

**FINE RECIPE FOR COLDS**

Mix half ounce of Concentrated pine compound with two ounces of glycerine and a half pint of good whiskey.

This simple mixture is to be used in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful four times a day. The bottle should be well shaken each time.

Any druggist can supply the ingredients and it can be mixed at home.

The Concentrated pine is a pine product refined for medicinal use. It comes only in half ounce bottles, each enclosed in a round case, which is airtight and retains all the original strength in the fluid, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated" in order to get the genuine article.

**TRAMP JOKE IN GERMANY.**

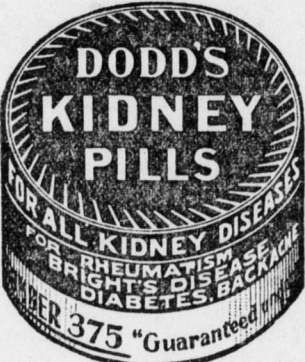


Mr. Sport—Here is a little something for you—drink a glass of beer to my health.

Tramp—Light or dark?—Fliegende Blaetter.

**Jamaica Ginger Output.**

The ginger grown in Jamaica commands more than double the price of any other. Under favorable conditions an acre will produce as much as 4,000 pounds. During the last fiscal year about 1,400,000 pounds was exported from that island.



**Do You Love Your Child?**

Then protect it from the dangers of croup to which every child is subject. Keep

**DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT**

in your home all the time, then you're ready for the sudden attacks of croup and colds. Neglect may cost you the life of your child. It's safest to be on your guard.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the best remedy known for croup; it gives quickest relief.

Sold everywhere in three size bottles \$1.00, 50c, 25c

**COLDS**

**CURED IN ONE DAY**

**GRIP**



Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obnoxious Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c.

Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy and see how quickly you will be cured.

If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy.

Munyon's Vitalizer makes weak men strong and restores lost powers.

**Western Canada**

**MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908**

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres offered to each settler.—160 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

"A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, whose visit to Western Canada, in August, 1908, was an inspiration.

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre as a result of one crop.

Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

H. M. WILLIAMS, Toledo, Ohio, Law Building.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Book free. Highest references.

**SERIAL STORY**

**THE MAKER OF MOONS**

By **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

(Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

**SYNOPSIS.**

The story opens in New York. Roy Cardenue, the story-teller, inspecting a queer reptile owned by George Godfrey of Tiffany's. Roy, and Barris and Pierpont, two friends, depart on a hunting trip to Cardinal Woods, a rather obscure locality. Barris revealed the fact that he had joined the secret service for the purpose of running down a gang of gold makers. Prof. LaGrange, on discovering the gang's formula, had been mysteriously killed. Barris received a telegram of instructions. He and Pierpont set out to locate the gold making gang. A valet reported seeing a queer Chinaman in the supposedly untenanted woods. Roy went hunting.

**CHAPTER III.—Continued.**

The dog sprang to the front, circled once, zigzagged through the ferns around us and, all in a moment, stiffened stock still, rigid as sculptured bronze. I stepped forward, raising my gun, two paces, three paces, ten perhaps, before a great cock-grouse blundered up from the brake and burst through the thicket fringe toward the deeper growth. There was a flash and puff from my gun, a crash of echoes among the low wooded cliffs, and through the faint veil of smoke something dark dropped from mid-air amid a cloud of feathers, brown as the brown leaves under foot.

**"Fetch!"**

Up from the ground sprang Voyou, and in a moment he came galloping back, neck arched, tail stiff but waving, holding tenderly in his pink mouth a mass of mottled bronzed feathers. Very gravely he laid the bird at my feet and crouched close beside it, his silky ears across his paws, his muzzle on the ground.

I dropped the grouse into my pocket, held for a moment a silent caressing communion with Voyou, then swung my gun under my arm and motioned the dog on.

It must have been five o'clock when I walked into a little opening in the woods and sat down to breathe. Voyou came and sat down in front of me.

**"Well?" I inquired.**

Voyou gravely presented one paw which I took.

"We will never get back in time for dinner," said I, "so we might as well take it easy. It's all your fault, you know. Is there a brier in your foot? Let's see—there! it's out, my friend, and you are free to nose about and lick it. If you loll your tongue out you'll get it all over twigs and moss. Can't you lie down and try to pant less? No, there is no use in sniffing and looking at that fern patch, for we are going to smoke a little, doze a little, and go home by moonlight. Think of Howlett's despair when we are not in time! Think of all the stories you will have to tell to Gamin and Micoche! Think what a good dog you have been! There—you are tired, old chap; take 40 winks with me."

Voyou was a little tired. He stretched out on the leaves at my feet, but whether or not he really slept I could not be certain, until his hind legs twitched and I knew he was dreaming of mighty deeds.

Now I may have taken 40 winks, but the sun seemed to be no lower when I sat up and unclosed my lids. Voyou

lost my way. Will he come to me, your beautiful dog?"

Before I could speak, Voyou crept to her and laid his silky head against her knees.

"But surely," said I, "you did not come here alone."

"Alone? I did come alone."

"But the nearest settlement is Cardinal, probably 19 miles from where we are standing."

"I do not know Cardinal," she said. "Ste. Croix in Canada is 40 miles least—how did you come into the Cardinal Woods?" I asked amazed.

"Into the woods?" she repeated a little impatiently.

"Yes."

She did not answer at first but stood caressing Voyou with gentle phrase and gesture.

"Your beautiful dog I am fond of, but I am not fond of being questioned," she said quietly. "My name is Ysonde and I came to the fountain here to see your dog."

granite. It scarcely seemed possible that the symmetry of tree and lawn and lucent pool could have been one of nature's accidents. I had never before seen this glade nor had I ever heard it spoken of by either Pierpont or Barris. It was a marvel, this diamond clear basin, regular and graceful as a Roman fountain, set in the sem of turf. And these great trees—they also belonged, not in America but in some legend-haunted forest of France, where moss-grown marbles stand neglected in dim glades, and the twilight of the forest shelters fairies and slender shapes from shadow-land.

I lay and watched the sunlight showering the tangled thicket where masses of crimson cardinal-flowers glowed, or where one long dusty sunbeam tipped the edge of the floating leaves in the pool, turning them to palest gilt. There were birds, too, passing through the dim avenues of trees like jets of flame—the gorgeous cardinal-bird that gave to the woods, to the village 15 miles away, to the whole county, the name of Cardinal.

**CHAPTER IV.**

Then, behind me, my dog growled. I sat quite still at first, hardly breathing, but my eyes were fixed on a shape that moved along the edge of the pool among the meadow grasses. The dog had ceased growling and was now staring, alert and trembling.

At last I rose and walked rapidly down to the pool, my dog following close to heel.

The figure, a woman's, turned slowly toward us.

She was standing still when I approached the pool. The forest around us was so silent when I spoke the sound of my own voice startled me.

"No," she said, and her voice was smooth as flowing water. "I have not



"I Saw Her Eyes Were Fixed on My Forehead."

lost my way. Will he come to me, your beautiful dog?"

Before I could speak, Voyou crept to her and laid his silky head against her knees.

"But surely," said I, "you did not come here alone."

"Alone? I did come alone."

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"Your beautiful dog I am fond of, but I am not fond of being questioned," she said quietly. "My name is Ysonde and I came to the fountain here to see your dog."

"This," I ventured, "is a beautiful pool—you call it a fountain—a delicious fountain! I have never before seen it. It is hard to imagine that nature did all this."

"Is it?" she said.

"Don't you think so?" I asked.

"I haven't thought; I wish when you go you would leave me your dog."

"My—my dog?"

"Roy Cardenue."

"Mine is Ysonde. I carved these dragon-flies on the stone, these fishes and shells and butterflies you see."

"You! They are wonderfully delicate—but those are not American dragon-flies."

"No—they are more beautiful. See, I have my hammer and chisel with me."

She drew from a queer pouch at her side a small hammer and chisel and held them toward me.

"You are very talented," I said; "where did you study?"

"I? I never studied—I knew how. I saw things and cut them out of stone. Do you like them? Some time I will show you other things that I have done. If I had a great lump of bronze I could make your dog, beautiful as he is."

Her hammer fell into the fountain and I leaned over and plunged my arm into the water to find it.

"It is there, shining on the sand," she said, leaning over the pool with me.

"Where," said I, looking at our reflected faces in the water. For it was only in the water that I had dared, as yet, to look her long in the face.

The pool mirrored the exquisite oval of her head, the heavy hair, the eyes. I heard the silken rustle of her girdle. I caught the flash of a white arm, and the hammer was drawn up dripping with spray.

The troubled surface of the pool grew calm and again I saw her eyes reflected.

"Listen," she said in a low voice, "do you think you will come again to my fountain?"

"I will come," I said. My voice was dull; the noise of water filled my ears.

Then a swift shadow sped across the pool; I rubbed my eyes. Where her reflected face had bent beside mine there was nothing mirrored but the rosy evening sky with one pale star glimmering. I drew myself up and turned. She was gone. I saw the faint star twinkling above me in the after-glow. I saw the tall trees motionless in the still evening air. I saw my dog slumbering at my feet.

The sweet scent in the air had faded, leaving in my nostrils the heavy odor of fern and forest mold. A blind fear seized me, and I caught up my gun and sprang into the darkening woods. The dog followed me, crashing through the undergrowth at my side. Duller and duller grew the light, but I strode on, the sweat pouring from my face and hair, my mind a chaos. How I reached the spinney I can hardly tell. As I turned up the path I caught a glimpse of a human face peering at me from the darkening thicket—a horrible human face, yellow and drawn with high-boned cheeks and narrow eyes.

Involuntarily I halted; the dog at my heels snarled. Then I sprang straight at it, floundering blindly through the thicket, but the night had fallen swiftly and I found myself panting and struggling in a maze of twisted shrubbery and twining vines, unable to see the very undergrowth that ensnared me.

It was a pale face, and a scratched one that I carried to a late dinner that night. Howlett served me, dumb reproach in his eyes, for the soup had been standing and the grouse was juiceless.

David brought the dogs in after they had had their supper, and I drew my chair before the blaze and set my ale on a table beside me. The dogs curled up at my feet, blinking gravely at the sparks that snapped and flew in eddying showers from the heavy logs.

"David," said I, "did you say you saw a Chinaman to-day?"

"I did, sir."

"What do you think about it now?"

"I may have been mistaken, sir—"

"But you think not. What sort of whisky did you put in my flask to-day?"

"The usual, sir."

"Is there much gone?"

"About three swallows, sir, as usual."

"You don't suppose there could have been any mistake about that whisky—no medicine could have gotten into it, for instance?"

David smiled and said: "No, sir."

"Well," said I, "I have had an extraordinary dream."

When I said "dream," I felt comforted and reassured. I had scarcely dared to say it before, even to myself.

"An extraordinary dream," I repeated; "I fell asleep in the woods about five o'clock, in that pretty glade where the fountain—I mean the pool is. You know the place?"

"I do not, sir."

I described it minutely, twice, but David shook his head.

The Place to Buy Cheap

—IS AT—

**J. F. PARSONS'**

**5 DROPS**

TRADE MARK

**CURES**

**RHEUMATISM**

**LUMBAGO, SCIATICA**

**NEURALGIA and**

**KIDNEY TROUBLE**

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

**DR. S. D. BLAND**

Of Brewton, Ga., writes:

"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from '5-DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

**FREE**

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of '5-DROPS,' and test it yourself.

'5-DROPS' can be used any length of time without acquiring a 'drug habit,' as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

**SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE COMPANY,**  
Dept. 55, 140 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

**MAKE YOUR APPEAL**

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

**The Home Paper**

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR

**Popular Bakery,**

FRESH BREAD, PIES, FANCY CAKES, ICE CREAM, CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery. All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

**Enlarging Your Business**

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

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We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.