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Editorial Comment

All Men Should Vote.

If ours is to remain "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people," all its citizens must exercise their privilege of voting. This they must do thoughtfully, but, nevertheless, continuously, no matter what turn affairs may take. For herein lies the price of liberty, which eternal vigilance alone can maintain in times like these, when there is such an effort on the part of great business corporations to rob the people of their rights and when such a large element of the population, failing to inform themselves on public questions, are often deceived and controlled on election day by some "heeler," who will work cheerfully for the candidate who pays the most. It is for this very reason that good men must not desert the ballot box and leave it in charge of this element. The only way to stamp out such is for right-thinking men, men who have the country's highest welfare at heart, to take charge of affairs and see to it that honest methods are employed. They must be on hand to discourage and prevent the corruption that will prevail when professional politicians and irresponsible men are in charge. There is absolutely no other remedy whereby these abuses may be corrected, and that being true, the man who is simply a laggard politically and who absolutely neglects to be a part of his own government, commits an offense against his fellowman and the government. He is forever estopped from complaining when the public funds, made up in part by the taxes he pays, are misused or squandered. Just here there is no excuse for not having done his part to put the safest methods in practice and the best men in office.

Our Extravagance.

The United States has been called the most extravagant nation in the world and it is common to refer to the South as the most extravagant section of this extravagant nation. We began in the early life of the nation by wasting our lands—still to common in the South and we have gone on until it is now estimated that more than \$1,000,000 is wasted every year in this country in bad cooking alone. We are reckless buyers and wasteful users. Too many of us are out for a good time, no matter what it costs, and it usually costs before we are convinced that we have had it. It seems such an easy matter for us to see only the things we think we want when we go to market, forgetting, as it were, our sources of income. The pernicious credit system to which we are accustomed, is largely responsible for this, having almost changed our very natures. The following from the Independent would lead one to think that at least some people get rich by practicing economy and not by fleeing the poor:

"The poor rarely buy at wholesale, but pay the retailer's profit; but when they sell it to the wholesaler's price and at the lowest market scale. Buying at wholesale is something foreign to the majority of American families. We support a vast number of middlemen who could be easily dispensed with in our domestic economy."

She Was From Missouri.

"Love me and the world is mine," he pleaded theatrically, with pale lips and pallid brow. "There is one thing necessary first," said she tersely. "What is it? Ah, what is it?" "You must put up some collateral."

Best The World Affords

"It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "I am convinced, it's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon on my thumb, and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. 25c. at Parsons Drug Co."

Sale Points in Bryan's Tariff Talk.

"We hear no more of the 'infant industries' that must be tenderly cared for 'until they can stand upon their feet'; there is no suggestion that the 'foreigner pay the tariff,' and nothing about the 'home market.' These catch phrases have had their day—they are worn out and cast aside. The Republican leaders are no longer arrogant and insolent; they can no longer defy tariff reform. Their plan is to seem to yield without really yielding.

"Are we not justified in saying that the people cannot safely entrust the execution of this important work to a party which is so deeply obliged to the highly protected interests as is the Republican party? The 'fat frying' process has become familiar to the American people.

"If the farmer and the wage-earner are really the chief beneficiaries of the protective system, will the Republican candidate explain why the farmer and wage-earner expect a Congress to do little to the Republican campaign fund?

"Are the present leaders more honest than the ones who framed the existing tariff? Are they not, in fact the same men who are responsible for tariff extortion during the last decade?

"Tariff measures which embody the principles of protection are not drawn by legislators, although as a matter of courtesy they generally bear the names of legislators; they are really drawn by the representatives of the interests which demand protection.

"We would not expect a jury to do justice to the defendant if it was composed entirely of the relatives of the plaintiff; neither can we expect a Congress to do justice to the masses if it is composed of men who are in sympathy with, and obligated to, the corporations which have for a generation been enjoying special privileges.

"As all taxes must come out of one's income, no matter through what system levied or collected, they are, in effect, income taxes, and taxes on consumption are graduated income taxes, the largest per cent. being collected from those with the smallest income and the smallest per cent. from those with the largest income.

"The whole system is vicious. Business should not be built upon legislation; it should stand upon its own merit and when it does stand upon its own merit we shall not have less fluctuations in business conditions and a more equitable distribution of the proceeds of toil.

"Protection does not make good wages. Our better wages are due to the greater intelligence and skill of our workmen, to the greater hope which free institutions give them, to improved machinery, to the better conditions that surround them, and to the organizations which have been formed among the wage earners."

Dirty Politics in Union.

If the number of men in various walks of life who have, in the last week, spoken to the Journal about the disgraceful methods that have come to be used in the Democratic primaries in this county, will stand to their guns and throw their influence in the scale when needed, the things that are a disgrace to the party and a disgrace to the citizenship of the county can be stopped.

This paper has raised its voice before the public and before the executive committee over and over in behalf of rules stringent enough to wipe out the trouble, but the primaries just over were the worst of all. It can be stopped in one of two ways. One is by securing a primary law from the next legislature that will be effective. The other is for the people who are opposed to it to get hold of the party machinery and make a party law that will do it.

The thing is a disgrace to the party that allows it. The system of hiring workers (if not buying votes) has grown so strong that it felt that they stood no show without becoming victims to it. And the party managers have let it grow little by little, till all candidates are forced by necessity of taking part in it or going into the race with no show. We have in mind no candidate, nor reflect on any. It is the system we are after. Do the decent people want it stopped? For our part we have almost come to believe that they do not. However, we undertake to say that before another election is held they will have a chance to say whether they do or not.

It Can't Be Beat

The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and it's the best. It's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame-back and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at Parsons Drug Co. 50c."

Don't be afraid to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to your children. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. It always cures. For sale by T. R. Tomlinson.

The Pleasant Lands of France.

"The pleasant lands of France"—it is called and it is well named. It is indeed a beautiful country, the fields tiled like gardens, the roads lined with beautiful and shapely trees, the small areas in forest given almost as much attention as our cultivated fields, the houses neat and well-kept, the fields dotted with busy and seemingly prosperous workers. The farming sections are a delight to the eye, as well as an unending source of pleasure to any one who delights in intelligent and well-directed industry. The red-tiled roofs of the stone and brick houses, the green of the harvest-fields (for the wheat is just now being harvested), the dark green of the growing crops cultivated along-side, interspersed with slender and stately trees—all this makes a picture whose beauty is entirely unmarred by one gully or galled spot or "turned out" field or weedy patch or shabby cabin. This land I see before me here was probably in cultivation for centuries before the first white man alarmed the stolid American on his hunting grounds, and has made crops ever since—and yet no one thinks of saying land is "worn out" or "needs resting." With intelligent labor and prudent handling this land, a thousand years in use, is still productive; in our country, ungenerally labor and careless handling has ruined wide areas which have not grown one-tenth as long.

Careful Farming.

And the main secret? It is before me now—these great herds of grazing cattle in the fields alongside the growing crops, and these farmers with three-horse teams preparing the land for a new crop (rolling it and preparing it as thoroughly as an American would do for a garden in order that another crop may start to growing as quickly as one is taken off. I notice today that where the wheat has been harvested a day or two the shocks are piled together on narrow strips here and there and all the land between is already broken for another planting. The land is cultivated in long strips, and there is hardly a foot of soil wasted; the wheat strip adjoins squarely the strip devoted to sugar beets, potatoes, etc., and there is no room for a weed to grow—barely enough for the horse to recall how the Italian immigrants in Mississippi follow out this same idea, and how the neatly hoed ends of their cotton rows contrast with the ragged weed patches of the negro's fields. Here in France you see no clods, no gullies, no weeds, no poor horses and cattle, no scrub hogs, no disgraceful tenant cabins.

Hardly anywhere in the world do more farmers own their own farms—small farms, to be sure, but the intelligent small farmer here with five or ten acres lives far more comfortably than the Southern farmer with his twenty times this land, but who depends upon shiftless labor or shiftless methods of cultivation. With this letter I am sending an extract from yesterday's Paris edition of the London Mail, telling how some French gardeners, taking up a two-acre patch of tough clay in Essex, had sold £1,000, or \$4,860, worth of products up to July 26th, and expect to sell enough more before the end of the year to bring the total to about £800 (\$4,000) per acre for the twelve months' sales.

Women work much in the fields. I saw numbers of them doing all sorts of work yesterday: not in any half-hearted or humdrum fashion, but healthily, intelligently and cheerfully simply because in these small acres every one of them works if the family is to prosper, and because every member of the family takes pride in having a beautiful home and a beautiful farm, as fertile and productive as intelligence and skill can make it. The strength of France is its millions of contented, prosperous, intelligent small farmers who make their own homes, and who make the entire country a dream of beauty and prosperous activity.

Large acres here are devoted to growing the sugar beet, and its history also illustrates the possibilities of scientific agriculture. Originally the beet contained as little sugar that its cultivation was barely profitable, but by long years of careful seed selection and plant breeding, the sugar content has been so largely increased that the industry is now one of very considerable proportions. I should be afraid to quote figures from memory, but my impression is that the farmers now get two to four times as much sugar from a ton of beets as their fathers did from the less highly improved varieties they grew fifty years ago.

Good Roads.

And the roads—they, too, add incalculably to the beauty of the country and the pleasures of the country life. National aid to road building and road improvement, has been much agitated in America in recent years (notably by Lamar of South Carolina, Brownlow of Tennessee, and Bankhead of Alabama) is an actual working fact here in France, the main lines being built by the National

Government, the mileage being 23,659, and \$300,000,000 having been spent in this work to date. Even the local roads are kept in superb condition, and some one recently pointed out the difference between French and American roads by showing that in France one horse is expected to carry a load of 3,300 pounds twenty miles a day over rolling country, while in America one horse could carry only 1,000 to 1,400 pounds. The difference may be due to the superiority of the French horses, the heavy Percherons and other breeds in use here being, as I have indicated, markedly superior to ours, but the main difference is, of course, attributable to the better highways in France. And not only are the roads themselves in the splendid condition I have indicated, but every highway is made a thing of beauty by the long lines of tall, uniform, symmetrical shade trees on either hand. These have been carefully planted, of course; all of one variety, and equidistant. The common roads are therefore as beautiful as our city parks, and when you look out upon the varying of the growing and ripening crops, and the perfect proportions of each field, it seems as if the very peasants here were artists working out some vision on a canvas of earth and acres instead of fabric and inches. Usually there are no fences between one small farm and others; possibly a hedge, but more often a farmer's last row of potatoes, or a trench at most, is the dividing line between him and his neighbor. As one of my friends wrote me from England two years ago: "There are no loose ends or ragged edges in English farming." No one looking at the farming of France can get away from the impression that just as it is a curse to a growing boy to have a fortune that he may spend recklessly, so it has been a curse to America that part of her inheritance which the farmer has thought it no economic crime to lay waste one acre and then clear up another to take its place. Neither here nor in England would any land-owner think for a moment of renting a piece of land to an ignorant tenant to butcher or maltreat in such fashion as is common in the South. In France, as I have said, most farms are small and operated by their owners—the ideal condition; while in England the tenant is encouraged to improve and beautify his holdings; my recollection is that tenants usually lease for about ten years and are given credit at the end of that time for whatever improvements they have made. And not only have French farmers wrought out these things in their own land, but they have carried these progressive ideas with them wherever they have gone. If any reader objects that they might not do so well in the Cotton States of America, let me remind him of what French colonists and French influence have done in the Barbary coast of Africa. It is a matter of casual historical comment that to it in one or two generations French rule "has restored the fertility and bloom which belonged to it when it was the garden of the Roman world."

Form of Government.

Of the Government of France I must also say a word, and then leave my impressions of Paris for another letter. As everybody knows, France from 1789 to 1871 was in a state of almost unending turmoil. The year first mentioned opens upon one of the most corrupt, extravagant, stiff-necked and irresponsible courts with which any Nation has ever been afflicted. The nightmare of the French Revolution, the dictatorship of Napoleon, the restored dynasty of Bourbons forced upon the people by the conquering nations after Waterloo (1815) the Revolution of 1830 that made Louis Philippe King, the "second Republic" established by the Revolution of 1848, the "second Empire" that followed four years later, and finally the "third Republic" which has now endured for about thirty years—this is a suggestion of the kaleidoscopic changes whose details baffle the memory and leave the average reader in hopeless confusion. I have just noticed, for example, that in my purse are three pieces of money, one bearing the name of "Louis Philippe, King, 1843," another that of "Napoleon III., Emperor, 1860," and the third that of the "Republic of France, 1896." In effect France was for a hundred years a sort of political experiment station, but the present republican government now seems firmly established.

The President is elected for a term of seven years. The Congress consists of a "House of Deputies" corresponding to our National House of Representatives, chosen by manhood suffrage for four years; the Senators, like ours, hold for six years, and are elected in practically the same manner. But now come some radical differences between our system and the French system. In the first place the President has no such power as the President of the United States. Like the King of England, he is little more than a figure head, and the real executive work is done through a Cabinet or ministry. The President nominates the ministers, but they cannot act until the House of Deputies

Result of "Tobacco War" in Kentucky

The "Night Riders" of Kentucky have succeeded in forcing the American Tobacco Company to abandon its business in that State. It is announced that the company will move its headquarters to Cincinnati. It is also stated that the tobacco growers of Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Indiana and Wisconsin have organized the United Tobacco Society, incorporated it under the laws of Kentucky and will maintain headquarters in Louisville. The object of the society, it is said, is "to pool the crops of its members and to secure remunerative prices."

So far as we are advised, there is no logical objection to combinations of farmers to secure satisfactory prices for their products. If the new organization incorporated in Kentucky has 100,000 members, as is stated, in five States, it ought to be a factor in controlling the tobacco market, subject, of course to the inflexible law of supply and demand. But suppose there are also 100,000 tobacco growers in these five States who will not join the organization of planters—who prefer to sell their products independently to any purchaser who offers satisfactory prices. Will they be protected in their right to do as they please with their crops in so far as the sale of them is concerned?

The "tobacco war" in Kentucky grew out of the conviction of the planters that they were at the mercy of a trust and that they had no remedy in the law. But the manner in which the "war" was conducted was demoralizing in the lawlessness which it engendered, in the coercion of planters who had business relations with the alleged Tobacco Trust and in the denial of the right of the citizen to dispose of his property as he chose, subject to the laws of Kentucky. The Kentucky authorities have been either unwilling or unable to deal with the situation effectively, to suppress lawlessness, to protect planters and to preserve valuable property from destruction. The trust's monopoly may have been objectionable in the highest degree. The planter may have been deprived by trust methods of the opportunity to make a fair profit on his tobacco crop. But it seems to thoughtful men that the resources of the law ought to be exhausted before there is resort to coercion. If the State of Kentucky is its citizens to protect the property of its citizens—and that is the conclusion which will be drawn from its impotence in dealing with the "Night Riders," who have terrorized the State—foreign capital may not be willing to risk investment in Kentucky. Thus the Blue Grass State may suffer materially for the violent methods employed by certain elements of its population to break the power of an alleged monopoly. On the other hand, the monopoly may not be deprived by lawlessness of the advantages which it has enjoyed to the detriment of the tobacco growers. Grievances are most effectively redressed by the law. Why should not the planters of Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky seek a remedy in the law? They would harm no man then and they would be assured of public sympathy.

Indian Proverbs

No man ever repented of saying nothing.

When a fox walks lame, the old rabbit jumps.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattle-snake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy; the pale-face skins his friends.

Before the pale-face came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

Two men will live together in quiet and friendship, but two squaws never.

There will be hungry pale-faces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the Evil One laughs.

A Travelling Man's Experience

"I must tell you my experience on an East bound O. R. & N. R. train from Pendleton to LeGrande, Ore., writes Sam A. Garber, a well known traveling man. "I was in the smoking department with some other traveling men when one of them went out into the coach and came back with a dead man. I got my box of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (I never travel without it), ran to the water tank, put a double dose of the medicine in the glass, poured some water into it and stirred it with a pencil; then I had quite a time to get the ladies to let me give it to her, but I succeeded. I could at once see the effect and worked with her, rubbing her hands, and in twenty minutes I gave her another dose. By this time she was almost into LeGrande, where I was to leave the train. I gave the bottle to the husband to be used in case another dose should be needed, but by the time the train ran into LeGrande she was all right, and I received the thanks of every passenger in the car." For sale by T. R. Tomlinson.

Sunday School Department

Conducted by Special Editor.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

Lesson—Saul and Jonathan Slain in Battle.—I Samuel 31:1-13.
Golden Text.—"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos 4:12.

FUNDAMENTALS

Time.—B. C. 1055 (Ussher.)
Revised Chronology, B. C. 1027.
Place.—The army of Saul is encamped on the northern slope of the Mount of Gilboa. The Philistine army is at Shunem. Between the two is the valley of Jezreel.

CONNECTION

David does not trust in the repentance of Saul as recorded in the last lesson and flees to Achish, the King of Gath, who gave him Ziklag for a residence. There he dwelt for a year and four months, raiding the neighboring tribes of the native inhabitants, while leading Achish to believe that he was fighting the Israelites. The Philistines gathered for a great attack upon the Israelites. David starts with them, but by the suspicion of the leaders, is forced to return to Ziklag, which he finds has been raided by the Amalekites and the women and children taken captive. David pursues and rescues the captives and regains the spoil.

LESSON STORY

The story is a sad one. Two great armies meet in battle array. The king of the Israelites, Saul, is despondent. In his helplessness Saul seeks a witch and asks her to call up the spirit of Samuel, that he may talk with him. To the astonishment of the witch, the spirit of the dead king appears and brings a message of ruin. The witch, with the loyalty of the woman, asks that the king eat in her home and prepares a meal for him. The morning of the terrible battle quickly comes and the day is one of disaster. The Israelites are beaten and Saul kills himself. Three sons, Jonathan, Abinadab and Malchishua were slain. When the army sees the death of the king they flee. The next day the bodies of Saul and his sons are found by the Philistines and they cut off the heads and strip the bodies of armor and these trophies are displayed in the temple. The story closes with a touching incident. Forty years before, Saul had gone to the aid of the men of Jabesh-Gilead and by heroic action had saved the city. When these people hear of the dishonor placed upon the bodies of Saul and his sons, they send a picked band, who in the night take the bodies of their dead friends and bury them. In memory of the king, the inhabitants of the city fast for seven days.

SOME THOUGHTS.

Dispair paralyzes hand and heart.

Respect for the dead is a sign of respect for ourselves.

Our friends, those we love, must share the failures from our sins.

Self-will surely leads to disaster; it may be a long time coming, but it is sure.

In every great crisis men want God's help; the time to gain God's favor is before the crisis.

Suicide is never justifiable. Saul should have fought on, repented of his sins and turned to and trusted God.

Blessed are the people who remember benefit. The sentiment of gratitude is a great help in the world. The people who remember make life worth living.

ILLUSTRATIVE

If Saul had any faith in God, any submission, any repentance, he could not have finished a life of rebellion by a self-inflicted death, which was in itself the very desperation of rebellion.—Maclaren.

The criminality of the suicide of Saul is to be carried back to following his own will instead of the will of God. It was through that sin that he was brought into his present position. . . . Sin has a marvelous power of begetting, of leading you on to other acts that you did not think of at first, of involving you in meshes that were then quite out of your view.—Baileik.

Saul's headless and dishonored body hangs rotting in the sun on the walls of Beth-shan, while David sits a conqueror in Ziklag. Defeat, desolation, despair, attend to his self-dug grave the unhappy king, whose end teaches us all what comes of self-willed resistance to the law and the spirit of God. The contrast between the lives of David and Saul, so closely intertwined and powerful for good and evil on each other, reaches its climax at the end of the life of Saul. While the one sets in dark thunderclouds, the other is bright with victory.—Maclaren.

The last point, is the brave mindful march of the men of Jabesh-Gilead from their home on the eastern uplands beyond Jordan, across the river and up to Beth-shan. It was a requital of Saul's deed in his early bright days, when, with his hastily gathered army, he scattered the Ammonites. It is the one gleam of

light amid the stormy sunset of the life. Saul's one good deed as king sowed seeds of gratitude which flourished again, when the opportunity came. His many evil ones sowed evil seed which bore fatal fruit; and both were reaped in the end.

In the greatness and the reverses of the House of Saul is the culmination and catastrophe of the tribe of Benjamin. "Benjamin shall rave as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour his prey, and in the evening he shall divide the spoil." These words well sum up the strange union of fierceness and gentleness, of sudden resolves for good and evil, which run, as hereditary qualities often do run, through the whole history of that frontier clan.

So Saul died. "Come often and stand late," said a man to a friend, begging him to come and visit him: above all stay late. I have had company in the mid-nights." The next week the friend complied with his request. As they sat and talked late into the night the visitor said: "You said you had had company in the mid-nights." "Yes. All the memories of my past life come back to me and they are bad company. It might have been otherwise. I might have lived for the highest things and been glad to have old days for company. I might, but I did not. I did not rob, nor steal, nor lie—least not much. I was over-sharp on business sometimes, and I said some things that I did not quite mean, but wrong was chiefly in the principle and spirit of my life. I did not see how much good I could do, but how much money I could scrape up, and how I could push myself on; and now it is all over, and the things I worked so hard for seem less than nothing, and I find them bad company."

"Though the mills of God grind slowly. Yet they grind exceeding small. Though with patience we stand waiting. With exactness grinds He all."

No life can be in harmony with Jehovah's which serves sin. A young Italian had been entertaining a company by playing on a violin. A Russian musician, hearing that the instrument was very old, asked to see it. "I suppose," said one, "that it is very valuable, as violins improve with age." The Russian answered, "That all depends on what kind of music has been played on it. The tone of this violin sounds to me as though it had deteriorated through being compelled to discourse inferior music." The life that discourses the music of Satan is out of harmony with the music of God. If the true musician holds the violin, all the molecules march into line.—Selected.

Dying words of those who have forsaken God.—
Gibbon: "All is dark and doubtful."
Charles: "I am lost forever; I know it."
Hobbs: "I am taking a fearful leap into the dark."
Altamont: "Hell is a refuge if it hide me from thy frown."
Voltaire: "I am abandoned by God and man; I shall go to hell!"
Mirabeau: "Give me more laurels, that I may not think of eternity."
Tom Paine: "I cannot bear to be alone. Stay with me, for God's sake. It is hell to be left alone."
Deans-McKee.
(Atlanta Journal, Aug. 23.)

A beautiful home wedding will be that of Miss Mary Francis Deans and Mr. George Henry McKee, Jr., which will take place at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. M. Deans of Houston street.

Little Misses Charlie May and Leona McClain will be the ribbon frockers in pink ribbons.

Miss Ellen Deans, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor, wearing a pretty gown of palest pink mull, trimmed with white lace. She will carry a bouquet of white roses tied with gauze ribbon.

The bride will enter with her brother, Dr. W. O. Deans, and will wear her going away suit.

The wedding march will be played by Miss Daisy Pinkston, of Wadesboro, N. C.

Punch will be served on the veranda by Miss Marie Latimer and Miss Hattie Deans, sister of the bride.

Mr. McKee and his bride will leave for a wedding trip to North Carolina.

[After October first they will be at home to their friends in Norfolk Virginia. Miss Deans will be remembered as a charming visitor of Miss Daisy Pinkston, one of our most popular home girls.—The Ansonian.]

The Remedy That Does.

"Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. R. Pierson, of Auburn, Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident its continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This remedy is sold in all drug stores and throat and lung healer is sold at Parsons Drug Co. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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