

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?
Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
Sunbury & Lewistown Division.
In effect Nov. 25, 1930.

WESTWARD.				EASTWARD.			
P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
2:03	10:57	Sunbury	9:29	5:50			
2:13	10:07	Selinsgrove Junction	9:09	4:50			
2:19	10:12	Selinsgrove	9:04	4:45			
2:28	10:21	Pawling	8:53	4:35			
2:31	10:24	Kreamer	8:49	4:31			
2:42	10:34	Meyer	8:29	4:22			
2:48	10:39	Middleburg	8:19	4:12			
2:46	10:38	Benfer	8:14	4:10			
2:55	10:45	Beavertown	8:25	4:07			
3:00	10:51	Adamsville	8:20	4:02			
3:07	1:57	Baubs Mills	8:13	3:55			
3:13	11:03	McClure	8:07	3:49			
3:22	11:13	Wagner	7:57	3:39			
3:24	11:16	Shinnfield	7:54	3:36			
3:30	11:21	Paintsville	7:49	3:30			
3:36	11:27	Maitland	7:43	3:24			
3:45	11:35	Lewistown	7:35	3:15			
3:47	11:37	Lewistown (Vain Street)	7:33	3:13			
3:50	11:40	Lewistown Junction	7:30	3:10			

Train leaves Sunbury 5:30 p. m., arrives at Selinsgrove 5:45 p. m., leaves Selinsgrove 6:00 p. m., arrives at Sunbury 6:15 p. m.
Trains leave Lewistown Junction: 6:52 a. m., 10:13 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 7:07 p. m., 12:02 a. m. For Altoona, Pittsburgh and the West.
For Baltimore and Washington 8:05 a. m. 9:30, 12:43, 3:43, 8:10 p. m. For Philadelphia and New York 5:55, 8:05, 9:30 a. m., 1:02, 1:33, 4:33 and 11:14 p. m. For Harrisburg 8:10 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. Division
NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY
WESTWARD
Train leaves Sunbury daily except Sunday for Sunbury and West.
6:25 a. m., 12:58 p. m., 8:33 p. m.—Sunday 9:25 a. m., 4:43 p. m.
Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday: 12:30 a. m. for Buffalo, Erie and Canadiana; 6:10 a. m. for Bellefonte, Erie and Canadiana; 8:42 a. m. for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West; 11:00 a. m. for Bellefonte, Erie and Tyrone and Canadiana.
5:45 p. m. for Kenova and Elmira; 8:40 p. m. for Williamsport.
Sunday 1:14 a. m. for Buffalo via Emporium, 5:10 a. m. for Erie and Canadiana; 8:44 a. m. for Lock Haven and 8:53 p. m. for Williamsport.
6:50 a. m., 9:55 a. m., 2:00 and 5:48 p. m. for Wilkes-Barre and Hazelton; 6:10 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 5:45 p. m. for Shamokin and Mount Carmel; 8:40 p. m. for Williamsport.
Sunday 9:55 a. m. for Wilkes-Barre.
EASTWARD
Trains leave Selinsgrove Junction 10:02 a. m., daily, arriving at Philadelphia 3:11 p. m., New York 5:33 p. m., Baltimore 9:11 p. m., Washington 4:19 p. m.
6:34 p. m. daily, arriving at Philadelphia 10:20 p. m., New York 3:53 a. m., Baltimore 9:45 p. m., Washington 10:53 p. m.
8:48 p. m. daily, arriving at Philadelphia 1:44 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m.
Trains also leave Sunbury:
12:30 a. m. daily, arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., Baltimore 9:33 p. m., Washington 4:43 p. m.
New York 9:33 a. m., Washington 10:38 a. m., Sunday.
11:50 p. m. week days, arriving at Philadelphia 1:43 a. m., New York 3:13 p. m., Baltimore 11:54 a. m., Washington 1:00 p. m.
1:55 p. m. week days, arriving at Philadelphia 5:02 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m.
Trains also leave Sunbury at 9:20 a. m. and 5:25 and 8:31 p. m., for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore.
I. H. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass Agent
G. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Manager.

IN COMBINATION WITH THE POST
We give below some clubbing combinations with the Post. The rates quoted are very low.

The New York Tri-Weekly Tribune and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, only \$1.75.
The Tri-Weekly is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday, reaches a large proportion of subscribers on date of issue and each edition is a thoroughly up-to-date daily family newspaper for busy people.
The New York Weekly Tribune and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, only \$1.25.
The Weekly Tribune is published on a Saturday, and gives all important news of nation and world, the most reliable market reports, unexcelled agricultural department, reliable general information and choice and entertaining miscellany. It is the "people's paper" for the entire United States, a national family paper for farmers and villagers.
The New York Tri-Weekly World and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, only \$1.65.
The Tri-Weekly World comes three times a week, is filled with the latest news of the country and is well worth the price asked for it.
The Practical Farmer, one year, and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, \$1.50. Both of the above papers and the Practical Farmer Year Book and Agricultural Almanac for 1900, paid in advance, only \$1.65.
The Practical Farmer is one of the best farm papers published, issued weekly, \$1.40 a year. The year book contains 800 pages of a fund of information that is useful to the farmer. The price of this book alone is 80 cents, and the Year Book for only \$1.65.



**IN my lap it lies before me
With its pages touched by Time,
And the Past steals softly o'er me
While I read its simple rhyme:
Like a messenger from Aiden,
When the earth was white with snow,
From a merry little maiden
Came this missive long ago.**

**AS I read the homely verses,
Which she ended with a kiss,
This old heart of mine rehearses
Many a scene of youthful bliss:
Till I seem to hear her calling
In a voice that's half divine,
And a holy light is falling
O'er a sweetheart's valentine.**

**WOULD she smile to see me sitting
In my cosy chamber small
With the lights and shadows flitting
O'er the vision-painted wall?
Does her heart, grown old now, miss me?
Nay! I trow it once was mine;
Could she come, I know she'd kiss me,
O'er this dear old valentine.**

**IN the twilight dim I fold it
While descends the fleecy snow,
But my old hands love to hold it
As they held it long ago;
Many a joy the Past possesses,
But the dearest one is mine
When a wealth of golden tresses
Frames a sweetheart's valentine.**



EDITH'S VALENTINE.
AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE STORY.
By J. W. HUTCHEN.

AMONG the cushions of a cozy low window seat of a cottage in a quaint New England village sits a young woman, possessed of the charms and graces of training and endowed with the rare gifts of nature that render her sex beautiful. Upon the hearth crackled and spluttered a

fire, that shed its cheery warmth over the simple but comfortably furnished room. Without the snow fell noisily, covering the frozen earth with a winding sheet of downy whiteness.

Edith sat gazing at the wintry scene, while upon her pretty face was a look akin to sadness; in her mellow, expressive eyes glistened a tear. Her thoughts, on the swift wings of love, had flown far across the sea to India, whither, four years ago, a fond lover had gone in search of fame and fortune. Four years ago he had looked into her tender eyes and whispered the old, old story, and she had promised to be true to him. He would return, he said, with trembling voice, and claim her as his wife, and she had wept tears of sadness and tears of joy—said tears that he would leave her, and joyful tears that he would return to her some sweet day. The years rolled by, during which her greatest joy was the occasional letter, full of passionate love, that came to her from across the sea. Each one stated: "Wait patiently, darling, I am coming soon"; but he came not.

In an arm chair near the cheerful fire sat Edith's mother, busily engaged with her knitting needles. Turning to her daughter she saw the far-away, sad look in her eyes, and, with a loving mother's instinct, she knew the cause, and her heart bled for the unhappy child.

"Cheer up, Edith, dear; you know this is Valentine's day, and remember we are to have the young folks here this afternoon," she said in a tone of cheerfulness, hoping to dispel the melancholy mood of her daughter.

"Yes, mother, this is Valentine's day—just four years ago to-day Arthur sailed for India."
"Be patient, dear—he will return, and soon, I ween; did he not say so in his last letter?"
"Yes, mother; but it has been nearly six months since I have heard from him—and, besides, all his letters contained that same indefinite promise," replied Edith, with a sigh.

"That is why I hope to see him soon, Edith, dear—now cheer up; Arthur Chalmers loves you, and if he still lives rest assured he will return and then you will be the happier for having waited."

"I will, mother, for your confiding hope has instilled in my heart its spirit; I shall try and be more cheerful."
So saying she arose and began to prepare for the Valentine party her mother had urged her to give. Her mother's words had indeed dispelled the darkness and lighted up her heart with a hope that rendered her almost happy. She left the room and soon returned with paper and scissors, and began humming a quaint love ditty as she deftly cut the paper into small bits. It had been her mother's custom to adhere to the old Scottish mode of celebrating Saint Valentine's day, and this time it had not been forgotten. The bits of paper prepared, she filled the dainty baskets with nuts, and went

singing from one duty to another. By the noon hour every nook and corner of the comfortable cottage had been made more inviting by the touch of her deft fingers, until now a spirit of congenial warmth and cheerfulfulness pervaded it. The piercing cold from without found no place within its walls. The pretty little parlor was cheerfulness itself, and a fit gathering place for the happy young people who were to meet there in the early afternoon.

The hours wore away, and the appointed time for the arrival of the guests came. It seemed as though they found their way through the drifting snow and were ushered into the warm parlor of Edith's home, and in her eagerness to entertain them Edith had almost forgotten her sorrow and longing.

With the spirit of zest and unalloyed happiness characteristic of the young people of New England they entered into the games and amusements that long custom had made familiar and appropriate, and all were happy save Edith. Though she managed to appear light-hearted there lurked in her bosom a weary longing, a heartache, that would not cease. The slips of paper bearing the names of absent ones who were to be drawn as valentines were placed in a basket and it was passed among the laughing group. Each drew forth a slip and read the name, eager to know "who shall be my valentine." When the basket reached Edith she gently shook her head, and a sad smile passed over her face.

"Why, Miss Edith, are you not going to draw a valentine?"
"Not this time, Ralph," and as she turned away to her seat she started to leave the room, but the door was softly opened and her mother entered, saying: "Here, Edith is your valentine."
Each took it with trembling hand and read: "Arthur Chalmers, Calcutta, India." She started perceptibly at the name, but turning to her mother she asked: "Why do you torture me thus, mother?" and slowly

walked from the room. Arthur Chalmers who had reached the village unannounced and unexpected, had hurried to the home of Edith's mother, eager to see again the idol of his heart, and the star of hope that had guided him through the wilds of far away India, whither he had gone in search of wealth, that he might pour it into the lap of her he loved. He had heard the happy voices in the parlor and sought first the living-room, where he knew he would find Edith's mother. He had grown rich in India and had now returned to add to his store the brightest gem of all—a beautiful wife—and then his cup of joy would be filled to overflowing.

Edith crossed the hall and entered her mother's room, and, walking to the window for she had not seen the handsome young traveler sitting in her mother's arm chair, she read again the name on the card and Arthur Chalmers saw a tear drop from her cheek upon the bit of pasteboard. He could wait no longer, and, springing toward her, he almost shouted:
"Edith, my darling!"
"Arthur!"
She buried her face on his manly breast, and for several moments the two lovers stood in "love's silence."
Presently she released herself from his embrace, and, raising her eyes to his, she asked: "Where did you come from, Arthur—why did you not let me know?"
"I come from India, darling, to bring you your valentine; now will you be mine?" and while her pretty eyes drooped, she whispered "Yes," scarcely audible, but the eyes of love beamed, and two hearts were bound

together in one duty to another. By the noon hour every nook and corner of the comfortable cottage had been made more inviting by the touch of her deft fingers, until now a spirit of congenial warmth and cheerfulfulness pervaded it. The piercing cold from without found no place within its walls. The pretty little parlor was cheerfulness itself, and a fit gathering place for the happy young people who were to meet there in the early afternoon.

CANCER Cannot be Cut Out or Removed with Plasters

Surgical operations and flesh destroying plasters are useless, painful and dangerous, and besides, never cure Cancer. No matter how often a cancerous sore is removed, another comes at or near the same point, and always in a worse form. Does not this prove conclusively that Cancer is a blood disease, and that it is folly to attempt to cure this deep-seated, dangerous blood trouble by cutting or burning out the sore, which, after all, is only an outward sign of the disease—a place of exit for the poison?
Cancer runs in families through many generations, and those whose ancestors have been afflicted with it are liable at any time to be stricken with the deadly malady.

Only Blood Diseases can be Transmitted from One Generation to Another

—further proof that Cancer is a disease of the blood.
To cure a blood disease like this you must cure the entire blood system—remove every trace of the poison. Nothing cures Cancer effectually and permanently but S. S. S.
S. S. S. enters the circulation, searches out and removes all taint, and stops the formation of cancerous cells. No mere tonic or ordinary blood medicine can do this. S. S. S. goes down to the very roots of the disease, and forces out the deadly poison, allowing the sore to heal naturally and permanently. S. S. S. at the same time purifies the blood and builds up the general health. A little pimple, a harmless looking wart or mole, a lump in the breast, a cut or bruise that refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, should all be looked upon with suspicion, as this is often the beginning of a bad form of cancer.
Mrs. Sarah M. Keating, of Windsor Ave., Bristol, Tenn., writes: "I am 47 years old, and for three years had suffered with a severe form of Cancer on my jaw, which the doctors in this city said was incurable and that I could not live more than six months. I accepted their statement as true, and had given up all hope of ever being well again, when my druggist, knowing of my condition, recommended S. S. S. After taking a few bottles the sore began to heal, much to the surprise of the physicians, and in a short time made a complete cure. I have gained in flesh, my appetite is splendid, sleep is refreshing—in fact, an enjoying perfect health."
Our medical department is in charge of physicians of long experience, who are especially skilled in treating Cancer and other blood diseases. Write for any advice or information wanted, we make no charge whatever for this service.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.
A Love Festival That Has Survived the Progress of Civilization.

SO LONG as human passions hold sway over the destinies of mankind, so long will St. Valentine's day be kept. It has survived the lapse of time, change of customs, and the progress of civilization. The day is sacred to preference, the choice of the sexes, the passion of love. It takes its name from St. Valentine, a presbyter or bishop of Rome, who was cruelly beaten with clubs and finally beheaded on the Esquarian way, in Rome, February 14, A. D. 270, during the reign of Emperor Marcus Aurelius Claudius. Valentine was famous for his love and charity, and was early canonized, his day coming in February, named for the Greek goddess Juno, and about the same time that the Roman festival of the Lupercalia occurred, a feast observed in honor of the deities Pan and Juno.

One of the customs of this festival was that young men drew from a box a billet inscribed with the name of a maiden in the community in which he lived, each bachelor devoting himself for a twelvemonth to the service of the lady whose chance name he had, thus becoming her "husband." From this custom is supposed to originate the phrase "marriage is a lottery." The priests of the early church wisely kept all the festivals they could, changing their form or engrafting them on to saints' days. So, in some fashion, the godly martyr of early days became the patron saint of the early days.

The festival was established in England, Scotland and France about the Fifteenth century, and our good ancestors in Merry England were delighted with it. Court and novel alike honored the day with gusto and excitement. It was formerly the custom of the young people on the occasion of this festival to decorate themselves with flowers, wreaths and true-love knots, and go in procession from house to house in the morning, singing such a ditty as:
"Good mornow to you, Valentin,
Curl your locks as I do mine—
Two before and three behind—
Good mornow to you, Valentin."
Who does not remember Ophelia's song:
"To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
And all the morning betime,
And I'll maid at your window
To be your Valentin."

Helpful Cupid.
The poet now invokes the Nine and sits him down to pen a line or two, imploring the divine One to most graciously incline To hear his prayer or plaint or whine, That he for her no more may pine, But feel her arms his neck entwine, Of course he begs her to "be mine" And stick to him through rain and shine, And in some cottage, where woodbine And roses cluster, and the kine Come lowing up to lick the brine Neglected by the greedy swine, On bread and cheese and kisses dine, And—every blessed rhyme, in fine, That events up with "Valentine." —Chicago Record.

Just the Thing.
"I think we can hold on to our cook and other wack, anyway."
"Have you raised her wages?"
"No; but every member of the family is going to send her a valentine with a big policeman in it." —Puck.

To Bridget.
I approve you, maiden mine; Be, I pray, our Valentin. That is, strictly brought to book, My wife wants you for a cook. —Chicago Record.

Just the Thing.
Giles—Although she was only my summer girl, I'd like to send her something in the way of a valentine to remind her of what we once were.
Merritt—Why not send her one of those souvenir spoons? —Town Topics.

Justifiable Revenge.
He is trying to buy out the leading laundry of this city because of this valentine, sent him by the head of the institution "if you love me as I love you 'You'll call and pay me what is due."
A COMIC THAT WAS WASTED.

SOME COMIC VALENTINES
THE POOR LETTER CARRIER.

Nolan—Let's watch him, now, an' see what he sez. Hello, Clancy, have you a valentine?
Clancy—Shure, is this a valentine? O' t'ough've had remembered me an' sent me yer photograph, Nolan—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Cupid's Advertising Card.
"The valentine is out of date"— A few dull wayworn wordings pray— Still through Love's kingdom, young and true, Fly tender verses, good as new. —Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN'S PECULIAR ILLS

The husband can't understand these troubles. The male physician only knows of them theoretically and scientifically, and finds it hard to cure them. But there is cure for them, certain, practical and sympathetic.

Mrs. Pinkham has been curing these serious ills of women for a quarter of a century. Failure to secure proper advice should not excuse the women of to-day, for the wisest counsel can be had without charge. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for it. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Among the multitude of women helped by Mrs. Pinkham and by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is Mrs. JOSEPH KING, Sabina, Ohio. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Will you kindly allow me the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with falling of the womb, and those terrible bearing-down pains, and it seemed as though my back would never stop aching; also had leucorrhoea, dull headaches, could not sleep, was weak and life was a burden to me. I doctored for several years, but it did no good. My husband wanted me to try your medicine, and I am so thankful that I did. I have taken four bottles of the Compound and a box of Liver Pills, and can state that if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw your advertisement. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. It is worth its weight in gold."

Be sure you get the genuine. Accept no imitation or substitute.
Resbury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.
Rheumatism and Neuralgia cured by Dr. HILL'S PAIN KILLER. "One cent a dose."
NEURALGIA cured by Dr. HILL'S PAIN KILLER. "One cent a dose. As all druggists have it."



REQUIRE THE OLD RELIABLE
SAFETY RAZOR
"THIS IS THE ONLY SAFETY RAZOR THAT DOES NOT STIFFEN THE FACE AFTER USE."
TRADE MARK
ALSO SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER
TRY IT!
USE THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER