

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.



We will send you a free sample. Be sure that this picture in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

A Kind Word. Many a friendship, long, loyal and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker foundation than a kind word. Two men were not likely to be friends. Perhaps each of them regarded the other with something of distrust. They had possibly been set against each other by the circulation of gossip or they had been looked upon as rivals, and the success of one was regarded as incompatible with the success of the other, but a kind word, perhaps a mere report of a kind word, has been enough to be the commencement of an enduring friendship.

The Situation. Beeler—You are the last man I should have expected to find opposing the pensioning of government employees no longer able to work.

Heeler—When a man gets so helpless that he can't do what little work there is in a government job, he ought to be taken out and shot.—London Tit-Bits.

No Life There. Little Dot—What's all this talk 'bout Mars? Does folks live there? Little Johnny—They used to live there, but they is all dead long ago.

Positive Proof. Judge—What proof have we that this man is absent-minded? Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a watering fountain.—Philadelphia Record.



WOMEN'S WOES.

Hard for any woman to do housework—to attend to daily duties with a constantly aching back. Every woman should learn the cause of backache and the cure.

Doan's Kidney Pills

relieve a bad back and cure it—cure every kidney and bladder disorder, from ordinary backache to complicated cases.

Mrs. A. J. Valentine, of 38 Smith street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says: "For years I was subject to backache, extending sometimes to the side and up under the shoulder blades; a heaviness and numbness of the limbs, occasional swelling of the limbs and frequent dull, dazy headaches. The kidney secretions were often scanty and acrid. I have been so bad at times I could neither sit, stand or lie, and when in bed I was obliged to constantly change my position to get a few minutes' rest. This was my condition when I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Doty & Humphrey's drug store. After using them the headaches ceased, the urinary trouble and numbness of the limbs disappeared, while the pain in my back was so much better it caused no bother."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A NEWSPAPER SCOOP

HOW IT WAS OBTAINED WITHOUT ANY DEPARTMENT LEAK.

Source of information of which the Alert and Quick Witted Correspondent is Always Ready to Take Legitimate Advantage.

"Every once in while one reads in the newspapers of the determination of some one of the high government officials to discover the source of 'the leak' of a piece of news which it was not desired should be given out at that particular time," remarked an old Washington correspondent, "and with out giving the solution to the secret escapes of public information, as they vary, I will tell you of one instance which serves to show how news appears in print in what is considered by all concerned to be a very mysterious manner. Like all mysteries, when unraveled it is wondered that it was not thought of before. My story is entirely a part of the secret source of information which all correspondents have more or less at their disposal and which often comes from the outside and not from the inside of the departments.

"Some time ago—the precise time is not essential to the story—a very important public matter was up for determination by the president. All of the larger metropolitan dailies were particularly interested, as it did not have to do especially with Washington, and the entire correspondents' world at the capital was on the qui vive to get it, including myself. All channels which were usually tapped by the initiated were found to be as barren as a desert stream in midsummer. Telegrams from the home offices poured into our various bureaus here couched in imperative language that the news must be obtained, evidently in the belief that all correspondents have to do is to go out, ask officials for the desired information and receive it, coupled with a good cigar and a bottle of wine. As a matter of fact, when officials wish to keep secret a piece of information, all possible loopholes of escape are securely padlocked, and it is the exception that it gets out. "I had about given up hope of securing a 'beat' in this particular instance, though I was, of course, as vigilant as ever. The time for the maturing of the project was close at hand, and any day it might by official announcement become public property. One night as I was sitting idly in the lobby of an uptown hotel, half dozing in my chair, waiting for the appearance of a senator with whom I had an appointment on an inconsequential matter, I overheard one of two gentlemen who were sitting behind me drop the words 'the president.' The high backs of our chairs nearly touched, and by instinct my drowsy senses became clear and I woke up. "The president," remarked one of the gentlemen, "said that it was his intention to adopt that course irrespective of the consequences either to himself or the party."

"But you pointed out to him what it meant to us—that he was clearly in error?" replied the other gentleman. "Elaborately," responded the first speaker, "but the president said that he was convinced that securing results would prove that we, and not he, were in error."

"Then we may as well go back to New York tomorrow," was the answer, and both gentlemen arose and walked toward the cafe, apparently in a very despondent frame of mind. "I was an involuntary listener to this scrap of conversation, in which it will be observed, not a single word was dropped as to the subject matter thereof. I at once jumped to the conclusion that the government, through the president's action, intended to take the affirmative of the proposition, the news side of which the correspondents had so long and earnestly endeavored to ascertain. With a straight tip as to the course of the government the correspondent could do the rest, while with the wrong tip he could not only make his paper ridiculous, but would in all probability lose his position; hence the care in making a scare head, page wide story.

"In the furtherance of my conclusion my paper had the 'beat' of the season the following morning, as I stated the facts as though they came from official sources, as, indeed, such I considered them. To my mind, as a correspondent, it was as clear as if the president himself had given me the information. Two days after a member of the cabinet gave out officially what I had wired over and with it the announcement that the 'leak' had occasioned much annoyance, and its source would be investigated thoroughly. It is here given correctly for the first time.—Washington Star.

What the Hair Tells. Women who are the possessors of fine black hair are emotional and of very sensitive nerves. Coarse black hair is said to denote great energy, but an unmovable disposition. Women who have brown hair make the best wives, for they are almost invariably full of sentiment, impassioned, "high strung," loyal and easily affected. Red haired people are nearly always keen in business transactions, quick of perception, high tempered and witty. The woman who has blond hair is impulsive and loving, but usually feeble, although an agreeable companion.—Pittsburg Press.

An Appreiser. Gentleman (at restaurant)—I say, waiter, your customers are a fearful lot! "Yes, sir, and yet they are so particular, you would scarcely believe. Why, that same turbot you are eating just now no fewer than six of them refused before you came in."

PROOF ENOUGH.

A Mother's Statement of a Fine Result. A Weak, Nervous Little One Made Strong and Vigorous.

Mrs. Clara Smith of Miner St., Canton, N. Y., says:—"I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills. Some time ago I got a box at Pierce's Drug Store and as my little girl had been troubled with a poor circulation and a coldness of the hands and feet I gave her some and they were just what she needed, the circulation became good and strong and the general health is excellent. I also took some myself as a general and nerve tonic with equally good results. As a consequence it is very easy to recommend the Nerve Pills to others."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. a box at dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., are on every package.

HENRY CLAY AS AN ACTOR.

How the Great Lawyer Won a Hopeless Case. An old and well known traveler, who has recently settled in Chicago, while coming in from Peewee valley the other afternoon told an interesting story about Henry Clay, the great Kentucky statesman. The story tells in his youth lived in Mr. Clay's district during the time when Henry Clay was at his prime as a lawyer.

"A man was once being tried for murder," said the narrator, "and his case looked hopeless indeed. He had without any seeming provocation murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister."

"The man as a last extremity appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Every one thought that Clay would certainly refuse, but when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his lightning blood was roused, and to the great surprise of all, he accepted."

"Then came a trial the like of which I have never seen. Clay slowly carried on the case, and it looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defense the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a fierce, murderous look that out of self defense he had struck first. A ripple passed through the jury at this evidence.

"The time came for Clay to make his defense. It was settled in the minds of the spectators that the man was guilty of murder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded, laid all the proof before them in his masterly way, then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, assuming the fiercest, blackest look and carrying the most undying hatred in it that I have ever seen, 'gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this what would you do?'"

"That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled, and some even quailed on their seats. The judge moved uneasily on his bench. After fifteen minutes the jury filed slowly back with a 'Not guilty, your honor.' The victory was complete."

"When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory, he said: 'It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practicing that look. It took more hard work to give that look than to investigate the most obtuse case.'—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Small in a Double Sense. "After all," remarked Smith there, yawning, "it is a small world." "It has to be," snapped Southern, "to match some of the people in it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Accented For. Dime Museum Manager—What is that peculiar smell? The Living Skeleton—The rubber skin burned his finger lighting a cigarette.—Judge.

We ought to avoid the friendship of the bad and the enmity of the good.—Epictetus.

A New Suit in Prospect. "All my best gowns were destroyed in that railway wreck." "And didn't the company give you a new dress?"—New York Press.

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PRECOCIOUS AUTHORS.

Successful Plays That Were Written by Boys in Their Teens.

Was a successful play ever written by a boy of fourteen? asks a correspondent. Yes. This seeming miracle has happened at least three times. The best known example of the precocious playwright is the celebrated *Lope de la Vega*, the most prolific dramatist known to history. He produced his first play, a comedy, entitled "*La Pastoral de Jacinto*," before he had completed his fourteenth year, and this was considered such a marvelous performance that he is known to this day in Spanish literature as "the Prodigy of Nature." Another Spaniard and contemporary of *La Vega*, *Pedro Calderon*, wrote his first play when he was thirteen. *Metastasio* wrote his tragedy "*Giustino*" and had it produced when he was fourteen on the stage at Bologna.

Of English playwrights *Douglas Jerrold*, the famous author of "*Black Eyed Susan*," also furnishes an answer to the question. In 1818, before he had completed his fifteenth year, he wrote a very well known farce entitled "*More Frightened Than Hurt*." It was very successful on the English stage, and the French considered it good enough to steal. Curiously enough, this French translation was retranslated into English and again produced on the English boards under the title of "*Fighting by Proxy*." Another very remarkable instance of a different sort of precocity was that of *William Irish*, an Irishman, who when he was about fifteen actually produced some plays which he attributed to Shakespeare and which, although afterward proved to be forgeries, were accepted by the experts of the time as genuine.—Pearson's Weekly.

Sympathetic. Recently a lithographic firm received a circular announcing the death of the head of a well known business house. In reply they wrote:

"We regret to learn the loss sustained by your firm in the death of Mr. — and beg to express our heartfelt sympathy."

"We notice your circular is printed by Messrs. —. We are confident that had you asked us we could have quoted you cheaper and better than any other firm in the market, and in the event of a future bereavement we hope you will afford us an opportunity of making you an offer."—London Tit-Bits.

Don't Be Foolish. Look at your friends and acquaintances. You see them deliberately acting the fool every day. Possibly you can look your friends over with less prejudice than you can look yourself over. Are you acting the fool and causing yourself unnecessary annoyance? There are so many foolish people in the world that you often find startling things in looking yourself over with candor and fairness.—Aitchison Globe.

Breathing of Insects. Insects generally breathe through special pores in various parts of their bodies, and if these pores are closed by all they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp. It very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

Strictly Business. "Have you observed that man who has been abusing you?" "Yes," answered Senator Borghum placidly, "I've been watching him with a great deal of interest. If I wanted anybody abused, I don't know but I should hire him in preference to anybody I know of."—Washington Star.

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TRAINING OF HORSES

CAREFUL HANDLING TO FIT THEM FOR CIRCUS TRICKS.

The Candidate For Ring Honors Must Have Special Patience Well Developed—Horses Can Be Coaxed, Like a Child, but Not Forced.

"A trainer must possess two qualifications before he can successfully educate a horse to do the tricks seen in a circus—he must possess kindness and perseverance.

"A veteran trainer selects his horses with as much care as a society woman plans a party gown. The candidate for the future applause of the circus going people of the world must be handsome in color, as near perfect as possible in conformation and possess an even temperament. His eyes must be large and devoid of the least trace of viciousness, he must hold his ears pointed slightly forward, and he must have a sensible looking head, broad between the eyes. Horses that lay back their ears at the approach of a man, who nip viciously at every passerby and whose eyes plainly demonstrate a mean disposition are discarded. A trainer will handle no animal of this kind.

"Once the candidate is selected he is shipped to the winter quarters of the circus and assigned to a comfortable stall in a large, clean, well ventilated barn tenanted by several hundred head of his kind. Good hay and oats are his in abundance, and for several days he is allowed to rest and become familiar with his surroundings. The trainer visits him daily and by speaking kindly and occasionally giving the animal a bit of sugar gains his confidence. After a time the horse begins to whinny at the approach of the trainer, and the bond of friendship is thus quickly cemented.

"Then comes the first lesson. The candidate is introduced to the training ring constructed near the barn and allowed to wander about at will. He smells the sawdust, the pedestals and the harness and ropes that will soon be buckled about his body and then, horselike, lies down in the center of the ring and enjoys a good rest.

"Next day he is led around and around the ring for several hours and soon understands that he is expected to encircle the ring of his own accord. Then a strap is placed around his right foreleg, and from this strap a rope is run through harness fastened around his body. The trainer grasps the free end of the rope in one hand and a pair of lines attached to the horse's bridle in the other. The animal is told to get up, and after the ring is encircled a few times the command 'whoa' is given. If the horse refuses to obey, a quick pull on the rope draws his leg from under him, and he is forced to stop. Only a few demonstrations of this kind are necessary to show the horse that he must stop when the command is given.

"After these preliminaries are satisfactorily accomplished the equine pupil is taught to kneel first on one knee, then on the other and finally on both. All this is accomplished by drawing up the front legs, one at a time, thus forcing him down. His knees are padded to prevent injury, and every time he is forced down the command to kneel is given, and the animal is petted and reassured with kind words until finally he kneels at the word.

"It is in these preliminary lessons that a good performer is made or spoiled. The instructor must be firm and resolute, but kind, always kind. A horse is like a child; you may coax him, but you can't force without spoiling his disposition. The animal quickly notices any show of ill temper or roughness on the part of the instructor and resents it by becoming balky and obstinate. Blows or harsh punishment only make him worse. You frequently hear people assert that animals are beaten into submission in teaching them tricks. People who say this never saw the inside of the training quarters of a modern circus. A horse or any other animal conquered in this way is never reliable and is apt to spoil a performance by an outbreak of bad temper, besides being dangerous to handle.

"The next lesson for the horse is the art of lying down and remaining motionless until the word is given to rise. This information is imparted to the horse in a manner similar to the kneeling lesson. An ingenious harness makes it possible for the trainer to draw the horse down on a soft bed of hay without injuring him. When the horse willingly lies down at the word of command, he is taught to sit upon his hanches and then is gradually drilled into the other tricks that always draw applause from children and adults alike.

"It is usually an easy matter to teach a horse to stand upon a pedestal. He walks, rear on his hind legs and march in unison with equine companions after these simple lessons are thoroughly learned and the horse understands the trainer is his friend and not his enemy. The horse of average intelligence learns quickly as soon as he realizes what is required of him. The main requisites on the trainer's part is patience, and if a man hasn't got this, the lot of him is bad. He better keep out of the business. If he gets excited or impatient and goes to hauling the horse about unnecessarily, the animal's sure to become uneasy and fretful, and a little experience of this kind will spoil him.

"The better bred a horse is the more intelligence it has and the more apt it is to make a good performer, provided it has been handled properly from childhood. All high bred horses, however, are nervous and require kind treatment in order to insure good results."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For Beast

Buy a range on reputation. Don't buy because of fancy trimmings. The

Stewart Range

is the finest, most reliable range ever made. Guaranteed by our 60 years in business.

FULLER & WARREN CO., Troy, N. Y. FOR SALE BY HOWE BROTHERS, Canton, N. Y.

THE BUTCHER'S SPOTLESS TOWN



This is the Butcher of Spotless Town. His tools are bright as his renown. To leave them stained were disgraceful, for he would not be a butcher from that. And so he brightens. To trade you know, by polishing with SAPOLIO.

There is no appetizer like cleanly surroundings. That is why the Butcher keeps his tools and every part of his shop spick and span. It's as true of the home: shining cooking utensils and table furniture give a relish to the plainest meal, and a cake of

SAPOLIO

in plain sight guarantees that every thing about the kitchen will be clean as a new penny.

To Whom it May Concern:

One year ago I was suffering with severe pain caused by Rheumatism. I took the famous A. J. P. Rheumatic Cure which cured me and I haven't had any ache or pain since. I can recommend it to all suffering of Rheumatism.

W. E. HOWE

Take Phillips' Colony Headache Cure, A. J. P. Cold Cure, and Phillips' Indian Herb Cough Cure. The Famous A. J. P. Rheumatic Cure is guaranteed to cure rheumatism, or money refunded. Manufactured only by

A. J. PHILLIPS, Norwood, N. Y.

For sale by all druggists, or by mail on receipt of price.

JOB PRINTING OF every description, in the latest and most approved styles, done on short notice and in a workmanlike manner, at this office. Call and get prices.

REPERE'S SALE.

SUPREME COURT—St. Lawrence County—In pursuance of a judgment of foreclosure and sale rendered herein on the 14th day of November, 1902, and duly entered in St. Lawrence County Clerk's Office on the 15th day of November, 1902, I, the undersigned, the referee duly appointed for such purpose by said judgment, will sell at public auction in the office of Henry Sturges, P. Hale in the village of Canton on the 28th day of January, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the real estate described as follows: All that tract of land situated in the town of Canton across the lot and running thence along the 5th Range and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of Nathaniel Hodakin's lot and running thence along the south line thereof and the south line of the Lumaas Woody lot south 88 degrees east and the same course continued 8 chains 10 links to the center of the Plans Road; thence along the center thereof south 2 degrees west 1 chain and 10 links to an angle; thence south 10 degrees west 1 chain 10 links to the northeast corner of Orville Moore's lot; thence along the north line thereof 100 feet to the center of the same course continued 10 chains to a post; thence north 8 degrees east 8 chains 10 links to the center of bounding; containing 60 acres of land as surveyed by Isaac C. Paige September 28, 1860. Also all that certain other lot of land in Canton bounded as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of Orville Moore's lot and running south on the lot to the southwest corner of said Henry Sturges' lot; thence west, the same course continued 100 feet to the center of the same course continued 10 chains to a post; thence north 8 degrees east 8 chains 10 links to the center of bounding; containing 60 acres of land as surveyed by Isaac C. Paige September 28, 1860. Also all that certain other lot of land in Canton bounded as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of Orville Moore's lot and running south on the lot to the southwest corner of said Henry Sturges' lot; thence west, the same course continued 100 feet to the center of the same course continued 10 chains to a post; thence north 8 degrees east 8 chains 10 links to the center of bounding; containing 60 acres of land as surveyed by Isaac C. Paige September 28, 1860. 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