## A Boon to the Bilious

Are you compelled to deny yourself many wholesome foods because you think they make you bilious? Do you know that your condition is more to blame than the foods? Your liver and stomach need attention more than the diet. When you find yourself suffering with a bilious attack, take

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

and all annoying symptoms will soon disappear. They settle the stomach, regulate the liver and exercise the bowels. Their good effects are felt immediately.

Beecham's Pills mingle with the contents of the stomach and make easy work of digestion. The nourishing properties of the food are then readily assimilated and the residue carried off without irritating the intestines or clogging the bowels.

Beecham's Pills should be taken whenever there is sick headache, furred tongue, constipation, sallow skin or any symptoms that indicate an inactive liver.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.


## MR. BOURASSA SAYS HE IS AN ONLOOKER

### At the Same Time Liberals and Conservatives Alike are Wondering Where he Will be Found in the Elections.

Montreal, Sept. 5 (Special).—Just where Henri Bourassa will be in the next federal election is a puzzle to Liberals and Conservatives alike and one which is causing considerable wonderment for it must be admitted that the redoubtable Henri cuts no small figure in Quebec and is regarded as a desirable alley or an undesirable opponent.

Henri Bourassa returned from Ste. Adele to Montreal on Wednesday night, accompanied by Mrs. Bourassa. On the train, the member for St. James and St. Hyacinthe met Hon. Mr. Provost, who had not seen him for a long time. The two had a few minutes chat together.

Friends of Mr. Prevost, who say they know, claim that the member for Terrebonne, while personally friendly to Mr. Bourassa, will not be his political ally, and that on the contrary, when the next session of the legislature meets in Quebec, the two politicians will be antagonistic.

Mr. Bourassa stated that his present intention is not to take any part in the next Federal elections; he intends to be an onlooker.

It is announced, however, that he is to take part at a mass meeting set for Sunday at Montmagny. No one appears to have the slightest idea why this meeting is to be held in Mr. Lavergne's constituency, and what will be Mr. Bourassa's behavior inasmuch as Federal politics is concerned. The sphynx-like manner of Mr. Bourassa, since the last provincial elections, has given good ground for all kinds of hypothesis and gossip.

## SHE HAS EARNED A REST

### Napinee Woman Who Has Been a School Teacher For 57 Years.

Laporte, Ind., Sept. 5.—Mrs. Emma A. Stuckman, of Napanee, will soon enter upon her fifty-seventh year as a school teacher, and her one-hundredth term in the school room. She began teaching at the age of fourteen years, in 1851, in a little log school house in Kosciusko county.

## ST. VITUS DANCE

### A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitas dance is a disease of the nerves brought on by a morbid condition of the blood. It is a common disease with children and attacks females oftener than males. The only cure lies in plenty of pure blood, because good blood is the life food of the nerves. Dr. William's Pink Pills cure even the most severe forms of this trouble because they enrich the blood supply thus carrying the necessary food to the nerves. In proof of this we have the statement of Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Summerside, P. E. I., who says:—"Some years ago my daughter Lena, then a child of ten years, became afflicted with St. Vitus dance. At that time she was attending school and the first indication I had that something was wrong, was that she appeared easily discouraged in her studies. She was naturally a spirited child, not given to tears, but she would cry over what I thought should be easy work for her. The disease progressed so rapidly that in the course of a few weeks she became unable to hold anything in her hands, and we were obliged to take her out of school. She became so afflicted that she could not hold a cup to her lips without suddenly losing hold of it. I knew from the first by the symptoms that her ailment was St. Vitus dance, and dispaired of seeing her cured as it was looked on as such a hopeless ailment. She became so bad that she could not hold herself still for the space of ten seconds. Her hands or feet were continually moving and last of all she would contort her features so that she was losing her natural expression. At this stage I chanced on a paper containing a testimonial in favor of Dr. William's Pink Pills, describing the cure of a little girl afflicted as mine was. I hastened to get a couple of boxes of the Pills, and by the time she had used them I noticed a decided change for the better and purchased a further supply. By the time she had taken seven boxes she was entirely cured. Although she seemed thoroughly cured I was afraid the disease might return again, but it never did, and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I cannot thank Dr. William's Pink Pills enough for what they did for my child, and I hope my experience may be of benefit to someone afflicted as my daughter was."

Dr. William's Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Thomas Moran, of the street railway service, has resigned and will leave today for Oromocto, going thence to Colorado. He has been popular in his position and made many friends who will all have good wishes for his success.

# CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD THE FAMOUS POET SCOUT

JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD is the pround name by which his mother first called him, and a name indeed to be pround of; but the name by which he is known to a world of friends and admirers is Captain Jack. If perchance there is a person in the broad land who doesn't instantly identify one of the greatest souls by that title there is no longer a doubt when it is written out as "Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet-scout." He has been a brave soldier, a great scout and is one of the people's poets, but above all that he is one of God's official distributers of sunshine.

Two things have recently happened to bring Captain Jack lovingly back to the memory of the readers of the Standard. One was the public tribute John Mitchell, the great labor leader, paid to him. Mr. Mitchell, in addressing a big audience of his fellow workers, recalled the fact that during the great mine workers' strike Captain Jack was in Butte and gave a benefit for the strikers and with the aid of the Butte miners raised $3,259, which he sent to Mr. Mitchell, not retaining even enough to pay for a first-class fare to Denver, where he organized and gave another big benefit for the same cause. "I consider Jack Crawford, the former Schuylkill county slate picker, the greatest combination of self-made manhood and all-around bigness of any man in the United States, and no man has done more according to his means for suffering humanity," were among Mr. Mitchell's words.

The other thing that has just happened to bring the poet-scout to freshened memory is the publication of a book of his poems by the Roycrofters of East Aurora, under the title of "The Broncho Book." The book contains the evidence of his right to the new title of distributer of sunshine. It is full of verses of cheer and optimism, of love for humanity, including the few enemies he has among rival lyceum bureau managers and in the ranks of the envious and ungodly.

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit o' laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it,
It's a boomerang to you."

That's a verse that every chronic grouch should paste on his eye-glasses or shirt front, and here are a few verses that could be taken profitably for a text every Sunday morning:

SUNSHINE.

"I never like to see a man a-rastlin' with the dumps
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble more'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

"If you should see a fellow man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler 'How d'you do,'
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's ahurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell his that the darkest night is just afore the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palavar, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

"This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain;
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin', when cares you path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the clouds."

Captain Jack's philosophy of sunshine is not only in the preaching, but in the living of it, under all circumstances. The poet-scout has tasted the dregs of disappointment and has lived in the world of Hard Knocks, but through it all laughter came from his lips.

"There's a world of satisfaction
In this broncho soul of mine.
Though I haven't got a dollar
Of my own, I'm feeling fine;
For I've just got down to bedrock,
And the nuggets that I find,
I scatter with the sunshine
On the trail I leave behind.

With a stomach like an ostrich,
And a glorious appetite;
With a God-sent reciprocity
That greets me every night,
When with love and song and laughter,
Hope and charity combined,
I scatter wads of sunshine
On the trail I leave behind.

"Brother mine, the Eldorado
Where your soul will strike it rich,
You will find in waifs of slumville,
And your brother in the ditch.
Shed your kids and patent leathers,
To all ridicule be blind,
For there's millions in the sunshine
On the trail you leave behind."

SOME BRONCHO PHILOSOPHY.

The poet-scout's creed believes in speaking soft words and doing deeds now; piling flowers and laurel wreaths on the cradle, and not waiting to dump them on the grave.

"I wonder is it perfume of the flow're
I'm smelling now,
Or the laurel being woven—will it fit my
sun-tanned brow?
And I wonder will they bring it while
life's vistas onward spread,
Or wait, before they fling it, till the heart
is cold and dead?

"It is not so much the roses or the laurel
that I crave,
But the sunshine of the friendship and
approval of the brave,
Who are not afraid to speak and to grasp
a fellow's hands
When he's slipping cogs and sinking in
the world's uncertain sands.

"That's the time to fling a lasso, with a
wreath upon the rope.
Let its coil of strength encircle some poor
struggler's ray of hope;
For the moment that you yank him where
his feet will hit bedrock,
There's a heap of good set going and a
premium on your stock.

"And I can not help believing that the
sunny smiles we fling,
The bits of fun we scatter, with the songs
we love to sing,
Are the harbingers of blessings on the
scrimmage line of hope
That will light the trail of sunshine as
we journey o'er life's slope."

In what he calls "A sermon to myself, or you, if it fits," the poet hangs out this guiding star:

"Don't be blue—just be true
To yourself and smile.
Don't you know clouds will go
In a little while?

"Have some grit—up an' git!
What's the recompense—
Fret and stew; keepin' blue,
Lackin' common sense?

"Take it cool; whoa, you mule,
Kickin' like a steer!
Half your trouble's but a bubble;
What you got to fear?

"Friends are honey when you've
money;
Otherwise they're few.
Then, dod rot it, play you've got it—
And you'll git it, too!"

Captain Jack spent his life on the frontier and he loves nature too well to be content in the city.

"Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't
likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could.
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud, unearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry, men and wimmin, gals an' boys,
All a-rushin' like the nation, 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.
Like it? No. I love to wander
'mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

"Yes, I love the western border; pine
trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a-singin' everywhere;
Deer a-playin' in their gladness, elk a-feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men;
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in that borderland of ours.
Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen,
Than my home, sweet home o' natur'
Whar' the hand o' God is seen."

MOTHER'S WAYS.

The poet's religion is simple. Here it is:—

"Whate'er my soul may long for,
Whate'er my eyes may see,
The simple faith of mother
Is broad enough for me.

"God is good and good is God;
And God and good together
Will keep us clean unsight unseen
Throughout life's changing weather."

Some of the best things in prose and verse that Captain Jack has written will not be found in "The Broncho Book," but are wandering mavericks, to be roped and branded by every admirer of the quaint and sweet philosophy they express.

For instance, in writing to a friend in Butte recently he said he owed all of his success to a determination to "be happy and smile" and this led to these verses:—

"Be happy and smile,
And you'll find it worth while.
Be joyful and you will be good.
Avoid discontent,
Embrace merriment,
With sunshine of laughter imbued.

"For the soul of success
Is the sunny caress
Of Old Mother Nature in tune.
And music combined,
With a heart that is kind,
Will reflect all the pleasures a-bloom."

Very thoughtlessly he copyrighted one of his best productions, "The Womanhood of Man," and then did include it in his book, and after the publication of "The Broncho Book" he wrote "The Broncho," which he didn't copyright, because, as he said, it was too good:

THE BRONCHO.

I am saddest when I'm gladdest,
And I'm gladdest when I'm sad,
I am maddest when I'm baddest,
And I'm baddest when I'm mad.
But my sadness an' my badness
With my madness all combine,
Just to fertilize the gladness
In this broncho soul of mine.

I would rather be a broncho
With a lightnin' disposition,
Than a goody, goody smooth one,
Who for suckers goes a fishin'.
For the broncho shows his colors
An' reaches out behind him,
An' you know just what's a-comin'
When you undertake to bind him.

He is not a-goin' to stand for
To be roped an' throw'd an' bottled,
To be bridled, cinched an' saddled,
An' unmercifully throttled;
An' he'll buck an' kick like blazes
Just for all that there is to him,
You may break his heart and kill him,
But you never can subdue him.

What's the reason, do you ask me?
Ask the chump as does the ropin'.
He'll admit a pound of sugar's
Worth a hundred pounds of dopin'.
An' it's well the broncho knows it,
An' resents it when you bleed him;
But with smiles an' lumps of sugar—
Why, a little child can lead him.

Some day an appreciative publisher will gather all of the poet scout's writings—prose and verse—and print them to cheer humanity, and incidentally, for the enrichment of his own coffers. In the meanwhile "The Broncho Book" will do, and Captain Jack thinks so little of the circulation of his signature that he will be glad to autograph every volume sent out, if requested to do so.

Another thing that you will not find in the book, except as you discover it between the lines, is the life story of this most interesting man. He was born in Ireland, and I hear you say that accounts for his natural brilliancy and poetic soul. Perhaps it does, but he is a Scotchman, though born in Carndonagh, county Donegal. That he loves the land of his nativity is evidenced by some of his poems, pretty and romantic love verses, and verses of memory about "Donegal," by the Irish sea. He came from an adventurous race. His ancestors on both sides fought with Wallace and Bruce for the freedom of Scotland. His mother was the daughter of William Wallace, a Scotch refugee in Ireland, a descendant of Sir William Wallace, one of Scotland's famous chiefs. Several members of the family came to America in the early days, and three of them fought in the revolution. John A. Crawford, Captain Jack's father, was banished from Scotland for his revolutionary speeches, and with a price on his head fled to Ireland. In 1854 he left his family there and came to America. Later he was joined at Minersvale, Pa., by his wife and children. Jack's schooling, in the schools of four walls, was crowded into just one month. The rest of the time he put in picking slate and helping to support the family. On President Lincoln's first call for volunteers the father enlisted for the civil war. He was wounded at Antietam and Cold Harbor, and died shortly after the close of the war.

During the war Jack ran away from home twice for the purpose of enlisting, too, but several times he failed because of his youth. Finally he was accepted and went to the front with the Forthy-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers. It was his regiment that dug the mine under Petersburg. He was wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, near the "bloody angle," and again on April 2, 1865, in front of Petersburg. Jack was sent to a hospital in Philadelphia and while confined there a Sister taught him to read and write. After the war he came West and did scouting for the army during many Indian campaigns. He served under General Crook in the Sitting Bull campaign in 1876, and for his services he was appointed chief of scouts by Gen. Wesley Merritt. During that campaign he also acted as correspondent for the New York Herald, and after leading the charge at Slim Butee, on Owl Creek, Wyoming, with Lieutenant Swetka, he made a famous and daring ride, through a hostile country, of 530 miles to file despatches for the Herald. He beat five relays of couriers and gave the Herald a big scoop. Later he served under Generals Hatch and Buel in the campaigns against Victoria and Geronimo. He also served with General Lawton, and after the last Apache campaign in New Mexico and Arizona he retired, in 1886, and settled in New Mexico. Since then he has been as varied in his occupation as and a ranch in New Mexico. He has done placer mining in Alaska, and has been writing and lecturing. During the present summer he is dividing his time between his New Mexican ranch, a big summer camp he has established for the boys in Michigan, and a big enterprise he has on hand for colonizing some lands in that state and raising sheep.

His great love for humanity is chiefly responsible for his continued appearance on the platform, for, as he has often said, he wants to do what he can for the boys, to save them from cigarettes, dime novels and drink. "His temperance story is the strongest that has ever been delivered from a pulpit or platform," said John D. Rockefeller once.

Captain Jack had a warning example in his own home against the evils of drink, and to his mother, on her death bed, he gave his promise that would never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor. He has kept his promise. It is told that at a banquet in Boston some years ago a young lady passed a glass of wine across the table to the poet scout with a request that he "drink a toast to the ladies." He took the glass, but looking into the laughing eyes of the girl, he said:

"Miss, this is a difficult task you have given me, but a soldier's duty is first to obey orders—and I shall try to drink a toast to woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse her where he should love and cherish—send her sons to drunkard's graves, and perhaps, her daughters to lives of shame. No, not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her lovce. In the crystal water I will drink to her, that she may remain queen regnant in the empire she has already won, grounded as the universe in love, built up and enthroned in the homes and hearts of the world. I will drink to her, the full blown flower of creation's morning, of which man is but the bud and blossom to her, who in childhood clasps our little hands and teaches us the first prayer to the great All-Father; who comes to us in youth with good counsel and advice, and who when our feet go down into the dark shadows, smooths the pillow of death as none other can; to her who is the flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls, God's last but God's best gift to man—woman, peerless, pure, sweet, royal woman; I drink your health in God's own beverage—cold, sparkling water."

CHARLES COPENHARVE.

Butte, Mont., Aug. 22. 1908.

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## EARLY FALL SUGGESTIONS

Toward the end of the season when the green corn becomes too old to serve on the cob or to cut down, it may be used as fritters or even the more delicate corn pudding. Here are two excellent recipes: To every pint of grated corn pulp allow one scant cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red and the same of black pepper.

Another recipe is to mix a pint of green corn with three tablespoonfuls of milk, a teacup of flour, half a teacupful of drawn butter, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one egg. When fritters are to be made, fry the batter in hot butter. If corn pudding is preferred, bake the batter in tin pie plates, well buttered, in a hot oven.

In the cool evenings of this last month of summer outing the hearth fire is again welcome, and parties for gathering driftwood are delightful among the fast-shortening days along the shore. Many summer visitors freight home a barrel or two of this precious fuel for the open fires of winter. Pine cones, too, are gathered for this purpose, and a great many may be stored away in the odd nooks and corners of trunks and packing cases. They are so light that a dress suit case or telescope bag filled with them can easily be carried by hand. A pretty and inexpensive Christmas gift, and one not lacking in sentiment, is a large bag made of turkey red, tied with green ribbons and filled with pine cones. An advantage about a gift of this kind is that to the possessor of an open fireplace duplicates will be welcome. A good Christmas gift is a difficult thing to get, and it is never too early to begin thinking about them.

Tile, mosaic, stone and brick floors require the same treatment—washing with warm soap suds whenever they are dirty, rinsing well, and rubbing dry with a thick, clean cloth fastened over a flat mop. This is far and away better than the usual dry mop. They are for the most part loose ends, which are shedding plentifully at every stroke. For any sort of floor cleaning one needs a handy knee-pad. It should be barely big enough to kneel on, yet thick enough to save the knees from cold, dampness and sore joints. The pad is especially required in cleaning tile work or mosaic. To do such work without it is to invite rheumatism.

It is quite important to keep the kitchen boiler and hot water pipes clean. Once a month at least turn off the water in the special tap in the pipe for this purpose, then open the faucet and let all possible water run out. When it has stopped, set a tub under the boiler and open the tap at the bottom. When all the sediment has run out, turn on the water again, and let the inside of the boiler have a good rinsing. All this must be done when the fire is out and the water cool. Fire without a free circulation in the waterback would burst the pipes.

Rugs and carpets can be darned to manifest advantage. Lay a bit of stout woolen cloth upon the wrong side of a rug, fasten down the frayed edges with casual stitches here and there, then darn thickly back and forth, using the largest size embroidery needles and either wool, silk, or flax of a harmonious color. Darn the threadbare spots in the carpet on the floor with ravelings in a fine cure-ended upholsterer's needle. If there are any moth-eaten spots, match the colors as nearly as possible in fine, soft wool, cut into short lengths, and sew the tufts to the carpet with fine twist or flax, drawing the stitches so tight that the wool stands up on the other side. When the spot is well covered with the tufting, trim it level with very sharp shears.

BEATRICE CAREY.

Many of the Japanese porcelain factories are not paying expenses, and production has been reduced by 30 or 40 per cent. In Tsu-maki-mura 28 of the 80 porcelain factories have suspended, owing to the decrease in American and Chinese imports.

## THOUGHT SHE FACED POVERTY WITH $40,000

### Rich Sarnia Woman Attempted Suicide Because She Imagined She Was Poor.

Sarnia, Ont., Sept. 5.—It is thought that Mrs. David Turner, 50 years old, who attempted suicide last Monday evening by severing an artery in her left arm, and then cut a deep gash in her throat, will not recover.

Mrs. Turner is the widow of a former jeweler, and although possessed of a fortune of $40,000, she has for several weeks labored under the delusion that she was facing poverty. Late Monday evening the woman donned the garments she frequently told her friends she wished to be buried in, and after cutting herself, lay down and was soon unconscious.

Registrar Jones reports seven marriages during the present week. Also twelve births, seven of them females.


## OUR MID-SUMMER PIANO AND ORGAN SALE

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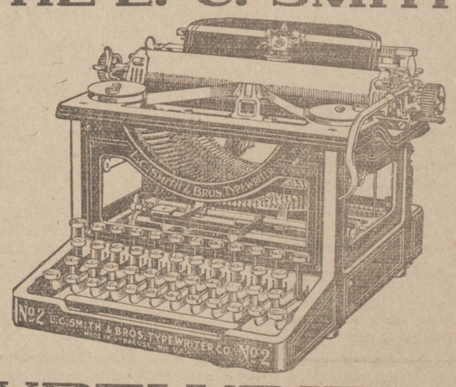
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