

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LACE IS IN GREAT DEMAND.

Not for Years Has So Much Been Used on Our Clothes.

There is a tremendously increased interest in old laces. The prices paid for fine bits of antique lace are so great that more than one English family reduced by the war has been willing to part with heirlooms in order to secure the unusual price such bits bring these days.

Perhaps you too have some precious heirloom. If so, you ought not to trust it to the tender mercies of home cleaning, but send it to a professional cleaner, if a reliable one is available, who will use methods in cleaning that are not possible in the home.

However, for many pieces of old lace the home treatment is adequate. Irish lace may be cleaned excellently at home. But do not think that it may be put through the ordinary wash with impunity.

Never rub soap directly on lace, and if possible you should never rub lace. In order to loosen the dirt you should allow the lace to soak. This may be done by putting the lace in a bottle of soapsuds made from some mild white soap and letting it remain in a warm oven for some hours. No harm is done if you add a couple of teaspoons of borax or ammonia to the jar of water.

How to Bleach Lace.

You will find that some of your old bits of Irish lace have become yellowed, possibly with perspiration, and the best way to remove this is to bleach it. To do this you would best begin your washing process by tacking the lace on a piece of cotton cloth so that when it comes to bleaching it the lace may be laid out in the sun without danger of coming in contact with anything that may soil it. If possible let the bleaching take place on the green grass with the sun beating down on it, and keep it wet all the time.

Of course lace should not be ironed. In order to smooth it, it should be pinned out carefully on a clean ironing board. Care should be taken not to allow the pins to rust in the lace and this can be done by selecting a dry day for the job and putting the board in a warm dry spot for the drying process.

FAREWELL PARTY HELD AT MARYSVILLE

Marysville, Oct. 21—The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Miller, Main street, was the scene of a very enjoyable gathering last evening when the members of the Young Men's A. D. S. Bible Class of the Main Street Baptist Sunday School held a farewell party in honor of Mr. Fred E. Miller eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Miller who is leaving in a few days for Edmundston where he will take a vocational course. The evening was very enjoyable spent in games and music, and refreshments were served. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a set of military brushes to Mr. Miller, the presentation being made by the teacher Mr. Malcolm Dennison accompanied by a few suitable remarks expressing the regret of the members of the class in his departure and the best wishes for his future success.

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- 25 Corner Brunswick and Westmorland Streets.
- 26 Corner Charlotte and Westmorland Streets.
- 27 Corner King and York Streets.
- 28 Corner Saunders and York Streets.
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- 32 Corner Needham and Regent Streets.
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- 35 Corner Brunswick and Carleton Streets.
- 36 Corner Charlotte and Carleton Streets.
- 37 Corner George and Regent Streets.
- 38 Corner King and Regent Streets.
- 44 Corner Queen and St. John Streets.
- 45 Corner Brunswick and St. John Streets.
- 46 Corner Charlotte and St. John Streets.
- 51 Corner King and Church Streets.
- 52 Corner George and Church Streets.
- 53 Corner Union and Church Streets.
- 54 Gas House.
- 55 Intercolonial Railway Station.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.

BUFFALO BILL ADMITTED HE WAS SCARED

(Kansas City Star)

It is difficult for this generation of boys, even though they be born on the "Great American Desert," to believe that Buffalo Bill was ever anything except the star of a tent show, but old-timers know of his perilous life of earlier days as an Indian fighter, scout overland freight guard and pony express rider.

When the Kansas Pacific Railroad was building to the coast it employed Will Cody to supply its construction gangs with meat. One of the greatest shots of the plains, he won his name and his spurs killing buffalo for the builders of the iron rail.

During Indian campaigns Cody rose to be chief scout for the army and Indian adventures became part of his daily routine. The fame of Buffalo Bill spread throughout the army. None doubted the courage and resource of the great scout and Indian hunter.

Yet one day this courage was sorely tried. There was one time when Buffalo Bill admitted he was scared.

Gen. Emory in command at Fort McPherson induced the county authorities to make Buffalo Bill a justice of the peace.

"Why General," protested the scout, "I don't know any more about law than a mule knows of singing."

But the appointment was duly and legally made and the new justice had to serve. His first task was to perform a wedding ceremony. A wedding was a great event at McPherson, and the whole fort resolved to attend.

In vain his wife and sisters tried to coach Buffalo Bill. Nobody could find a copy of the marriage service. The great day came. The guests assembled

Wood's Peppermint Cure.
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Cold sweat stood in beads on the brow of the old Indian fighter. His hands trembled.

Yet at first the ceremony moved without reproach. The bride and groom were counselled in the conventional manner until the close of the ceremony, when Buffalo Bill startled the congregation by announcing: "Whom God and Buffalo Bill hath joined together let no man put asunder."

As a marrying justice he was voted a great success.

Before the days of the telegraph news traveled by pony express, nine days from St. Joseph, the end of the railroad, Sacramento, Calif. The distance over the short route was 1966. Will Cody was twice in the employ of the pony express as one of the relay riders in the western wilderness. It was during his second engagement that he saved his life by his knack of shooting straight and thinking quickly.

Will was riding from Red Butte, on the North Platte, to Three Crossings, on the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles when a station boss one day informed him:

"There's signs of Injuns about Billy. Better keep your eye peeled."

The young rider nodded comprehension as he swung into the saddle on a fresh pony and dashed out of the station with his mail sacks.

Plainsmen learned early to keep their eyes open. As Will Cody rode he scanned the country ahead of him with tireless gaze. Every rock and hummock had his attention.

It was grim, wild country he rode

through. Great cliffs overhung his narrow path and darkened the way. Forests of black pine stood thick on the precipitous slopes of the Rockies.

His keen eye caught sight of a slight movement behind a large boulder that lay ahead of him. It needed no more than to tell the pony express rider of danger. Riding at top speed toward the danger zone he made his plan.

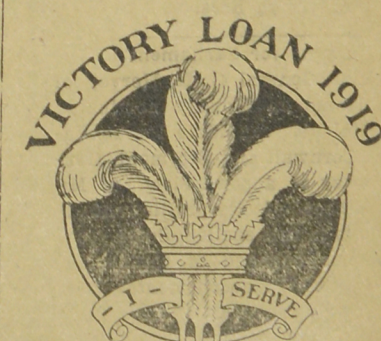
Cody was almost upon the rock before he swerved his horse sharply and dashed off to one side. Two rifle reports came simultaneously and from behind the rock sprang two unmounted Indians.

At the same time a score of Indians on ponies burst from the timber on the opposite side of the valley and rode to ward him.

Ahead lay a narrow pass leading to safety. The race began. Only one rider threatened the express messenger. He wore the headdress of a chief and his pony was fleetest.

Close together the horses sped toward the pass, and the Indian was gaining steadily. Cody turned in the saddle. The Indian Chief had lifted an arrow to his bow and even then was sighting his target.

Like a flash Cody drew his revolver. Seemingly he fired without aim, so quick was the action. The Indian dropped from his saddle and the pony express sped on to safety.



WILL YOU ALSO SERVE