

Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Pike county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry at the Sheriff's Office in the borough of Milford, on

MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1922,

at 9 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being at Glen Eyre in the Township of Lockswagon, County of Pike and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a white pine for a corner at the south end margin of the Lockswagon river, thence north seventy degrees west two hundred and twenty-eight perches to a black oak, thence south forty degrees west two hundred and two perches to a white pine, thence south fifteen degrees west ninety-three and one-half perches to a post, thence north fifty degrees west three hundred and fifty perches, thence north thirty degrees east fifty-eight perches, thence north seventy-three degrees east forty perches, thence east forty perches to a white oak, thence north thirty degrees east thirty perches to a corner, thence north eighty degrees east forty perches to a hemlock, thence down the Lockswagon river, several courses and distances to the place of beginning, being two tracts of land one in the warranty name of Jonathan Hill number 85-the other in the warranty name of Daniel Clark number 79-CONTAINING in both or said tracts eight hundred and fifty-seven acres with all improvements, excepting and reserving out of the above described Jonathan Hill tract that part enclosed by the Lockswagon river, and described as follows: BEGINNING at a white pine for a corner at the mouth of the Lockswagon river, thence down the Lockswagon river to the line of the lands of Jonathan Hill, thence along the line of Hill's land to the Hawley Branch Railroad and thence along the line of the Hawley Branch Railroad to the place of beginning, CONTAINING fifteen acres of land, more or less.

IMPROVEMENTS

About fifty acres of the above land improved, balance wood and timber land; also good blue stone land having several quarries thereon; and has erected thereon a dwelling house, 2 barns, 2 horse sheds and a carriage house, chicken house, blacksmith shop, ice house, power house and outbuildings. Depot of the Hawley Branch Railroad on the premises.

Said and taken in execution as the property of William P. Austin and will be sold by me for

GEORGE GREGORY, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Milford, Pa., November 1922

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MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1922,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day all that certain piece or parcel of land in the township of Delaware, county of Pike and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a corner in public road, north 20 1/2 degrees west 30 rods, north 84 1/2 degrees west 30 rods, south 2 1/2 degrees west 40 1/2 rods, south 84 1/2 degrees east 164 rods, north 30 degrees east 7 1/2 rods, north west 10 rods, north 80 degrees east 10 rods to corner pole in road, thence along said road north 50 degrees west 40 rods to place of beginning, containing 85 acres more or less.

IMPROVEMENTS

About twenty acres improved, balance good wood and timber land, house and barn.

Said and taken in execution as the property of Henry Daffin, dec'd, and will be sold by me for cash.

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Sheriff's Office, Milford, Pa., Nov. 4, 1922

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at 9 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Lehman, county of Pike, state of Pennsylvania, bounded by the Delaware river and lands of Herbert Nills, Anne C. Spackman and others, containing fifteen acres and twenty-seven perches, more or less.

IMPROVEMENTS

About ten acres improved, balance wood land and has erected thereon hen house and outbuildings.

Said and taken in execution as the property of Willis A. Henry Corstall and Albert Outterill and will be sold by me for cash.

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Administratrix's Notice

Letters of administration upon the estate of Charles H. Leland, late of Dingman township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate will present them and bills indebted to said decedent will please make payment or receipt as follows: ELLA A. GREGORY, Administratrix, Milford, Oct. 20, 1922.

Foley's Honey and Tar
for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

The Press Office

Is prepared to do any kind of ordinary **Job Printing:** Cards, Posters, Booklets, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Or whatever you may need. **THE STOCK** is of good quality, **THE WORKMANSHIP** neat, and the **PRICE IS RIGHT.** We respectfully solicit a trial order and will then leave you to judge of our claims.

Free Holiday Games

In each pound package of **Lion Coffee** from now until Christmas will be found a free game, amusing and instructive—50 different **Get Lion Coffee and a Free Game at Your Grocers.**

Washington Hotels.

RIGGS HOUSE.
The hotel par excellence of the capital, located within one block of the White House and directly opposite the Treasury. Finest table in the city.

WILLARD'S HOTEL.
A famous hotel, remarkable for its historical associations and long-standing popularity. Recently renovated, repainted and partially refurnished.

NATIONAL HOTEL.
A landmark among the hotels of Washington, patronized in former years by presidents and high officials. Always a prime favorite. Recently remodeled and rendered better than ever. Opp. Pa. R. R. Dep. WALTER BURTON, Res. Mgr.

These hotels are the principal political headquarters of the capital at all times. They are the best stopping places at reasonable rates.

G. STAPLES, Proprietor. G. DEWITT, Manager.

State Normal School
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Regular State Normal Courses, and Special Departments of Music, Education, Art, Drawing, Stenography, and Typewriting, strong College Preparatory Department.

FREE TUITION
Boarding expenses \$8.00 per week. Pupils admitted at any time. Winter Term opens Dec. 29th. Write for catalogue.

E. L. Kemp, A. M., Principal.

DON'T TOBACCO SPT and SMOKE Your Heavens!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco addiction, made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking **DR. J. C. BARKER'S** CURE. It makes weak men strong. Write for catalogue. All druggists. Care guaranteed. Send 1 cent and address PERKINS, address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 47

KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

Genius stamped C. C. C. Never sold to bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Estate of Win. H. Corstall, deceased. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay to the undersigned.

LAURIE CORSTALL, Administratrix.
Milford, Oct. 9, 1922.

The ILLNESS of ELLIOT

"I DON'T know what the matter is with me," said Elliot to his wife at the breakfast table. "I am restless and almost feverish at times. It isn't so bad here at home, but the moment I get down into the city, I begin to feel worse. I am so restless and irritable that the boys in the office are talking about it. I have to force myself to work, and this afternoon I lost a good contract simply because I felt too badly to quarrel with old man Backus over the preliminaries. I don't seem to take any interest in anything."

"You'd better see Dr. Robinson," said his wife.

That afternoon Elliot went over to the doctor's office and described his symptoms to the sympathetic physician.

"There don't seem to be anything definite the matter with you," said the doctor. "We'll wait and see what develops. Come in and see me again in a week."

Going home that evening on the train Elliot sat in front of two young men who were talking so earnestly that he could not fail to overhear what they were saying.

"—fought for 30 minutes," was the first thing that caught his ear, "and when I landed him he weighed four pounds and a half."

"Large mouth?" inquired the second youth.

"No, indeed. He had a small mouth and the gamiest fish I ever got a hook into."

"When are you going up?" asked the first man.

"I'm going on Wednesday evening to spend four days. You see, Thursday's Memorial day, and we close at noon on Saturday anyway, so I'll only lose a day and a half, and I can get four days' good fishing out of it."

That evening when Elliot got home he took down the big tin box which contained his fishing tackle and overhauled its contents. There was a delightful memory in every reel and spoon hook. He pulled up his favorite multiplier and fitted together his put bamboo casting rod. His wife had to call him several times to come to dinner, and when he came she noticed that he seemed to eat with a better appetite.

"How do you feel to-night, William?" she asked.

"I believe I feel a little better," he said. "The doctor says he thinks I need out-of-door exercise, and I think I'll stop in the morning on my way downtown and make a few casts at the pool in Garfield park. But he couldn't decide what was the matter with me. I'm to see him again in a week."

But when Elliot got to his office shortly before noon the next day he seemed to have suffered a relapse. He had spent an hour casting a rubber frog at the pool in Garfield park and there was an unnatural color in his cheeks. He was even more distraught and nervous than before, and several times during the afternoon he got up from the desk, and, seizing the light bamboo rod by the butt, made vicious lunges about the office with it and then smiled complacently to himself. His partner looking on in wonder half-questioned whether or not poor Elliot was mentally affected.

Elliot left the office early and visited a big downtown fish market, where he bought half a dozen black bass, an eight-pound pickerel and a "mess of croppies." When Mrs. Elliot remonstrated with her husband for bringing home such a wholesale supply of fish he was inclined to be angry.

"You know well enough," he said, "that I have no appetite. I can't eat a thing, and I'm losing flesh. You ought to be glad if I can find something which appeals to me. You seem to think there's nothing the matter with me. But I know I'm in a serious condition. I'm nervous and restless. I've lost interest in my business, and the doctor is utterly unable to diagnose the case. And here you are kicking because I bring home a few fish. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now let's have the croppies fried for breakfast—I don't suppose they'll taste like anything—and the pickerel baked for dinner."

When Elliot went to the doctor the



HE MADE VICIOUS LUNGES ABOUT THE OFFICE.

second time he felt that he was fast going into a decline. The physician listened to him and then made a thorough and searching examination.

"It's strange, Elliot," he said, "that you can't tell for the life of me what the matter with you. You are certainly suffering from an extremely obscure disease. I'll give you a tonic, and I want you to telephone me as soon as you notice any new symptoms."

The next day was the Wednesday before Memorial day, and when Elliot got to his office he found among the mail on his desk a somewhat dirty and crumpled letter which was postmarked at a logging town in the big woods of northern Wisconsin. For some reason he laid aside much more important business letters bearing on some big contracts and tore open this disreputable envelope. It contained a sheet of paper evidently torn from an old account book, and the writing was painfully crooked and laborious.

"Mr. William Elliot, Esq.," it began. "Dear Bill: I thought I would write you a letter to let you know that the muskies are biting like the devil this spring in the south fork of the Flambeau. The ice has all been out for three weeks, and me and Morph have just come back from poling up to the lake. We caught a 18-pound cuss at the foot of Little Bull rapids and up at Fishtrap we got about a dozen big pike in half an hour. There has been high water this spring in all the lakes, so the fish could get up through the creeks, and I miss my guess if they ain't the best fishing this spring we ever seen in this country."

"Say, you remember that bunch of bass we pulled out of them sunk tree-tops at the mouth of Squaw creek? Me and Morph stopped there last Friday and we yanked 'em out in 20 minutes. And we got a lot of strikes seating around the shore near the Pork Barrel with frogs the next morning."

"Morph and me has both got a new canoe, extra wide and 30 feet long. We pinched the trees down on the reservation this winter and got 'em down the river without the Injuns ever gettin' on to us."

"If you're thinkin' about coming up this spring, you better bring about eight dozen frogs along and maybe you better send me a telegraph message, so I kin get everything all ready. Ed Johnson was over from Milwaukee already and had a good ketch. Well, good-bye, until I see you again, trum."

"Andy, the 'bum guide,'" Elliot read the letter over again. Then he laid it down on his desk and walked over to his partner's desk.

"Frog-bit!" he said. "I've just found out what the matter with me. I'm suffering from a severe attack of muskellunge on the brain. I've been to the best doctor in town, but he couldn't do a thing for me—didn't even know what was the matter with me. Just now I got a letter



"I GOT TO GET MY HOOK IN A MUSKY."

from my old north woods guide. 'Andy' and he diagnose my case to the dot. He says muskies are biting like the devil this spring, and he says if I'm coming up the spring to wire him. I've sent him a message already and I'm going up to-morrow night to stay over Sunday. To-morrow's a holiday, anyhow, and we close at noon on Saturday, so I'll only lose half a day. I want to go fishing—that's what the matter with me. I got to get my hook in a musky. I'm feeling like a different man already."

When Elliot told his wife about it that evening she smiled indulgently.

"I thought that was what was the matter with you," she said, "but I knew you'd be furious if I should suggest it. Anyway, I'm relieved to know it is nothing more serious."

Chicago Tribune.

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Physicians Prescribe It

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Release Your Throat With This

Release Your Throat With This... No. 22, C. C. C. Co., Chicago, Ill., distributed every-where.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness and give you a good digestion. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation and biliousness. Gently laxative.

25c. All druggists.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE OF THE WHISKERS

Want your whiskers to be a beautiful brown or red shade? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE OF THE WHISKERS. It is the only dye that does not wash out. Sold by all druggists.

Didn't Care to Know.

Laffan—I've got a new conundrum. Do you know why I am like a male with a sore head?

Groat—No; I know you are, but I don't know why you are.—Chicago Tribune.

Patently Healthy.

Eastern Man (to the Book-keeper)—This is a good, healthy country, isn't it?

Western Man—Yes. It's healthy enough if you don't put on too many airs.—N. Y. Weekly.

New to Him.

"Ah," said the star boarder, as he turned the hatch over with his fork, "the chunks of meat are familiar, but I can't seem to remember the potato."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Worth Heeded.

"Isn't Timmins' wife angry because he bet on the races?"

"No. He won. But she's going to be angry if he does it again."—Washington Star.

Good as His Word.

Mortified Bridegroom—You told me your father's wedding present would be a check for four figures.

Blaunting Bride—Well, isn't \$11.30 four figures?—Chicago Tribune.

Another Year.

Harry—Don't you remember that when we were engaged last summer we put our initials on that tree?

Muriel—Oh, that's a chestnut.—N. Y. Sun.

He Wanted to Know.

"Where's Jane?" asked the master.

"Upstairs, arranging the mistress' hair."

"Is her mistress with her?" Philadelphia North American.

Her Limit.

Miss Mark—Does she patronize bargain sales?

Mrs. Down—Does she? Why, she would buy eggs at one.—Harper's Bazar.

Poor Deafened Man.

"Has Snicker any secrets from his wife?"

"Not one. But he thinks he has."—Town Topics.

He Could Hardly Get Up.

P. H. Dunphy of Ashby, Ill., writes: "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing his use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Agitation by the republicans of Iowa for a revision of the tariff does not seem to have interfused with the size of the majorettes.

A Policeman's Testimony

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, N. H., writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough remedies and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. It is the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

It will never do for us to continue to call Mr. Cannon "Old Uncle Joe" if he should become speaker of the house.

W. A. Heron of Finch, Ark., writes: "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Tammany cry of corruption in the country districts of New York is more than amusing.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Why comment on the size of Mr. Cleveland's neck measure? It is full size.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse substitutes. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

is the old firm of Cleveland and Stevenson really going to resume business?

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs—reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

"BEST OF ALL FLOUR."

FEED, MEAL, BRAN, OATS, and HAY.

When in need of any

Hello to No. 5., or come to

SAWKILL MILL, MILFORD, PA

We are now located at the corner of Front and Sussex Streets.

KANE, THE SHOEMAN.

Telephone Call P. J. 184.

BARGAINS!

A few 50c shirt waists left at 39c; 75c at 55c; 85c at 70c; \$1 at 80c; \$1.50 at \$1.

Summer lawns 9c reduced to 7c; 10c and 12c at 8c; A few odd sizes in ladies' shoes from 25c up. Hosiery, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Etc. A general line of goods to meet all your wants.

T. Armstrong & Co.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wash Fabrics And Woolen Dress Goods.

Staple And Fancy Groceries. Shoes All Styles And Sizes. Wall Paper And Border. Hardware, Etc. Paints, Oils, Varnishes. Agents for DEVOE & CO.'S PURE LEAD & ZINC PAINTS.

W. & G. MITCHELL'S, MILFORD, PA.

FINE GROCERIES, FLOUR, PURE COFFEES AND SPICES, SELECTED TEAS, BUTTER AND CHEESE FROM BEST CREAMERIES, FRUITS AND CANDIES, CANNED GOODS IN VARIETY, SPORTING GOODS, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

A Complete Assortment of the Delicacies Usually Kept in First Class Stores. Goods Delivered Promptly Free of Expense.

For Sale By

A. Q. WALLACE

Telephone Call 62. Harford St., Milford, Pa

DO YOU EXPECT TO BUILD? THEN SEE

A. D. BROWN and SON, Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber, Contractors and Builders. Estimates made; personal attention given and work guaranteed.

OFFICE, Brown's Building, Milford, Pa.