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The personal recommendations of people who have been cured of coughs and colds by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have done more than all else to make it a staple article of trade and commerce over a large part of the civilized world.

Barker's Drug Store

THE BEMIDJI DAILY PIONEER

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON.

OFFICIAL PAPER—CITY OF BEMIDJI

BEMIDJI PIONEER PUBLISHING CO.

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Entered in the postoffice at Bemidji, Minn., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$5.00 PER ANNUM

RAILWAY TOWELS.

One often wonders dimly where the railways buy the towels which they hang up in the washrooms of their stations and trains.

In the golden past it was conceded that nothing could make a more deadly weapon than the printing-office towel. A two-year old printing office towel, well stiffened with ink, would make a broadsword with which deeds of derringdo might be wrought.

The railroad towel, however, has distanced the printing-office towel. The railroad towel is composed of twenty feet of wire cloth, with the ends riveted together and the affair swung pulleywise over a roller which will not roll.

It is harsh to the touch, it is even cruel. It is of an unyielding disposition. It defies any breeze to flutter it. And it defies any wayfarer to find a clean or dry spot for wiping the hands. There are times in the course of even the most perfectly constituted life when people have to wash their hands in a railway station. Then is when the towel warbles merrily to itself.

Innocent, harmless in appearance, it will allow the unsuspecting sojourner to apply his hands to it and then it will relieve him of some two square feet of cuticle.

It is said that once a petulant person asked an attache when the towels were washed.

"Wash 'em?" asked the attache, scornfully. "We don't wash 'em. We paint 'em every spring."

This was sarcasm. After a towel has hung for a year it is used to top culverts.

The following, taken from the Brookston Herald, while it may be somewhat pointed, just about expresses our opinion of the methods of the class mentioned:

"Admiration alone will not run a newspaper. Sooner or later such admirers will find that the object of their affections has become wedded to other ways that they do not admire—in other words, a newspaper is compelled, in order to live, to seek the friendship of those who are not so platonic in their love, but unite their practical esteem with sentiment that binds mutual admiration in other professions. There are too many men who expect a newspaper to slave in defense of their pet notions and hobbies, advocate their views against the strongest opposition, and coolly withhold the business support by which alone any business can live."

She Thought He Was Dead. Maginnis had been ill for some time, and, like a great many invalids, he was somewhat irritable, and when things failed to meet his approval the next unfortunate who came within range was pretty apt to be reminded of it in a way far more forcible than polite. He lingered in this condition for several weeks, daily growing weaker, but still holding his own sufficient to make things lively and more or less interesting for those about him. Finally one day when the family doctor called he met the long suffering Mrs. Maginnis coming out of the sick room, and, rubbing his hands, he cheerily remarked: "Ah, good morning, Mrs. Maginnis! How is our patient today?" "It's dead the poor man is, O'im ather thinkin', hivin' ris his sow!" was the resigned reply.

"You think he is dead? Don't you know whether he is or not?" demanded the doctor. "Not for shure," responded Mrs. Maginnis briskly, "but thin he betrays every symptom of it. I went into his room just now, an' he didn't throw any thing at me!"—London Tit-Bits.

Judged by Their Cats.

"No, ma'am," said an Irish maid of much experience as she returned to a New York intelligence office the other day "I didn't engage with that family. I didn't like the looks of their cat."

"Of their cat!" repeated the owner of the office in amazement. "Why, Katie, I'm sure they wouldn't keep a cat that was in any way dangerous."

"Not dangerous, no, ma'am, but a restless, unhappy looking creature that didn't speak well for the family," replied the girl. "I always judge a family by their cat—they have one. A sleek, comfortable pussy who comes up and rubs against you means a quiet, good natured family and one that's not worrying about ways and means, but a nervous, unfriendly looking cat reflects a household which is on the verge of nervous prostration or financial ruin or some other horrible trouble."

"I've been living with families and studying their cats for twenty-five years, and I've never known the sign to fail. A family that can't make its cat happy is one to make any servant miserable."—New York Press.

Psychologically Explained.

Mrs. Flaherty, who earns her living and maintains two clean little rooms in an uptown tenement by going out to do washing and day's work, has been a widow for many years, and entertains a strong prejudice against marriage for any but the young. "Tis all right at that time o' life," she maintains, "but not for old people with gray hairs. Then 'tis unsuitable and the height o' foolishness." Holding these opinions as she does, it was a severe shock to Mrs. Flaherty to learn that one of her best customers, a widow of threescore and ten, was about to be married for the second time. Almost tearfully she confided her sentiments to another patron.

"Think of it! Her a-fixin' all them fine clothes and takin' as much pride in it as if she was to be a bride of twenty instead of an old woman that'll never see seventy again! Why," and her voice dropped to an awed whisper, "at her time o' life I believe 'tis the ravin' o' death is on the woman!"—New York Times.

A Scotch Excuse.

A canny Scot was brought before a magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I can't up in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner. "What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggan yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whisky an' I had to drink it all myself!"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Strong Soup.

In the life of William Stokes, written by his son, it is told how Stokes was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how to make soup. Stokes asked a starving beggar why she did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup, is it, your honor? Sure, it isn't soup at all! 'And what is it, then?' inquired Stokes. 'It is nothin', your honor, but a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong!'"

This is the soup maigre which Hogarth caricatured in his picture of the French troops at Calais.—London Standard.

Mixed Liquors Barred.

Rory MacSnory was the village blacksmith and one of the most powerful singers in the choir of the kirk at Auchinclocher. To show off his voice to full advantage he would vary his style from bass to alto and from alto to treble in the same hymn.

The minister had long observed that Rory's methods were upsetting the general melody of the congregation's singing, and at length he resolved to bring the culprit to book.

"Hymn 34," he announced, "and a' thegither. And, Mr. MacSnory, if ye're tae sing tenor, sing tenor, or if ye're tae sing bass, sing bass, but we'll have nae mair o' yer shandygaff!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Reason.

All sorts and conditions of men have excellent reasons for their position in life. Illustrated Bits tells of a tramp who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition: Mrs. Finehealth (at hotel entrance)—No. I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging.

Lazy Tramp—I s'pose, mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel, instead of keeping house.

A Rebuff.

"Do you think your father would like me as a son-in-law?" "Yes, I believe he would."

"Oh, joy! I!" "Papa and I never agree about anything, you know."

Feminine Nerves.

There are nervous women; there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

Lots of Degrees.

First Professor—That man has been signally honored by many colleges. Second Professor—I should say so. He has been given enough degrees to qualify him for a first class thermometer.—Milwaukee Journal.

A man who can lose \$500 on stocks and forget about it the next day will complain for weeks about the loss of an umbrella.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tennyson's Cynicism.

Sir Vere de Vere was the eldest son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the sonneteer and friend of Wordsworth. His brother, Aubrey de Vere, was a more than well known, a famous poet, and to him in his youth Walter Savage Landor addressed the exhortation: Make thy proud name still prouder for thy sons.

He had no sons, however, never having married. Neither had his brothers, Vere and Stephen. Thus the name, as a family name, disappears.

The de Veres were early friends of Tennyson's, and it was from them that the poet took the name which he made proverbial and symbolical of a class—"the caste of Vere de Vere." Lady de Vere, the only Lady de Vere of fact then living, was inclined to complain that her name should be bestowed upon the black hearted Lady Clara of fiction.

Tennyson wrote dainty verses, but was not master of dainty manners. He growled: "Why should you care? But of course you don't. I didn't make your namesake ugly, and I didn't make her stupid. I only made her wicked."

They Needed the Medicine.

Some years ago a railway was being made in the west of Scotland, and it was arranged that each of the numerous laborers employed should pay a penny per week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident or illness in case of illness.

During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred. But when a severe winter followed all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor oil.

Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor was forced to send to town for a further supply.

When that, too, was getting low the doctor one day quietly asked a healthy looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor," he replied, "but we grease our boots with it!"—London Chronicle.

Applying the Test.

"There was a barber in an Indiana city who, having been out late the night before, had a shabby hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times," said the man who insisted he saw the incident. "After each accident the barber said as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and laughed and let it go at that."

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence, but when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water cooler, took a mouthful of water and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to fess it up and down."

"What is the matter?" the barber asked. "You ain't got the toothache, have you?"

"No," said the customer. "I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all!"—Philadelphia Record.

Another Reason.

An English clergyman visiting in this country told of a jilting that had happened in his parish. He said that he had an appointment to marry a couple at 4 on a certain afternoon. He appeared duly, and the bride appeared, but not the bridegroom. The clergyman and the lady, silent and embarrassed, waited in the quiet church from 4 till 6. Then they sadly departed. A week later the same couple wrote to the clergyman again, appointing another afternoon at 4 for the ceremony. And again the clergyman and the bride were on hand duly and again the groom failed to turn up. As the two waited time passed slowly in the still and empty church. It grew darker. Five o'clock sounded, then 6. And then the bride broke the silence with a fierce ejaculation.

"Drat him!" she cried. "Tain't his trousers this time, 'cause I bought him a pair!"

Willis is Barking.

Edward Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, the youngest son of the novelist, emigrated to Australia and died in Sydney at the age of fifty-one. He represented a constituency in the parliament of New South Wales for six years. Once when he was addressing the house in Sydney he was again and again snappishly interrupted by a member named Willis. At last Mr. Dickens stopped to remark: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase, 'Barkis is willin'.' Under present circumstances I am strongly tempted to reverse it and say, 'Willis is barking.'" The house laughed and the interruptions ceased.

The Nurse's Part.

"Why do so many people insist on having nurses for their children?" asked the motherly woman.

"That is easily explained," answered the unpleasant man. "A nurse enables a woman to send a crying baby out of her own hearing and let it stay on the sidewalk to annoy the neighbors."—Washington Star.

An Improvement.

"Jumping cats!" yelled the victim in the chair. "You've cut off part of my ear!"

"Why, so I have," replied the barber coolly, "but you must admit it looks better than the other ones does."

His Three Laughs.

"The fool," wrote Burns-Jones in one of his letters, "has three laughs. He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad, and he laughs at what he does not understand."

Talent is that which is in a man's power. Genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

First Run on a Bank.

The first "run" on banking institutions in London was in 1867. Many Lombard street goldsmiths and bankers had lent out the money entrusted to them and, being called upon for payment, were unable to meet the demand. A crowd of creditors and others assembled, and a riot followed, in which four bankers were hanged at their own doors before order could be restored and the angry creditors persuaded that they were not being swindled.

Fohn Winds.

The Journal of the Meteorological Society of Japan contains an account by Dr. Okada of the occurrence in Korea of those remarkable winds which have been called fohn winds. The winds to which this name was originally given are warm winds blowing down from the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland and producing extensive meltings of the snow. They have been called "snow eaters." The fohn is essentially a phenomenon of mountainous regions, and Wonsan, in Korea, where they have been observed, is surrounded except on the east by high mountains. In this region they are always westerly and cause abnormally high temperatures and dryness of the air. A similar wind in North America blowing down from the Rocky mountains has been called the chinook. Fohn winds occur also in the Arctic regions. Blowing sometimes in midwinter they produce a remarkable climatic paradox. As a result of the elevation of temperature caused by them it may happen that northern Greenland, though in winter darkness, is warmer than southern France.

Men Who Help Thieves.

The "rechristener" is the professional name of the man who alters the names and numbers on stolen watches. The rechristener is usually a clever engraver who through drink or other wise has lost the chance of obtaining honest employment and aids the receiver of stolen property. When a watch has been stolen the number or name or other indication of make or ownership may be forwarded to the police and by them communicated to pawnbrokers. There is consequently an element of risk in attempting to dispose of it. There are various ways of getting over the difficulty, and rechristening is one that is frequently resorted to. The engraver adds or prefixes another figure to the number or he turns the name "J. Robins" into "T. J. Robinson," the extra initial serving to make the name look level and central on the watch case. This is done very cleverly, and the rest of the letters or figures are touched up to make all appear to have been cut at the same time.—London Standard.

Why is the Ocean Salt?

The Creator made the ocean salt to save the land from putrefaction. The winds blow everything offensive and pestilential (as far as we allow them to do the work of boards of health) out to sea, where all humors are absorbed by the hungry waters. Salt is a purifying agent. The ocean is a great manufacturer. It converts everything foul into health making ozone and hands it back to us without charge. No government label is necessary. Stand on the prow of a ship for three hours a day, deep breathing like an athlete, and your lungs will be cleaned of everything poisonous. Your blood will leap through veins and arteries. Your heart will be obliged to thump with renewed force. The tide is the ocean's tongue. It comes in twice a day to lick up the foul things of the earth and convey them to the ocean's stomach, where they are digested, salted down, cured and rendered pure again.—Marine Journal.

The Grimmet Epitaph.

What is the most terrible epitaph in existence? One of the grimmet is surely that on a stone which was set up a few years ago in the cemetery of Debrecen, eastern Hungary.

It reads as follows: "Here rests in the Lord Joseph Moritz, Sr., who died in his sixty-second year. He was shot by his son, Franz Joseph Moritz, who died in her forty-seventh year. She was shot by her daughter, Elizabeth Moritz, who died by her own hand in her seventeenth year after shooting her mother, Joseph Moritz, who died in his mother, age twenty-seven. He had shot his father. May eternal mercy have pity on their poor, sinful souls!"

This memorial was erected by a local literary association, to which, it is said, the last of the ill starred family left a sum of \$7,500 for the purpose.

Making a Distinction.

"Of course you know something about that candidate's political opinions?" said the trusty adviser.

"I don't care a rap about his opinions," answered Senator Sorghum. "How are his epigrams?"—Washington Star.

PAZO OINTMENT IS GUARANTEED TO CURE ANY CASE OF Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

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GUARANTEED—We want 200 able-bodied young men to take the course of instruction in Telegraphy and Railroad at our school and for whom we will secure positions as telegraph operators and accountants as soon as course is completed. Easy to learn. Good salary. Write for free Catalog. THOMPSON'S RAILWAY COLLEGE, Minneapolis, Minn.

G. A. R.

Veteran gives the following

TESTIMONIAL

Gentlemen: I have been a sufferer from rheumatism. I was laid up in bed and gave up all hope of being cured. Your remedy was recommended to me by Chief of Police O'Connor, who said 6088 had cured him. On taking one-fourth of the bottle I was able to get out of bed—the first time in thirty days. I have taken my second bottle and now wonderfuller remedy. Respectfully yours, WM. BIRCHER, U. S. Q. M., Armory Bldg.

MATT J. JOHN-SON'S 6088

has cured thousands of sufferers and I am certain it will cure you. My guarantee is evidence of my good faith.

GUARANTEED—If you are taking half of a bottle of "6088" it does not give satisfaction, you can return the half bottle and get your money back.

Prepared at laboratory of Matt J. Johnson Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906.

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There is Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is Laxative Bromo Quinine USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c. E. W. Groves

The Daily Pioneer 40c per Month

To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines. That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it. Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a remedy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never even saw and probably never will?

Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE catarrh cure that we are willing to say to you; "We know this is all right. Take it home and use it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is

Rexall MUCU-TONE TRADE NAME How can you know whether or not you have catarrh? Well, here are the symptoms that usually indicate its presence. Check them over, and if you have any of them, try a bottle of Rexall Mucu-Tone. CATARRH OF THE NOSE:—Chilliness—feverishness—passages obstructed—watery discharge and latter thick, yellow and tenacious discharge into the throat—headache—foul breath—weak and watery eyes—and sometimes loss of memory. CATARRH OF THE THROAT:—Irritation—sensation of heat and dryness—constant hawking—sore throat—and difficult to breathe. CATARRH OF THE STOMACH:—Dizziness—emaciation—hollow cheeks—sleeplessness—bad dreams—despondent—dull, grinding or sharp, short pains in side and stomach—nausea after eating—shortness of breath—and bitter fluid rising in throat. CATARRH OF THE INTESTINES:—Dull, grinding pain in bowels—diarrhoea—emaciation—nervousness—and sleeplessness. CATARRH OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS:—Skin drawn and yellow—black specks floating on field of vision—weak and dizzy—dull pain in small of back—and constant desire to urinate. CATARRH OF THE BLADDER:—Sharp pains in the lower abdomen and a loss of control over urine—constant desire to urinate—burning sensation when urinating—face drawn and pallid—eyes dull—palms of hands and feet damp and clammy. PELVIC CATARRH:—Constant leucorrhoea—dragging pain in the back and hips, abdomen and thighs—stomach disturbances—skin eruptions—sick headache—female irregularities—and constipation.

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