You can't think clearly when your head is "stopped up" from cold in the head, or nasal catarrh.

Try Kondon's to clear your head

(at no cost to you)

50,000,000 have used this 29-year-old remedy. For clearer catarrh, sore nose, coughs, colds, sneezing, nose-bleed, etc. Write us for complimentary can, or buy tube at druggist's. It will benefit you four times more than it costs, or we pay money back. For trial can free write to KONDON MFG. CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

When

your brain *works* like a dog with three legs *walks*— you need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

An active brain must have pure blood, not poisoned with products of indigestion— or liver and kidney laziness.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce **Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles.** Stops the lameness and pain from a **Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin.** No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 M Free. **ABSORBINE, JR.,** the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces **Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Sores, Ulcers, Allays pain.** Price $1.00 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidences" free. **W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.**

Easily Explained.

He was one of those officious foremen, one who tried to make those under his charge realize that he was somebody of importance. But one day he met his match.

Stepping up to the shop humorist, he said:

"You're a minute late this morning."

"I know, but there's a reason for it."

"Explain."

"When I was comin' along to work I heard a man in the river yellin' for help. I ran to him, was pullin' him out, but let him drop again."

"But why didn't you save him?"

"Not likely," was the dry answer.

"Why?"

"Cos he was a foreman!"—Tit-Bits.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower 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. Sold in all civilized countries. 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Overdone.

On the car recently, says an exchange, two young ladies carried on this conversation:

"Well, dearie, what are you doing in this part of town?"

"Oh, I've been to choir practice. You know we have moved into the new church now."

"Is that so? It's lovely outside, but I haven't been in it yet. Is it nice?"

"Oh, it's wonderful—and so easy to sing in."

"Are the accoustics so good?"

"Too good. The choir can hear every word of the sermon."

Picric Acid.

Picric acid as a high explosive was first heard of in a general way during the Boer war and in connection with the lyddite shells used by the British.

Keeping the Quality Up.

LAXATIV B BROMO QUININE, The World-Famous Cure for Colds and Grip, is now 30c per box. On account of the advance in the price of the 40% different Medicinal Combinations, Extracts and Chemicals contained in LAXATIV B BROMO QUININE, it was necessary to increase the price to the Druggist. It has stood the test for a Quarter of a Century. It is used by every Civilized Nation.

The Lonesome Home.

Children should be seen and not heard, but it's a dull house where they are neither seen nor heard.

If you can't do the right thing it is better to remain idle.

MURINE Granulated Eyelids, Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. YOUR EYES No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

Murine Eye Remedy At All Your Druggist's or by mail, 60c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye—Free. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Uncle John's Christmas Box

Ellen E. DeGraff

In The Rural New Yorker

MYRTLE stopped playing on the organ, and whirled about, addressing the family gathered around the evening lamp.

"I've got a conundrum for you," she announced.

"One of those that has no answer, I'll bet," said Tim, who was popping corn over a bed of glowing coals. "I don't get caught twice the same way."

"All right, smarty! Count you out then. You'd only give some fool answer anyway. You're never serious."

"Come on with your conundrum," yawned Edith. "I need something to wake me up. This old algebra makes me sleepy."

"Well, here it is: How are we going to give any Christmas presents, with no crops, no money, no nothing?"

"Told you there wouldn't be any answer," chuckled Tim.

"I'm afraid Tim is right, Myrtle," and mother looked up from laying the child's coat pattern upon the ripped-up overcoat on the table.

"What do you want to bother about Christmas presents for? Everybody knows we haven't got any money to buy presents," and father looked up from the market reports. "Every blamed thing raised on a farm is high except hay, and that's the only thing I've got. If we get through the winter ourselves we'll do well, without trying to make Christmas presents."

"I don't care! I'm going to do something for Uncle John, anyway," declared Myrtle. "He sent me this organ, and I'm going to just remind him that I've not forgotten it nothing more."

Myrtle had a firm chin. The dimple might distract the attention of the casual observer, but the fact remained. Myrtle had a firm chin. It had first begun to make itself felt in the family about fifteen years before, when Myrtle was a year old.

Being a reasonable and well-balanced creature, her rule was not only tolerated, but her plans, always practicable and often brilliant, sooner or later received the co-operation of the family, no matter how much they may have been opposed at first. Her heart's desire was to have a fine musical education, but she knew that it was far too expensive to be thought of. She had sensibly concluded to do as well as she could the duties nearest at hand.

"I'm going to take command," she said now, "and together we are going to do something."

"You're welcome to, as far as I am concerned," grumbled Tim. "Excuse me from sending 25-cent presents to a rich uncle."

"Never you mind," said Myrtle, mysteriously. Thereafter there were "doings" in the household. Her enthusiasm was contagious, and soon even Tim got interested.

"I'm going to send Uncle John a home-cooked Christmas dinner," Myrtle declared.

"We hain't got a turkey," said ma.

"I've got the duck pa promised me for taking care of the rest of them, and it is as fat as butter. You roast and stuff it and then we will all take a hand at the trimmings."

Myrtle's power was an excellent cook, and her clear, firm jellies and perfect canned fruit were the envy of her less skillful neighbors.

Myrtle ransacked the shelves and selected three glasses of jelly, one of an amber color, another of ruby red, the third and most beautiful, being one of a pale translucent green. She stood each in a square of crepe paper, brought up the sides and corners, and tied them tightly, and then pulled out the top all around until it looked like a flower. Each color corresponded to the color of the jelly in the glass. Then she lined and covered a box with paper, and set in the ruby, the amber, and the pale green flowers. She covered the box, and tied it with Christmas ribbon attached to which was a card on which was written:

"With that duck you're going to eat,
You'll need something tart, but sweet,
That's us."

A glass can of watermelon pickles was wrapped in corrugated cardboard, and then wound about with crepe paper, twisted tightly, and the ends fringed. It then resembled the old-fashioned motto candles. That the motto or couplet might not be lacking, the following lines were written and inserted:

"Those Jell girls may be tart and sweet,
But I've heard that they lack spice.
If of me you'll deign to eat
I am sure you'll vote me nice."

Grandma made a wonderful fruit cake—the kind that lasts a year, and improves with age. This was surrounded with white parchment paper, and covered with a white paper doily, and fancy edges. This was laid carefully over the waxed paper, which covered the frosting, studded thickly with whole hickory and butternut meats. The whole was packed into a round box, made by Myrtle's skillful fingers. To make it she cut two disks of cardboard of the required size, and two long strips of the same cardboard, one the height of the cake, the other narrower, for the cover. She bound the edges together with gummed tape, and covered their junction with narrow strips of gold paper. Then she neatly covered top and sides with Christmas paper, all holly and mistletoe. Lastly, she tied two bright scarlet ribbons about the box, one each way. She made plump bows, and, gathering the ends of the ribbons, sewed tiny sleigh bells on them, so that the box, when moved, gave forth a sweet musical sound.

Myrtle surveyed the box with satisfaction, her head on one side.

"You ought to please," she said. "You appeal to the eye, the ear, and the palate."

The box certainly did present an imposing appearance. On the inside of the cover appeared the lines:

"Of course this cake was made by mother;
She says if it don't suit, she'll make you another."

A great generous ball of cottage cheese was wrapped in paper and packed in a square box, with plenty of tissue paper in the corners. Accompanying it was the legend:

"If Esau had known of the cheese called 'cottage,'
He'd have traded for that, instead of the pottage."

There were two generous loaves of bread, one of "salt rising," the other yeast raised. On a card were the lines:

"Grandma says, when you were a boy,
And eating 'salt rising,' you never could stop;
But in case you tire of the old-fashioned kind,
Here's another loaf, raised with the hop."

Packed about the loaves, and neatly wrapped, each by itself, in parchment paper, were a dozen little individual butter pats, molded in the form of a rose. Myrtle wrote:

"We wonder if, when you eat, you'll mutter:
'Aha! That tastes like Old Home butter!'"

The mince pie was concocted with immense care, from the careful choosing and mixing of the ingredients, to the construction of the faultless, flaky crust, just touched with the faintest hint of golden brown. This was carefully packed between two wooden plates, tied firmly together. On the top plate was written:

"When is it true that a man's a mince pie?
Cannot you take the hint?
Why, a man's a Mint Spy of course, you know,
When he acts as a spy in the mint."

The duck was, of course, the chef d'oeuvre of the whole undertaking. When it was ready, lying on its back, with its fat legs composed at its plump sides, it surely did look appetizing. The "Poet Lariat," as Tim called her, wrote the following:

"Not a porcine suckling, but a nice fat duckling
You draw for your Christmas dinner.
You ne'er saw a duck
That was nicer to pluck;
We hope you will vote him a winner."

Some beautiful red Brother Jonathan apples were tucked in the corners, and a glass of elderberry jelly. These were grandma's contribution, and she wrote, in a somewhat trembling hand, the following note:

"Dear Johnny:

"These apples came off from the tree where you fell and broke your leg that time. Do you remember? I wouldn't let them cut it down when they cut the others. The elderberry jelly was made from the elderberries that grow on the bushes by the old swimming hole.

"MOTHER."

When everything was finished and the box about ready to go, there still remained two things to be done. One was to put in the old-fashioned daguerreotype of grandma, with Aunt Myrtle (taken at sixteen) standing on one side of her, and Uncle John on the other. This had been taken many years before, for a relative, and had been sent away, and its existence forgotten. Myrtle had been named for her aunt, and she looked very much as the latter had done at her age. Aunt Myrtle had died at eighteen, so Myrtle never saw her. The other thing to be inclosed was the amateur photograph of grandma and the present Myrtle. She had posed in imitation of the one in the early picture, with her arm around grandma's neck. The resemblance between her picture and that of Aunt Myrtle was almost startling.

When grandma looked at the two pictures together she shook her head:

"Do I really look as old at that?" she sighed. "I hate to send that to Johnny. I'm afraid it will shock him. I didn't look like that when he saw me last."

But the picture went in, along with those which Tim (a genius at the work) had taken of each member of the family while engaged in preparing the box. Grandma was seen in spectacles and big apron, concocting the cake. Edith was taken dressing the duck, mother stuffing it, Myrtle packing it, and Tim screwing the lid of the box, which was on hinges.

At last the box was ready, and it made a brave appearance indeed, for it had been painted a rich cardinal color, and in the corners Myrtle had transferred pictures of holly and mistletoe bunches.

* * * * * * *

It was Christmas eve.

Uncle John sat in his bachelor home, his feet stretched out before a comfortable grate fire, his good old pipe in his mouth. When Uncle John was in a reminiscent mood he always smoked a pipe.

The housekeeper knocked softly at the door. "The expressman is here. He has brought a most remarkable looking box, and he says to sign right here."

The box was brought in. "Please bring a screw driver," he said.

The screw driver in his hand, he waited until the housekeeper had left the room.

He had not kept much track of his home folks back on the farm. After Sister Myrtle died he hated to ever think of going back. Myrtle—the good fellow, the charming companion—as good as any boy—never took a dare—even kept him on the qui vive to keep up with her (she was two years older). "Ah," sighed he. "There never was another girl like Myrtle."

As his niece was named for Myrtle, who had always loved music, he had given her an organ, but that was years ago, and he had almost forgotten her existence.

Here then was a box from the old home. His conscience gave a twinge. How he had neglected them!

* * * * * * *

The box was empty. The contents had been carefully placed on the broad mahogany table. Uncle John sat before the fire, motionless. In one hand was the old picture. In the other he held the photograph. The wavering handwriting of his mother, and the sight of her wrinkled face and white hair in the photograph—such a contrast to that in the old picture—these touched him.

Then the sight of Myrtle, with her fresh young face, her head bound around with heavy braids, just as his sister had worn hers—the coral beads, even, without which he never saw his sister—all these things had seized him and transported him back over the thirty years that had passed since he had seen his home. Seizing the receiver at his elbow he called up the telegraph office and dictated the following message:

"Will be home New Years. Greetings. Box received. UNCLE JOHN."

Then he again took up the pictures and studied them.

Grandma and—Myrtle. His beloved Myrtle—restored to him from the dead! He no longer marveled at that wonderful box.

"Such girls can accomplish anything if they get a chance!" he said. Suddenly he straightened up and pounded the arm of his chair with his fist.

"And, by George! I'll see that she gets a chance!"

HOW LIFEBOAT ORIGINATED

The lifeboat is a very modern contrivance. It is not much more than a half century since it came to be generally used. In the old days a sea captain greatly resented even the suggestion that his vessel should carry lifeboats.

At the period when these boats still were an experiment, a remarkable feat of life-saving was performed on the New Jersey coast at a point now within the precincts of Asbury Park. Joseph Francis, an inventor, had brought forth a device made of iron and shaped like a boat, with a lid which could be shut, thus keeping out the water. Francis contended that in case of a shipwreck near shore a line could be made fast between the vessel and the coast, and his quaint lifeboat hauled back and forth, carrying several persons on each trip.

Francis was the butt of much humor, and his life-saving boat, which was commonly called a kettle because of its odd shape, became a subject for general derision. Then a vessel bearing the name of Ayrshire was wrecked in 1847 off the Jersey coast. It had a large passenger list, and great loss of life seemed inevitable. Francis rushed to the beach, got a line to the ship and started his boat, upon its first emergency test. He saved 201 lives by this method, many of which must have been lost otherwise, for the sea was so rough that no ordinary boat could have ever reached land from the wreck.

In recognition of his skill and bravery, congress presented Francis with the largest gold medal ever given by that body. It was made of pure gold, two-thirds of an inch thick, and was of about the same size as a tea plate. The boat devised by Francis might still be in use were it not for the breeches buoy. Because of the boat's size, weight and general clumsiness it was difficult to handle. But it was none the less practical, and paved the way for the breeches buoy, operated on the same principle.

FOR THE BOY IN CAMP

What shall I send that boy in military camp? Many mothers and others are asking that question. In reply, Dr. James Naismith, professor of physical education in the University of Kansas, says: "Send him candy and lemons, a good book and, if his company has a talking machine, a record of light music or something funny. But don't send him sob letters or nightgowns."

Doctor Naismith speaks from 30 years' experience in training university and college youths and from four months on the border as chaplain of the First Kansas infantry. He is the inventor of basket ball and has trained hundreds of athletes and kept thousands of students physically fit.

"Sob letters and nightgowns were the most worrying and useless things the boys on the border received from home," said Doctor Naismith. "Write that boy once or twice a week. Send him the home paper. He may not seem prompt about writing home, but never forget he has an insatiable appetite for home letters and the home paper. His appetite for sweets, too, is very keen. The army ration, wholesome and nourishing, hasn't many trimmings, so candy always is warmly welcomed by the boys. Homemade fudge or caramel candy, something that doesn't mash or melt easily, should be sent.

"There is no need to send clothing or medicines. Uncle Sam will look out for that. But small musical instruments are valuable in keeping a camp cheerful. Banjos, mandolins, even ukeleles, are good. Baseballs, bats, gloves and masks always are welcome. Anything that encourages healthful play is good to send.

"I am very much in earnest when I ask that no sob letters be sent the boys. Also, if you know of some boy who has no one to write him or to send him candy, remember him. I saw boys who felt it quite a little that there was no one to remember them. They're all just big kiddies, you know, and they need appreciation."

SHERMAN'S FAMOUS SAYING

General's Definition of War Was Given in an Address at Columbus, O., in 1880 at Reunion of Veterans.

J. H. Galbraith of Columbus, O., writing to the New York World, gives place and date to a remark which has been widely credited to General William Tecumseh Sherman. He says:

"In answer to inquiries as to where Gen. William T. Sherman said war was hell, and refute intimations that he never said it at all, the Columbus Dispatch asserts that General Sherman said it in Columbus on August 12, 1880, and in support of the assertion produces from its files a copy of a short address he made here at that time in which the now famous definition of war was made.

"The occasion was a reunion of the Civil war soldiers of Ohio. President Hayes was a guest of honor and most of the living generals of the Civil war were present. The addresses were made in the open in Franklin park. It was raining hard when General Sherman's turn came to speak, but he stood out uncovered and delivered his short speech. As published, it contained just 308 words. Alluding to the fact that old soldiers did not mind rain, he continued: 'You all know that this is not soldiering. There is many a boy here today who thinks war is all glory, but, boys, it is all hell. You can bear that warning to generations yet to come. I look upon it with horror, but if it has to come, I am here.'

"This last clause brought great applause, and when it subsided the general proceeded on another line of thought."

Real, Not Real.

A merchant says that one reason why he would like to go into the movies is because the hero always gets his telephone connection so promptly.

Truly Good.

It is better to be good in reality than to seem so.

KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

According to verified testimony it is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

KNOWING THE REAL ITALY

Too Few Have Troubled to Study Recent Development of Gifted Race of Men, Says Writer.

Prejudices die hard. Ideas soon become fixed. Only a great upheaval such as a war, or other stern ordeal moves us to revise our preconceived notions and examine the truth of our premises.

Nations at war, like men in their cups, are apt to reveal the whole truth. Shams, make-believes, sterile hypocrisies fall to earth, the traditional self fades into a dim background and a nation stands forth naked, its true self.

Latent passions fanned to flame by war spur the soul and fuse inherited characteristics into new elements, so that the rent temper of a people stands revealed, illuminated by the fires that burn along its battle line.

So it is with Italy!

Most of use love Italy, few know her. William Kay Wallace writes in Scribner's. Too few have troubled to study the recent development of this great and gifted race of men which has come to take up again the heritage of ancient Rome.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT PIMPLES

Because Cuticura Quickly Removes Them—Trial Free.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap. Keep your skin clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The race is not always to the swift, but don't be a slow poke on that account.

Philadelphians get coal on physicians' prescriptions.

No Raise In Price Of This Great Remedy

CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

The standard cold cure for 20 years — in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates —cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, never sold in bulk. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

Page Sir Isaac Newton.

In a certain Indianapolis home is a large plaster of paris globe used by the fond parents of the three promising children, says the Indianapolis News, to acquaint them with their geographic lessons. The other day the mother went into the children's room and found the youngest on the floor with the globe between his knees and a dead fly in his hands.

"Put that filthy fly down!" commanded the mother.

The child was plainly disturbed.

"Put it down. What are you doing with it?" the mother requested.

The child answered with action. He put the fly on the top of the globe, then spun it around quickly. The fly fell to the floor.

"Mother," the boy pleaded, "mother, why does the fly fall off the earth when we don't?"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

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

Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free.

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

Experts.

"There are some fine chances for landscape artists on the other side just now."

"You mean in the Camouflage section?"

"No; in the heavy artillery. They're wanted to make some changes in the map of Germany."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Spain has 600 miles of electric railways.

Sores and Wounds

If you knew the wonderful healing properties of Dr. David Roberts' ABSORBINE—Price $1.00 you would use no other preparation in the treatment of wire cuts, old sores, boil evil and fistula. It heals in the shortest possible time.

Read the Practical Horse Veterinarian free by mail. Tells all about Horses

If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

W. N. U., DETROIT NO. 51-1917.

Easy to figure the Profits

Where in **Western Canada** you can buy at from **$15 to $30 per acre good farm land** that will raise **20 to 45 bushels to the acre of $2 wheat** — its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for **100% profit** on labor and investment is worth investigation.

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in **Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.** Think **what you can make** with wheat at **$2 a bushel** and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of **Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming** and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

M. V. MacINNES
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

How Is This.

"There are some things I can't understand."

"What now?"

"It is understood that a man can't lift himself by his bootstraps."

"Well?"

"But he can stand in his own light."

It's a mighty poor man who can't do something useful for his country nowadays.

Absolute self-surrender is the condition of the highest influence.—Westcott.

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c, $1 druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

Carter's Little Liver Pills For Constipation

A vegetable remedy that always gives prompt relief in constipation. Banishes that tired feeling altogether and puts you right over-night, stimulates the Liver gently, but quickly restoring it to full and healthy action, and the stomach and bowels to their natural functions. Making life worth living.

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price

Genuine bears signature

ROSY CHEEKS or HEALTHY COLOR indicates Iron in the Blood. Pale or colorless faces usually show its absence. A condition which will be much helped by CARTER'S IRON PILLS