SURGICAL OPERATIONS

How Mrs. Bruce, a Noted Opera Singer, Escaped an Operation. Proof That Many Operations for Ovarian Troubles are Unnecessary.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Travelling for years on the road, with irregular meals and sleep and damp beds, broke down my health so completely two years ago that the physician advised a complete rest, and when I had gained

MRS. G. BRUCE.

sufficient vitality, an operation for ovarian troubles. Not a very cheerful prospect, to be sure. I, however, was advised to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash**; I did so, fortunately, for me. Before a month had passed I felt that my general health had improved; in three months more I was cured, and I have been in perfect health since. I did not lose an engagement or miss a meal.

"Your Vegetable Compound is certainly wonderful, and well worthy the praise your admiring friends who have been cured are ready to give you. I always speak highly of it, and you will admit I have good reason to do so."—MRS. G. BRUCE, Lansing, Mich.

$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be entirely confidential.

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Wall Paper is unsanitary. Kalsomines are temporary, rot, rub off and scale. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For sale by paint dealers everywhere.

Buy in packages and beware of worthless imitations.

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BLOOD PURIFIER

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MATT. J. JOHNSON'S 6088

cures all kinds of blood trouble, Liver and Kidney trouble, Catarrh and Rheumatism, by acting on the blood, liver and kidneys, by purifying the blood, and combining medicines that pass off the impurities.

For sale by first-class druggists or direct from manufacturers, MATT J. JOHNSON CO., 151 E. 6th St., St. Paul, Minn.

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In the man who never has a failure in crops, gets splendid returns for his labors, and has best social and religious advantages, together with splendid climate and excellent health. These we give to the settlers on the lands of Western Canada, which comprises the great grain and ranching lands of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Exceptional advantages and low rates of fare are given to those desirous of inspecting the Fall grain lands. The handsome forty-page Atlas of Western Canada sent free to all applicants. Apply to P. Pedley, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to J. Grieve, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.; M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich.; C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich.; H. M. Williams, 227 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; or Joseph Young, 51½ State St., East, Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents.

FARM LANDS WESTERN CANADA FREE

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOE MAKER.

Sold by 68 Douglas Stores and the best shoe dealers everywhere.

CAUTION! Inexpensive shoes are not good shoes at any price. Notice increase of sales in table below.

1898 sold 1,000,000 Pairs.
1899 sold 1,250,000 Pairs.
1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.
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Sales Have Been Doubled in Four Years.

THE REASONS! Douglas $3.50 shoes sell more men's $3.50 and $5.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 shoes cost more than other shoes asked for at $5.00 and $6.00. Douglas shoes placed side by side with $5.00 and $6.00 shoes of other makes, have been found to be equal in appearance, style, comfort and wear. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the same quality as those sold by other dealers at $4.00 and $5.00 prices.

Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Calf, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets used, which will not wear brassy. W. L. Douglas $3.50 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled at any price. If your dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

BLESSED TO GIVE.

By CLYDE A. MANN.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Christmas eve, and the swirling snow was a halo about the Bugle building, aglow from its basement pressroom to the big composing room at the top. One window of the upper row was dark, and within a querulous sounder clattered an unanswered call. It was a little, dingy room; the door was open a crack into the big composing room, where clanking, singing linotypes and rumbling turtles drowned the howl of the storm, and in the twilight mice were scampering warily for crumbs of Bill Clark's last midnight lunch.

Bill Clark, red-haired, jovial giant, seemed oddly out of place taking news from his deftly fingering the keys of his typewriter, as he had done in the Bugle office seven nights in every week for almost a dozen years. Rarely in the gray years of night work had the first tap of the sounder been unanswered, but the foreman's clock crawled twenty-five minutes past the hour, while Clark's den was still dark. An impatient sender in the Associated Press office, with a tangle of market figures, growled.

Under the long train shed where throngs hurried with Christmas bundles Bill Clark waited for the limited from the West. His wife and children were to come home again. The snow was a solid wall of white at the far end of the train shed where the headlights glared at the storm. Clark strained his eyes, and in the swirling flakes saw the waving handkerchiefs of three sturdy lads rolling away from him three long months before. Clark was privately regarded as an "affectionate cuss" around the Bugle office. The Christmas sentiment around him stirred the trait and the time worried him. The bulletin, "Limited, late," was posted.

"How late?"

"Don't know, Bill," was the depot-master's reply to his question. "Number Two's in a little smash. Not a word more."

"Hat" Pierce, a tall, worldly-wise, freckled reporter who "made the trains" for the Bugle, heard the question and answer, instantly divined the trouble and, slapping his notebook shut, was at Bill Clark's side in a moment. A jiffy later Bat was at the superintendent's desk and Sherburne looked up with a glum scowl. "Hullo, Bat, what you botherin' round about now?"

"Bad?" queried Bat.

"Two sleepers ditched and burned. Don't get yellow now. If you want to go down, Jim Acton's goin' with some doctors. Now clear out and—be decent."

Bat and Bill Clark paused outside. "Now don't you worry about your folks, Bill. I have a hunch they are all right. I'm goin' down—tell Clarkson." A grip of their hands and a look straight into each other's eyes and Bat was gone.

"Sleeping cars ditched and burned, sleeping cars ditched and burned," rung in Bill Clark's ears as he trudged through the snowy, Christmas streets, where sleigh bells jingled like those on the three boys' sleds waiting at home. The words still stopped his ears as he clicked off his tardy answer and tried to unravel the Phillips code that came with a rush.

In a house in a suburb the lamps were all lighted, the stoves glowed, a supper was set and all was scrupulously neat with a man's neatness. Three little night dresses hung on the chairs. Years of wandering had made home doubly dear to Clark. There were stray facts known of an adventurous young manhood that had carried him to the Texas ranges, to Arizona to carry chain, to Dakota, where all his cattle had frozen in a dire blizzard. He had turned his back on a college education, and when he married he put to use the telegraphy he learned when fascinated by the clatter in the depot office in his home town, up in

"Number Two's in a little smash," replied the depot-master.

Maine. Year after year a trip to the wife's sister had been deferred of necessity, and at last the mother and the boys had gone, but were to be "at home at Christmas sure."

* * *

For the tenth time the lunch basket was tried for a diversion for the impatience of three boys in a day coach of the Limited, rushing through the blinding storm.

"Won't dadda like our present, though!" exclaimed the eldest, eyeing a box.

They had had their choice of a sleeping car or a present for Dadda.

They neared the Jim valley and Mrs. Clark drifted off into recollections of the day they had brought Bill home, when he had refused the masked men's order to ditch No. 3.

Crash!

The train rocked and reeled, the boys screamed in fright and passengers rushed down the aisle. Mrs Clark knew there had been a wreck and soon flames showed her the sleeping cars turned over and burning. She sighed with gratitude that she had sold the berth tickets Bill had sent to her. She tried to send a message, but the wires were down.

An hour later Bat Pierce burst into the car. "Came on relief train; bundle boys up and we can get right back," he ordered. He did not tell what a burden had been lifted from him at sight of their faces. He hurried out and found that a brief report of the wreck had gone out and had included among the killed the Clarks, from the sleeping car record. A shudder went over him when he thought of Bill.

When the copy boy went up for the last sheet of "press copy" he noticed that Bill was very pale, but he had been queer all evening. A wreck story started, and Jimmy saw among the list of dead some local names. It was late as he slashed off the list and rushed down to the city editor's room.

The city editor glanced at the names and his feet came down in a hurry. He started for the door.

But Bat's freckled, excited face confronted him. Bat shoved a great wad of

Bill Clark sat staring before him.

copy into his hand. "Get that set and it'll be a scoop," were Bat's words. It is a complete story of the wreck written on the train. What came over the press wire?" was Bat's next question.

The city editor showed him the list.

"Did Bill take that? Mrs. Clark, come along in a hurry."

In the little den the telegraph sounder was silent. "Thirty"—the end—had come, and Bill Clark sat staring before him out at the storm. His face was drawn and his head was drooped on his breast. But three pairs of arms were thrown suddenly about his neck—and they revived him.

HAVE FOUND RELIC OF STONE AGE

Flint Dagger Deeply Imbedded in Skull of a Horse.

In Sweden has been found a very curious relic of the stone age. It is the skull of a horse, and it was discovered by J. A. Sjogren, an archaeologist, in the mud of the Ultorpa, near Ingelstad.

Gunner Anderson, describing the relic, which is now in the museum at Ystad, says:

"At first it was thought to be the skull of a deer, but Professors Leche and Lundgren, after a careful examination, proved that it was that of a two-year-old horse. Compared with the skull of a modern horse it is unusually large, but what makes it chiefly notable is the fact that a flint dagger was stuck in it when it was found. The dagger was broken off, and its original length, as may be inferred from several specimens of a similar weapon in the museum at Stockholm, could not have exceeded twenty centimeters. Hence it could never have formed part of a lance.

"That the dagger was broken off at the moment when it was driven into the skull is as certain as that it dates back to the stone, or so-called neolithic age. The man who thrust it into the skull knew his business, for the weapon is fixed exactly in the suture between the ossicles and the crown, and it was driven with such force that it did not leave the slightest mark on the outside. Indeed it is fixed so firmly that it would require a good deal of strength to draw it out. All the scientists who have examined it say that it would be hardly possible even for an unusually strong man to drive a weapon of this kind with his hand into a horse's skull."

"Blind Man's Buff" in Japan.

A writer on children's games in Japan says: "Blind man's buff as played in Japan is quite the same as the game played by western children, but if you play it with Japanese I may warn you not to say 'Come here' in English to any one you may be trying to catch. It will be all right to say in Japanese 'Chotto oide,' (Come here a moment) or 'Oide nasai' (Condescend to come here). The person spoken to will not 'oide,' of course, if he or she can help himself or herself, but if you call out in English, 'Come here!' as I was a foreigner did once, you may rrupt the game. 'Come here' (in Japanese characters written ka-mi) means foreign dog. Inu is the word for native dog, but the first foreigners in Yokohama, Americans and English folk, always said 'Come here' to their dogs and the expression has become a Japanese word."

Royalty and Smallpox.

The reign of smallpox in London reminds that this scourge played sad havoc among European royalties throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Two of Charles I.'s children were carried off by the pest and three of James II.'s offspring, including Mary, Queen of England and spouse of William III.

Louis XVI.'s son (the dauphin), his grandson (also dauphin) and his wife and great-grandson, Louis XV., all died of smallpox. Likewise Joseph I., Emperor of Germany, in 1711; Peter II., Emperor of Russia, in 1730; Henry, Prince of Prussia, in 1767, and Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, in 1777. Two of the British sovereigns had very narrow escapes from death from the disease, namely, William III. and Queen Anne.

WAS NOT THE SNAP HE EXPECTED

Tramp Finds Region Where Snow Shoveling Is Continuous.

"Speaking about snow," said the tramp, who was hunting for a job with a shovel on his shoulder, "puts me in mind of three years ago when I hired out to a farmer up in Vermont—that is, I was to have my board during the winter for shoveling snow during the winter, and I thought I had struck a soft snap.

"I had nothing to do but eat and loaf around during the first two weeks, but one morning the farmer roused me up and said there was a trifle of work for me. I stepped out to find the snow four feet deep on the level and still falling but I tackled the job with proper ambition.

"I believe I lifted fifty tons of snow that day, but when night came I was not much ahead of the storm. It was the same the next day and the next, and after five days of it, with no signs of letting up and every rail fence buried out of sight, I stopped work long enough to ask the farmer, 'Is this thing going to keep right on for a week longer?'

"'A week longer?' he replied, with a broad grin on his face. 'Why, man, this is only Dec. 3, and we never figure on stopping work before April 10. Just buckle right into it and keep up your appetite.'

"I thought the matter over that night," said the tramp, "and in the morning I dug a tunnel to the nearest village and escaped and asked to be sent to jail. They didn't turn me out till July 1, and the first man I met was my old farmer.

"'How's snow up your way?' says I.

"'Nothing to brag of,' says he. 'The late rains and warm suns have taken it off till I don't believe we've got two feet left.'"

WHY, OF COURSE HE WAS INNOCENT

Jury Decided Unanimously that Jim O'Dell Was a Fool.

"The first time I was ever in the far west," said a Philadelphian, "they got me on a jury in Montana. It was a case of shooting with fatal results, and there was no doubt in my mind that the defendant was guilty.

"A man named Brower had ridden up to the cabin of a man named O'Dell and called him out and shot him down, and there were three witnesses to the affair.

"The case occupied three days, and I supposed every juryman had made up his mind as I had. When we retired to ballot, however, I found myself the only one voting guilty.

"The other eleven looked at me for a while, and then the foreman blandly said:

"'Strange, you don't appear to make allowances.'

"'Allowances for what?' I asked.

"'Allowances for the fact that if that blamed Jim O'Dell had poked his gun out of the winder instead of coming to the door he might have pumped a pound of lead into Tom Brower inside of 30 seconds. We are here not to decide who killed Jim, but to find whether he was a fool or not in acting as he did, and I guess we'd better be considerably unanimous about it.'

"I didn't want to be the one to interrupt the harmony of the occasion," said the traveler, "and so we speedily came to what the forman announced as a chorus of conclusion, and Tom Brower was acquitted without a stain on his character."

Indian Etiquette.

The Red Man and Helper, published by the students at the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian school has this to say on Indian etiquette: "It was an actual desire for information and no attempt to be funny that a boy in looking up from reading about squaw men asked if the white women who marry Indian men were called 'buck women.' We could not answer why they were not. Such a name would be more insulting to a woman than the first appellation is to a man. All Indian women are no more squaws than white women are wenches. The name squaw emanated from 'squa,' an Indian word of a Massachusetts tribe meaning woman, but it has since come to be used commonly by illiterate people for Indian women of any tribe. No educated or refined people use the words 'squaw' or 'buck,' and we advise our students when they hear them not to pay any attention to the speaker, but to mark him or her down in their minds as a person of low breeding.

Clothes or Clothes.

One learns many strange uses and misuses of things at country inns, but let us hope that the following experience related by a friend of mine as having happened to himself is a rare one. He had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady to have him called at 8. At 6, however, next morning she knocked at his door.

"Ye've to git up," she said.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Six, Surr."

"Go away. I am not going to get up till 8."

At 7 she reappeared. "Indade, and ye must get up now, it's 7." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said: "Git up, there's a sweet gintleman, there's two commercial gentlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honor's top sheet."

Good Easter Story.

The advent of Easter has been invariably followed by a flood of Easter stories, and this year has proved no exception to the rule. One of the latest is told by Rev. Dr. Greer of St. Bartholomew's church, New York.

It was at the services at the mission on Blackwell's island. The exercises had proceeded in regular style, and were near to an end.

The clergyman in charge rose and, with becoming dignity announced:

"We will now sing 'Begin, my soul, thy exalted lay'—a pause—"at the conclusion of which the Easter eggs will be passed."

In the general laugh that followed, the speaker was among the first to join.

Some men who would not pay a penny for salvation and accepted it only because they were told that it was free will sooner or later discover that it is only a life lease they hold.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Archibald is a German name, meaning The Bold Scout. It was a common name among the German soldiers during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

George is Greek and means husbandman. The name is popular to-day, not only in Greece and Italian states, but also in Russia and England.

There is much tenderness in this seemingly cruel world, but the butcher rarely finds it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Benjamin is from the Hebrew, signifying Son of the Right Hand. It was considered one of the luckiest of names.

Hill's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A phrenologist says the bumps on a man's head sometimes indicate that his wife has a well-developed muscle.

The highest waterfall in the world is Cholock Cascade at Yosemite Park, which is 2,634 feet high, or just half a mile.

$20 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce our Poultry goods. Send stp. Javelic Mfg Co., Dept D, Paris, Kan.

If ever the devil can get a man to steal he has to first persuade him that he has a motive for doing it.

When some people say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," they do not want him to get out of reach.

Honor for Gen. Von Steuben.

The union veterans of German birth are to raise a fund for a monument to Gen. Friedrich Wilhelm Von Steuben of the American revolution, to be erected in Washington.

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

The devil probably feels that he is not a bad sort of fellow when he hears some preachers preach.

Whenever a man is converted, God has given his neighbors another proof that the Bible is true.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1902.

It is hard to find a man who does not put the blame for his misfortunes upon his wife.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

A man coward gets only abuse, but a woman coward gets coddled and encouraged.

Concentrated Pain—Rheumatism. Concentrated Medicine—Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

The Chinese launch their vessels sideways and mount their horses from the off side.

Home Women.

There are women who devote their whole lives to home duties many of whom know what it is to drag along day after day suffering intensely. The symptoms are spinal weakness, dizziness, excitability, bearing-down, all-gone feeling, and sudden faintness. The only safe and permanent cure for this is Vogeler's Curative Compound, which acts directly on the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and vital organs of the body. It removes all impurities from the blood. It imparts strength, vitality, and vigour in all cases from which "home women" suffer.

A free sample bottle will be sent on application to St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore.

SAVE MONEY

Buy your goods at Wholesale Prices.

Our 1,000-page catalogue will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents. This amount does not even pay the postage, but it is sufficient to show us that you are acting in good faith. Better send for it now. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you also?

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO

The house that sells the truth.

Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

"FLORODORA" BANDS are of same value as tags from "STAR," "HORSE SHOE," "SPEARHEAD," "STANDARD NAVY," "OLD PEACH & HONEY" and "J. T. Tobacco."

WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

Saved From The Maelstrom of Catarrh — *How Peruna Saves Lives*

MRS. COL. E. J. GRESHAM, Treasurer Daughters of the Confederacy, and President Herndon Village Improvement Society, writes the following letter from Herndon, Fairfax county, Virginia:

Herndon, VA.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"I cannot speak too highly of the value of Peruna. I believe that I owe my life to its wonderful merits. I suffered with catarrh of the head and lungs in its worst form, until the doctors fairly gave me up, and I despaired of ever getting well again.

"I noticed your advertisement and the splendid testimonials given by people who had been cured by Peruna, and determined to try a bottle. I felt but little better, but used a second and a third bottle and kept on improving slowly.

"It took six bottles to cure me, but they were worth a king's ransom to me. I talk Peruna to all my friends and am a true believer in its worth."

—Mrs. Col. E. J. Gresham.

Thousands of women owe their lives to Peruna. Tens of thousands owe their health to Peruna. Hundreds of thousands are praising Peruna in every state in the Union. We have on file a great multitude of letters, with written permission for use in public print, which can never be used for want of space.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a book written especially for women, instructively illustrated, entitled "Health and Beauty." Sent free to women.

FALLING HAIR

Prevented by Shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other *medicated* soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic *toilet* soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines, in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour,

Cuticura The Set $1 Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (25c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. Put up in screw-cap pocket vials, containing 60 doses, 25c. Sold by druggists. CUTICURA PILLS are alterative, antiseptic, tonic, and digestive, and beyond question the purest, sweetest, most successful and economical blood and skin purifiers, humour cures, and tonic digestives yet compounded.

RUPTURE CURED while you work. You do pay. ALEX SPEIRS, Box 8, Westbrook, Maine.

If afflicted with **Thompson's Eye Water**

HAIR TONIC Best in the world. Guaranteed to restore gray hair to its natural color. Can be made at home. Recipe and full information given for 25c. Address, R. F. Middleton & Co., 3721 Elmwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION