

No Sane Person Uses Alcoholic Liquid Kidney Remedies.

Remember this—Kidney-Wort Tablets (KASNOT) contains alcohol.

Frequent Calls and Backache kept JOHN HUNT from sleeping.

Sept. 30, 1903, John Hunt, 57 McCarthy Avenue, Albany, N. Y., wrote: "My sleep was disturbed at night by backache and frequent calls to urinate, and my urine had a brick-colored sediment. I took medicine in vain until I almost despaired. Finally a friend sent me some of Dr. Pettinelli's Kidney-Wort Tablets. I tried them and they helped me. Then I bought some, and today I have no more trouble. I am perfectly cured."

The kidneys are nature's sluice-way for washing out the debris from our constantly-changing bodies. If they do not work properly trouble is felt everywhere. Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble.

At the first sign of disorder: If your morning urine, after standing 24 hours, is high-colored, cloudy or deposits a reddish diment, take Kidney-Wort Tablets, and write to Consultation Department, 133 College St., Burlington, Vt. Give them your symptoms and they will advise you free.

Insist upon DR. PETTINGILL'S

Kidney - Wort Tablets

Cure Frequent Calls, Cure Backache, Cure Weak Kidneys.

ROOSEVELT AT HOME.

H. W. Lucy's Impressions of the President.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT WASHINGTON

Toby, M. P., the British Journalist, Says the Chief Executive is an Omnivorous Reader and Tells How He Finds Time For His Miscellaneous Reading—Roosevelt Shows One of His Most Precious Art Treasures.

The following extracts are from the travel diary of Toby, M. P. (Mr. H. W. Lucy, the famous British Journalist, who was lately in the United States), as printed in the London Punch:

President Roosevelt is the kind of man who would make himself at home anywhere, whether in the backwoods of the west, in the stately home the United States provides for its presidents or anywhere in the wide range that lies between these extremes. Healthy in mind and body, he is gifted with the cheery nature whose price is above rubies.

The president is an omnivorous reader. At one turn of conversation he is reminded of a passage in Homer, the next he is expatiating on the history of Tittlebat Titmouse. Contemporaneously with the announcement of the rebellion in Panama, dexterously exploited by the president and his secretary of state, John Hay, a personality as popular in London as in Washington, there was published in the States a new edition of the works of Samuel Warren. The time seemed to the president opportune for renewing his acquaintance with the works of the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," so while the opposition papers fulminated denunciations of his Panama policy he read of Tittlebat Titmouse. As for Dickens, he knows him so intimately that he would have been a dangerous competitor in the contest initiated by Calverley in his famous examination paper on "Pickwick."

How does the president, a man upon whose personal labor the sun never sets, find time for this miscellaneous reading? Well, all over the world it is the exceptionally busy man who has spare moments for desirable ends. President Roosevelt shares a secret possessed by Mr. Gladstone, whom in his animated and varied conversation, with its wide range and intimate acquaintance with any topic started, he strongly resembles.

"All my life," Mr. Gladstone once said to me, "I have taken care of my ten minutes, certain that the hours and the days would take care of themselves."

A ministerial colleague who accompanied the president on a recent trip westward told me of a habit that explains everything.

"We traveled day after day," he said, "the president addressing at successive stations crowds of country folks. It was a pretty hard day's work for the toughest of rough riders. For myself, though I hadn't to make speeches, I was thankful after the turmoil to turn into my berth for a snooze or a rest. As soon as the train moved off out came the president's book, and he read away till, the train pulling up at another crowded station, a fresh speech was demanded and delivered under the abiding sense of supreme ministerial responsibility."

This practice the president observes wherever he is in residence. "I read when I can," he says—"always a bit before I go to bed. Sometimes, at periods of great pressure, I awake about 8 in the morning. If I lay there thinking of things, I should be worried to death, until for my work in the coming day. So I switch on the light, take up my book, read a chapter or two, fall asleep and wake up bright and early."

In his philosophical, cheery way the president makes the best of what—say, to the Duke of Devonshire—would be an intolerable nuisance.

"When I was a young man," he said, "I lived mostly out of doors and enjoyed abundant exercise. Now I can't get much. But you go and stand in my place on an autumn afternoon and

have your hand shaken by from 300 to 1,000 sturdy citizens and if when it's over you don't feel as if you had been felling a tree or two you are made of harder grit than I."

President Roosevelt has inherited at the White House many valuable engravings and paintings, the latter including portraits of some famous predecessors in the chair.

"Come along, Toby," he said after luncheon. "Come up to my study, and I'll show you one of the most precious of my art treasures."

Hanging on the wall near his desk was Bernard Partridge's original drawing which appeared in Punch shortly after the vice president was suddenly called to assume the presidency. "The Rough Rider" is its title, and it bears the inscription, "With Mr. Punch's compliments to President Roosevelt."

"I had many complimentary messages at the time," said the president, "but I don't remember any that gave me more pleasure than this greeting from across the sea from an old friend I have known and studied nearly all my life."

A SCOTTISH EQUESTRIENNE

Lady Constance McKenzie's Horse-manship on a Texas Ranch.

Lady Constance McKenzie of Scotland, a famous swimmer and athlete, recently arrived at Alice, Nueces county, Tex., with several trunks filled with hunting paraphernalia with the intention of engaging in a hunt for peccos (Mexican wild hogs), says a Houston dispatch, Mrs. H. M. King, a wealthy ranchwoman, who owns 2,000,000 acres near Santa Gertrudes, telephoned her an invitation to join her at Corpus Christi pending the completion of plans for the boar hunt.

Lady Constance was for several days on the ranch owned by Sam Lazarus, near Abilene, Tex. There she surprised the cowboys by her skill with the horse and rifle.

Lady Constance weighs 150 pounds and is twenty-one years old. She is a brunette, with a wealth of hair. She dressed in kilts while on the ranch and often appeared in a sweater, with a handkerchief around her neck and a belt stocked with pistols. She wore high top boots and a felt hat with a broad brim. She soon demonstrated that she was a magnificent shot and an excellent horse-woman.

While on the ranch Lady Constance was treated to an improvised "round-up." She headed the cowboys, and all hid themselves over the plains to the pastures, where there were 4,000 head of graded cattle. About 100 were "cut out" by Lady Constance and the cowboys, and the Scotch countess soon roped her pick of the lot and threw him. She could not "hog-tie" him, however.

When the party returned to the ranch, Lady Constance delighted the crowd by an exhibition of mounting and dismounting. She would stand on the ground and with her left hand on the pommel of the saddle vault into the seat and at times would throw herself clear over the horse and saddle.

In addition to a wolf hunt and fishing trip Lady Constance found much amusement at the country balls. Dressed in kilts and mounted astride a mustang, she attended a function at the Elks' hall in Abilene. She attracted much attention and appeared to enjoy the dance as indulged in by the cattlemen.

Fence Sixty-three Miles Long. One of the longest fences in the northwest is being constructed, running entirely around the Lower Brule Indian reservation, on the Missouri river, in the central portion of South Dakota, says the Kansas City Journal. This remarkable fence will be sixty-three miles in length. It is composed of four wires placed on posts set a rod apart, cedar and ash posts alternating. In its construction 250 miles of wire will be used, or 76,000 pounds. To erect the fence required an aggregate of 19,000 posts. In this long fence there will be only three gateways, which will be guarded when the fence is completed. The fence is being constructed by the Indians themselves under the direction of the agency authorities. It is understood that next spring the government will issue stock cattle to the Indians, to be grazed inside this huge inclosure, the purpose of the government being to encourage the Indians in stock raising so that they can ultimately support themselves.

Motor Scoot. There is one great deterrent, says the London Court Journal, to motor cycling for women ever becoming fashionable, and that is that the strain upon the nerves produces the motor scoot, which is distressing to contemplate and destroys the sweetness of the most mobile face.

DANGERS OF THE BATH

Bathing Bad For the Body, Declares Chicago Physician.

MAKES THE SKIN A SEWER, HE SAYS

Dr. John Dill Robertson Claims Bathing Produces Many Ills of Mankind. He Takes One Dip Every Two Years and Considers It Enough—New York Physicians Amused—Dr. Shradys' Story About a Scotchman.

Dr. John Dill Robertson, secretary of the American School of Medicine and Surgery, has declared that to bathe once every two years is sufficient and that bathing is responsible for the many ill of mankind. He bathes once every two years and considers that he keeps himself well cleansed.

Dr. Robertson presented his views at the annual meeting of the Chicago Eclectic and Surgical society in Chicago the other night, and the members of the society listened to them with amused interest.

"When people leave off bathing there will be little or nothing for the doctors to do," said Dr. Robertson. "Pneumonia, colds and a hundred other ill result from the foolish habit of washing the body."

"To bathe is to be dirty, for you thereby make a sewer of the skin. Blood, attracted by the skin, gives up products that should be left to seek a natural outlet and soils the skin."

Dr. Robertson asserted that the theory that the closing of pores of the skin would result in death is false. He said that all physiologists which made such an assertion were wrong. The habit of taking "dry" baths was also denounced. The rubbing of a rough towel over the skin, according to Dr. Robertson, removed the natural scales of the skin, or the "false skin." This, he said, conducted to the growth of bacteria on the skin.

Dr. Robertson concluded with a touching incident of a poor Eskimo brought from Greenland to Boston who had never been ill in his life. He received a bath, contracted pneumonia and died in two days.

Dr. John Dill Robertson's views on bathing amused New York physicians when they heard of his address.

"It reminds me of a Scotchman I knew," said Dr. George F. Shradys, "who never had but two baths in his life. He fell into the Clyde when he was a boy and was nearly drowned and the first day he was in New York he walked into the East river and had to be fished out. He lived to be ninety years old. To his dying day he was so afraid of water that nothing could induce him to let it touch his skin. He had some reason for being afraid of water. Perhaps our friend in Chicago has some mysterious reason on his own account which he has not thought it worth while to disclose."

"So far as my friend the Scotchman is concerned, I presume he would have lived to be more than a hundred years old if he had not had his strange prejudice against water. This remarkable outburst from Chicago is really too absurd to discuss seriously."

Dr. Simon Baruch, an authority on hydrotherapeutics, laughed heartily when he told of Dr. Robertson's declaration.

"Of course it is so absurd that you can't expect me to take it up and discuss in any detail the various statements this professor makes," he said. "They do strange things in Chicago, but Dr. Robertson is now entitled to go to the head of the class."

THOUGHT IN PICTURES.

Heart Motions and Brain Cerebrations May Be Shown on a Screen.

The human heart running its race of life will be exhibited in motion pictures, shown upon a screen, and cerebrations of the brain may be similarly noted, according to the assertions recently made at Philadelphia before the convention of the Roentgen Ray Society of the Skiograph by Mirran H. Kasabian of Philadelphia and Henry Hulst of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The men aroused general attention by declaring that these anatomical movements may be recorded by changing shadows thrown on a screen. It was suggested that by the character of the thought shadows good thoughts may be distinguished from bad.

Uncle Joe Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, usually wears spectacles, but the other day he put on eyeglasses, says the New York World's Washington correspondent. They both creased him, and he laid them on the speaker's desk. Then he promptly forgot where they were and banged them with his gavel, smashing them to small pieces.

"That was a fine thing to do," said Speaker Cannon to Asher Hinds, the parliamentary expert.

"Out-of-sight," Hinds replied, without batting an eye.

HEADACHES FROM COLDS. Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. To get the genuine, call for the full name. 25c.

WASHINGTON CHITCHAT

Incidents In the Lives of Public Men.

SPEAKER CANNON AND HIS HANDS

Uncle Joe Tells Why He Would Like to Use Both in Presiding—How Senator Newlands' Maidens Ideas Were Shocked—Representative Ruppert as a Painter.

Uncle Joe Cannon confesses to his personal friends that he sometimes chafes under the restrictions of his office as speaker of the house of representatives, says the Washington Post. Way down deep in his honest old heart Uncle Joe feels that he would sometimes be easier in a rough and tumble debate on the floor than in the speaker's chair struggling to wield the gavel with solemn dignity and in strict accordance with parliamentary law.

"If I could only use both hands in presiding over this house," he remarked in all earnestness, "I might handle this speakership job with more satisfaction to myself and in a manner more acceptable to the brethren on the floor."

This honest confession was made a few days ago to Representatives Overstreet of Indiana and Hull of Iowa, who climbed up to the speaker's table at the close of a very trying day in the house to offer a few words of encouragement.

"It's no use," he exclaimed. "I can't do myself justice in talking when I am compelled by custom to keep my hands still. I am ill at ease when I try to strike a dignified attitude with one hand resting on the book of rules and the other leaning on the gavel. I give more thought to controlling my hands than I do to what I am trying to say."

Senator Newlands of Nevada was denigrating his maiden speech in the senate in support of his resolution inviting Cuba to become a state of the Union. He had warmed up to his subject even more than in the day when he attempted to attach his annexation clause to the Cuban reciprocity bill in the house and was forced to desist by the shower of waste paper and other missiles aimed at him by his colleagues, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. As the senator worked himself up to the peroration, he exclaimed in passionate tones, "This argument furnishes every kind of fuel that eloquence needs!"

But the senator's tender solicitude for his oration was destined to receive a severe shock. A few hours later he was handed the notes of the official reporter. Coming to the passage quoted, he read, "This argument furnishes every kind of food that elephants need." So great was his horror at the garbled report that he appealed to the nearest senator for sympathy. It happened to be Senator Hale, who is noted for his sarcasm. Adjusting his glasses, the senator from Maine scanned the page and then remarked dryly, "But even elephants could not digest it."

Representative F. W. Cushman of Washington, who is also the humorist of the house, arrived at Washington all breathless the other morning after a wild dash from Tacoma to save his \$1,200 mileage, says the New York World. He was sworn and took a seat, smiling expansively.

"Heard any new jokes lately?" asked Representative Tawney.

"No," said Cushman, "nothing that sounded quite so gleeful as that swearing in I just got. I tell you, there is a lot of humor in \$1,200."

"I bought this coat for the reason that it was guaranteed to be absolutely waterproof," said Representative Fred Landis of Indiana, "but it leaks, though under the circumstances I doubt if I can get my money back or have it exchanged."

"There appears to be nothing wrong with the rain coat," replied a sympathetic listener after a careful examination.

"Just let me show you how I was bunked," said Landis, "solely to guard against accidents on my way out home I invested in a small flask and placed it in the pocket of this coat. The cork worked loose, and the contents trickled out, soaking right through the material so that the moisture is noticeable on the outside. This flask was intended for a totally different kind of irrigation."

"The point is, however, the dealer guaranteed the coat as waterproof, but nothing was said about its being whiskey proof; so I fear I am up against it."

"It was so cold out at the Bennings track today that they had to break the ice in the water jumps," said a friend recently to Representative Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of New York.

"I don't see why," Ruppert replied. "Most of the horses are skates, are they not?"

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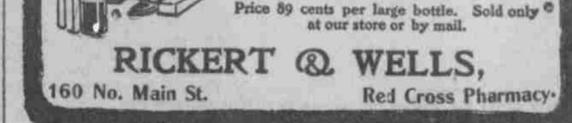
What Do You Think of A Jack-of-all Trades?



If you had an important lawsuit, the loss of which would mean your financial ruin, would you employ the very best lawyer you could find, or would you trust your interests to a "Jack-of-all-Trades" who practices law one day, medicine the next, dentistry the third, and sells stocks and bonds the fourth?

Rexall Mucu-Tone

Catarh may affect the head and throat or the bronchial tubes and lungs. It may affect the stomach and cause dyspepsia. It may affect the liver, kidneys, bladder or the intestines. In women it most frequently attacks the delicate organs of the pelvic cavity, where it is known by a variety of names. But no matter where it is, catarh is a congestion of the mucous cells, followed by inflammation and a putrid discharge. Rexall Mucu-Tone attacks the seat of the disease. It is carried through the myriad of arteries and veins, causing the packed and poisoned mucous cells to release and throw forth the matter contained. This relieves the congestion; the inflammation abates, and the nerve centers take up their regular functions; the discharge ceases, and the various organs are restored to perfect health.



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ORCHESTRA

Miss Tierney, Assisted by Wilder's Orchestra. Will furnish music for any occasion, with as many pieces as desired. Also LESSONS ON PIANO AND ORGAN. For prices, etc., call on or address BERTHA TIERNEY, No. 50 South Main St., Barre, Vermont.

FOOD CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Effect: Your great-grandfather was a hale and rugged man because his staff of life was natural food—whole wheat. That was before the white-flour-cruelty to the system—before sustaining parts of the whole wheat were removed in white flour milling. All about us today we see physical and mental weaklings whose pitiable condition is the result of eating unnatural foods—people with part of their bodies starving.

The Truth: People with whole health eat natural food—starchy people eat pies, mushes, and white flour products which are unnatural foods because essential parts of the wheat have been removed and are not present in them. The natural food is Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit.

The Reason: In it are contained the precise elements in the exact proportion required by nature for the complete nourishment of the body and mind—nothing added and nothing taken away—an undispensed natural product.

The Proof: To Natural Food Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y. Gentlemen: I was irritable and dull two hours after eating and until for work. I gave up eating white bread, pies, and the like, and tried Shredded Wheat. In a single week I felt a great change in my system for the better. I have been using Shredded Wheat for about six months now and have splendid digestion, feel bright and alert after eating, and am physically stronger than I have been in fifteen years. You have a wonderful food. J. M. GILLESPIE, 88 Lottis St., Chicago.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is sold by all grocers. Send for the Vital Question (Free) Cook Book, illustrated in colors. Address: The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, New York.

DO YOU WANT THAT PIANO

FOR CHRISTMAS? Write to J.P. Donovan, Montpelier. The prices and terms he will give you will be a revelation.



Father John's Medicine Cures Colds and all Throat and Lung Troubles—Prevents Pneumonia and Consumption. No Morphine or Poisonous Drugs. Not a Patent Medicine. 50 Years in Use.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your Druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 8 to 14 days. 50c.