THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES



Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals.

Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are marked with headache, backache, dizziness and disturbance of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

A New York Case

D. J. Donovan, Larchmont, N. Y., says: "My right leg was so swollen it was twenty-four inches around. My back felt as if it were being prodded with a hot iron. I had run down from 210 pounds to 150. I was steadily growing worse, and had given up hope. I improved rapidly, however, under the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me entirely and I have since gained 40 pounds."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 4-1913.

WHERE WE FIND EMERALDS

Famous Muzo Mines in the Republic of Colombia Produce Finest Gems.

The finest emeralds are found in the Republic of Colombia, at the famous Muzo mines in the department of Boyaca, seventy miles north by west of Bogota, which have been worked since 1558. The Spaniards mined there in the middle of the sixteenth century, but withdrew after a time, owing to continual fighting with the Indians; with the result that for awhile the locality of the mines was unknown. They are now worked by an English company, in partnership with the government. The emeralds at Muzo occur in calcite veins running through black carboniferous limestone in all directions and at all angles. Often the limestone is covered with earth, in which bushes and trees are growing; this has to be cleared before prospecting is possible. When calcite veins have been located, one side of the hill is dug away in banks," usually by Indians, whose chief tool is a steel bar forged to a point at one end. The pieces of calcite vein are examined superficially for emeralds, and are then set aside for conveyance to the sorting-shed, where a detailed examination is made, and the emeralds are divided into fifteen grades according to color, transparency, size, freedom from flaws, and so on.

Breath Was "Out of Place."

Papa took Harry to the country to visit his grandparents. They lived a short distance from the village where the train stopped. Harry insisted on running as they approached the home of his grandparents. They had not gone far, however, until Harry's breath was coming in short jerks and he could hardly talk.

"Wait—wait—a—minute—papa," he gasped.

"What's the matter, son?" asked the father.

"My—breath—is all out of place," gasped the little fellow.

Revolving Toothbrush.

Bill—I see by using handles resembling those of a pair of plier to rotate a spindle, an inventor has brought out a revolving toothbrush.

Jill—Now, if a fellow mislays his toothbrush he needn't look for it, it's liable to come around to him; but, on the other hand, if it is going around all the time, some one else may get it.

Slow Chap.

"Yes," laughed the girl with the pink parasol, "he is the slowest young man I ever saw."

"In what way, dear?" asked his chum.

"Why, he asked for a kiss and I told him I wore one of those knotted veils that takes so long to loosen."

"And what did he do?"

"Why, the goose took time to untie the knot."—Mack's Monthly.

Nothing worries a nagging wife so much as a husband who won't get mad.

Some of the blame for the lies we tell ought to be charged up to the people who ask our candid opinion.

The detective may be an earnest seeker, but he doesn't always find.

Handy Breakfast

Ready to Serve

Direct From Package

Post Toasties

and cream

A dainty dish of toasted Indian Corn, brimful of sweet flavour and substantial nourishment.

Post Toasties in the pantry mean many delicious breakfasts.

Direct to your table in sealed, air-tight packages.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

My Two Years of NIGHT

Told by Rev. George R Van De Water.

Rector of St. Andrew's— New York

"I Love a Picket Fence, I Love a Mud Puddle, I Love Everything Around Me—Now I Can See Them All Again. I Can See, See, See!"



"Oh, What a Beautiful World It Is! God Is Good, and I Have Been Brought to Realize It."

NEW YORK. — A man just past middle age, gray-haired and ruddy-faced, sat thumbing a Bible. He was the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D. D., rector of the big New York Church of St. Andrew, and the place was the study in his home, No. 7 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street.

As he read through his thick-rimmed, big-lensed spectacles he smiled. And then he laughed—the laugh of a man in joy.

"What a great thing it is to see!" he exclaimed. "I have come out of the great darkness—I can see again. I can see, see, see!"

He showed the front page of the Book.

"This is what I have written," he added, earnestly. There it was in his own handwriting, the handwriting of the man who had started into the dark four years ago and now had come out into the light:

"This Bible, most comprehensive and in the best type and on the thinnest paper, was given me by my brother John during the year of my blindness for my use after the operation.

"'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of thy law'—Psalm CXVIII."

And then this:

"It was the first book I read after the operation, when I had received my glasses."

"Whereas I was blind, now I see!" he uttered solemnly, gazing through his big glass lenses. These the oculist gives to take the place of the lens of the eye removed by the operation for cataract. It was a few days before that his church had held a celebration of thanksgiving in remembrance of his return to sight. Both cataracts have been removed from Dr. Van De Water's eyes, and again he can see. His brother John passed into eternal darkness only the week before sight came back to the eyes of Dr. Van De Water.

"Few can realize," said Dr. Van De Water, "what it means to go blind and then have the joy of sight returned. How it happened I can't tell; it might have been my experiences at Santiago in the Spanish war"—Dr. Van De Water was chaplain of the Seventy-first New York there—"or it might have been inheritance or accident."

First Glimmer of Fearful Truth.

"I heard the real truth in 1908. I had never been to an oculist in my life—I wore glasses merely to help me see more clearly. But in that year I noticed that things were getting dimmer—there wasn't enough light. I began complaining that our church wasn't light enough for me to see plainly; at home I began to believe that the gas was dim."

Dr Van De Water looked up through his big lenses and smiled reminiscently. And he told of how he had gone to his regular optician to have his glasses changed.

"'Look here,' the man said to me. 'I know you're a man who wants to know the truth. I'm not going to lie to you—you've got cataracts on both eyes. See a specialist right away.'"

Cataracts!

Who can realize what they mean unless they, too, have had them. It means that the sun goes out, that it is midnight at midday! Things grow strangely dim in broad daylight. It gets grayer and grayer and then at last you grope your way in an awful never ending night. You are blind, where once you could see!

Such were the experiences of Dr. Van De Water. As the days passed they became darker and darker, but he mentioned it to Mrs. Van De Water alone, ever hoping for the light. The affliction comes slowly, sometimes blindness does not arrive for two years.

Foresaw Day of the Dark.

In 1910 he went abroad in the hope of staving off the awful day when the world would go out. He and Mrs. Van De Water visited Oberammergau to see the Play of the Passion. He had to take field glasses with him to see the actors perform, and he knew that the day couldn't be long postponed—the day of the dark.

"One eye went before the other," the clergyman said, "but still I could make out things. We went to the Villa Serbellon, above Belagio, on Lake Como, opposite Caddenabbia. That lake was the last thing I really could see. I came home practically sightless!

"But I hoped—yes, I hoped. And I prayed. I hoped to prolong my vision by iridectomy and took the chance—it was useless. And my eyes went out on that last awful Sunday in 1910."

The clergyman was referring to that day when he went to the reading desk to read the litany for his congregation. He found that his eyes had failed him completely—he was stone blind, and the types could not reach his brain.

"Please finish it," he said to his assistant, turning helplessly away.

"I am blind," he said to people in the pews, some of them weeping. "I have lost my sight; please bear with me."

But let him tell some of the rest of his story, as he revels today in vision that is perfect when he puts on his big lenses—he cannot see without them.

Joy of Restored Sight.

"I love a picket fence, I love a mud puddle," he said, wiping the tears from his one time sightless eyes. "I love everything around me; I can see them all again. To think of going blind; not to know the faces of your friends, first, and then noting that it was going blacker every day—it's all too horrible!

"So I went to Dr. John E. Weeks. 'Patience,' he told me, 'you must wait.' And I could only take a chance on one eye at a time; the risk was too great. If we failed on one eye, we still had a chance for the other.

"Other eyes helped me—those of my good wife and of my curate, the Rev. Mr. Ivie. My wife read me my personal mail; my curate took charge of the official business of the church. I decided to learn to write, though blind. Half a dozen members of my congregation came in and read to me every day for two or three hours. It is hard to realize what it means to have such friends when they must be eyes for you.

"And 'patience!' Dr. Weeks was saying to me all the time.

"The sexton led me to the pulpit every time I preached, and led me out again. I walked about with a cane in the familiar streets near my house and the church. One day a pathetic thing happened, a man bumped into me. 'I'm blind,' he said, 'please help me across the street.' And I could only say, 'So am I. I'm blind, too.'

Struggle to Save Eyesight.

"But still I had to wait. The cataract had to form itself before I could go on the table for Dr. Weeks. I was in such a condition that I couldn't baptize a child or deliver the Sacrament. I learned the service by heart, but when there was a funeral I had to be led to the coffin. I had to be put to bed at night. And 'keep doing things,' was Dr. Weeks' everyday talk to me. 'You must work on if we are going to save your eyes.'

Dr. Van De Water told of his struggles to see his fingers in the broad daylight, when he held them in front of his eyes; of the falls he had when he tried to make his way about his own home in the darkness that was his; of the weary waiting for the time when Dr. Weeks could say, "We're ready, now!"

And of his thoughts when he could see nothing:

"I learned most of the psalms by heart," he said. "I revelled in Robert Burns, and especially in his 'Epistle to a Young Friend.' I had Whittier read to me—his 'Hymn on Eternal Goodness.' And over and over again they read to me John Forster's essay on 'Decision of Character.' But everything was as night to me. And I had to wait.

"During all those long weary months, from October to April, in the darkness, my mind unconsciously went back to my boyhood days. I could recall the days when I didn't wash my face and when I never wanted to take a bath. The old-fashioned hymns came back to me. I remembered better these things than what had happened only a few short years before. But I was blind."

Seemed the Dawn of Heaven.

The clergyman was speaking along pretty rapidly now; he was getting to that day of days. The operation lasted only a half hour. His eyes were bound up for three weeks.

"Then Heaven dawned!

"One morning Dr. Weeks came in, and the bandages were taken off. He laughed a bit and showed me something. 'What's that?' he asked, with just a bit of a quiver in his voice."

His Eyesight Given Back.

Dr. Van De Water brushed his hands across his eyes as he told the story.

"It was a watch," he said, slowly and almost in reverence, "and I could see the second hand spinning around! He had put a lens over one of my eyes, and it had worked. Then they bandaged me up again in the dark for three more weeks. And it was only one eye—the other was still blind!"

Dr. Van De Water paused for a moment. He took off his spectacles.

"Can you realize, can any man, that without these glasses I can't see a single thing? A man and a tree look the same to me. Without those big lenses your face looks like a piece of paper."

"And now see."

He picked up a newspaper. Putting on his glasses, he read the print without trouble.

"Yes," he ran on, "they gave me back my other eye, too, and now I can see. Oh, what a beautiful world it is! God is good, and I have been brought to realize it."

Dr. Van De Water has had five pairs of spectacles since his sight was given back to him, each one a little more correct than the first. There is little left to do.

On Thanksgiving day he could go into the pulpit and read his sermon with ease—"the most thankful person there."—New York World.

Will Throw Light on History.

A valuable and interesting discovery of English royal documents has just been made. It comprises all state papers, private letters and general correspondence of Kings George III, and George IV, which have been missing from the crown papers. It was supposed that when George IV ascended the throne he destroyed his father's papers and afterward his own. Their loss always has been deplored, for they covered an immensely interesting period, including the American war of independence, on the inside history of which, from the British side these documents could shed invaluable light. All these missing papers have just been found in the cellars of Apstey House, residence of the Duke of Wellington, whose grandfather, the great duke, was one of George IV's trustees. They have lain in the cellars 100 years. Their character was discovered by accident, when some repairs were being carried out. Three van loads of them have been removed to Windsor, where the royal librarian has been entrusted by the king with the task of arranging them and selecting parts of them for publication.

Advance News.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, tells the following story about his father, the late Joseph Jefferson, so well beloved by all theater goers.

For a long time before his death Mr. Jefferson was very sensitive upon the subject of his retirement from the stage. When he was playing in one of the southern cities a paper came out with the news that he had decided to leave the footlights at the expiration of his engagement in that city.

Mr. Jefferson resented the printing of such a story, and the reporter who had brought it in was called upon to tell how he got it.

"Why," he explained, "the city editod told me to see Joseph Jefferson and ask him if it were true that he was soon to retire."

"Well," he was asked, "did you see him?"

"No," he replied; "I went to his hotel and sent my card up to his room, and it was sent back with this written on it: 'Mr. Jefferson has retired.'

"So, you see, I had good authority for the story."—Lippincott's.

SHOW RESULTS OF TRAINING

Creditable Work Turned Out by the Pupils of Trade School in New York City.

The annual exhibition of the Manhattan Trade school in East Twenty-third street, New York city, was held the other afternoon and charmed the hundreds of people who attended it. One girl in the novelty department had made a remarkable array of cloth-covered boxes. Another had excelled in the making of shirtwaist and handkerchief boxes. In three months the girls advanced from plain sewing to plain and advanced millinery. Some of the hats would command the respect of a professional milliner as to taste and cost. The dresses on exhibition were made by the girls in the last month and served as a final examination. Each pupil designed her own pattern, selected her own material and turned out a finished article. There are 375 pupils in the school, and 200 on the waiting list. The trade school is one of the most important departments of our popular school system. It is strange that it should have taken this length of time to discover the fact. The question of self-support is all important as an economic, moral, and even religious question. The manual training feature cannot be introduced too soon into all the schools of the land in the city and country.—Christian Herald.

The Russian government is making experiments at tea growing.

COMMERCIAL

Weekly Review of Trade and Market Reports.

Bradstreet's says:

"Business is more than up to the seasonal mark, but more or less conservatism is engendered by the disposition of some interests to discuss tariff revision. In the face of this is the overlooming fact that trade continues to move at a steady pace.

"It is true that new business with the steel mills is not so large as it was, but it is probable that the intake of orders equals shipments.

"A negative side to industrial matters is furnished by the continued strike of garment workers at New York, while firemen on eastern roads have apparently assumed a disconcerting attitude.

"Funds are more plentiful for mercantile purposes, for which there is a good demand. Rates are easier, and the withdrawal of gold for export is viewed with equanimity.

"Business failures for the week were 343, which compares with 361 in the like week of 1913."

Wholesale Markets

NEW YORK.—Wheat—Spot steady; No. 2 red, 108½ elevator and 109½ f o b afloat.; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 102¼ f o b afloat.

Corn—Spot quiet; export, 57¾c f o b, afloat.

Oats—Spot steady; No. 3, 39c; No. 4, 38½.

Butter—Factory current make, seconds, 21½@22c.

Eggs—Fresh gathered, extras, 26@27c; extra firsts, 25@25½; firsts, 23@24; seconds and lower grades, 21@22; held fresh, average, best, 20@21; poor to fair, 15@19; fresh gathered dirties, 17@18; checks, 15@16; refrigerator firsts, 19½@20½; seconds, 18@19; thirds and poorer, 12@17½.

Live Poultry—Quiet; Western chickens, 13½c; fowls, 15@15½; turkeys, 18. Dressed firm, fresh killed Western chickens, 14@20c; fowls, 14½@17; turkeys, 14@23½.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wheat No. 2 red, 109½@110½.

Corn—Firmer; trade fair; No. 8 mixed in export elevator, 55@55½c.

Eggs—Lower; Pennsylvania and nearby firsts f c, $7.50 per case; Pennsylvania and other current receipts f c, $7.20 per case; Western firsts f c, $7.20 per case; Western current receipts f c, $6.60@6.90 per case.

Live Poultry—Weak; trade slow; turkeys, 18@19c.

Hay—Firm. Timothy Hay—No. 1, large bales, $19.50@20; No. 1, medium bales, $19@20; No. 2, $17.50@18.50; No. 3, $15@16. Clover Mixed Hay—Light mixed, $17.50@18; No. 1, $16@17; No. 2, $14@15.

BALTIMORE.—Wheat—No. 2 red Western, 110; No. 2 red, 109; No. 3 red, 107; steamer No. 2 red, 102. The closing was easier; spot No. 2 red and January, 108¼; February, 110 nominal; March, 112 nominal.

Corn—Contract, 55⅞c; steamer mixed, 53⅜; no established grade, 51⅞.

Oats—No. 2 white, 40@40¼c; standard white, 39@39¼; No. 3 white, 38@38¼; No. 4 white, 36½@37.

Rye—No. 2 Western domestic, 72c; No. 3 do do, 63@64; No. 4 do do, 60@61; bag lots nearby, as to quality, 55@65.

Hay—Timothy—No. 1, $18.50@19; standard, $17.50@18; No. 2, $16.50@17; No. 3, $14@16. Clover mixed—Light, $16@16.50; No. 1, $15@15.50; No. 2, $12.50@13.50; heavy, $13.50@14.50. Clover—No. 1, $13@13.50; No. 2, $11@12.50.

Straw—Rye straw—No. 1 straight, $17.50@18; No. 2 do, $16.50@17; No. 1, tangled, $12.50@13; No. 2 do, $11@12. Wheat straw—No. 1, $8; No. 2, $7@7.50. Oat straw—No. 1, $9@10; No. 2, $8@8.50.

Butter—Creamery, fancy, 36; creamery, choice, 34@35; creamery, good, 31@33; creamery, prints, 35@37; creamery, blocks, 34@36; ladles, 23@25; Maryland and Pennsylvania rolls, 22@23.

Cheese—Jobbing lots, per lb, 19½@20c.

Eggs—Maryland, Pennsylvania and nearby firsts, 24c; Western firsts, 24; West Virginia firsts, 23@23½; Southern firsts, 22@23. Recrated and rehandled eggs ½@1c higher.

Live Poultry.—Chickens—Old hens, heavy, 14c; do, small to medium, 14; old roosters, 9; young, 16. Ducks—White Pekings, 17c; muscovy, 15@16; puddle, 14@15. Geese—Nearby, 14@15c; Western and Southern, 12@13; Kent Island, 16@18. Turkeys—Choice hens, 20c; young gobblers, 18@19; old toms, 17; rough and poor, 10@12.

Dressed Poultry—Turkeys—Choice, 20@21c; fair to good, 19@20; old toms, 18. Chickens—Young, 16c; mixed, 14@15; old hens, 14; old roosters, 10. Ducks, 16@18c. Geese—Nearby, 15@16c; Western and Southern, 12@14. Capons—Seven lbs and over, 21@22c; medium, 19@20; small and slips, 16@18.

Live Stock

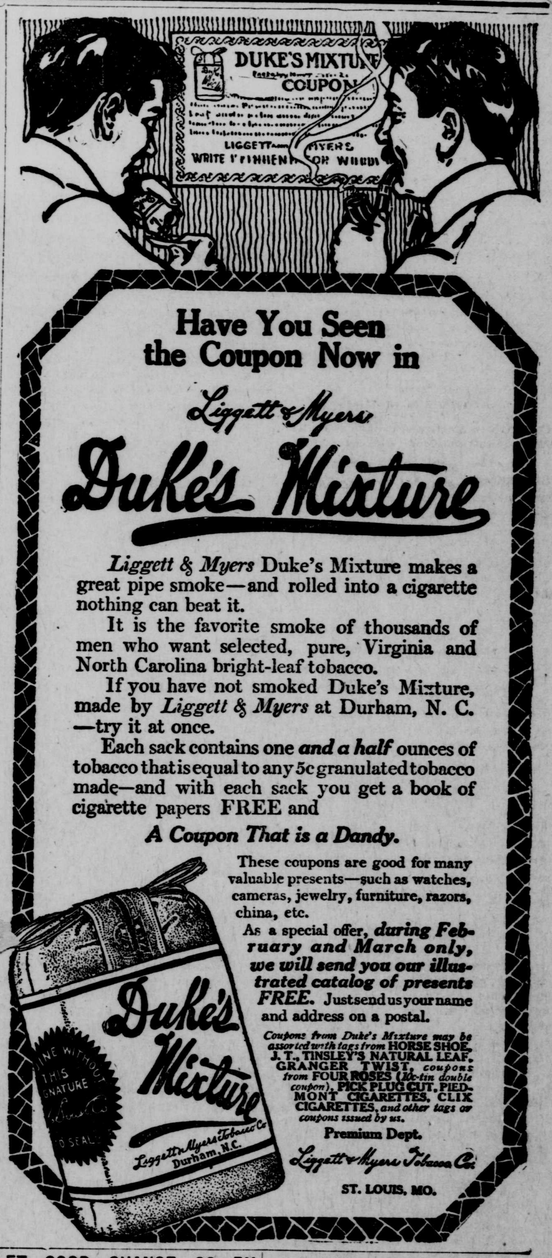
CHICAGO.—Close: Cattle—Beeves, $5.85@9.20; Texas steers, $4.70@5.70; Western steers, $5.40@7.15; stockers and feeders, $4.80@7.60; cows and heifers, $2.75@7.40; calves, $7@10.75.

Hogs—Light, $7.20@7.45; mixed, $7.20@7.50; heavy, $7@7.50; dough, $7@7.15; pigs, $5.85@7.45; bulk of sales, $7.30@7.45.

Sheep—Native, $4.65@6.15; Western, $4.75@6.25; yearlings, $6.40@8; lambs, native, $6.70@9; Western, $6.75@9.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Cattle—Dressed beef and export steers, $7.50@8.50; fair to good, $6.85@7.50; Southern steers, $5.90@7.40; Southern cows, $5.75@6.25; bulls, $5@6.50; calves, $6.50@10.25.

Hogs—Bulk of sales, $7.10@7.30; heavy, $7.25@7.35; packers and butchers, $7.15@7.30; light, $7@7.20; pigs, $6.25@6.75.



Have You Seen the Coupon Now in

Liggett & Myers

Duke's Mixture

Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture makes a great pipe smoke—and rolled into a cigarette nothing can beat it.

It is the favorite smoke of thousands of men who want selected, pure, Virginia and North Carolina bright-leaf tobacco.

If you have not smoked Duke's Mixture, made by *Liggett & Myers* at Durham, N. C.—try it at once.

Each sack contains one *and a half* ounces of tobacco that is equal to any 5c granulated tobacco made—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE and

A Coupon That is a Dandy.

These coupons are good for many valuable presents—such as watches, cameras, jewelry, furniture, razors, china, etc.

As a special offer, *during February and March only, we will send you our illustrated catalog of presents FREE.* Just send us your name and address on a postal.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be assorted with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T., TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, *coupons from* FOUR ROSES (*2c-tin double coupon*), PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, *and other tags or coupons issued by us.*

Premium Dept.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

LET GOOD CHANCE GO BY

Bluffers Had Perfect Right to Be Mad, Considering the Extremely Unfortunate Circumstances.

Bluffers bounced into the club, jammed his hat down on a table with a fierce, resounding bang, and flung himself into an easy chair.

"What's wrong today, Bluffers? You look bad."

"I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a man out of my house last night!"

"Humph! I've kicked out many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming round courting young girls. I would have kicked him out myself."

"Yes, but I have found out since that this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Trend of the Times.

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, discussing the divorce evil in Philadelphia, said, with a smile:

"In these times one never as the saying goes, knows where one is at. An acquaintance of mine extended his hand to me at the Historical society the other day and cried:

"'Congratulate me! I am the happiest man alive!'

"I looked at him doubtfully.

"'Engaged, married or divorced?' I asked."—New York Tribune.

Analyzing the Philosopher.

Finley Peter Dunne was sympathizing, at a New York club, with a playwright whose play had failed.

"Brace up!" he cried. "Take it like a philosopher!"

Then Mr. Dunn smiled the whimsical Dooley smile and added:

"A philosopher is one who has trained himself to bear with perfect serenity the misfortunes of others."

Usual Results.

"Did the girls get a hint of our secret?"

"Yes—with telling effect."

Its Pace.

"So time runs its race?"

"Yes, in the laps of years."

Proper Help.

"The steamer I sailed in was a floating hotel."

"Did it employ any bell buoys?"

UNKIND INFERENCE.



"My husband and I never quarrel."

"Where does he live? In Europe?"

Better Way.

"Does your wife raise a rumpus when you stay away from home at night?"

"No; but she does when I get home."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

The man who stands at the bottom of the ladders and steadies it is often of more benefit to the country than the one who climbs to the top.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe. Adv.

Extremes.

"Why is Alexander so cut up?"

"Because his salary has just been cut down."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv.

It's easier for most men to pray for forgiveness than it is to fight temptation.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Richest in Curative Qualities
FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Trade Mark.
The Man who put the E E s in F E E T.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unequaled as an
ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.
Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

What every Woman wants! New patent bath spray. All metal. No rubber-tubing. Attaches direct to faucet. Made of brass, highly nickeled. Small and compact. Has special container for perfumed tablets. Handily regulated. Refreshing as April shower. Lasts forever. Only $1.00. Utilities Import & Export Co., Inc., 11 Broadway, New York.

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