful three times a day, and your blood will soon be bright and poisonous accumulations, impurities and toxins will disappear. This tonic will give you a healthy pink and white complexion, and will guard the body against sickness. Jane I do not wonder that soap will not rid your scalp of dandruff. Because it lacks the necessary elements for that purpose. Dissolve 1 teaspoonful cantrox in a cup of water, then rub a little at a time on the scalp. You will be surprised on how quickly it will disappear. Dissolve every atom of dust, dandruff and excess oil. After rinsing, the soap will be clean and pleasant, and the hair will dry ever so quickly, with a rich sheen, and be soft, fluffy and easy to arrange. Anna C. You cannot expect to have a smooth, clear skin, and youthful complexion, if you neglect the use of powder, because the particles cling to the skin, and prevent the skin from being properly cleaned and only condition of the skin. Discard powder and try cantrox. If you apply it to the face, you will be delightfully surprised with the result. Dissolve 1 ounce cantrox in 1-2 pint water (add 1/2 cup water) and add 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine. Apply this sparingly. It will give you a healthy, youthful complexion. The approach of summer imparts a special smoothness and coolness to the skin, and the use of it of impurities and unwholesome conditions. It is especially desirable for the man to use it, as it does not streak from perspiration and is invisible when on. Hens W. Inflamed eyes greatly detract from the beauty of the face. It may be necessary to wear glasses. Make up and use this inexpensive, harmless, eye-tonic: In a pint cold clear water dissolve 1 ounce erythrocyanine. Place 1/2 drop in the eyes daily. This quickly reduces inflammation, restores the smearing and gives the eyes a remarkable brilliancy. This tonic is fine for granulated lids and removing foreign particles.

Make your soups, hashes, gravies, and MEAT JELLIES with OXO.

Woman Healed Ticker. Everett, Wash., June 25.—Miss Anna A. Malley, socialist lecturer and writer of Everett, and formerly of New York, will head the socialist state ticket in Washington, the count of the nomination for governor over Richard Winsor, of Seattle, by a majority of 800. The trouble with most people is that they seem to think they are as good as we are.