HUDSON AUTO MAN GLAD TO TESTIFY

Thought Trouble Would Keep Him From Working Anymore, He Says.

HIS HEALTH RESTORED

"I'm Glad to Tell Anybody About a Thing That Did as Much For Me as Tanlac Has," Says Detroit Man.

"Yes sir, I am glad to tell anybody about a thing that did as much for me as Tanlac has," said Elmer Doerna, who is employed by the Hudson Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., as assembler and has many friends among the automobile workers. "I think it's only right," he continued, "to pass the good word along, for it was what I read in the papers about Tanlac that caused me to take it and get rid of this trouble that looked like it was going to keep me from working any more.

"For a long time I have had rheumatism in my limbs. The trouble was principally in my hands and wrist; in fact, the pains extended all the way down to my finger tips and my wrist would swell up and caused me to suffer something terrible. I just can't tell you how much I did suffer. I couldn't get any rest at nights on account of the pain and would get out of bed in the mornings so tired and worn-out it was all I could do to drag myself back to work. I finally got so bad I was losing a great deal of time for my work requires the use of nimble fingers and I simply couldn't keep up in my condition.

"After trying nearly everything and getting no better I was just about ready to give up trying any more. That is just the shape I had gotten into when I read about this Tanlac. I have now used three bottles and I sleep fine at nights, have a splendid appetite and am relieved of the troubles from which I suffered so long after other medicines failed to do me any good and if my statement will help anybody else to get relief from troubles like I had I'm glad to give it."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town. Adv.

DON'T FORGET THE HORSE!

There Was Another Hero in Wild Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, Reminds a Writer.

Paul Revere's name was made immortal when he rode from Boston to Lexington and Concord, warning the patriots along the way of the British approach, and his fame has been securely enshrined in the hearts of all Americans.

Historians have honored themselves in honoring him. Poets have found inspiration in praising him. He is an idol of childhood, an example in the prime of manhood and a solacing memory of old age.

How few characters loom up like great peaks above the mountain ranges of time!

And Paul Revere was one of these. He was one of the precious few great enough to grasp an opportunity to do an incalculable good to mankind.

But while we give deserved glory to Paul Revere, let us no longer forget that there was another hero in that wild midnight ride, says a writer in the Christian Herald.

There was the horse.

"Any other horse might have done as well," you think? Well, so might any other man have done as well, perhaps. So might we flippantly disparage any hero.

But the fact remains that it was Paul Revere's horse that did it. And the harder work fell on the horse. But for the true horse's faithfulness, Paul Revere would have been a failure.

Gave Him Away.

Mrs. Brandyball returned home one afternoon from quite an extended visit to her old home. Among the first questions put to her maid was:

"Have you noticed that my husband missed me very much when I was away, Annie."

"Well," said Annie, "I didn't notice it so much at first, but yesterday he seemed to be in despair."

A Sticker for Pop.

"Pa."

"Well, my son."

"How can a solid fact leak out?"

A forgiving disposition is the first law of self-preservation.

If

you never tasted Grape-Nuts FOOD you have missed one of the good things in life

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

(Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons)

CHAPTER XV—Continued.—12—

Smith was jabbing his paper knife absently into the desk blotter. "And yet we go on calling this a civilized country!" he said meditatively. Then with a sudden change of front: "I'm in this fight to stay until I win out or die out, Billy; you know that. As I have said, Miss Verda can kill me off if she chooses to; but she won't choose to. Now let's get to work. It's pretty late to rout a justice of the peace out of bed to issue a warrant for us, but we'll do it. Then we'll go after Lanterby and make him turn state's evidence. Come on; let's get busy."

But Starbuck, reaching softly for a chair-righting handhold upon Smith's desk, made no reply. Instead he snapped his lithe body out of the chair and launched it in a sudden tiger spring at the door. To Smith's astonishment, the door, which should have been latched, came in at Starbuck's wrenching jerk of the knob, bringing with it, hatless, and with the breath startled out of him, the new stenographer, Shaw.

"There's your state's evidence," said Starbuck grimly, pushing the half-dazed door listener into a chair. "Just put the auger a couple of inches into this fellow and see what you can find."

Richard Shaw had an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour when Smith and Starbuck applied the thumbscrews to force a confession out of him. Nevertheless, knowing the dangerous ground upon which he stood, he evaded and shuffled and prevaricated under the charges and questionings until it became apparent that nothing short of bribery or physical torture would get the truth out of him. Smith was not willing to offer the bribe, and since the literal thumbscrews were out of the question, Shaw was locked into one of the vacant rooms across the corridor until his captors could determine what was to be done with him.

"That is one time when I tired and missed the whole side of the barn," Starbuck admitted, when Shaw had been remanded to the makeshift cell across the hall. "I know that fellow is on Stanton's pay roll; and it's reasonably certain that he got his job with you so that he could keep cases on you. But we can't prove anything that we say, so long as he refuses to talk."

"No," Smith agreed. "I can discharge him, and that's about all that can be done with him."

"He is a pretty smooth article," said Starbuck reflectively. "He was hired as a clerk in Maxwell's railroad office, and he was mixed up in some kind of crookedness. I don't remember just what."

Smith caught quickly at the suggestion.

"Wait a minute, Billy," he broke in; and then: "There's no doubt in your mind that he's a spy?"

"Sure he is," was the prompt rejoinder.

"I was just thinking—he has heard what was said here tonight—which is enough to give Stanton a pretty good chance to outfigure our outfit again."

"Right you are."

"In which case it would be little short of idiotic in us to turn him loose. We've got to hold him, proof or no proof. Where would we be apt to catch Maxwell at this time of night?"

"At home and in bed, I reckon."

"Call him upon the phone and state the case briefly. Tell him if he has any nip on Shaw that would warrant us in turning him over to the sheriff, we'd like to know it."

"You're getting the range now," laughed the ex-cowman, and instead of using the desk set, he went to shut himself into the sound-proof telephone closet.

When he emerged a few minutes later he was grinning exultantly. "That was sure a smooth one of yours, John. Dick gave me the facts. Shaw's a thief; but he has a sick sister on his hands—or said he had—and the railroad didn't prosecute. Dick says for us to jug him tonight and tomorrow morning he'll swear out the necessary papers."

"Good. We'll do that first; and then we'll go after this fellow Lanterby. I want to get Stanton where I can pinch him, Billy; no, there's nothing personal about it; but when a great corporation like the Escalante Land company gets down to plain anarchy and dynamiting, it's time to make somebody sweat for it. Let's go and get Shaw."

Together they went across the corridor, and Smith unlocked the door of the disused room. The light switch was on the door-jamb and Starbuck found and pressed the button. The single incandescent bulb hanging from the ceiling sprang alive—and showed the two men at the door an empty room and an open window. The bird had flown.

Starbuck was grinning again when he went to look out of the window. The roof of the adjoining building was only a few feet below the sill level, and there was a convenient fire escape ladder leading to the ground.

"It's us for that roadhouse out on the Topaz trail before the news gets around to Stanton and Lanterby," he said definitely; and they lost no time in securing an auto for the dash.

But that, too, proved to be a fiasco. When they reached Barton's all-night place on the hill road, the bar was still open and a card game was running in an upstairs room. Starbuck did the necessary cross-questioning of the dog-faced bartender.

"You know me, Pug, and what I can do to you if I have to. We want Hank Lanterby. Pitch out and show us where."

The barkeeper threw up one hand as if he were warding off a blow.

"You can't have him in a body, mister, for all o' me, Billy; you sure could," he protested. "But he's gone."

"On the level?" snapped Starbuck.

"That's straight; I wouldn't lie to you, Billy. Telephone call came from town a little spell ago, and I got Hank outa bed t' answer it. He borra'd Barton's maro an' faded inside of a pair o' minutes."

"Which way?" demanded the questioner.

"T' the hills; beatways he ain't headin' fr town when he breaks from here."

Starbuck turned to Smith with a wry smile.

"Shaw beat us to it and he scores on us," he said. "We may as well hike back 'phone Williams to keep his eye on things up at the dam, and go to bed. There'll be nothing more doing tonight."

CHAPTER XVI.

At Any Cost.

With all things moving favorably for Timanyoni High Line up to the night of fiascos, the battle for the great water-right seemed to take a sudden slant against the local promoters, after the failure to cripple Stanton by the attempt to suppress two of his subordinates. Early the next morning there were panicky rumors in the air, none of them traceable to any definite starting point.

One of the stories was to the effect that the Timanyoni dam had faulty foundations and that the haste in building had added to its insecurity. On the heels of this came clamorous court petitions from ranch owners below the dam site, setting forth the flood dangers to which they were exposed and praying for an injunction to stop the work.

That this was a new move on Stanton's part, neither Smith nor Stillings questioned for a moment; but they no sooner got the nervous ranchmen pacified by giving an indemnity bond for any damage that might be done, than other rumors sprang up. For one day and yet another Smith fought mechanically, developing the machinelike doggedness of the soldier who sees the battle going irresistibly against him and still smites on in sheer desperation. He saw the carefully built organization structure, reared by his own efforts upon the foundation laid by Colonel Baldwin and his ranchman associates, falling to pieces. In spite of all he could do, there was a panic of stock-selling; the city council, alarmed by the persistent story of the unsafety of the dam, was threatening to cancel the lighting contract with Timanyoni High Line; and Kinzie, though he was doing nothing openly, had caused the report to be passed far and wide among the Timanyoni stockholders, disaster could be averted now only by prompt action and the swift effacement of their rule-or-ruin secretary and treasurer.

"They're after you, John," was the way the colonel put it at the close of the second day of back-slippings. "They say you're fiddlin' while Rome's a burnin'. Maybe you know what they mean by that; I don't."

Smith did know. During the two days of stress Miss Verda had been very exacting. There had been another night at the theater and much time-killing after meals in the parlors of the Hophra house. Worse still, there had been a daylight auto trip about town and up to the dam. The victim was writhing miserably under the price paying, but there seemed to be no help for it. Since the night of Verda Richlander's arrival in Brewster, he had not seen Corona; he was telling himself that he had forfeited the right to see her. Out of the chaotic wreck of things but one driving motive had survived, and it had grown to the stature of an obsession: the determination to wring victory out of defeat for Timanyoni High Line; to fall if he must fall, fighting to the last gasp and with his face to the enemy.

"I know," he said, replying after the reflective pause, to the charge passed on by Colonel Dexter. "There is a friend of mine here from the East, and I have been obliged to show her some attention, so they say I am neglecting my job. They are also talking, it around that I am your Jonah, and saying that your only hope is to pitch me overboard."

"That's Daye Kinzie," growled the Missourian. "He seems to have it in for you, some way."

"Nevertheless, he was right," Smith returned gloomily. Then: "I am about at the end of my rope, colonel—the rope I warned you about when you brought me here and put me into the saddle; and I'm trying desperately to hang on until my job's done. When it is done, when Timanyoni High Line can stand fairly on its own feet and fight its own battles, I'm gone."

"Oh, no, you're not," denied the ranchman-president in generous protest. "You come on out home with me tonight and get away from this muddle for a few minutes. It'll do you a heap of good; you know it always does."

Smith shook his head reluctantly but firmly.

"Never again, colonel. It can only be a matter of a few days now, and I'm not going to pull you and your wife and daughter into the limelight if I can help it."

Colonel Dexter got out of his chair and walked to the office window. When he came back it was to say: "Are they sure-enough chasing you, John?—for something that you have done? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"That is it—and they are nearly here. Now you know at least one of the reasons why I can't go with you tonight."

"I'll be shot if I do," stormed the generous one. "I promised the missus I'd bring you."

"You must make my excuses to her; and to Corona you may say that I am once more carrying a gun. She will understand."

"Which means, I take it, that you've been telling Corry more than you've told the rest of us. That brings on more talk, John. I haven't said a word before, have I?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going to say it now: I've got only just one daughter in the wide, wide world, John."

Smith stood up and put his hands behind him, facing the older man squarely.

"Colonel, I'd give ten years of my life this minute, if I might go with you to Hillcrest this evening and tell Corona what I have been wanting to tell her ever since I have come to know what her love might make of me. The fact that I can't do it is the bitterest thing I have ever had to face, or can ever be made to face."

Colonel Baldwin fell back into his swing-chair and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It beats the Dutch how things tangle themselves up for us poor mortals every little so-while," he commented, after a frowning pause. And then: "You haven't said anything like that to Corry, have you?"

"No."

"That was white, anyway. And now I suppose the other woman—this Miss Rich-something-or-other over at the hotel—has come and dug you up and set you on the end of her trolling rope. That's the way it goes when a man mixes and mingles too much. You never can tell—"

"Hold on," Smith interposed. "What ever else I may be, I'm not that kind of a scoundrel. I don't owe Miss Richlander anything that I can't pay without doing injustice to the woman I love. But in another way I am a scoundrel, colonel. For the past two days I have been contemptible enough to play upon a woman's vanity merely for the sake of keeping her from taking too much."

The grizzled old ranchman shook his head sorrowfully.

"I didn't think that of you, John; I sure didn't. Why, that's what you might call a low-down, tin-horn sort of a game."

"It is just that, and I know it as well as you do. But it's the price I have to pay for my few days of grace. Miss Richlander knows the Stantons; they've made it their business to get acquainted with her. One word from her to Crawford Stanton, and a wire from him to my home town in the middle West would settle me."

The older man straightened himself in his chair, and his steel-gray eyes blazed suddenly.

"Break away from 'em, John!" he urged. "Break it off short and let 'em do their worst! Away along at the first, Williams and I both said you wasn't a crooked crook, and I'm believing it yet. When it comes to the show-down, we'll all fight for you and they'll have to bring a derrick along if they want to snatch you out of the Timanyoni. You go over yonder to the Hophra House and tell that young woman that the bridle's off, and she can talk all she wants to."

"No," said Smith shortly. "I know what I am doing, and I shall go on as I have begun. It's the only way. Matters are desperate enough with us now, and if I should drop out—"

The telephone bell was ringing, and Baldwin twisted his chair to bring himself within reach of the desk set. The message was a brief one, and at its finish the ranchman-president was frowning heavily.

"By Jupiter! it does seem as if the bad luck all comes in a bunch," he protested. "Williams was rushing things just a little too fast, and they've lost a whole section of the dam by stripping the forms before the concrete was set. That puts us back another twenty-four hours, at least. Don't that beat the mischief?"

Smith reached for his hat. "It's six o'clock," he said; "and Williams' form-strippers have furnished one more reason why I shouldn't keep Miss Richlander waiting for her dinner." And with that he cut the talk short and went his way.

With a blank evening before her, Miss Richlander, making the tete-a-tete dinner count for what it would, tightened her hold upon the one man available, demanding excitement. Nothing else offering, she suggested an evening auto drive, and Smith dutifully telephoned Maxwell, the railroad superintendent, and borrowed a runabout.

Smith drove the borrowed runabout in sober silence, and the glorious beauty in the seat beside him did not try to make him talk. Perhaps she too, was busy with thoughts of her own. At all events, when Smith had helped her out of the car at the hotel entrance and had seen her as far as the elevator, she thanked him half absently and took his excuse, that he must return the runabout to Maxwell's garage, without laying any further commands upon him.

Just as he was turning away, a bellboy came across from the clerk's desk with a telegram for Miss Richlander. Smith had no excuse for lingering, but with the air thick with threats he made the tipping of the boy answer for a momentary stop-gap. Miss Verda tore the envelope open and read the inclosure with a fine-lined little frown coming and going between her eyes.

"It's from Tucker Jibbey," she said, glancing up at Smith. "Someone has told him where we are, and he is following us. He says he'll be here on the evening train. Will you meet him and tell him I've gone to bed?"

At the mention of Jibbey, the money-spoiled son of the man who stood next to Josiah Richlander in the credit ratings, and Lawrenceville's best imitation of a roué, Smith's first emotion was one of relief at the thought that Jibbey would at least divide time with him in the entertainment of the boyd beauty; then he remembered that Jibbey had once considered him a rival, and that the sham "rounder's" presence in Brewster would constitute a menace more threatening than all the others put together.

"I can't meet Tucker," he said bluntly. "You know very well I can't."

"That's so," was the quiet reply. "Of course you can't. What will you do when he comes—run away?"

"No; I can't do that, either. I must keep out of his way, if I can. If he finds me and makes any bad breaks, he'll get what's coming to him. If he's worth anything to you, you'll put him on the stage in the morning and send him up into the mountains to join your father."

"The idea!" she laughed. "He's not coming out here to see father. Poor Tucker! If he could only know what he is in for!" Then: "It is beginning to look as if you might have to go still deeper in debt to me, Montague. There is one more thing I'd like to do before I leave Brewster. If I'll promise to keep Tucker away from you, will you drive me out to the Baldwins' tomorrow afternoon? I want to see the colonel's fine horses, and he has invited me, you know."

Smith's eyes darkened.

"There is a limit, Verda, and you've reached it," he said quickly. "If the colonel invited you to Hillcrest, it was because you didn't leave him any chance not to. I resign in favor of Jibbey," and with that he handed her into the waiting elevator and said, "Good-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Are They Sure-Enough Chasing You John?"

"There Is a Limit, Verda."

SHIPS' MASCOTS LOSE NERVE

Pet Animals on British Vessels Show the White Feather When Shells Begin Exploding.

There are some incidents about the mascots in the big naval battle of Jutland which are worth repeating. The mascot on the Tiger was a bulldog of a fine fellow. When getting into the battle the crew were a bit concerned as to how their favorite would take the crashing of high explosives on the ship, so they plugged his ears with cotton wool, wrapped his head around as if he had a heavy dose of toothache, and a couple of men took the bulldog, much to his annoyance, to a room that was thought to be as quiet as the ship could provide. The dog didn't quite fancy being treated as an invalid and resented the coddling, but when the shots began he took it pretty badly and was mighty glad he had a pal sitting on either side holding him by the paws.

Another boat had a fine, big black cat. He was overjoyed when they got into action, and the first shell that came aboard this fellow got loose and took a flying dive overboard. As the boat was going about 27 knots, even the most tender-hearted Jack Tar could hardly risk going after Tommy. On another ship they had a little bantam, which strutted about more proudly than the dirtiest midshipman and with as big a show of courage as the hardiest of old seadogs. The tars were proud of the "swank" their pet could assume before strangers. When the first German shell crashed on board the bantam lost all his fine show and flew down one of the ventilators. When he was rescued and photographed after the fight he presented a bedraggled appearance.—London Post.

Turtle Fishing Chief Industry.

Grand Cayman is one of the outlying islands of the West Indies, a small and isolated outpost of the British empire. It is the island nearest to the Central American coast among those of any size. As a result of this proximity, the leading industries of the island are turtle fishing and coconut shipping, both of which products come from the Mosquito coast of Honduras and Nicaragua. Grand Cayman is a base of operations, a half-way station in the trade. The island has an atmosphere of prosperous leisure, because all this work is done away from home.

Does Her Best.

"Do you tell your husband everything?" "No; he won't listen to me more than three or four hours at a stretch."—Boston Transcript.

Watching and Waiting.

The attorney for a litigant whose case was about to be called for trial was examining the jurymen as to their qualifications, and was questioning Juror No. 10, says the Indianapolis News.

"What do you do?" the lawyer asked.

"I am doing nothing just at present," he answered.

"How long have you been doing nothing?"

"Oh, for quite a while."

"What did you do before you did nothing?"

"I was watching and waiting."

"In other words," remarked the inquisitor, "you were not doing anything before you did nothing. Is that right?"

"No; I was watching and waiting, as I said."

"Where were you when you were watching and waiting?"

"I was watching at the —— Lumber Company, and was waiting at the ——— hotel."

An Unkind Cut.

Wife (reading the headlines of the daily paper)—"One Wife Too Many." Why do they print those disgusting bigamy stories?

Husband—Maybe it isn't bigamy, my dear.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhœa; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price, But Great in Every Other Way

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are

CONSTIPATED

This old remedy will set you right over night.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine bears signature

PALLID PEOPLE

Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Two of a Kind.

Among the anecdotes of old-time English actors is one of the proprietor of a London theater, who was also an actor of comic parts. On one occasion he gave a member of his company, also a comedian, the customary two weeks' notice to quit.

"Why am I dismissed?" the indignant comedian queried.

"Well, you see, Jonesey, you are a bad actor."

"So are you," was the quick retort.

"Ah!" the manager rejoined, "that's what it is, Jonesey. The public won't stand two of a kind—our kind—so one of us has to go, and I'm sure that that one isn't me."

Undoubtedly.

"He's rich and yet he never spends any more than he has to."

"That's probably the reason he's rich."

Philosophy is that which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

A Pacifist.

At three years old Reginald was already a celebrated coward. Particularly he was afraid of all four-footed animals. There was talk in the family of adopting a dog.

"Would you like to have a dog, my son?" said the proud parent.

"No," said Reginald.

Somewhat later Reginald returned to his father's side. Evidently he had been turning over in his mind the proposition recently submitted.

"I'd like to have a dog," said he, "if I could have one with his mouth shut."

Wonderful!

"How are your nephew and his bride getting along by this time?"

"Finer than frog hair," triumphantly replied the Missourian. "They've been married mighty nigh three weeks now, and, by cripes, they are still speaking!"—Judge.

When a small boy does not hate soap and water it is just as well to put dresses on him.

Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

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 and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around $2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. There is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

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

Never Boasts.

"One of our able senators was arguing a momentous naval question with an opponent.

"'You know I never boast,' the opponent remarked during the argument.

"'Never boast! Bully!' exclaimed the senator. Then, in a more reflective mood, he added, 'No wonder you bring about it.'"

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And Rashes That Itch and Burn—Trial Free to Anyone Anywhere.

In the treatment of skin and scalp troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply Cuticura Ointment. If there is a natural tendency to rashes, pimples, etc., prevent their recurrence by making Cuticura your daily toilet preparation.

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

Where there's a will there's always an heir.

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. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggists or by Mail, 75c per bottle. Write for Free Eye Books. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

THIS DRUGGIST KNOWS BEST KIDNEY MEDICINE

Sixteen years ago I began to sell Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and today I believe it is one of the best medicines on the market; and my patrons are very much pleased with the results obtained from its use and speak very favorably regarding it. Swamp-Root has been very successful in the treatment of kidney, liver and bladder troubles according to the reports received and I have no hesitancy in recommending it for I have great faith in its merits.

Very truly yours,
OWL DRUG STORE,
By R. F. Boies,
Sedalia, Missouri.

Oct. 3, 1916.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do for You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

At the Telephone.

"Hello! I want to see Mr. Diggers at the telephone."

"All right. Come around to his office. He's just using the phone."—Baltimore American.

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Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Root Chafes. It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 M.Free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind, relieves Strains, Painful, Knotted Swollen Veins, Varicosities; cuts a few drops required at an application. Price $1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered.
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