END OF EIGHT YEARS MISERY

Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Recovered.



Newark, N. J.—"The doctor said I had an organic trouble and treated me for several weeks. At times I could not walk at all and I suffered with my back and limbs so I often had to stay in bed. I suffered off and on for eight years. Finally I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a good medicine and tried it with splendid effect. I can now do my housework and my washing. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound and your Blood Medicine and three of my friends are taking them to advantage. You can use my name for a testimonial." —Mrs. THERESA COVENTRY, 75 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.

You are invited to write for free advice

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 50c. Free book. Dr. C. N. Berry Co., 2978 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Saving Time.

Jibb—I want a haircut in a hurry.

Barber—Keep your collar and hat on.

NAME "BAYER" IS ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets without fear, if you see the safety "Bayer Cross."

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The "Bayer Cross" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.

In each package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are safe and proper directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Matching Him.

He—I am a cipher in my own house.

She—I care naught for that.

SHE THOUGHT DYEING WAS OLD FASHIONED

But "Diamond Dyes" Made Her Faded, Shabby, Old Garments Like New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods — dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

When two women meet they kiss; when two men meet they don't kiss. That shows who likes kisses the best.

You never can know how superior to other preparations Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is until you have tried it once. A single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. Adv.

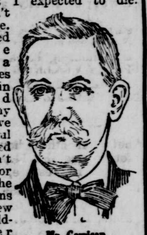
A jackknife in the hands of a boy is almost as dangerous as a jackpot in the hands of a man.

For Constipation use a natural remedy. Garfield Tea is composed of carefully selected herbs only. At all drug stores.—Adv.

Wanting a little the best of it is usually at the bottom of most lawsuits.

CAME NEAR DYING

Finally Used Doan's and Was Restored to Health. Has Been Strong and Well Since.



Mr. Garrison

"Malaria fever weakened my kidneys when I was a young man," says L. W. Garrison, 23 F St., Anderson, S. C. "Finally, ten years ago, I was in such bad shape that I expected to die. Medicine wouldn't help me any more. My back pained as if it were pierced with a knife. Many times I have fallen in the street and didn't have any strength to move until the awful misery was eased up. I couldn't sleep in bed for two years. The kidney secretions passed every few minutes and scalding hot water couldn't have burned any worse. I thought I was doomed to die, but a friend pleaded with me to try *Doan's Kidney Pills* and I owe my life to his visit. Doan's helped me from the start and eleven boxes made a permanent cure which has lasted eight years. I have not had one sick minute since, nor missed a day from work." *Sworn to before me.*

H. S. Shumate, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Bronchial Troubles

Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—

PISO'S

Tells Italians to "Tighten Belts"

No Hope of Better Food Situation Seen by Food Controller at Rome.

STILL EATING WAR BREAD

Strikes and Riots Are Bred by Steadily Increasing Cost of Everything —Causing Deep Anxiety to Government.

Rome.—Italy's food situation is worse now than it has been since the armistice and almost as bad as it was during the dark days of the war. The feeling that all is not well has weighed upon housekeepers for weeks, when life's prime necessities grew rarer and dearer. But now the country has been told the bitter truth by Food Controller Murialdi in a speech before the chamber of deputies.

This year's harvest of grain has yielded 200,000,000 hundredweight less than last year; the government must import 250,000,000 hundredweight for bread, which is sold at 20 cents for a two-pound loaf, and means $400,000,000 on hard grain alone; on soft grain the loss equals another $400,000,000; on olive oil the state loses several hundred million dollars.

Italy is the only allied country whose inhabitants must still eat war bread. Its price, the government says, must shortly be raised 5 or 10 cents for a two-pound loaf, because the budget cannot stand the loss of $800,000,000 a year on grain alone. The public must bear part of the burden in dearer bread.

Rice is scarce, too; this year's harvest shows a shortage of half a million hundredweight; the oil harvest is so poor the public has less than one-third the quantity doled out last year. There is less than half the quantity of cheese, lard, butter and milk of last year; there is a serious sugar shortage too.

And the food controller has no remedy to suggest. The public blames him and his food ministry. He blames the food ministry too, saying that such chaos reigned when he took it over last summer that he has been unable to straighten things out and will resign as soon as possible. He told an astonished chamber that he found his ministry buying cheese at 50 cents a pound, to resell to wholesale dealers, who doled it out to the public at $1.50 a pound. He added that one great trouble is the lack of food experts to advise the government in buying foods, especially perishable kinds. And he said he saw no hope for a better food situation in the near future unless people eat less and pull their belts tighter over empty stomachs.

The perpetual upward flight of food prices in Italy causes deep anxiety to those responsible for the country's good order. Recent strikes and civil strife were almost wholly due to discontent caused by the still increasing cost of life's prime necessities and more trouble is yet to come unless the upward trend is curbed.

Sample Increases.

Cotton goods cost 300 per cent more than they did in 1916, woolen goods 250 per cent, hats and shoes 200 per cent, shoddy clothes 250 per cent, glass goods 360 per cent. Homegrown produce has increased more than foods imported from America. For instance, eggs are now 55 per cent dearer than three years ago, potatoes 450 per cent dearer, beans 426 per cent, fresh pork 370 per cent, Italian lard 286 per cent, beef 311 per cent, butter 279 per cent, cheese 250 per cent, milk 300 per cent, wine 525 per cent. The food control office reports that wine growers made such big profits this last year that they paid for the land their wines are grown on from the one year's gain alone.

The ever-growing cost of living in Italy, once the cheapest country in Europe, the paradise of the poor man, seems to be in a vicious circle. Dear food and discontent go hand-in-hand, breeding strikes, riots, bloodshed. They again react on local production and cause prices to rise higher than before. Then follow fresh strikes and disorders; the screw is turned yet again and the vicious circle must be rounded once more.

Lumber Jacks to Tramp Over John Brown's Grave.

Troy, N. Y.—The grave of John Brown, the abolitionist, at North Elba, in the Adirondacks, is included in the sale of 1,200 acres of timber land in Essex county near Lake Placid, which has just been bought by James Hurley, Lake Placid, for $60,000. Lumbering operations will be carried on. When Brown was executed in 1859 his body was taken to North Elba, where he had founded a refuge for fugitive slaves. Several years ago a monument was placed over the grave.

ARCH FOR 100-YEAR PEACE

Memorial Urged for Friendly Relations Between Canada and United States.

Blaine, Wash.—Erection of a huge memorial arch on the international boundary here to commemorate the century of peace between Canada and the United States is being urged by good roads men of Washington and British Columbia.

Tentative plans call for the erection of the arch in a big park to be established on the Pacific highway on both sides of the boundary. The city of Blaine is willing to purchase the American share of the park if the British Columbia parliament will buy the Canadian side.

Samuel Hill of Seattle, president of the Pacific Highway association, is leading the movement. Premier John Oliver of British Columbia has promised to consider the matter.

Enemy Rattled by Five Tanks

Ruse That Kept Germans Guessing on Eve of Argonne Disclosed.

STAGE ONE-NIGHT STANDS

Their Bluff Attacks Divert Two German Divisions—U. S. Army Gets First Two of Improved Type of Battle Tank.

Washington.—The story of five little American tanks and the part they played in the great Argonne offensive is told as follows in a statement issued by the war department:

"Gen. Pershing with the first American army had just finished awakening the German high command to a healthy fear of the American soldier by reducing the St. Mihiel salient, and the plans for the Meuse-Argonne offensive were about to be carried into execution. In these days of the airplane and wireless telegraphy, it seems impossible to deliver a surprise assault. Nevertheless no pains are spared to deceive the enemy as to the exact point of attack. As a means of covering the true point of attack, the chief of tank corps presented a scheme which received the approval of the high command.

Cut Up Like an Army of Tanks.

"Accordingly, after the withdrawal of the tanks from the St. Mihiel sector, Lieut. Higgins with his platoon of the Three Hundred and Thirty-fourth battalion tank corps, was directed to proceed from this point in a northwesterly direction along the lines via narrow gauge railway. He was to stop each night and make a reconnaissance in front of our positions with his tanks and immediately load up and repeat the operation the following night further down the line.

"On Sept. 19, the five tanks and their crews were loaded and the expedition started. That evening they stopped in the rear of a little wood, many kilometers west of St. Mihiel. Off the little narrow guage flat cars tumbled the the tanks and nosed into the woods for concealment. About 11 o'clock all was ready and the miniature army started forward on its mission. Everything went off as scheduled. The tanks rolled through our positions and into No Man's Land.

"They were operated back and forth for half an hour. After this they were quietly withdrawn, crawled back on their little narrow gauges and started merrily on their way. They timed their work perfectly, and as they pulled out a terrific barrage hit the wood they had left.

"The following evening the procedure was repeated. Again the barrage descended too late to hurt the jaunty band. For six successive nights the troupe staged their one night stands, and the reports all along the sector showed that the Hun was up in the air. All day long the sky was full of planes searching for the army of tanks which the enemy was sure was concentrating on this front. All suspicious looking places were bombarded with the usual Hun thoroughness and intensity. All night long the darkness was dispelled by hundreds of flares and rockets, and all indications showed that Heinie was not going to be caught napping.

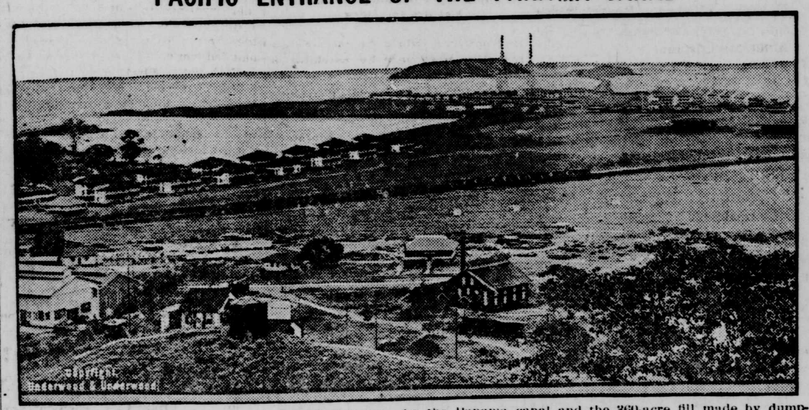
Diverted Two Divisions.

"Best of all, just as the little band was preparing to entrain to get into the big show in the Argonne there came a message from the intelligence section stating 'two German divisions withdrawn from Argonne front. Entraining for your sector.'"

The tank corps has just received at Camp Meade, Md., from the Rock Island arsenal two Mark VIII. tanks. This type, the largest yet placed in quantity production, was especially designed for use against the Hindenburg line and similar defenses. Not so fast nor so easily handled as the lighter types, it possesses the ability to cross much larger ditches, crush more formidable obstacles, and carries a much heavier armament.

The great difficulty with the large British tanks was that they were underpowered and, on account of the arrangement of the machinery within, did not afford the proper room for the crews. A commission of British and American experts has corrected faults largely through the adoption of the American Liberty motor.

PACIFIC ENTRANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL



View from Sosa hills, showing the Pacific entrance to the Panama canal and the 360-acre dill made by dumpings from Gaillard cut. A village, wireless station and army quarters are now located on this dill.

TRIBE IS HIT HEAVY

Almost Wiped Out by Dance and Feast.

Famine Follows Fete Among Alaskan Indians—Forty-Two Are Dead.

Cordova, Alaska.—A play, a dance and a feast, winding up a season of plenty was responsible for the near-extinction of the Quigillingok tribe of natives last winter and spring, according to John H. Kilbuck, superintendent of schools for the Kuskokwim river district.

The famine following the feast, Mr. Kilbuck said in his annual report to the bureau of education, caused the deaths of at least 42 of the natives, and would have wiped out the entire clan had not missionaries come to the rescue with a supply of food.

The tribe, Mr. Kilbuck said, stored up great quantities of fish during the summer and fall seasons.

In celebration of their good fortune they invited other tribes to attend a "kuvgagyagagg," featured by a play, a "white man's dance" and the giving away of food. When it was all over the guests were millionaires in the currency of the section, while the hosts were paupers.

It will be years, Mr. Kilbuck declared, before the Quigillingoks recover from the effects of their generosity.

Fewer Horses, More Cows.

Washington.—Farm animals of the United States were valued at $8,561,443,000 on January 1, compared with $8,827,894,000 a year ago, the department of agriculture announced. Horses numbered 21,100,000, a decrease of 1.1 per cent. Mules numbered 4,995,000, a decrease of 1.1 per cent, but milk cows were 23,747,000, an increase of 0.5 per cent.

FOR A TINY BOOK, $75,000

New York Dealer Bought Shakespeare Volume in Europe for a Client.

New York.—A copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," printed in 1599 and classed as one of the most valuable books in the world, arrived here in the possession of George D. Smith, a dealer in rare books, a passenger on the Cunard liner Carmania from Liverpool.

Mr. Smith said he paid $75,000 for the tiny volume, two by three inches in size and weighing only two ounces. The volume was purchased for Henry E. Huntington of New York.

Austrian Children to Italy.

Vienna.—Ten thousand Austrian children are now going to Italy as guests of various municipalities. They will remain for the winter. Many thousands more are in Switzerland, Germany, Holland and the Scandinavian countries.

"HE TRAVELS FASTEST—"

By ELIZABETH Y. MILLER

(Copyright.)

Arthur Brooks was an ambitious young man. When he married Theodora he took her to live in one of the Jersey suburbs. The rent was low and the neighborhood not too fastidious. For be it understood that Arthur's ambition ran not to luxuries, but to the accumulation of wealth.

He was the type of man—the thrifty, saving type—who keeps a couple of dime banks in constant use, one on his desk at the office wherein he dropped the ten-cent pieces which rightfully belonged to the waiter who served him at lunch, the other on his chiffonier at home. On the chiffonier there was, too, a large papier mache orange for the devouring of stray pennies.

Theodora, who was not "allowanced" in the orthodox, theoretical way, conceived the idea that the dimes and pennies which were dropped into the home banks rightfully belonged to her. And having discovered that a slim-bladed penknife was a safe ally, she filched from them sometimes so much as a whole dollar at once. Naturally enough the home savings did not accumulate very fast.

But they had been married a whole year before Arthur Brooks detected his young wife in her pilferings. The lecture which he read her was magnificent of its kind. In a way, however, the force of it rolled off Theodora like water off a duck's back. She was not thrifty by nature; she needed money, and helping herself to it was by far an easier and surer way of getting it than begging it of Arthur.

"And why," he continued, ponderously, "should you need any extra money? Aren't you fed? Haven't you enough of everything?"

"Plenty," said Theodora placidly, "of everything but money."

"But what did you need money for?" he persisted.

Theodora flushed. Then she threw back her head defiantly.

"Since you must know," she burst forth indignantly, "I stole from you in order to buy baby clothes!"

In this manner was Arthur Brooks made cognizant of his impending fatherhood.

The revelation came to him in the nature of a distinct shock. He had reckoned upon marriage, had fully counted the cost of taking a wife, but he had left baby clothes and all that pertains thereto out of his calculations.

Indeed, it had been part of his inborn thriftiness which tempted him in the first place to get married. He had heard many times how a wife helped a fellow to "get on." The wife, it seemed, always scrimped and saved, baked, brewed, sewed, washed, and ironed for her board and keep. Perhaps in the interim, even, she took in a little dressmaking from the more extravagant of her neighbors.

That was the wife of Arthur Brooks' bachelor dreams. Somehow the dream was mixed up with a disconcerting reality. It was a case of not looking before he leaped; of loving, perhaps not wisely, but too well.

Physically, Theodora was lovely enough to tempt any man into marriage. Possibly young Arthur lost his head, and forgot to question her antecedents. For Theodora's upbringing had been quite different from his. In her father's household dime banks and papier-mache oranges were things unknown. So was a bank account.

Her family had lived luxuriously from hand to mouth, and there was always a huge pile of bills waiting to be paid. But this irritating fact in no wise lessened the number of gowns that Theodora and her mother bought, nor forced the family to dine on corned beef in preference to chicken. There were theater trips in Theodora's antenuptial days, cabs, restaurant dinners, and wildly extravagant times at Christmas.

Theodora's wedded life was quite different. They lived well within her husband's income—unnecessarily so, it sometimes seemed—and to her credit be it said, that she did her best to take kindly to the new regime. Indeed, considering all that had gone before, Theodora did remarkably well. She loved her thrifty husband and, in a way, she was happy.

Arthur, too, was happy in a way. He would have been happier, perhaps, if matrimony had been less expensive, but saving was with him a constitutional instinct, and his regrets did not reflect measurably upon Theodora.

There were times when his love for her swept him like a tempest.

Her clear brown eyes; her hair, satiny and smooth like the brown wing of a bird; her slender figure, moving so lithely to household tasks; her pretty white hands, which no amount of toil seemed to harden, were all powerful lodestones to draw him to her.

And yet it could not be denied, Theodora, with all her physical attractions, was a horrible expense. There were times when Arthur Brooks took to brooding over what might have been. If, for instance, he hadn't married, or had put off marrying until a more "suitable" time. He figured up how cheaply he might have lived.

If he hadn't married! Heavens! How he could have saved!

Even a cheap flat, with a wife who had no sense of money value, and an impending baby—how it ate into one's income! Arthur Brooks realized that he had made a foolish mistake in marrying so young. Naturally, however, he did not tell this to Theodora. He was not unkindly enough for that, and besides, it was he who had asked her to marry him. She had not been overly anxious at first. Arthur, though economical, was just.

And then, as by a horrifying miracle, the thing happened.

The little baby, for whose wardrobe Arthur's precious dime and penny banks had been rifled, at last arrived. It hovered for only one brief hour in this unlovely world, and then, clasping Theodora's hand, wandered back again into the great unknown from whence it came.

They buried Theodora with her baby hugged to her bosom.

The lips that he had loved were curved in their wonted smile; her hair, smooth and satiny like a bird's wing, was brushed smoothly back, and the clear brown eyes were closed forever.

It was Theodora's mother who gave the money for a simple monument. She wanted to do that much, she said, for her daughter's memory; but she did not tell Arthur that she took money which should have gone instead to pay a long-standing grocer's bill. It was easy to see where poor Theodora got some of her shiftless habits.

And so it happened that Arthur Brooks commenced life anew with much wisdom and no incumbrances.

It was a snowy night, and there were gathered about the wide fireplace in the library at the club several men, rather good friends, all of them. The club itself spoke eloquently of the wealth which supported it. There were long mahogany reading tables lighted by red-shaded electroliers, great leather easy chairs, and thick rugs which cost fabulous prices. Only a rich man could afford to seek entrance here.

Yet, as it often happens even among rich men, these friends, grown communicative under the gentle stimulus of their after-dinner cigars, were discussing the cost of living and the financial aspects of married life. One, a robust, red-cheeked old fellow, expanded genially for the benefit of his attentive audience.

"I was poor as Job's turkey when I got married," he asserted earnestly. "We had up-hill work of it for twenty years, my wife and I. Just as soon's we'd get a little something, there'd be sickness or a new baby to swallow the savings.

"I've been in debt—many and many's the time—and my wife had to work hard—harder than I wanted to see her. But we've been happy. I haven't regretted a day of it—no sirree, not one! I'd do the same thing over again. I'd advise any man to marry young, if he finds the one girl he can love. You see, it makes all the difference in the world when you have each other—"

A young man sitting near the fire laughed suddenly. He rose, stretched himself lazily, and yawned.

"I don't believe it," he interrupted. "A man—especially if he's poor—has no business to get married. What is it they say? 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' There's sense for you.

"What's your opinion, Brooks? I'm right, am I not?"

He turned for confirmation to another one of the party.

But the man whom he addressed did not answer.

Arthur Brooks pillowed his head in his arms on the polished mahogany table and uttered a stifled groan.

Admiral Cannot Go Fishing.

During a naval engagement an admiral in the navy is in somewhat different position from a general in the land branch of our military establishment, in that goal of all good sailors and soldiers—an engagement with the enemy. "It is morale that wins battles, not guns, armor or speed, and without it victory has always been and always will be unobtainable," writes a naval officer, in the Home Sector, the ex-soldiers' magazine conducted by the former editorial council of the Stars and Stripes. He adds, "on the day of Yalu it is said Marshal Oyama was fishing for trout in a mountain stream several miles from his headquarters. It is doubtful if many men would have quite that amount of nerve. An admiral could not do that. He must be in the thick of it. His physical presence in the fleet is imperative."

GRANTED BENEFIT OF ORDEAL

Native African Accused of Witchcraft Not Condemned Before Given So-Called "Trial."

A clear distinction must be made between fetish and witchcraft, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. The former is regarded by the black man as perfectly legitimate; the latter he looks upon with hatred, and all over Africa summary methods are used, as in olden days in England, with witches.

One or other of the law-god-cult societies—those secret societies bearing such names as Purroh, Oru, Egbo, Ukukiwe, etc.—intervenes, and a trial by ordeal follows. In fact, anyone can claim that right. A says to B: "You're a witch." "I'm not!" ejaculates B, who immediately takes a calabar bean and swallows it. B dies, or is very sick; therefore he is the guilty person, and this long before the elaborate mechanism of the law society has heard of the dispute.

If B wants to have a big palaver, and run himself and his accuser into a lot of expense, he has a right to call in the aid of the society; but he needn't.

Witchcraft is a dangerous word to use in an African village. Miss Kingsley relates that you have only to shout "Ifot" at a man or woman in Calabar, or "Ndo tchi" in Fjortland, and the whole population, so good-tempered the moment before, is turned bloodthirsty. But, mind you, the ordeal must prove the guilt first, before the witch is literally torn to pieces.

Age of Wisdom.

He—Old Grogsby told me today that he sincerely regretted his misspent youth.

She—I'm delighted to hear that he's repented at last.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Record for Potatoes.

The department of agriculture says that the weight of the largest potato recorded in their office is between seven and eight pounds. There may have been larger ones produced, but the department has no record of them.

THOSE WOMEN WHO DREAD MIDDLE LIFE



Charlottesville, Va.—"When going through middle life I became very weak and nervous. I would have heat flashes and dizzy spells, backaches and pains in my side. I doctored, but did not get much relief, and I was very miserable when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his Golden Medical Discovery, but by the systematic use of these medicines I came through the change in splendid health. My advice to all women at this time of life is to take these medicines and not go on suffering."—Mrs. Jesse P. Jones, Douglas Ave.

Fredericksburg, Va.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription an excellent tonic for women. I had become all run-down, weak and nervous when 'Favorite Prescription' was recommended to me. I took three bottles and it completely built me up and relieved me of the trouble. I feel that I can, with perfect safety, recommend 'Favorite Prescription' to all women who suffer."—Mrs. E. W. Jones, 200 C St.

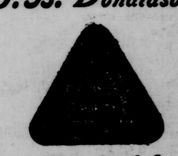
Charlottesville, Va.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful comfort to women going through the trying time of life. I was so nervous at times I could neither sleep nor eat, also had heat flashes and dizzy spells. Soon after starting to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my health was greatly improved in every way.

"It is a real pleasure to recommend so worthy a medicine as 'Favorite Prescription' and I frequently do recommend it to other women."—Mrs. J. J. Sandridge, 817 West St.

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, when a woman passes through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances.

At these critical times women are best fortified by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth that keeps the entire womanly system perfectly regulated and in excellent condition.

T. B. Donaldson's



Wonderful New Life Remedy The Great Blood Tonic

For many years successfully used in the treatment of *Stomach and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Kidneys, Chronic Constipation and Nervous Debility.*

Try a Bottle Today—$1.00

T. B. Donaldson's WONDER OIL

a tried and proved remedy for *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Pleurisy, Colic, Etc.*

Price 50c Per Bottle

For Sale by All Leading Drug Stores, or Sent Postpaid from Laboratory:

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Be Sure the Name "T. B. Donaldson" is on Every Bottle.



Keep a Bottle Handy

Pain whether it comes from rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, backache or sprain is usually most acute at night.

If you have a bottle of Yager's Liniment handy and use it you get quick relief. Price 35c.

The large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 50c bottle of liniment and lasts the average family for months. At all dealers.

YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichos, 40 Wilder Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 35 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y., and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

EVERYBODY SMILES

When Stomachs do their work,—and Bowels move naturally.

DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS make the stomach digest food and Bowels move as they should.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

DR. STAFFORD'S **olive tar**

heals sore throat. Don't cough all night—a few drops gives quick relief. Never fails.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. 215 Washington Street New York

colds and asthma

Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.



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