URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a Glass of Salts if Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Seeking the Truth.

He—I can't bear that fellow Chatterton. He always brings up such uninteresting subjects. What was he talking to you about?

She—You.—London Answers.

A single application of Roman Eye Balsam on going to bed will prove its merit for inflammations of the Eyes, external and internal.—Adv.

Naturally.

"You look depressed this morning," "I have a good reason. When I went to look at my private stock I found I was out of spirits."

Woman's Weakness—How Cured

Lynchburg, Va.—"I was suffering with woman's weakness and catarrh of the stomach, and I was in a miserable state when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery together. I was completely relieved of these ailments and made strong and healthy by their use, and I felt like a different person."—Mrs. Samuel Layne, 501 Johnson St.

For Young Mothers

Charlottesville, Va.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the grandest thing that ever came into existence for young mothers. I did not know of this during my first expectancy and in consequence I suffered with my nerves, and for the last two months I was never comfortable. I cannot describe the comfort 'Favorite Prescription' brought to me, mentally and physically, and I had practically no suffering—the only comparison I can give is that there was as great a difference as between black and white. I was also able to nurse these last two, which was impossible with my first baby, and it was this fact that caused me to lose him when he was only six months old. My two girls have always been healthy and strong, and I am sure that my own health has been improved by taking this wonderful tonic at the time my system most needed it."—Mrs. Mattie Glass, 917 West St.

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening drains, bearing-down pains, periodical irregularities, pelvic inflammations, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of Favorite Prescription Tablets.

Vaseline
Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.
PETROLEUM JELLY

For sores, broken blisters, burns, cuts and all skin irritations.
Also innumerable toilet uses.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONSOLIDATED)
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Rheumacide
GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE
Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?
Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.
"RHEUMACIDE ON THE INSIDE PUTS RHEUMATISM ON THE OUTSIDE"
At All Druggists
Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

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.

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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UP TO DATE GHOSTS

Fiction readers who like haunted houses and mysterious noises in the night, and ghost doings that baffle explanation, should stop, look, and read right here. For "The House of Whispers" is well named. It's even more fascinating than the old-time haunted house, because it's a mystery apartment in a big city building—the lovely heroine, for instance, can creep along a ledge from one window to another in the dead of night, and a wonderful pearl necklace can disappear from a wall-safe and find its way back again, and the superintendent and his employees can fasten a charge of murder on the hero, and there might be room in the walls for secret passageways. But there is nothing new-fashioned or queer about the loyalty and devotion of the heroine for her lover in trouble; it's the same glorious thing that has thrilled us all ever since true love ceased to run smooth. And of course she gets the reward that she deserves—and they live happily ever after.

CHAPTER I.
—1—

With an exclamation of annoyance I crumpled up the note from my great-uncle Rufus and flung it on the floor. My disappointment at its contents was the one thing needed to complete the utter misery of a wretched day.

Only that morning my roommates, Birge and Roller, fortunate fellows, had been informed that their applications for the ambulance service had been accepted. Our year of happy companionship had come to an abrupt end.

"Cheer up, old man," cried the optimistic Birge, "your luck will change some time."

"Right," said Roller, as he stooped to give a final tug to the straps of his new kit bag, "a chap as crazy about Adventure as you are is bound to meet her soon."

"Stop it," I cried in desperation. "It is you two who are to have the great opportunity. Soon you'll be seeing shrapnel burst, airplanes battling, regiments charging, heroes dying, and I—I'll be sitting here alone in a hall-room, eating my heart out with lonesomeness and envy, spending my days at an uncongenial desk, and my nights. God knows how, after you fellows have gone."

"You never can tell," chirped old Birge, "all kinds of strange things happen right here in New York. You may be the one that has had a bellyful of adventure before we return—if we do."

His last three words gave us all a sobering thought. There was a chance, more than a chance, that never again on this earth would we three be together again. Eight of our college mates had preceded Birge and Roller to the great battlefield. Already three of them lay in hero graves somewhere under the lilies of France.

The silence of a sad parting fell on us. The taxicab came and we drove together to the pier with hardly a word spoken.

As we shook hands at the gangplank old Roller spoke again, a glisten of tears in his eye, something almost prophetic in his voice.

"Nelson," he said, "I feel it in my bones that something is going to happen to you soon, something thrilling."

"I wish to God something would!" I answered bitterly.

Disconsolately I waved them a last adieu from the dock. In a black mood I railed against the fate that had left me behind, poignantly lamenting the lack of the eight hundred dollars that would have set me free to accompany them.

Two letters, thrust under the door in lodging-house fashion, awaited my homecoming. One of them I recognized at once as my mother's weekly billet of good advice, and tossed aside to be read when I was in a better frame of mind. The other was in a cramped, unfamiliar handwriting. As I studied the envelope curiously a suspicion as to the writer's identity flashed into my mind and eagerly I tore it open. My great-uncle, Rufus Gaston, was an old, old man. It must be from him. What could he be writing to me about? Rufus Gaston was rich—worth many millions.

It was merely an invitation to dine with him and his wife. Disgustedly I flung it aside. It capped the climax of my dissatisfaction with everything. Here were my two chums starting off to the war, and here was I, Spalding Nelson, twenty-six, strong in physique, save for a "football knee" that had barred me from military service, thirsting for excitement, left behind in the prosaic business world and now bidden to an uninteresting meal with two decrepit old relatives. I made up my mind not to answer the note. My great-uncle Rufus could go hang, for all of his millions. I would not go near him.

The sight of my mother's letter lying unopened on my desk served to recall to me that it was she who had prevented my going. Poor mother! She and I had been at cross-purposes ever since my father's death while I was a youngster. It seemed to me that always she had opposed everything I wanted to do.

After I left college she had found a place for me in the office of one of my father's friends in the little western city where our home was. I had been two years getting away to join Birge and Roller in New York. Most of all she had set herself against my going to France. She did not believe in war. I was the only man left in the family. She was far from well. If anything should happen to her, my young sisters had only me to look to. When these pleas had failed to move me she had not hesitated to remind me that I was in her debt.

Unfortunately this was true. My years at college had cost me more than my small patrimony. I had borrowed freely from her, expecting soon to be able to repay her. Like all young graduates I had vastly overestimated my earning capacity. Three years had elapsed and I still owed her eight hundred dollars.

"I do not see," she had written me, "how you can honorably feel free to go while you are in my debt. To furnish you funds at college your mother and sisters practiced many economies. The girls are now reaching an age when their expenses will be much greater. I need the money for them. The least you can do is to pay it back before you give up your position and go off on wild-goose chases."

For this argument I could find no answer. My obligation to her was a debt of honor that must be paid before I could be my own master. Each week I had been putting away five dollars, and as it accumulated had been sending her a money order.

While I was debating what to do I began to read my mother's latest letter. The first part of it repeated her many arguments. She wrote:

"Two days ago I received a letter from my father's brother, Rufus Gaston, upon whom you called when you first went to New York. He asked about you and made me a proposition concerning you. I did not venture to give him an answer. Your views and mine are so seldom in accord. I gave him your address and suggested that he write to you himself. Probably he has done so by this time."

Hastily I rescued my great-uncle's crumpled note from the floor and smoothed it out. If Rufus Gaston—with his millions and no direct heir—had made a proposition concerning me, his letter took on a vastly more interesting complexion. Carefully I reread it, seeking for some hidden meaning between the lines, but it gave no clue to what he had in mind. He merely expressed the hope that I would be able to dine with him and his wife informally next Thursday evening.

What could it mean? It was at least well worth looking into. Mr. Gaston was seventy-four. He had made a fortune in the South American trade, retiring at sixty-five. There was only himself and his wife. On the Gaston side, through my mother, my sisters and I were the only blood relations. I wondered if it could be that old Rufus was thinking of making me his heir—heir to the Gaston millions!

As I penned a cordial acceptance of his dinner invitation I determined to set myself to pleasing the old couple, whom I had met only once, on the occasion of my call. A few years ago I would have despised the thought of catering to wealth, but since I had discovered how difficult it was to earn money and how much more difficult to save it, my views had changed.

I could hardly wait for the day he had set for me to dine with them to arrive. I found myself approaching their residence fully three-quarters of an hour before the time named. When I discovered how early I was I decided to loiter in the park for a few minutes. Old Rufus recently had given up his Avenue residence and now lived in one of those stately apartment buildings erected in the East Eighties. I turned into Central park opposite my great-uncle's street and dropped into the first bench I came to, depositing beside me a bunch of roses I had purchased as my first move toward winning my great-aunt's affections. Lighting my pipe I gave myself up to pleasant reveries, from which I was aroused by finding my roses tossed suddenly to the ground at my feet.

"Pardon me," I said indignantly, "but those belong to me."

"Benches ain't for bundles," croaked an evil voice beside me.

Recovering my flowers, I turned to find seated beside me a rat-eyed young fellow, cheaply dressed, eyeing me with an insolent stare. As I looked at him he began crowding over toward me. Plainly it was his intention to oust me from the bench.

"There's plenty of room on those other benches over there," I suggested resentfully.

"Beat it yourself if you don't like it here," he retorted, blowing the smoke from a cheap cigarette in my face. "I got a date here, and I'm going to stay. see?"

I answered with an angry retort and hot words followed. We had almost come to blows when the bushes opposite us suddenly parted. I caught sight for just a second of a villainous face, that of a man about forty, an unforgettable face with a red scar across the left cheek. He raised one finger in an imperative gesture, signaling to my unwelcome companion on the bench. With a profane exclamation of dismay, the rat-eyed fellow sprang up and walked hastily away along the park path. Wondering what it was all about, I watched him out of sight around a turning of the asphalt and then glanced toward the apartment house where in a few minutes I was to be a guest.

As I looked a young girl came out of the house and walked slowly toward the park. At the corner she hesitated. She seemed to be debating whether to continue on down the avenue or to turn into the park. Apparently the lure of the greenery won her, for she came on slowly toward where I was sitting. As she drew nearer I observed her with interest, for she was one of the prettiest girls I ever had seen. Her slim figure, her dainty ankles, her carriage, everything about her suggested the patrician. Her face, rosy and youthful, was set off by a jaunty feathered toque, from under which a pair of soft, black, roguish eyes, shaded by long lashes, looked out above a dainty nose, just a bit tip tilted, on either side of which a fugitive dimple played.

To my great amazement she walked right up to me and stopped short. I observed then that she seemed to be greatly agitated. Involuntarily I sprang to my feet and removed my hat, feeling certain that she had mistaken me for someone else.

She looked straight at me with an odd tightening of the lips. Into her great dark eyes came a look in which pride and fear seemed to mingle with utter loathing.

"I am here," she said.

In my confusion I mumbled something, I hardly knew what. She looked me up and down with a puzzled air and raised her hand to a red carnation she was wearing.

"You were to wear one, too."

"I don't understand," I answered.

"Didn't you," she asked hesitatingly, "didn't you come here about the papers—"

"What papers?"

"You know—"

"I don't know," I replied. "I know nothing about any papers. You must have mistaken me for someone else."

"But this was the place—this bench—the first bench?"

"I sat down here quite by accident."

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "And you're not wearing a red carnation, either."

I recalled then with misgiving that the ill-favored youth who just a moment ago had disputed the bench with me had been wearing a red carnation, and that he had muttered something about having a date. Yet it did not seem possible that a girl of this sort

"You Were to Wear One, Too."

would be having a rendezvous with a scamp like him. I determined if possible to ascertain the girl's mission.

"I am merely waiting here," I hastened to explain, "until it is time for me to keep a dinner engagement with some relatives in the apartment house from which you came."

As I spoke I noticed that the fear and loathing had vanished from her eyes and that she was looking with relief at a little college pin I was wearing. She was blushing now from confusion at her mistake, and the rising red in her cheeks added greatly to her exquisite loveliness.

"I was to meet someone here," she faltered; "you quite understand, don't you?"

"I understand perfectly," I answered, and recalling the scar-faced man who had been lurking in the bushes, I hurried on to say, "but if I can be of any service—"

"No, no," she sobbed, apparently overwhelmed by whatever it was that was besetting her. "It's nothing—nothing anyone can help."

"Tell me about the man you were to meet here."

"Who are you?" she demanded, her suspicion suddenly rising at my question. "You're not a detective?"

"Far from it," I answered amusedly. "I'm just plain Spalding Nelson, on my way to dine with my great-uncle Rufus Gaston."

"Oh!" she said, relieved, "their apartment is on the same floor as ours."

"Tell me about the man you were to meet," I insisted. "I may have seen him."

"Did you? What was he like?" she demanded eagerly.

"Don't you know him?" I countered.

"No, I never saw him. I don't even know who he is. I only know that there was to be a man waiting here on this bench this evening. We were both to wear red carnations. I was to come here alone, to see him and to get the—"

She stopped abruptly and tearing off the flower she was wearing, trampled it viciously under her foot.

"Not so loud," I warned her, fearful lest they might still be lurking about and overhear us. "There were two of them."

"Two," she whispered, turning pale.

"Yes, one waiting here on this bench, and the other, a villainous scar-faced fellow, hiding in the bushes yonder."

"I dare not go on with it," she sobbed. "I dare not! I dare not! Oh, what shall I do?"

"The thing to do now," I replied, "is for you to let me accompany you back to your home. They will make no further attempt to meet you this evening, since my presence has spoiled their plans. Come, let me escort you, Miss . . ."

As I hesitated over the name she answered simply:

"Bradford—Barbara Bradford."

She pondered for a moment over my suggestion and then turned to walk with me toward the apartment house.

"What were the men like?" she asked.

I described them as best I could, though really the impression that the youth on the bench had left was vague. His voice, an insolent, hoarse, uncultivated one, was almost all I could recall about him.

"I wonder who they were? I wonder how they knew?"

"Knew what?"

Her lips tightened into a straight line.

"I can't tell you. I daren't. It isn't my secret."

By this time we had reached her home and the bowing doorman was swinging back the great iron door for us. It had been my intention to announce my arrival, but recalling that Miss Bradford had said that the Gaston apartment was on the same floor as hers, I stepped with her into the elevator. When it had descended, leaving us together in the corridor, she turned to me and offered her hand.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Nelson."

"I wish you'd let me help you," I cried.

She shook her head.

"Well, promise me one thing," I insisted.

"What is it?"

"That you never again will go alone to the park to meet those men."

A tremor shook her body, and once more a look of terror crept into her eyes.

"I can't promise that. I must meet them. I must! I must!"

I reached out and took her hand.

"Promise me, then, that before you go again you will let me know."

"You must not try to stop my going," she cried desperately and freeing her hand turned quickly and unlocking her door left me standing there alone, staring after her.

Perplexed beyond measure as to what I ought to do, after a moment I pressed the bell and was admitted to the Gaston apartment and to the presence of my aged relatives.

Under the same roof with the heroine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MYTHS OF SEA "MONSTERS"

Remarkable Denizens of the Deep Said to Be Merely Creatures of the Imagination.

The appearance of wandering herds of sea lions along the shores of southern California reminds of the perennial stories about monsters of the deep. Some scientists have believed the rare specimens of "oar fish," which sometimes reach the surface, might be mistaken for sea monsters. Some of these fish are twenty feet long. Unfortunately, they are so adapted to lives at great depth they cannot live at the surface. Records show that two have been washed upon California beaches.

Many stories of sea monsters are the fruits of some excitable person's imagination. There are many things about the sea which might readily start such an imagination working. The sea is so large, and hides so many secrets, that such a person might readily believe that, if anyone objected to his story, he could say the monster disappeared. Then who could prove he had not seen it?

Various people have had traditional myths and legends about sea monsters and those probably have helped in keeping general interest in such stories now. The Norse tales are the most numerous and vivid.

Opportunity Everywhere.

The limits of what a man may grow into are found in himself. Men are so busy talking about their rights that they fail to see what is their opportunities. Men have risen to power because they have made brain and brawn work together. The world has rewarded them for it. When confidence is placed in a man the world gives him unlimited opportunity. It is then he must grow into a larger sphere or stay among the men of lost vision. If some people would cease trying to regulate the world and take a hand in regulating their own discontent there would be decided progress. Success after all is a matter of growing out of the old and into the new with ever increased development and power.

Reached Its Destination.

A little boy was given a penny to give to the Lord at church. He returned home to report that not seeing God around he gave his penny to the man with a plate.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner © by the AUTHOR

ANOTHER RACCOON TALK.

"Children," said Mother Raccoon, "I was going to tell you of a creature you must watch out for—an enemy you must beware of. So listen while Mother Raccoon goes on with her story."

The little raccoons listened with their sharp eyes fixed on Mother Raccoon.

"As I told you, it is not long now before you must look out for yourselves in the world. You must work for yourselves and for the little ones who will come to you. A Daddy and a Mother Raccoon look after their children for a whole year—then they must look after the new family which comes in the spring.

"As the spring is not so far off now, even though it is still winter, I want to give you all the advice and help I can, so you'll all live to be fine, big raccooons and make your mother and father and all raccoons proud of you.

"There is one enemy you must look out for and that is the weasel. He is a sly fellow, a dangerous fellow, a wild fellow and one to look out for. Never make friends with him. He does not know what friendship with a raccoon means.

"I am sure it isn't really necessary to tell you that. But I do want to warn you that you must look out for him and never let him get the better of you.

"I'd not be friendly with cats either," Mother Raccoon continued. "I don't like cats—never have and I don't suppose I ever will.

"Be brave, my children, be very brave. Never let any one call you cowards, but never fight unless you have to fight for your life or for the lives of your little ones.

"You can do well in a fight with the sharp claws which Nature gave you. Yes, it is very well that you can do.

"For I won a battle and saved you, my little ones, when you were really little ones, and so did your father. Ah, how he fought to help me and to save you!

"Don't forget what I told you about washing your food before you eat it. I told you that only the other day. Some folks think it's just a habit of ours, that we don't really want to be clean. There may be some raccoons like that, but I can tell you one thing—I've yet to meet them!

"I shall miss you, my children, but I shall have other things to take up my mind and I shall feel I'm doing the raccoon world good if I bring up

"I Don't Like Cats."

four or six little raccoons each year and give them a whole year of mother love and schooling and training.

"And as I've given you a great deal of advice I'll tell you a story before we say good-night, for it is nighttime by my watch old Mother Nature gave me—the watch which tells when it is dark by the sun going to sleep and when it is daylight by the sun waking up and shining and making even dark woods quite light!

"There was once an old raccoon who was very fond of himself. He sat on the top of a high tree which had no leaves, for it was a dead tree, such as we all enjoy when it's resting time. There he sat and dreamed away his time and slept and did nothing at all.

"He let everyone else wait on him and was very lazy. He was very selfish, too, and didn't want to go to any trouble for anyone.

"'I will fare better,' he said, 'if I take my life easily and don't go rushing and scrambling around making a great fuss about working and so forth. I will not work at all.'

"Well, he found he didn't have much to eat when he didn't do anything himself. His raccoon friends and relatives got tired of seeing him rest while they worked, and did not like it because he was so lazy and selfish.

"One by one they began to leave him alone. He sat up on the top limb all by himself. No one came near him. He had to get down and get some food after a while, but even then no one would bother about him. He was too selfish. He made everyone around him unhappy.

"'I see,' he said to himself, 'that I'll never have any friends unless I'm friendly and share the work and the fun—so I won't sit up here any more.'

"So he joined the raccoons who worked and played and told them of what a mistake he made. He was happy from that time on," ended Mother Raccoon.

Instruction for the Young.

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found baby gleefully pulling Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, mother," said Billy, calmly; "only now he knows."—Tit-Bits.

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

It is quite easy to convince some married men that it is good to be alone.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

Our idea of a great talker is a woman who has enough sense to know her fruit.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

WHY GO HUNGRY?

If your Stomach is weak and you suffer with Indigestion, — don't sacrifice your health and comfort. You may eat anything you like, and relish it, *if you take* one or two DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS when required. You will digest your food; nourish and build up your System eliminating all poisonous waste matter and strengthen the stomach.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

HEALS RUNNING SORES

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gilbrath, 708 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

For years I have been selling through druggists a large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 35 cents. The healing power in this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear in a week and the distress of chafing goes in a few minutes. Mail orders filled. Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. CARTER'S K. & B. TEA Makes Fine Laxative Syrup

Make It at Home and Save About $1.50 —Children Love to Take It.

Full Directions With Each 30-Cent Package

For a real tonic and blood purifier, take a teaspoonful every night or every other night for at least three weeks.

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

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.