

## PARTY MEN ACTIVE

### State Chairman Penrose Receives Many Cheering Reports.

### YOUNG REPUBLICANS AROUSED

#### They Are Lining Up Throughout Pennsylvania For Roosevelt and Determined to Poll a Great Vote in November.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Sept. 29.—During the last 24 hours Senator Penrose, as chairman of the Republican state committee, has been getting in touch with the situation in the state and he is very much gratified with what he has learned regarding the condition of the party organization and popular sentiment in the several counties. The senator returned on Sunday from a hunting trip in British Columbia and was naturally interested in political developments during his absence.

The state chairman found on his desk reports from every Republican county chairman in the state that had been made in accordance with a request sent out some time ago by Secretary W. R. Andrews for a preliminary canvass, and in every instance he had occasion to be pleased with what he read.

"It is indeed gratifying," said Chairman Penrose, "to find the men identified with the party organization throughout the state manifesting so keen an interest in the approaching election. There is every reason to believe that the Republican county committeemen and the party voters generally recognize the importance of our getting out a full vote in November, and that they are determined to let nothing undone to accomplish this result."

### ALL FOR ROOSEVELT.

Senator Penrose was particularly pleased with the reports regarding the convention of the State League of Republican Clubs held at Wilkesbarre, which marked practically the opening of the state campaign, and regretted that unforeseen circumstances had prevented him from being present. The large attendance and the enthusiasm witnessed at this convention must be taken as additional evidence of the ardor with which the young Republicans of Pennsylvania are entering into the spirit of the campaign with a view to preparing for the presidential election of next year.

They are all for Roosevelt, and they want it known that they are going to see to it that he receives the nomination to succeed himself in the White House. They stand solidly with the Pennsylvania Republican organization on this issue.

After reaffirming their fealty and devotion to the principles of Republicanism, as set forth in the state and national platforms of the party and in endorsing the state candidates, the clubmen declared:

"We give our most cordial indorsement to the splendid administration of President Theodore Roosevelt, who so fully exemplifies and reflects our ideal of American citizenship in both private and public life, and we commend his courageous, sound and patriotic administration. We congratulate him on the success he has already attained both at home and in his foreign policy, and pledge him our earnest support in his future labors in behalf of our great country."

"We also congratulate the people of Pennsylvania upon the safe and conservative administration of our state affairs, Governor Pennypacker having already proved himself a wise, prudent, firm and conscientious executive.

"Believing in organization, we pledge ourselves to the service of our party and our country in the battle of 1904 for the maintenance of protection to American labor, a sound financial policy and the development of American influence for commerce and civilization."

### MASSES ARE AROUSED.

That is where the Young Republicans of Pennsylvania stand in this contest.

Many members of the State League are farmers or business or professional men, who take but an occasional interest in politics, but that they are all now aroused to the importance of the campaign cannot be questioned.

The sentiments of the Republicans of Northampton were eloquently expressed a few days ago by their county convention, which among other things set forth:

"The general prosperity of the country, which has been realized from the Republican tariff laws based upon the cardinal principle of protection, must not be disturbed by vicious tariff tinkering, which is threatened by the Democratic party in its usual disposition to lead the country into the channels of free trade and commercial depression.

"That the administration of President Roosevelt, in its true Americanism, its great achievements, its advanced patriotism, is worthy of our highest commendation, and we proudly recognize the wisdom of placing in his hands the standard of the Republican party as its leader in the presidential contest of 1904."

"The administration of Governor Pennypacker deserves the unqualified commendation of the people of the commonwealth, and we especially congratulate the people of the commonwealth upon the passage of the 'good roads law' whereby a considerable portion of the revenues of the state are devoted to the construction of improved state highways."

## PERIOD OF LIQUIDATION.

### Probable Limit of Its Extent Subject of Grave Disquiet on Wall Street.

New York, Sept. 29.—Wall street spent another gloomy day which was devoted mostly to trying to discover where the unending stream of liquidation came from and what caused it.

The source of selling orders is a mystery and inferences usually drawn from the personality of brokers employed are almost invariably wrong.

The conditions which prompt the liquidation and the probable limits of its extent are consequently the subject of grave disquiet and apprehension. Comptroller Ridgely's opinion expressed before the Maryland and Washington bankers that "a large percentage of loaning power has gone into unproductive interests" formulates the dread of Wall street over the present situation.

The reaction in the iron and steel industries, the high interest rates, especially on mercantile paper, and the curtailment of production in other lines, caused the fear that over extension has spread to industrial and commercial lines, representing additional "unproductive interests," to be followed by liquidation and contraction.

The present course of the banks is directed towards conserving the credit and industrial needs for creditors and to this end they are inexorable to all promotions and financing projects. The miscarriage of these projects is still the cause of most of the liquidations.

Inquiry among the very highest financial interests elicits statements that nothing of a serious or untoward character is apprehended.

### Davis Poisoned Candy Case.

Glens Falls, Sept. 29.—A second person is now suspected in the Davis poisoned candy case and important developments are expected in a day or so. Chief of Police Buckley secured the package of candy yesterday and an analysis of it will be made. He also examined a package of anonymous letters which Mrs. Davis had received which were insulting in character and evidently written in a disguised hand.

### Well Known Writer Dead.

Chicago, Sept. 29.—Henry D. Lloyd, the well known writer on economic subjects, died at his home in Winnetka, Mr. Lloyd was born in New York city May 1, 1847. He took an active part in the organization of the Young Men's Municipal Reform Association of New York in 1870, which contributed materially to the overthrow of the Tweed machine in that year. He came to Chicago in 1872.

## MARKET REPORT.

### New York Provision Market.

WHEAT — No. 2 red, 82½¢ f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Duluth, 83½¢.

CORN — No. 2 corn, 53½¢ f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white, 54¢.

OATS — No. 2 oats, 41½¢; No. 2 white, 42¢; No. 3 white, 41½¢.

PORK — Mess, \$14.75@15.50; family, \$18.50@19.00.

HAY — Shipping, 60@65¢; good to choice, 85@90¢.

BUTTER — Creamery, extras, 21½¢; factory, 15@16¢; western imitation creamery, 17@18¢.

CHEESE — State, full cream, good to prime, 12½¢.

EGGS — State and Pennsylvania, fancy, selected, 26@28¢.

POTATOES — State and Eastern, per bu., \$1.37@1.75.

### Buffalo Provision Market.

WHEAT — No. 1 northern, 86½¢; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 82¢.

CORN — No. 2 yellow, 53½¢ f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 yellow, 52½¢.

OATS — No. 2 white, 41½¢ f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 white, 41¢.

FLOUR — Spring wheat, best patent per bu., \$4.75@5.00; low grades, \$3.25@3.50.

BUTTER — Creamery western extra tubs, 22¢; state and Pennsylvania creamery, 21@22¢; dairy, fair to good, 18@19¢.

CHEESE — Fancy full cream, 12¢; good to choice, 11@11½¢; common to fair, 9@10¢.

EGGS — State, fresh fancy, 22@23¢.

POTATOES — Per bu., 45@55¢.

### East Buffalo Live Stock Market.

CATTLE — Best steers on sale, \$5.25@6.65; good to choice shipping steers, \$4.75@5.00; fair to good steers, \$4.15@4.50; common to fair heifers, \$3.25@3.40; choice to extra fat heifers, \$4.00@4.40; good butcher bulls, \$3.00@3.50; choice to extra veals, \$8.25@8.75; common to light, \$5.50@7.00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — Choice lambs, \$5.50@5.65; yearlings, good to choice, \$4.00@4.40; culls to common, \$1.75@3.00; wether sheep, \$3.75@4.10; HOGS — Mixed packers' grades, \$6.50@6.65; medium hogs, \$6.40@6.50; pigs, light, \$6.00@6.25.

### Buffalo Hay Market.

HAY — Timothy, new, per ton, loose, \$14.00@17.00; Hay, prime on track, new, \$11.00@15.00; No. 1 do do, \$12.00@13.00; No. 2 do do, \$11.00@12.00.

### Utica Dairy Market.

Utica, Sept. 28.

Sales of cheese on the Utica dairy board of trade today were:

Large white, 8 lots of 470 boxes at 11½¢; large colored, 15 lots of 1,338 boxes at 11½¢; small white, 10 lots of 817 boxes at 11½¢; small colored, 37 lots of 3,597 boxes at 11½¢.

BUTTER — Creamery, 27 packages at 21½¢; 20 packages at 22¢; 500 one-pound prints at 23½¢.

## THEIR BLUFF CALLED

### Republicans Are Eager to Meet the Democrats on State Issues.

### ARE PROUD OF THEIR RECORD

#### State Finances Never in Better Condition and Every Department of the State Government is Managed With Signal Ability and Economy.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Sept. 29.—The Republican managers have called the bluff of the Democrats in the present canvass and announced that they are ready to meet their spellbinders upon any issue they may present.

The Democratic state platform was built entirely upon what were termed "state issues." Owing to the wide difference of opinion among Democrats of today as to what the Democratic party in the nation really stands for, it was deemed wise to avoid further disruptions in the party by attempting to place the Pennsylvania Democratic organization on record upon any of the great national questions which divide the parties.

Never in the history of the Democracy have their leaders been so much at sea as they are today.

They are floundering about afraid to attempt to land anywhere, and they see the young men of the country just entering into citizenship looking upon them with expressions of disgust and contempt and refusing to have anything to do with them or their party.

With the presidential campaign to be waged next year, the "first voters" naturally have their minds directed to fundamental principles of government and the issues which have divided the national parties in previous elections, but when they turn to the Pennsylvania Democracy they discover that there is no settled or fixed policy with which the party organization is directed. They are told that "national issues are not being discussed this year; it is all state issues."

### LET STATE ISSUES BE DISCUSSED.

While believing that the campaign this fall is actually a preliminary skirmish of the national contest next year, and that the returns of the election in November will have a positive influence in shaping the lines for the presidential struggle, the Republican campaign managers in Pennsylvania have expressed themselves as ready and eager to meet the Democrats at their own game. Let state issues be freely discussed, they say.

The Republican orators in this campaign point with pride to the administration of every public trust that has been committed to the Republican party and its candidates in Pennsylvania.

The state treasury was never in a better condition and the administration of Governor Pennypacker meets the indorsement of all fair-minded citizens who recognize the fact that they have a thoroughly patriotic and conscientious executive officer who in administering his office in the interest of the whole people.

Every branch of the state government is being managed ably and economically.

### CANDIDATE MATHUES' VIEWS

Candidate for State Treasurer William L. Mathues, in discussing the political situation, said:

"There are no 'off years' in our organization, nor should there be any at any time in the Republican party. Sometimes the offices in number and importance to be voted for are greater and more exalted, but each year has its current duties and responsibilities, and this year, preceding as it does the national struggle for president, should be one in which this grand old commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in which I was born and in which I live, and which all of us love and are proud of, should speak in no uncertain or faltering tones.

"In this republic of ours Pennsylvania occupies the most exalted position, and I am one of those who are of the opinion that this supremacy of our commonwealth is greatly, almost wholly we may justly contend, due to the supremacy of our party. Under Republican control in its principal departments almost continuously since 1860, we have advanced and prospered in industrial strength and wealth, augmented our manufacturing power, until it leads all other states and competes with foreign plants in the four corners of the world. Our state finances are stable, our credit gilt-edged and the debt comparatively effaced. Our educational system and its advantages by reason of the liberality of the state are unsurpassed and unequalled. Prosperity abounds, the times are good and contentment environs our people, and what is better than all, the outlook for the future is auspicious.

"There is no cloud as big as a man's hand on the horizon, save only the danger of Democratic control—the recurrence of those deplorable 'Democratic times' we all recall, some to their sorrow, when the bitter cry of those in the gainful occupations who sought work and found it not, went up in distress to the heavens everywhere over our fair land. I do not want those times again. Even many of our Democratic friends fear them, for they have gotten into a fashion (a good many of them) of voting with us and for our candidates and policy.

"Let us take no insane leap in the dark. Putting on our armor and girding our political loins this year for the great battle of 1904, let Pennsylvania declare in most emphatic terms that she intends to stand resolutely and confidently by the McKinley policy and the policy of our own able and aggressive young President Roosevelt and leave well enough alone."

### A Cautious Answer.

A writer on New England and New England people some years ago said that the caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to him one day when he asked an eastern friend whose family were not noted for very active habits, "Was not your father's death very sudden?"

Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket and pulling down his beard the interrogated cautiously replied, "Waal, rather sudden for him."

## THE EPISODE IN ROOM 222

By ARNOLD BENNETT

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The date was the 5th of November. It was a Friday, and yet there are people who affect to believe that Friday is not a day singled out from its six companions for mystery, strangeness and disaster. The number of the room was 222. The hotel I shall call by the name of the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

The Grand Junction is full every night in the week except Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Every commercial traveler knows that, except on these nights, if he wishes to secure a room he must write or telegraph for it in advance. And there are 400 bedrooms.

It was somewhat late in the evening when I arrived in L—. On the spur of the moment I decided to stay at the Grand Junction if there was space for me. It is thus that fate works.

I walked into the hall, followed by a platform porter with my bag. The place seemed just as usual, the perfection of the commonplace, the business-like and the unspiritual.

"Have you a room?" I asked the young lady in black whose yellow hair shone gayly at the office window under the electric light.

She glanced at the ledgers in the impressive and detached manner which old young ladies with yellow hair invariably affect and ejaculated:

"No, 221."

"Pity you couldn't make it all twos," I ventured, with timid jocularity. How could I guess the humor of what I was saying?

She smiled very slightly with a distant condescension. "Name?" she demanded.

"Edge."

In another moment I was in the elevator. No. 221 was the last door but one at the end of the eastern corridor of the fourth floor. It proved to be a double bedded room, large, exquisitely ugly, but perfectly appointed in all matters of comfort. In short, it was characteristic of the hotel. I knew that every bedroom in that corridor presented exactly the same aspect. One instinctively felt the impossibility of anything weird, anything bizarre, anything terrible, entering the precincts of an abode so solid, cheerful, orderly and middle class.

It will be well for me to relate all that I did that evening. I went down to the billiard room and played a hundred up with the marker. To show that my nerves were at least as steady as usual that night I may mention that, although the marker gave me fifty and beat me, I made a break of twenty odd which won his generous approval. The game concluded, I went into the hall and asked the porter if there were any telegrams for me. There were not. I noticed that the porter—it was the night porter, and he had just come on duty—seemed to have a peculiarly honest and attractive face. Wishing him good night, I retired to bed.

At 3 o'clock I awoke, not with a start, but rather gradually. I know it was exactly 3 o'clock because the striking of a notoriously noisy church clock in the neighborhood was the first thing I heard. But the clock had not awakened me. I felt sure that something else, something far more sinister than a church clock, had been the origin of disturbance.

I listened. Then I heard it again. It was the sound of a groan in the next room.

"Some one indisposed, either in body or mind," I thought lightly, and I tried to go to sleep again. But I could not sleep. The groans continued and grew more poignant, more fearsome. At last I jumped out of bed and turned on the light.

"That man, whoever he is, is dying." The idea, as it were, sprang at my throat. "Only a man who saw Death by his side and trembled before the apparition could groan like that."

I put on some clothes and went into the corridor. It seemed to stretch away into illimitable distance, and far off a solitary electric light glimmered. My end was a haunt of gloomy shadows, except where the open door admitted the light from my bedroom to illuminate the long, monotonous pattern of the carpet.

I proceeded to the door next my own—the door of No. 222, and put my ear against the panel. The sound of groans was now much more distinct and more terrifying. I called. No answer. "What's the matter?" I inquired. No answer. Then I tried to open the door, but it was fast.

"Yes," I said to myself, "either he's dying or he's committed a murder and is feeling sorry for it. I must fetch the night porter."

I was compelled to find my way along endless corridors and down flights of stairs apparently innumerable. Here and there an electric light sought with its yellow eye to pierce the gloom. At length I reached the hall.

"There's a man either dying or very ill in No. 222," I said to the night porter.

"Is that so, sir?" he replied.

"Yes," I insisted. "I think he's dying. Hadn't you better do something?"

"If you think he's dying, sir, I'll call up the manager, Mr. Thom."

"Do," I said.

The manager slept on the first floor, and he soon appeared, a youngish man in a terra cotta dressing gown, his

eyes full of sleep, yet alert and anxious to do his duty. We all three continued our progress to the fourth floor. Arrived in front of No. 222, we listened intently, but we could only hear a faint occasional groan.

"He's nearly dead," I said. The manager called aloud, but there was no answer. Then he vainly tried to open the door. The night porter departed and returned with a stout pair of steel tongs. With these and the natural ingenuity peculiar to hotel porters he forced open the door, and we entered No. 222.

A stout, middle aged man lay on the bed fully dressed in black. On the floor near the bed was a silk hat. As we approached the great body seemed to flutter, and then it lay profoundly and fearfully still. The manager put his hand on the man's head and held the glass of his watch to the man's parted lips.

"He is dead," said the manager. "H'm!" I said.

"I'm sorry you've been put to any inconvenience," said the manager, "and I'm much obliged to you."

The cold but polite tone was a request to me to re-enter my own chamber and leave the corpse to the manager and the night porter. I obeyed.

"What about that man?" I asked the hall porter early the next, or, rather, the same, morning. I had not slept a wink since 3 o'clock, nor had I heard a sound in the corridor.

"What man, sir?" the porter said.

"You know," I returned rather angrily—"the man who died in the night—No. 222."

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I haven't the least notion what you mean."

Yet his face seemed as honest and open as ever.

I inquired at the office for the manager and after some difficulty saw him in his private office.

"I thought I'd just see about that man," I began.

"What man?" the manager asked exactly as the porter had asked.

"Look here," I said, as I was now really annoyed; "it's all very well giving instructions to the hall porter, and I can quite understand you want the thing kept as quiet as possible, but I saw the corpse and was of some assistance to you."

"Excuse me," said the manager. "Either you or I must be completely mad."

"Do you mean to say," I remarked, with frosty sarcasm, "that you didn't enter room 222 with me this morning at 3 a. m. and find a dead man there?"

"I mean to say just that," he answered.

"Well—I got no further. I paid my bill and left, but before leaving I went and carefully examined the door of No. 222. The door plainly showed marks of some iron instrument."

"Here," I said to the porter as I departed. "Accept this half crown from me, I admire you."

In the course of my subsequent travels I once more found myself late one night at the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

"Mr. Edge," said the night porter. "I've been looking out for you for weeks and weeks. The manager's compliments, and he would like to see you in his room."

Again I saw the youngish, alert manager.

"Mr. Edge," he began at once, "it is probable that I owe you an apology. At any rate I think it right to inform you that on the night of the 5th of November, the year before last, exactly twelve months before your last visit here, a stout man died in room No. 222 at 3 a. m. I forgot the circumstance when you last came to see me in this room."

"It seems queer," I said coldly, "that you should have forgotten such a circumstance."

"The fact is," he replied, "I was not the manager at that time. My predecessor died two days after the discovery of the corpse in room 222."

"And the night porter—is he, too, a new man?"

"Yes," said the manager. "The porter who, with the late manager, found the corpse in room 222 is now in Hanwell Lunatic asylum."

"Then you think," I said, "that I was the victim of a hallucination on my previous visit here?"

"On these matters," said the manager, "I prefer to think nothing."

The Rabbit as a Gardener.

Among the unpaid gardeners who keep certain parts of our landscape trim must be reckoned the humble rabbit. "Rabbit turf" on the juniper studded slopes of the Surrey hills, or the verges of the Devonshire cliffs, is almost the finest sward existing. The constant nibbling of the rabbits, which work steadily outward from their burrows, cropping the grass again and again closer than does a mowing machine, dwarfs not only the grass, but all other plants and herbs. They also nibble the furze bushes and bunches of heather into cushions and blunt cones and give to the ground which they frequent the appearance of being covered with artificially rounded and trimmed shrubs and bushes so characteristic of the sides of downs, an effect which the numbers of ant hills aid in producing.

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