GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseless Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lazy liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

Nothing Left of the Ark.

There are no remains of the Ark at the present day, although it is claimed that an outline may be traced on the summit of Mt. Ararat where the Ark is said to have landed.

HOW RHEUMATISM BEGINS

The excruciating agonies of rheumatism are usually the result of failure of the kidneys to expel poisons from the system. If the irritation of these uric acid crystals is allowed to continue, incurable bladder or kidney disease may result. Attend to it at once. Don't resort to temporary relief. The sick kidneys must be restored to health by the use of some sterling remedy which will prevent a return of the disease.

Get some GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. They have brought back the joys of life to countless thousands of sufferers from rheumatism, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel and other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs.

They will attack the poisons at once, clear out the kidneys and urinary tract and the soothing healing oils and herbs will restore the inflamed tissues and organs to normal health.

All others are imitations. Ask for GOLD MEDAL and be sure the name GOLD MEDAL is on the box. Three sizes, at all good druggists.—Adv.

Those who expect a young man with dazzling prospects to set the world on fire are apt to be disappointed.

Life is short for a man to do all the things his wife wants him to do.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Anna Meteriano 25 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.



Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TRAPPERS

Since 1876 thousands of trappers have shipped us annually their entire catch of

RAW FURS

They knew they would receive spot cash and absolutely fair and square treatment.

Send us your next consignment of Skunk, Fox, Bear, Muskrat, Opossum, Beaver, Raccoon, Lynx, etc. Highest Market Prices. No commission charged. Send for price list today.

OTTO WAGNER
134, 136, 138, 140 West 26th Street
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Liggett & Myers
KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO
Known as "that good kind"
Try it—and you will know why

for COLDS take DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR

Inhale Olive Tar for colds, coughs, sore throat—all winter troubles. Soothes, Heals, Gratifies. Quick Relief.

HALL & RUCKEL Inc. 215 Washington Street, N.Y.

Tommy Trot's New Year's Resolution

by Barbara Kerr



"TOMMY-TROT," christened Thomas Trotwood Birney, sprawled on the table at his father's elbow. He was engaged in printing something which he carried about with him. "It's an awful hard job, ain't it, daddy? But I guess gentlemans has to do it anyway, don't we?"

"What's that, Sir Thomas?" asked his father, glancing up from his book.

"Why, the New Year res-o-lution thing," answered Tommy as he laboriously put on some finishing touches.

"Pretty big word, that. What about it?"

"Yep, but then I don't say it much. It's sort of like a bet. You bet you do or you bet you don't. An' I'm going to bet I do." And Tommy closed his book on a little fat finger and climbed on his father's knee.

"And what is it you're betting you'll do, Busterkins?" smiled his father, rumpling up the boy's brown curls. The child was unusually serious; he looked intently at his father. "I'm going to see about getting a lady for our home, daddy. I'm so tired being wivout one. I—I want a muvver, daddy—a muvver is so handy." And try as he might to make his declaration very matter of fact, Tommy-Trot's chin quivered and he hid his face on his father's shoulder.

"I'd like to have the lady wiv the shiny eyes that takes me to school mornings," admitted Tommy. "I asked her once was she a muvver, and she said no, just only a little boy's aunt. I spect she's so busy being a aunt that she wouldn't have any time to be a muvver," and the child sighed dejectedly. "I wisht you'd ask her daddy. Won't you?"

"Why, I don't know Miss Woodburn, old man." The father smiled a little ruefully as he remembered that he had thought to strike up an acquaintance through the child, but Miss Woodburn had coldly repulsed him, though she had long been a fast friend of Tommy's, stopping for him to slip his hand into hers as she hurried to her schoolroom, which was in the same building as the kindergarten. "I think we have pretty good times together, after all. Shall daddy be the bear tonight?"

"I'm most afraid I'm sick, daddy," murmured the boy; "I spect I'd better go to bed."

The next morning Miss Grace Woodburn slackened her pace, expecting Tommy to come running as usual, then she retraced her steps, walking slowly past the house. The door swung open and Mr. Birney, coatless, an apron tied about his neck, frantically explained that Tommy-Trot was very sick with the croup.

Fortunately Miss Woodburn had taken a first-aid course; also, in her strenuous business of being an aunt, she had helped to take little Nephew Peter through a very severe attack of croup. She knew that every minute was precious. She began drawing off her gloves and unfastening her wraps as she hastened after Mr. Birney. She telephoned her assistant to take her place till further orders, then reached out her hand for the apron. Lovingly she bent over Tommy-Trot, who held out his hand to her; deftly she smoothed his pillow, asking quick questions as to doctor's orders and showing the bewildered father how to follow them, all the time talking in soothing, comforting little sentences to the child. "We're good pals, aren't we, Tommy? And we're going to have some awfully good times together, aren't we? And will you make a bargain with me? When my little Peterkins was sick he did just what I wanted him to do. Will you do that, darling? If you will you may call me Aunt Grace, just as he does. Will you, dearest?"

"Ravver call you muvver," whispered the child hoarsely.

The color flooded Miss Woodburn's face, but with a little life hanging in the balance there was no time to hesitate. "All right, little man, it's a bargain and you'll take the bad medicine just as if it were good."

Patiently she worked, sending the grateful father flying on errands, or telephoning the doctor to ask for fuller directions. No man has any conception of a woman's resourcefulness till he sees her trying to save the life of some one dangerously ill. Mr. Thomas Birney watched, fascinated, the movements of this highly competent young woman who seemed never to give him a thought except to order him about. Noon came—the afternoon was almost spent before the child was sleeping calmly in her arms, the crisis passed.

"We've won!" she announced to the father, "and if you will get me a glass of hot milk I will be very grateful."

"I'm ashamed not to have thought of that myself," he told her remorse-



"Ravver Call You Muvver."

fully as he hurried to obey. When he returned she tried to dispatch him to get himself something to eat.

"I'd rather not," he assured her; "I do not think I could eat. I only want to make you understand how much I appreciate what you have done for me and Tommy-Trot. We'll be your devoted slaves from now on and Tommy's father will run him a close race, Miss Woodburn."

"It was mighty fortunate that I remembered that I had promised to stop for him," she said quietly. "But I think now that you had better get your dinner at once and then I will run home for mine when you return." Her tone brooked no argument, although Mr. Birney much preferred to look at the picture of her holding his sleeping child than to eat.

Shortly after Miss Woodburn had her dinner Mr. Birney, in distress, telephoned that Tommy had awakened and was crying hysterically for her. Would she come and stay a little while and get him to take one more dose of medicine? Hastily putting on her wraps, Miss Woodburn started for the Birneys', taking with her an old nurse who she knew would stay with Tommy for the night.

"You pwomised me!" he wailed. "You shan't go back to Peter; I'll fwash him!"

Abashed, but smiling, Miss Woodburn soothed the child, who clung to her till she assured him over and over again that she would return in the morning, and Mrs. Brown would stay till she came back. When Tommy-Trot was finally quieted for the night, Mr. Birney insisted on taking Miss Woodburn home, and it seems that most of the time was spent in telling her about his family and his prospects, as though he felt it necessary that she should be thoroughly acquainted with his biography. Next day he made the acquaintance of her father and repeated the story and much more about himself and Tommy-Trot. And as Tommy soon learned the way to the Woodburns' also the neighbors are wondering whose courtship is the most ardent, Mr. Birney's or Tommy-Trot's. But certain it is that Miss Grace Woodburn is to be the New Year lady in the Birney home.

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Hail and Farewell

FAREWELL TO THE OLD

Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent,
Thy feet are tottering and slow,
Thy hoary head with age is bent,
The time is here for thee to go;
Already in the frozen snow
A lonely grave is made for thee;
The winds are chanting dirges low,
Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some—
To some thou wert of worth untold,
Thy days were blessings, every one,
More precious far than shining gold;
But unto others, thou a foe
Did prove thyself—an enemy,
Relentless as the chains of woe—
As ruthless as the maddened sea.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead,
Others will mourn thee as a friend;
Some will look back on thee with dread,
Others their praises to thee lend:
I neither offer praise nor blame,
Old Year, for what you brought to me,
For unto me both joy and pain
Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a-nigh—
And hark! I hear thy funeral knell
Slow pealing through the darkened sky—
Farewell, Old Year—farewell, farewell!

HAIL TO THE NEW

Hail! hail! to thee, O virgin year!
Not yet a day's length on thy throne,—
Thou with the merry eyes and clear
And joyous voice of dulcet tone:
Hail! hail! to thee, thou strong of limb;
Our praise is thine, O youthful king,
For thou art pure of woe and sin,
Thy young hands yet but blessings bring.

The monarch who is laid away
Within the catacomb of years
Was harsh and ruthless in his day—
Seemed less to love our joys than tears;
We look for blessings manifold,
New Year, from thy pure sinless hand,
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold
Toward us—and our Native Land.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore
From wounds the cruel Old Year made;
The veil of peacefulness draw o'er
The woes at each heart-threshold laid:
We cannot love a tyrant king!
Our hearts refuse to loyal be
To one who takes delight to fling
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,
When comes the time for thee to go;
"O darling year, we grieve to-day,
Because we all have loved thee so!"
—Good Housekeeping.

Put Some Meaning Into Your New Year Wishes

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! And I send the old wish because the world was made to be happy! If you notice every man finds his soul asking for happiness. When a natural appetite is universal, and its satisfaction would make for general betterment, that natural appetite was meant to be satisfied. In other words, we mortals were made for happiness. Our business in life is to make happiness grow and increase. When I wish a person a Happy New Year, I ought to go ahead and prove that I wish it by making his New Year a happy one as far as I can. Of course it is very nice to just wish one a Happy New Year—it sounds friendly. But I cannot help thinking of the rich old chap in his furs looking out of his limousine window at a poor shivering wretch whose work has helped to make him rich, clothed in poverty, bowed down with worry as to how he can make the stretched wage the old chap gives him provide meat for his wife and children more than twice a week, and fancying that I can hear the old boy saying



with a smile, "A Happy New Year" to his employee, and in the same breath telling his chauffeur to drive on! Somehow, it seems to me that there is not going to be very much food, or heat, or comfort, or heartwarming in the wish. What do you think? And the man in the limousine will not be a bit richer really for the bit his meanness squeezes out of the poor chap who works for him at starvation wages, because he already has stored up in the banks or in securities much more than he can enjoy. What's the use of his wishing it, unless he does something to make his wish come true? There was an old fisherman called James Zebedee who wrote a few things in a letter which has been printed in our Bibles, which it might do such a rich man a good deal of good to read, mark and digest. What's the use of your wishing anyone "A Happy New Year" unless you do something to make your wish come true?—Montreal Herald.

There may be some basis for the suspicion that the man who said hell was paved with good resolutions had direct and practical reference to the day following New Year's eve rejoicing.

Decorating for David

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(©, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Monica was alone in the office when David came in. She was hot and tired and the estimate for the Flynne house at Great Neck must go out in the evening mail.

Her smile of greeting was a bit wan, but held its degree of charm and invitation. Monica's business manner was a comparatively new asset, and it was with extreme difficulty that the mantle of reserve dropped from her shoulders sufficiently to permit her to chat naturally with the strangers who came into the office.

David Trevor seemed to fill the tiny office. His physical being was big, and a second swift glance told Monica that his mentality promised the same broad proportion.

"I saw your sign, 'Interior Decoration' on the doors," he began, "and have found the courage to plunge in. I have tried for a week to get sufficient pluck to come in."

Monica laughed softly.

"And what were you fearful of finding in this innocent-looking office?" she inquired, with a swift glance into his very blue eyes. "Interior decorators don't usually carry a stock of dangerous things."

"David Trevor did not voice the reply that came naturally to his lips. The same reply would have flung itself into many masculine minds upon beholding the lure of Monica's eyes and the soft sweetness of her voice. Instead, Trevor laughed boyishly.

"I was afraid of meeting with bobbed hair and a wild Batik—most decorators go in for that sort of thing, you know. However," he added, as if to make good the reason for his visit, "I want to find out if you have time to furnish an apartment for me. My wife is away in the mountains and will be back in—September. I rather wanted her to come home to a wonderful new setting."

"That would give me just August," said Monica. "but I think I can manage nicely." She was all business now and quite forgetful of self. David Trevor found ample time to study her. He smiled from time to time as if glad he had found the courage to enter the office.

He found himself answering a few simple questions as to the size of the apartment, the amount he wanted to spend, what type of furniture he fancied and an idea of color schemes.

His complete disaster when it came to color combinations brought a smile to Monica's lips. He floundered hopelessly.

"Well," she said, finally realizing his utter helplessness regarding interior decorations, "I will assemble a few cretonnes and color schemes for you, and if you like you can send them up to your wife for approval."

"No, no—this is all to be a great surprise package for my wife. I want her to come home in September to an exquisite little home and I want you to do the whole business. I don't mind looking at the cretonnes—you would no doubt feel more satisfied if I approved of them."

So it was that Monica began one of her most artistic bits of work. Trevor's office was just next door to her own, and it was he who took her up first time to see the apartment he had leased.

They went up in Trevor's car and Monica found the studio apartment just such a one as she dreamed of having when her golden ship came into harbor.

There was a huge studio room that would permit of most lovely color effects, and wide couches with heaps of wonderful cushions, a baby-grand, and those great, cozy chintz-clad chairs, and a Chesterfield, with a table behind.

"There will be exquisite rose shades on two lamps," she said to Trevor, "and when your wife sits and sews in the evening she will be so comfy and look so adorable under those lights that—" She stopped abruptly at the queer look in her client's eyes.

"You have the right idea," was all he said.

And Monica found, as the weeks wore on, that David Trevor's apartment was going to be the gem of her career. She found wonderful English cretonnes, gauzes of exquisite hues and furniture that seemed just fashioned for a real home—a home where love would reign supreme.

It became their custom as the drapers hung the curtains and the carpet men put down the rugs and the pictures began to appear on the walls, for David and Monica to make an evening visit to the apartment.

"It grows more charming by the minute," David told her. They had discovered that even the great cozy chaise lounge in the pink bedroom, its back invitingly banked with pillows of softest chiffon and at its side a reading lamp with a chiffon-shaded lamp that made David smile, so feminine was its charm.

"We must have pink roses in that pink vase—when my wife returns," he suggested.

Monica looked swiftly at him, then more swiftly away. When the pink roses were ordered—then would David Trevor pass out of her life. Something strangely compelling had gripped her heart. She would not allow herself to realize that out of a whole world of men she had found only one, and that she was furnishing an apartment for that one's wife. The thought sent the blood from her cheeks and David, watching her, felt his own heart beating unsteadily.

He, however, mastered any emotion that made the earth tremble under his feet, and said quickly: "If you don't mind, and if it wouldn't interfere with your ideas—could we not have those four prints you so admired in my office framed and hung in the dining room?"

"I wanted to buy them myself," she said softly, "but I didn't feel I should be so extravagant. They would be just the finishing touch to these walls."

David's business was the handling of old English prints, and it pleased him not a little to know that he could with complete artistic taste use some in his own home.

"I'm hoping when the apartment is finished, and I am no longer your client, that you will come in occasionally and look over my collection. I am just next door."

"When your wife is back," said Monica in a curiously hard voice, "you will not be knowing who is next door to you—or caring."

This was the only dangerous bit of ground she had stepped on during their acquaintance, and she realized it the moment the words left her lips. She laughed quickly, giving him no time to reply, then went over and let her fingers run idly over the keys of the splendid toned grand piano they had bought together and installed in the big studio. It was dusk now and David switched on the light. One of the exquisite rose shades sent its charm wandering softly through the room. Monica continued to play in order to still the thumping of her heart. She wanted to gain calm before again essaying speech.

David came and stood behind her, looking down at her golden head.

"Now sit in that comfy Chesterfield," he commanded gently, as if for many days he had been picturing her there and was now actually seeing her.

The color flamed swiftly into Monica's cheeks—cheeks that had grown too pale under the strain of David's companionship. She arose, however, knowing that obeying his whims was the better part to play.

"Now," he said softly, and with a great amount of controlled emotion beneath his tones, "if you just had some sewing—"

"David—don't," she cried swiftly.

"I will," he said, and held her close within his arms. "I have loved you for ages. I loved your voice over the telephone when I could hear you talking with upholsterers, rug men, furniture men, and too many times with other men with whom you made lunch engagements. All this I could easily hear when our windows were open." David was speaking swiftly now, for Monica's hair was brushing his face and her lips were trembling, and he had to hold her fiercely in order to still the quivering of her body; "and once I saw you entering your office. It was that day I decided to have a wife—I want you, dear, as soon as you can make up your mind to come."

Monica looked slowly about the wonderful studio—just the kind of home she had dreamed of—then back to the love in David's eyes, just the kind of eyes she had dreamed of.

"September's only three days off," she said, "and I have three estimates to get out before—"

"Then will my wife come home to me?"

"She couldn't help coming even if she wanted to—David."

Economical Heating.

The sun itself heats the hot water used by many residents of Monrovia and other places in Southern California. The sunshine water heater consists of a coil of pipe arranged in a box about four inches deep with a copper bottom and a glass top. The apparatus is usually placed on the roof or in a similar exposed location. The rays of the sun heat the water in the pipe and thus set up a circulation that carries the water to a storage tank, from which it is drawn for household uses. The storage tank is so thoroughly insulated that the loss of temperature during the night is not usually more than 4 or 5 degrees. Southern California is unusually favored with sunshine, but there seems to be no reason why this economical method of heating water should not be used in other parts of the country during hot, sunny weather.

GIVES INSIGHT TO CHARACTER

Machine That Measures One's Perseveration Has Been Invented by English Psychologist.

Perseveration is the name given by some psychologists to the property of the brain that causes a sensation, a noise, for instance—to linger in the consciousness after it has really stopped. An English psychologist, J. Gray, has invented a machine for measuring perseveration, for he believes it to be a decisive indication of character.

The Popular Science Monthly says Mr. Gray's machine measures perseveration, not by sound persistence, but by color persistence.

You look through glasses into the machine while the examiner turns a crank that revolves a mirror inside. The mirror reflects two lights, usually one red and one blue, mounted in the top and bottom of the machine. The speed of rotation is increased until the two colors fuse into one. You indicate when this seems to take place. The difference between the real fusion moment and the apparent one indicates your "perseveration."

If these two moments coincide you are said to have "average perseveration," and, according to Mr. Gray's scale, you are consequently a practical, common-sense person. If the apparent fusion occurs before the real fusion you have "low perseveration." You are then a brilliant, suggestive, tactful daring soul—provided your perseveration is not too low. Lower classes include cynics, punsters, and, lastly, maniacs.

High perseveration characterizes scientists and writers and all other abstract thinkers. Extremely high perseveration denotes melancholia.

Belief Is Everything.

Look at history and it becomes but the thoughts of men come to fact. All facts, all events, all history are the realization of thoughts in the minds of men. It is not a question whether or not faith affects matters, but the question is whether in the long run anything else affects them. As the race believes, so the world is.—Exchange.

"Stomach Trouble, Sleepless, Palpitation.



Dillons Mills, Va.—"Some years ago I suffered with nervous indigestion and I had a continuous burning sensation in the pit of my stomach, with palpitation of the heart so bad at night that I could not sleep. I became very miserable and nothing I took gave me any relief. Some one sent me one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets through the mail and I became interested at once in the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The first few doses of it gave me the first relief I had had in months and I took three bottles of it, which made me feel like a different man. In eighteen years I have not had to diet or deprive myself of anything to eat, and my appetite is always good, so I know that I have been cured of my stomach trouble."—J. F. Bowles, R. F. D. 1, Box 42.

Thin Blood, Run-Down, Nervous, Gall Stones

Fairmont, W. Va.—"My wife became ailing from a complication of diseases; she had thin blood, was run-down, nervous and had other ills. I had to wait on her five weeks, day and night. My time lost from work and money spent cost me about sixty-five dollars. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which gave her strength and ambition; also a great number of gall stones came from her, which she did not know she had. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is more than it is claimed to be; it is worth five cents a drop to the run-down and debilitated system."—Solomon Efaw, R. F. D. 6.

Indigestion and Stomach

Linside, W. Va.—"I had been a sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble for over five months, nothing I ate agreed with me and I could not sleep well at night. I used four packages of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and received the greatest of results from its use. I am using Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets now and find them to give good satisfaction."—Mrs. Hattie Boyd, R. F. D. 1, Box 47.

BREW THIS TEA FOR BILIOUSNESS

Costs next to nothing, yet keeps bowels in fine order and ends constipation.

The head of every family that values its health should always have in the house a package of Dr. Carter's K. and B. Tea.

Then when any member of the family needs something for a sluggish liver, sick headache, or to promptly regulate the bowels, simply brew a cup and drink it just before bedtime.

It's an old remedy, is Dr. Carter's K. and B. Tea, and has been used for years by thousands of families, who get such good results from its use that they have no desire to take anything else.

Give it to the children freely—they like it and it will do them good.

S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Where the "Kicks" Come From.

Flatbush—Where is your brother now?

Bensonhurst—He went West.

"How is he doing out there?"

"Pretty well; but he's got a lot of kicks coming."

"Kicks coming, did you say?"

"Yes, he's growing raisins out in California."

"Cold In the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

$100.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

It is easy to be content with what we have; it's what we haven't that worries us.

The best sermon is the one that goes over your head and hits the other fellow.



HORSE OWNERS

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or sweeny, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

At all dealers. Price 35 cents.

The large 35 cent bottle of Yager's Liniment contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment.

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Says Pile Remedy Worth $100.00 a Box

"I have had itching piles ever since my earliest recollection. I am 53 years old and have suffered terribly. I have tried many remedies and doctors, but no cure. About 8 weeks ago I saw your ad for Peterson's Ointment. The first application stopped all itching, and in three days all soreness. I have only used one box and consider I am cured. You have my grateful, heartfelt thanks. Your ointment is worth a hundred dollars a box. Sincerely yours, A. Newth, Columbus, Ohio."

Peterson's Ointment for Piles, Eczema and old sores is only 35 cents a box at all druggists. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

SINCE 1870
SHILOH
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

IN USE FOR 35 YEARS
BABEK

The Quick and Sure Cure for MALARIA, CHILLS, FEVER AND LA GRIPPE

It Is a Powerful Tonic and Appetizer

Will cure that tired feeling, pains in back, limbs and head. Contains no quinine, arsenic or habit-forming ingredient.

Old Folks' Coughs

will be relieved promptly by Piso's. Stops throat tickle; relieves irritation. The remedy tested by more than fifty years of use is

PISO'S

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