NIGHT SWEATS, NO APPETITE, USED PE-RU-NA.

Bring Back the Smile

Bring back the smile to her face; perhaps she is weary and worn;
Bring back the cheer to her heart with a song of the sweetheart morn;
Bring back the red rose of joy to the lips that are shadowed with gloom;
Bring back the glory of golden days in the beautiful valleys of bloom;

Bring back the smile to her face; perhaps she is aching for rest;
Bring back the light of other days when the heart beat young in your breast!
Bring back the smile to her face in the tender and beautiful way
That love leans down to the lips of love in a kiss of the sweetheart day!

—Baltimore Sun.

How Amy Was Saved

By Florence B. Hallowell.

(Copyright.)

"There! read that," cried Amy Fitzhugh, as she burst into the room where her sister Gertrude sat sewing, and threw a letter into her lap. "If that doesn't turn your hair white nothing but old age will do it."

Gertrude looked meditatively at the open letter lying upon the sheet she was hemming. It was addressed to her sister and was written in a large, slanting hand on the thickest of parchment note-paper, which exhaled an odor of heliotrope. The writer was Mrs. De Coucey Barristow, the president of the Humane society, and she informed Miss Fitzhugh that all arrangements having been completed for the art loan exhibition, for the benefit of society, she ventured to ask from them the loan of two or three family heirlooms, feeling that they must have many treasured relics of by-gone generations which could not fail to be of interest to the general public. She promised that everything intrusted to her care should be carefully guarded and returned intact at the close of the exhibition.

"I don't see that there is anything to be done except to tell her frankly that we have nothing to lend," said Gertrude calmly.

"Yes; and have her look completely overwhelmed with surprise; beg my pardon, and say she is so sorry, and that she wouldn't have asked me for the world, if she dreamed for a single moment that we could not comply with the request. Oh, I know her! I know her only too well.

"If I could only beg, borrow, or—Gertrude!" Amy sprang up suddenly from the old lounge on which she had thrown herself. "I have it! That box belonging to our revered great aunt! In that—"

"Oh, Amy, you wouldn't, you couldn't open that."

"Yes; I would and I could—under these desperate circumstances. Where would be the harm? Aunt Reliance is in California and would never be the wiser, and there is no end of old china in that box. I'll get the hatchet and open it now. Glorious thought!"

Gertrude looked grave. Her old great-aunt, Reliance, was so exacting, and so imperious, that all her relatives stood in awe of her. The previous fall, on going to California to spend the winter, she had sent a large box to Miss Jane, with the request that it should be stored until her return. Incidentally, she mentioned in the accompanying letter that the box contained the superb antique vase which had been left to her by a maternal uncle, and the white and yellow flowered teapot which had belonged to her grandmother Fitzhugh. Amy, who had once paid a visit to Miss Reliance, recollected both heirlooms perfectly, and had described them minutely to Gertrude.

"Suppose the things should be broken?" said Gertrude.

"We won't suppose anything so unlikely," rejoined Amy, who was in high spirits, now that she had solved her perplexing problem.

Amy received a most effusive letter from Mrs. Barristow, in which she asserted that she could never be sufficiently grateful for the privilege of exhibiting heirlooms so beautiful and so rare, and would hold herself responsible for their safety.

The Art Loan Exhibition—thanks to the tireless energy of the efficient president of the Humane society—was a pronounced success. People were pleased at the idea of exhibiting their family relics, and of having an opportunity to air their pride of birth; and those who did not contribute came to criticise, admire and gossip.

Amy and Gertrude arrived a little late, and after a ramble around the room stationed themselves near the table on which the fat teapot and the top-heavy vase had a conspicuous place. Upon each was a card bearing the words: "Loaned by Miss Fitzhugh." And Amy felt a momentary pride as she called Gertrude's attention to them.

While they were standing there, Mrs. Barristow came rushing up to them, her face radiant.

"Here you are, mounting guard over your beloved treasures, I see," she cried, in her most cordial voice. "How can I ever thank you sufficiently, my dears, for lending them? That teapot is just too sweet for anything, and the vase is a perfect love! They have been so much admired! I assure you, my dears, nothing in the whole exhibition has attract—"

"Look out! Look out there!" cried a loud voice, and a man came rushing toward them, waving his arms frantically.

Amy looked around, then up—just in time to see a large oil portrait, which hung above the table by which they were standing, plunge forward.

The next instant there was an awful crash, the sound of which rang in her ears for many a day, and the portrait lay in the middle of the table, among those hallowed relics of the past.

For a few moments she was too much dazed to realise exactly what had happened; then she became conscious that people were uttering exclamations of dismay and regret, and she felt Gertrude's hand on her arm.

"The teapot is in 50 pieces," Gertrude whispered, "and the vase is utterly demolished. Come away."

They made their escape from the hall, somehow, and hurried home. Amy did not utter a word until they reached their own doorstep. Then she burst out suddenly into something very like a groan.

"My pride! my wretched pride!" she said. "Gertrude, I am well punished."

The morning's mail brought a graceful little scented note from Mrs. De Courcey Barristow, saying that her mortification and sorrow over the accident which had occurred was so great that she did not feel equal just yet to a personal interview with her dear Miss Fitzhugh.

Amy looked gloomily out of the window.

"The vase and the teapot were the only things broken, except a hideous jug and a decorated cup and saucer," Gertrude continued. "It seems like the irony of fate. Amy, you'll have to write to Aunt Reliance."

"What am I to write her? How can I excuse my folly?"

At last an idea dawned upon Amy, after a fortnight of anxious thought. She wrote to Aunt Reliance, asking if she would sell the vase and teapot.

The answer came two weeks later, while they were all at breakfast.

Gertrude hastened to read the important document aloud. Aunt Reliance, while expressing appreciation of Amy's very natural desire to possess the teapot and vase, positively refused to sell them; she would, she said, as soon think of selling her grandfather's bones, and wondered that Amy could have thought her so lacking in respect for her ancestors. She announced, in conclusion, that having found the climate of California beneficial to her health, she had decided to remain there permanently, and would soon send for the box they had so kindly stored for her.

What Amy suffered mentally during the next six weeks is best left to the imagination.

She lost her appetite, grew pale and thin, and was so despondent and irritable, that Gertrude became anxious about her.

"This vase-teapot trouble must come to an end," Gertrude said, one morning, as she sat sewing in the sitting-room, and glanced up to see Amy gazing idly from the window. "If you don't write to Aunt Reliance, I will. She must know it anyhow, when we send the box, and what is the use of waiting?"

"There's the carrier now," said Amy, listlessly, and walked slowly out into the hall, closing the door after her.

Five minutes passed, and she had not returned. Gertrude, growing anxious, put down her sewing, and went out into the hall, half-expecting to see her sister in a swoon on the floor.

But Amy was standing by the hat rack, her eyes shining and a flush on her cheeks.

"Saved! Saved by a miracle!" she cried, as she waved a letter above her head. "Read this, Gertrude, and—"

"Tell me," interrupted Gertrude, impatiently.

"Well, our blessed great-aunt wants her box sent at once, and says she makes me a present of the vase and teapot as a return for my trouble in sending it, and she hopes that my admiration for these precious heirlooms is sufficiently great to cause me to preserve them with sacred care and hand them down to future generations."

"It seems to good to be true!" cried Gertrude, sinking down upon one of the hall chairs.

"Doesn't it! And now listen to me—never, never as long as you live say family heirlooms to me again. This Fitzhugh has had enough of them," and then—girl-like—Amy burst into tears.

The Next Instant There Was an Awful Crash.

The Age Limit.

Nodd—At what age are children allowed to act on the stage?

Todd—Oh, anywhere up to 75.—Life.

MRS. LIZZIE LOHR

MRS. LIZZIE LOHR, 1155 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I take pleasure in writing you these few lines, thinking there may be other women suffering the same as I did.

"I had my complaints for over a year, *night sweats* all winter and *no appetite*. I was *run-down* so far that I had to sit down to do my cooking, I was so weak.

"I tried many different medicines and doctors also. Nothing seemed to do me any good. The doctors wanted to operate on me.

"At last I wrote to Dr. Hartman, I told him just exactly how I was, and he told me what ailed me and how I should take Peruna.

"I did as he told me for four months, and *now I am all cured.*

"No one can tell how thankful I am to him, as I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again.

"I am a widow and the mother of six small children who depend on my support. I work all day and seldom get tired.

"I took five bottles of Peruna in all.

"Any woman wishing to know more about my case may write to me and I will gladly tell all about it.

"I thank Dr. Hartman for what he has done for me."

AS SHE HAD BEEN ORDERED.

Domestic Cleared Everything Left Over Out of the Ice Box.

There recently entered the service of a Cleveland family a domestic of Scandinavian origin. She had never seen a refrigerator before, and the lady of the house, after initiating her into its mysteries, instructed her never to leave anything old or left over in the ice-box, but to keep the refrigerator perfectly clean and fresh by throwing the old things away each morning.

The very next day the distress, looking out of the window, observed something peculiar in the yard.

"What is that, Sophie?" she asked. "And how did it get there?"

"That is old ice, ma'am," was the proud response, "left over from yesterday. I threw it away lake you tol me."—Harper's Weekly.

SORES AS BIG AS PENNIES.

Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

A Fascinating Game.

A precocious little girl living on one of the crowded business thoroughfares of the city was in the habit of gazing out of the window at the busy street below for hours at a time.

"What is it, Gladys, that you find so constantly interesting in the street?" asked her mother one day.

"Oh," came the wise rejoinder, "just watching the cars go pro and con."—Harper's Weekly.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS AND HEIRS

All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1861 and 1865 and who honorably laid aside civil pursuits before June 30, 1908, are entitled to additional land rights which I buy. If soldier is dead, his heirs can sell. Talk to old soldiers, widows and heirs. Write upon soldier relative who went West or South after the war and homesteaded government land, one hundred miles or more west of Missouri. Write HARRY M. GRAY, Washington, D. C., for further particulars.

Detroit Trade School

OFFERS

Courses in bricklaying, plastering, core making, moulding, machine shop practice, sign writing and plumbing. For printed matter and other particulars address,

Y. M. C. A., Detroit, Mich.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 145. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS TURN TO CRITICISE.

Youngster Fell Called on to Manifest Disapproval of Prayer.

Little John, who, at the mature age of four, has learned the Lord's Prayer, is often criticised by his sister, two years older, for slight mistakes which he cannot always avoid in offering the petition. A few Sundays ago he was taken to church for the first time. When the moment for the prayer arrived and the congregation bowed their heads John's mother took the precaution to whisper to him that he must be very quiet. "Listen," she said, "and you will hear the minister pray." This interested John at once, and his little face took on a look of serious attention, but his mother, waiting him covertly, saw his expression change presently to one of surprise and disapproval. A few minutes more, and he could stand it no longer. What could this man be saying? Not a word of the prayer did he recognize as the only formula he had ever heard called by that name.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, in a tone audible over nearly half the church, "do you hear? He isn't saying it right at all!"

Best He Could Do.

It was his first circuit, and, moreover, he had to defend his first client, who was a better known than respected burglar. In an interval he approached a veteran member of the bar and sought for advice.

"And how long do you think I ought to make my speech to the jury, sir?" he finished up.

"I should say about an hour," said the old hand.

"An hour! Why, I thought ten minutes would be ample! Why so long?"

"Well," said his adviser, "you see, they can't sentence him till you're finished, and the longer you talk the longer he'll be out of jail!"—Stray Stories.

Going to Be Fined.

When George Ade was a newspaper reporter he was sent to "write up" an Irish laborer who had fallen from a building. When Mr. Ade arrived on the scene, several officers and others were helping the injured man into the ambulance. Mr. Ade pulled out his pad and pencil. "What's his name?" he asked one of the policemen.

The injured man, who had heard Ade and who mistook him for the timekeeper employed by the contractor, rolled his eyes in a disgusted way.

"What d'ye think of that?" he muttered. "I'm goin' to be docked for the few minutes I lose goin' to the hospital!"—Success.

Shy Amateurs.

"Splendid spectacles," that is the definition towards which athletics in England are gradually drifting, and chiefly, it is to be feared, upon the current of highly trained professionalism. The ordinary man, conscious of his own mediocre ability, is afraid to venture into the field.—North China Herald.

Experience.

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked the man who indulges in trite sayings.

"Yes," answered the skeptic; "but occasionally, as in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools, your education comes too late to be of any service."

Chance to Get Even.

The poet and the editor were playing tennis, and the latter was beaten.

"You serve well, but you cannot return," said the poet.

"Can't I?" asked the editor. "Send me a poem, and see."—Stray Stories.

BEGAN YOUNG.

Had "Coffee Nerves" from Youth.

"When very young I began using coffee and continued up to the past six months," writes a Texas girl.

"I had been exceedingly nervous; thin and very sallow. After quitting coffee and drinking Postum Food Coffee about a month my nervousness disappeared and has never returned. This is the more remarkable as I am a Primary teacher and have kept right on with my work.

"My complexion now is clear and rosy, my skin soft and smooth. As a good complexion was something I had greatly desired, I feel amply repaid even tho this were the only benefit derived from drinking Postum.

"Before beginning its use I had suffered greatly from indigestion and headache; these troubles are now unknown.

"Best of all, I changed from coffee to Postum without the slightest inconvenience, did not even have a headache. Have known coffee drinkers who were visiting me, to use Postum a week without being aware that they were not drinking coffee.

"I have known several to begin the use of Postum and drop it because they did not boil it properly. After explaining how it should be prepared they have tried it again and pronounced it delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

PRODUCTIVE POWER OF WESTERN CANADA SOIL

Winnipeg Correspondence.

There has never been any who have doubted the productiveness of the soil of Western Canada, but there are sometimes found those who question the fact of its superiority. During the past season it has been shown that in grain raising qualities it possessed the very best. The late spring prevented grain being sown in many cases before the middle of May. Yet, a large percentage of that sown at that time produced excellent yields. Had it not been for the frost early in August, which visited most of the north half of the continent, there would have been a magnificent yield in every district in Western Canada. Throughout the Southern Alberta District where about 100,000 acres was sown to winter wheat the yield will be enormously large. There are vast tracts of valuable grain growing land in Western Canada that are available for homesteads, the Canadian Government giving 160 acres free, and entry may be made by proxy, by any near relative, thus saving considerable cost to the American who may have entry made in this way. Any Canadian Government Agent will give you the particulars.

Your correspondent has just received the following letter from Craik, Saskatchewan, which bears out the statement made in the first part of this letter.

"Craik, Sask., Aug. 1907.

"May 24th we planted a Dahlia root, which we brought with us from Minneapolis, Aug. 12th, 80 days later, it was in bloom. The plant is now 4½ feet high and covered with blossoms. We never got half as many flowers on it in Minneapolis, even during September and October, although we had more time to attend to it there."

I mention this only as an example of the great productive power of the soil here in Saskatchewan, Canada.

Caught Whiskers in Safe.

In locking his safe the other night prior to his going home for supper George Edgemont, a paperhanger who lives at Jefferson street and Hermitage lane, Manayunk, shut the safe door upon his flowing whiskers and was held until released by his daughter, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Edgemont had been collecting bills during the day. Returning to his office he opened his safe and placed the money in it. He then threw the door shut, catching the end of his beard in the door. In the excitement incident to his odd predicament he forgot the combination and so could not release himself. With his chin resting on the safe he was discovered about an hour after the accident by his daughter, who came to find what had delayed him. The safe was broken open by a locksmith.

One Waiter with Sense.

Man in a restaurant, happening in just as a new shift of waiters came on. And having eaten a very modest luncheon this man laid down a modest tip, to be exact, five cents.

And did the waiter shy off or sniff at this nickel? He did neither, but on the contrary he seemed to regard it as an augury of good fortune that his first customer should have given him something, and—

"Thank you," he said, politely, to the customer, and as he turned away he added to himself: "That's a starter."—N. Y. Sun.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The True Home.

Homes are not built of brick and mortar. It is the people, not the places, that make the homes; the face of a smiling woman, the patter of tiny feet and the music of children's voices, aye, even the barking of a dog and the human look of joy at our coming bring us the nameless charm that we call "home."

The Reason of It.

"Why has that particular actress more clappers than any other in the play?"

"Because she is a society belle."

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures the Grip over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The Saturday half holiday originated in England in the eleventh century.

At the County Fair.

"Doing a land-office business, eh?" remarked the man from the city. "What is that you are selling, anyway?"

"Blessed if I know myself, boss," whispered the fakir at the county fair; "it has signs lines all over it and when a woman comes up I sell it to her as a skirt pattern and when a man comes up I sell it to him as a guaranteed and genuine map of Mars."

Autos in Prester John's Country.

Even in remote Abyssinia the day of the automobile has arrived, and Germany has seized occasion by the forelock. The Negus has granted to a German company a concession for an automobile line connecting Addis Abeba and Direduna, which are six days' journey by ordinary caravan. The motors will cover the distance in two.—London Globe.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. INDICTED.

Charged with Using Mails to Defraud and in Misrepresenting Articles Sold.

Des Moines, Ia.—(Special)—Sears Roebuck & Co. of Chicago have been charged with using the mails to defraud. The indictment is on three counts. It is alleged that the company misrepresented articles in its catalogues sent through the mails. The first count charges that on June 13, 1907, the company devised a scheme to obtain money by false pretenses from Dr. C. F. Spring of Des Moines by selling him white lead that Sears-Roebuck claim to have made. The indictment alleges it was made by others. A second count is on a ring bought by R. H. Miles, and the third count is the sending of another ring, alleged to have been misrepresented, through the mails.

Tobacco Thrown Away.

It is estimated by the head of one of the large tobacco establishments of New York that at least $5,000 worth of tobacco is daily thrown away in the city in unconsumed cigars and cigarettes.

Why She Went Home to Mother.

Mrs. Newwed—Isn't the bread line in a great city pathetic?

Newwed—Very. I suppose it is the only way the poor fellows can get any fit to eat.—N. Y. Sun.

World's Gold Production.

Africa leads in the matter of gold production and the United States is second.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The statesman leads the masses. The masses lead the politician.

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS

THE ONLY CASCARA TABLETS. SAMPLES FREE. MARVIN REMEDY CO. 167 Jefferson St. DETROIT, MICH.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BACKACHE, DIABETES

75 "Guarantee

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

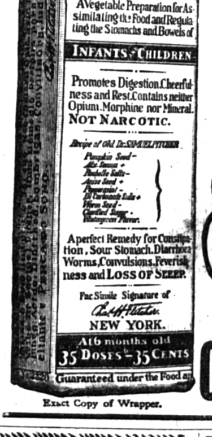
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 49, 1907.



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

RHEUMATISM

is most painful. What's good?

ST. JACOBS OIL

Gives instant relief. Removes the twinges.

USE IT, THEN YOU'LL KNOW

25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.

160 Acre FARMS Western Canada FREE

Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in

WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta are now recently been Opened for Settlement under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

H. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, South Bend, Ind., Agents.

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$3.00 $3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas shoes and sells more $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, look better, wear longer, are of greater value than any other shoes you can buy at any price.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION.—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

$30 AN HOUR Has Been Taken In Nine Days MERRY GO ROUNDS

We also manufacture Merry Go Rounds, Portable Skating Rinks, Ferris Wheels, Swings, Chairoplanes, Etc. Write for Catalog. SPILLMAN CO., General Amusement Outfitters, Dept. 8 NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.

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