

"Only a Back Ache."

But it Brought These Sufferers to Agony and Despair. They are Safe Now—Their Kidneys are Sound and Well—CURED by Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets.

"I am more than satisfied that there is not a finer medicine placed before the public today than Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets. I have had kidney trouble, LOOSE URINE, weak bladder, and at intervals been unable to attend to my duties owing to AWFUL PAINS IN MY BACK. I had almost made up my mind that no medicine could help me when one of your booklets was brought to my office, which I read. I then decided to give Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets a trial and found that I had at last secured the right medicine. I can now cheerfully recommend it to anyone."—James Caldwell, 205 9th Ave., Louisville, Ky., Oct. 10, 1903.

"I was recently examined by an eminent physician, who told me my kidneys were in a very healthy condition. I am recommending Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets to a number of persons. My praise for it will never cease."—Miss Susie Lang, 413 Madison St., Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 26, 1903.

Dr. Pettingill's Kidney - Wort Tablets

THEY CURE Back Aches—Low Vitality—Kidney Disease. They Contain NO ALCOHOL—Nothing but Concentrated Cure.

ARBITRATION CAMPAIGN

Edward Everett Hale's Plan to Preserve World's Peace.

A GREAT TRIBUNAL ADVOCATED.

Senate Chaplain Wants One That Will Be a Supreme Court of International Arbitration—To Work Up Public Interest Meetings Will Be Held in Many of the Larger Cities.

A supreme court of international arbitration as a substitute for war, to settle the perplexing questions which arise between the nations of the world, is the dream of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the senate chaplain. As a leader in the American movement toward international arbitration Dr. Hale sees new hope in the committee consisting of Senators Frye, Fairbanks and Morgan, appointed to formulate a general scheme of practical operation to present to the senate.

In reviewing what has already been accomplished in America and what it is hoped can be done in the immediate future Dr. Hale said in a recent interview with the New York Herald's Washington correspondent:

"The determined movement for international arbitration in America was first organized in Washington when a conference was held under the stimulus of Mr. Cleveland's proposed war with England. The object of that conference was the establishment of a permanent system of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. Of that conference the author was the late William E. Dodge of New York. A committee of business men in New York invited to Washington 200 prominent men from all parts of the United States. Their resolutions were presented to Mr. Cleveland and to Mr. Olney and were received with hearty approval.

"The impression made by that great conference in this country and in England was very great. From that moment we heard no more of the war with England. On the other hand, the parties at issue referred their contentions to an arbitration board which met at Paris and made its decision, which decision was accepted by England and Venezuela. A treaty was projected between the United States and England to provide for similar reference in the future, but that treaty was certainly unfortunate in some of its provisions, and though it commanded a majority of our senate, it did not command the two-thirds necessary.

"Everything seemed favorable this year for the second meeting of that conference. All the surviving members of it were summoned again to Washington. The call for this meeting was signed by Judge Foster, the great pacifist, as he has been well called; Mr. Schurz, President Angell, Mr. Rives, John B. Moore, and others. This meeting was not what is called a peace meeting. It looked forward to international justice, to a system by which such a central court for the world could be established, like the supreme court of the United States—that is to say, a tribunal before which different nations may bring questions in controversy, which may ascertain the facts and after argument determine what is justice as between the nations involved.

"The general drift of opinion through all the northern states is much more largely confident as to the possibilities of such a tribunal than one would suppose.

AT ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

The good that is done by St. John's Hospital of Lowell, Mass., will ever be held in grateful memory by thousands of people. The Sisters of Charity who care for the sick and ailing at this institution say: "We cheerfully recommend Father John's Medicine as a good remedy for colds, bronchial troubles, etc.; also as a tonic for building up the system. The ingredients of which it is composed seem to be perfectly safe and well worth a trial by all suffering troubles specified above." (Signed) Sisters of Charity, St. John's Hospital, Lowell, Mass.

CANNON WITH HIS COAT OFF AND ON

Glimpses of Uncle Joe, Speaker of the House.

BELOVED BY BOTH PARTIES.

Best Remembered as "Watchdog of the Treasury"—Gilt of Old Time Shirt Sleeved Sarcasm From the Chair—How He Fought For Prestige of the House.

Uncle Joe Cannon has been having his picture painted, an operation which all good speakers must undergo, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Times. He has submitted to it with stolid resignation, knowing that it is part of the job he holds.

The various artists have done what they conceive to be their duty in such cases. They have undertaken to present the speaker in a favorable light to posterity. It is for posterity's sake that each new speaker undergoes this course of artistic sprouts. He has to contribute an oil painting of himself to the gallery of speakers and to leave his photograph for future historians.

And these photographers have performed their labors conscientiously. They have endeavored to give him a stern and statesmanlike look, as of one whose mind is engrossed with matters of deep public import; they have wiped the half humorous glint out of his eye, and they have toned down into lines of severity the curls, crease at his mouth which gives him the appearance of always smiling. They have done their duty as they see it, and in years to come a commonplace face will look from the pages of history instead of the most striking and unforgettable face in all the Fifty-eighth congress. It will be the face of an Imaginary Speaker Cannon, the Speaker Cannon who ought to have been, not the face of Uncle Joe.

It has been the duty of everybody connected with Mr. Cannon's official duties to metamorphose him from Uncle Joe into the speaker, and they have worked indefatigably at it. This picture making is merely an example of it, but the work has been a failure, for the unconquerable Uncle-Joesness of him rises and protrudes as soon as their labors are done, as a pompous head of hair rises obstinately the moment you take your hand off it.

Of course his personality is less obtrusively in evidence than it was when he was on the floor. He cannot make speeches now; neither can he preside a great deal of the time. The popular notion of the speakership is that that officer is continually in the chair, presiding over the work of congress. As a matter of fact, when the big bills are being debated the speaker is not in the chair more than half an hour a day.

So the speaker is seen but little in the house; his work is not that of an active participant. It is done behind the scenes. He is the head of the house, the general director of legislation, the man who determines in advance what shall be done and has charge of the way to do it. And hence it is that while Cannon is Uncle Joe as much as ever, the fighting, rough and ready Uncle Joe of parliamentary catch-as-catch-can is a fading tradition, growing dimmer all the while.

The Uncle Joe who for so many years was chairman of the appropriations committee, the official watchdog of the treasury, was a slight worth seeing when a debate was on. His delivery was slashing, sledge-hammer, full of fire and fury. When he got thoroughly interested in his subject the fact was made known in an infallible way. On such occasions he would take off his coat and throw it on his desk. Provoked by opposition and getting warmed to his subject, his waistcoat would follow his coat, and if the occasion was of sufficient moment to warrant it off would come collar and necktie.

Thus stripped for action Uncle Joe would move up and down the aisles in long strides, waving his fists in the air and pouring forth a continual flood of sarcasm, invective and denunciation at a rate that taxed the stenographers. He would roll up his shirt sleeves to give him greater freedom, and his bony fists would fly around in the heat of his wrath so that the ducking heads of congressmen, dodging to avoid a punch in the eye, marked his dashes up and down the aisles.

If some unlucky opponent interrupted, Cannon would stride up and down the aisle, jerking his shirt sleeved arms about in a fury of impatience. As the last word left the questioner's mouth a gigantic roar of "Oh, Mr. Chairman!" would burst from Cannon as if his pent up feelings had torn that torrent of sound from his bosom, and behind it would come such a flood of sarcasm, couched in homely language and mingled with soundest sense, that the interrupter wilted under a laugh that shook the house. And when it was over Cannon would go back to his place and put on his collar and necktie and waistcoat and coat and retire to the appropriations room.

These speeches were seldom partisan ones. He was engrossed in his work of watching appropriations and defeating extravagance. He never hesitated to beard the house leaders, the august triumvirate of the machine, nor to defy the speaker himself. Breaks and bulls were frequent in these speeches, for he always spoke extemporaneously, and his ideas boiled over with such rapidity that he could not always choose his words, as for example, when he was opposing the proposition to have the national government pay the losses of the Buffalo Pan-American exposition

Postal Card Too Small

Mrs. A. T. Neal, of Maryville, Mo., Says:

"A postal card is too small to begin my praise of your wonderful preparation, Paracamp. My first experience with Paracamp was about one year ago; my little girl was very badly burned with hot grease. One of my kind neighbors recommended Paracamp and gave me what she had on hand, as we live in the country and could not immediately get it from town. The first application gave relief. We used about three bottles and the burns were healed up nicely, although they were very bad burns.

My little girl was playing and fell knocking the grease in her lap; she was burned on both legs from the knees almost to her hips, and in removing her clothing a great deal of the skin came off, leaving her legs perfectly raw. I have used Paracamp for a great many years since then, and never like to be without it in my house. I have quite a family and find it a great task to write, but I hope my letter will reach you in time, as I am a great friend of Paracamp. I could tell you more of its good works but guess this will be enough for this time. I am always willing to sound the praise of a valuable remedy."

This letter should convince all mothers of the necessity for keeping in their homes a bottle of Paracamp. This wonderful remedy is needed almost every day in the year. It not only relieves pain quickly but it heals all manner of wounds without leaving ugly scars. Get a bottle of Paracamp today, and if it fails to do what we claim for it and if you don't find it is the most useful remedy you have ever had in your home, we will refund your money.

All good druggist sell it in 25 cent, 50 cent, and \$1.00 bottles. The Paracamp Company, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

SOLD BY D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist," 262 North Main Street, Barre, Vt.

and was exasperated by the certainty that the house would override him. "Yes," he roared, shaking his fists high in the air at Representative Alexander of Buffalo, the sponsor for the measure; "make the government a partner in your expositions. Then the next step will be to make the United States pay the losses of the county fairs, and after that, I suppose, we'll become the backers of a Wild Bill West show!"

The howl that greeted this only annoyed him. He was too excited and too dead in earnest to see anything wrong with his sentence, and "Wild Bill West show" it remained.

Now all this is changed. He is the picture of dignity as he stands in the speaker's place, and it is quiet, natural, unforced dignity, nothing put on about it. Yet he is the same Uncle Joe, and he has not been speaker ten minutes before the house was in a roar because he told the new congressmen to "step up to the area and be sworn." And only the other day, when the postal appropriation bill was being passed and some one asked what was before the house, this unconventional speaker bluntly replied, "The subsidy for the Southern railway." The brutal word "subsidy" struck the house dumb for a moment, for they had been calling it all kinds of fine names, and then they all joined in a shout of laughter.

Cannon had never bowed the knee to the house machine, and he had never surrendered to the senate. He thinks the house the greatest legislative body on earth, and he grieved over its continual sinking under the Henderson regime to be a mere appendage to the senate. "The deterioration of the house" was a stock subject for magazine and newspaper moralizing, and it sank lower and lower every year. Cannon could not prevent it. He was not one of the house machine.

But at last one day, in the closing hours of a legislative session, a new piece of senatorial aggression unlocked his tongue. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when Uncle Joe mounted on his desk and stripped to the shirt, delivered such a speech about the rights of the house and such a defiance of the senate that a house half asleep and dog tired woke to frenzied thunders of applause. He knew he was to be speaker then, and the speech was a gauge of battle. The senate regarded it but little. But congress had hardly met when the solons at the other end of the capitol found that a man had become speaker who was determined that the house should regain its ancient prestige.

Again and again the senate went forth to battle, and every time it was defeated. At every point the house won what it contended for. The house was a solid army under a beloved and trusted leader, and that today it stands equal with the senate, taking the place the founders of the government meant it to hold, and that this change has been wrought within four months, is due to the iron-will and undimmed pluck of Speaker Cannon.

The house loves and trusts him. He is the most popular man in all its membership. The Democrats are little less fond of him than the Republicans. He has treated the minority fairly and even generously. And the house admires him no less than it loves and trusts him. It will follow him to battle anywhere and for any cause, as it rose from its degradation and followed him solidly to battle with the senate. It knows him as an uncommon man; a man of high ideals and firm convictions and definite purposes. It knows him as a true man, one who will not go back on his word nor weaken in the face of odds.

Top Spinners at Harvard College. "It doesn't always take a Newport belle to create a fad. Harvard college girls are quite up to the mark, and the Whittier hall contingent has a new one, says the New York Times. If you enter the "foyer" any evening keep your hands in front of your face or else a top may come dangerously near your head. For those dignified university girls are really spinning tops! You are not in it if you haven't one. After dinner the girls congregate downstairs and spin upon the marble floor with as much enjoyment as a small boy, and some of them do it just as well. A few daring ones even take the spinning top on their hands and excrete as much envy as the street urchin who can lick the other fellows.

Pins Can Hear. A Spanish naturalist, Dr. Ribera, has proved that fish can hear and distinguish sounds and words. Concealing himself behind a bush, he taught the carp in a pond to come to the surface for food every time he spoke a certain sentence. To other words not associated with feeding they paid no attention.

Pins. Pins have been found among the Egyptian mummies and in the prehistoric caves of Switzerland.

CAN YOU TELL WHAT AILS THIS MAN.

He Is Only One in Hundreds of Thousands. Watch Well Your Own Individual Self.

He has a tremendous appetite, yet has no desire to exert himself in the least. He seems lazy and indolent. His sleep is fitful and troubled. He has pains under his shoulder blades and a bitter taste remains in his mouth. His tongue is often furred and coated. He is dizzy when he gets up to walk or arises from stooping over. One day his bowels may move, the next day he is constipated. The natural sewers of the body become clogged up, and the natural channels is absorbed out through the stomach not being able to pass into the blood. If you said "he is a bilious man," you would be exactly right, but how few there are who know what to do for such a condition. See here! Read carefully and you will find out what to do. If you have similar feelings, take as directed Smith's Pile-cure remedy for biliousness and all other forms of liver trouble. Their effects are quickly seen in a complete change of spirits, regular daily movements of the bowels, refreshing sleep and a rapid return of healthy appetite and digestion. Smith's Pile-cure and Purgative Pills are purely vegetable and harmless. They always cure sick headache, constipation and biliousness in one night. 25 cents at all dealers.

SMITH'S RUCHU LITHIA PILLS
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.
AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS.
A CURE AT THE PEOPLES PRICE

Railway Carriage Sanitation. The French minister of public works has taken up the question of sanitation in railway carriages. Circulars have been sent to the various railway companies ordering the immediate removal from railway carriages and stations of all nonwashable carpets and the cessation of the system of dry sweeping and cleaning. Even carriage seatings are to be in washable materials.

A Pharmaceutical Jest. Farmers' bulletin No. 188, issued by the United States department of agriculture, concerns the weeds used in medicine. By a singular oversight, says the American Druggist, widow's weeds (mosella) are omitted, although their powerful toxicant influence and effect as a cardiac stimulant have long been recognized.

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PUBLIC AUCTION SALE
OF THIS ENTIRE STOCK OF
High Grade Jewelry Goods!
As I have decided to change my business, I will sell my entire stock of Fine Jewelry at Public Auction, the sale commencing on
Saturday, April 2d, at 2 and 7 P. M.,
And continuing until my entire stock is sold. My stock consists of the best quality of goods, selected for the regular retail trade, and can only be appreciated by a personal examination. It consists of a complete line of standard Watches—Waltham, Elgin, Illinois, and other reliable makes; Diamonds; Diamond, Opal, Emerald and Turquoise Rings, and a large stock of Plain Solid Gold Rings (not a Ring in stock but what is solid gold); Ladies' and Gentlemen's Watch Chains in great variety; Bracelets, Brooches, Stick Pins, Cuff Buttons, Cuff Links and Neck Chains; Silverware of all kinds; Knives, Forks and Spoons of the best Rogers Brothers' 1847 goods.
Also Solid Silver Spoons and Novelty, Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Butter Dishes, Syrup Cups, Children's Mugs, Silk Umbrellas, Optical Goods, Pocket Books, Pipes, Pocket Knives, Shears and a large assortment of all kinds of Clocks—in fact everything usually carried in a first-class jewelry store.
Sale positive, and will begin Saturday afternoon, April 2, at 2 o'clock and continue union hours, afternoons and evenings, until all is sold.
O. H. HALE, Auctioneer.
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