FOREMAN MYERS NOW TESTIFIES

Michigan Alkali Plant Man Lived on Bread and Water for Weeks.

SUFFERED 4 YEARS

Nothing Did Him Any Good Until He Took Tanlac—Has Gained Seven Pounds and All His Troubles Gone.

"I had to live on nothing but bread and water for weeks at a time, but since taking Tanlac, I can eat anything I want and enjoy it as well as I ever did," said Fred W. Myers, of 17 Sullivan street, Ford City, the other day. Mr. Myers is the well-known foreman at the Ford City plant of the Michigan Alkali company.

"I suffered from stomach trouble and indigestion for four years," he explained. "Everything I ate formed gas on my stomach that seemed to press on my heart so I could hardly breathe. I belched up bits of sour, undigested food and had an awful, gnawing sensation in the pit of my stomach that at times burned like a coal of fire. Mucous was constantly dropping down my throat. My eyes were watery so at times I could hardly see. I slept poorly and felt tired and worn out all the time.

"I have tried many different medicines but nothing did the least good until I got Tanlac. Tanlac seems to be made especially for my case for I commenced picking up right from the start and improved every day. My appetite now is fine and everything I eat agrees with me. I have no more gas on the stomach, sleep like a log and wake up feeling fine as a fiddle. Have actually gained seven pounds and am relieved of my troubles."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

Our Help.

"Did you succeed in hiring a new cook?"

"Not yet. She is looking up my references."

OLD SORES, ULCERS AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Niebob, 40 Wilder St., Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 25 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

"Peterson's Ointment is the best for bleeding and itching piles I have ever found."—Major Charles E. Whitney, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

"Peterson's Ointment has given great satisfaction for Salt Rheum."—Mrs. J. L. Weiss, Taylorville, N. Y.

All druggists sell it, recommend it. Adv.

The Big Exception.

"I don't understand this 'peace without annexation' idea," complained the man on the car.

"Why, that's perfectly simple," explained his fellow straphanger. "It means that it isn't right to annex any other country as spoils of victory."

"Mean to say that if we licked some country we wouldn't have the right to take some of their possessions?"

"Not the moral right. We couldn't annex an island, for instance, whose inhabitants do not speak our language, sympathize with our civilization or comprehend our institutions. Such an island would never become an integral part of America, no matter what the geography said."

"Nonsense—look at Manhattan."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Compensation for Typhoid.

The state industrial commission of Wisconsin holds that typhoid fever contracted by an employee as the result of drinking a polluted water supply, furnished by the employer, is a personal injury within the meaning of the compensation act. More than $5,000 is therefore awarded to workmen whose cases have been under debate since 1914.

At present the hen roost is exalted to the eminence of the eagle's aerie.

Boston has 20,694 aliens of army age.

Coffee Drinkers

who are

RUN DOWN

usually

PICK UP

after they change to the delicious, pure food-drink—

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

SMITH FINDS A LOVE AFFAIR BREWING AND IT MAKES HIM UNCOMFORTABLE—HE IS WARNED TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM VIOLENCE

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, society bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, knocks his employer, Watrous Dunham, senseless, leaves him for dead and flees the state when Dunham accuses Smith of dishonesty and wants him to take the blame for embezzlement actually committed by Dunham. Several weeks later, Smith appears as a tramp at a town in the Rocky mountains and gets a laboring job in an irrigation ditch construction camp. His intelligence draws the attention of Williams, the superintendent, who thinks he can use the tramp, John Smith, in a more important place. The ditch company is in hard lines financially because Eastern financial interests are working to undermine the local crowd headed by Colonel Baldwin and take over valuable property. Smith finally accepts appointment as financial secretary of Baldwin's company. He has already struck up a pleasant acquaintance with Corona Baldwin, the colonel's winsome daughter. As plans for financing the new company materialize, Smith makes good at his new job, but his past history bobs up to trouble him.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—9—

It had been a day of nagging distractions. A rumor had been sent afoot—by Stanton, as Smith made no doubt—hinting that the new dam would be unsafe when it should be completed; that its breaking, with the reservoir behind it, would carry death and destruction to the lowlands and even to the city. Timid stockholders, seeing colossal damage suits in the bare possibility, had taken the alarm, and Smith had spent the greater part of the day in trying to calm their fears. For this cause, and some others, he was on the ragged edge when Baldwin dropped in on his way home from the dam and protested.

"Look here, John; you're overdoing this thing world without end! You break it off short, right now, and go home with me and get your dinner and a good night's rest. Get your coat and hat and come along, or I'll rope you down and hog-tie you."

For once in a way, Smith found that there was no fight left in him, and he yielded, telling himself that another acceptance of the Baldwin hospitality, more or less, could make no difference. But no sooner was the colonel's gray roadster headed for the bridge across the Timanyoni than the exhilarating reaction set in. In a twinkling the business cares, and the deeper worries as well, fled away, and in their place heart-hunger was loosed.

After dinner, a meal at which he ate little and was well content to satisfy the hunger of his soul by the road of the eye, Smith went out to the portico to smoke. The most gorgeous of mountain sunsets was painting itself upon the sky over the western Timanyonis, but he had no eyes for natural grandeurs, and no ears for any sound save one—the footstep he was listening for. It came at length, and he tried to look as tired as he had been when the colonel made him close his desk and leave the office; tried and apparently succeeded.

"You poor, broken-down Samson, carrying all the brazen gates of the money-Philistines on your shoulders! You had to come to us at last, didn't you? Let me be your Delilah and fix that chair so that it will be really comfortable." She said it only half mockingly, and he forgave the sarcasm when she arranged some of the hammock pillows in the easiest of the porch chairs and made him bury himself luxuriously in them.

Still holding the idea, brought over from that afternoon of the name questioning, that she had in some way discovered his true identity, Smith was watching narrowly for danger-signals when he thanked her and said:

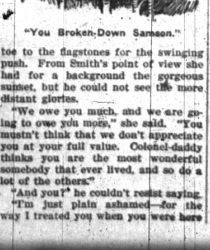
"You say it just as it is. I had to come. But you could never be anybody's Delilah, could you? She was a betrayer, if you recollect."

He made the suggestion purposely, but it was wholly ignored, and there was no guile in the slate-gray eyes.

"You mean that you didn't want to come?"

"No; not that. I have wanted to come every time your father has asked me. But there are reasons—good reasons—why I shouldn't be here."

If she knew any of the reasons she made no sign. She was sitting in the hammock and touching one slippered



"You Broken-Down Samson."

toe to the flagstones for the swinging push. From Smith's point of view she had for a background the gorgeous sunset, but he could not see the more distant glories.

"We owe you much, and we are going to owe you more," she said. "You mustn't think that we don't appreciate you at your full value. Colonel daddy thinks you are the most wonderful somebody that ever lived, and so do a lot of the others."

"And you?" he couldn't resist saying.

"I'm just plain ashamed—for the way I treated you when you were here before. I've been eating humble-pie ever since."

Smith breathed freer. Nobody but a most consummate actress could have simulated her frank sincerity. He had jumped too quickly to the small sum-in-addition conclusion. She did not know the story of the absconding bank cashier.

"I don't know why you should feel that way," he said, eager, now, to run where he had before been afraid to walk.

"I do. And I believe you wanted to shame me. I believe you gave up your place at the dam on took hold with daddy more-to show me what an inconsequent little idiot I was than for any other reason. Didn't you, really?"

He laughed in quiet ecstasy at this newest and most adorable of the moods.

"Honest confession is good for the soul: I did," he boasted. "Now beat that for frankness, if you can."

"I can't," she admitted, laughing back at him. "But now you've accomplished your purpose, I hope you are not going to give up. That would be a little hard on colonel daddy."

"Oh, no; I'm not going to give up—until I have to."

"Does that mean more than it says?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it does."

She was silent for the length of time that it took the flaming crimson in the western sky to fade to salmon. The colonel had mounted the steps and was coming toward them. The young woman slipped from the hammock and stood up.

"Don't go," said Smith, feeling as if he were losing an opportunity and leaving much unsaid that ought to be said. But the answer was a quiet "good night" and she was gone.

Smith went back to town with the colonel the next morning physically rested, to be sure, but in a frame of mind bordering again upon the sardonic. One thing stood out clearly: he was most unmistakably in love with Corona Baldwin.

Hence there was another high resolve not to go to Hillcrest again until he could go as a free man; a resolve which, it is perhaps needless to say, was broken thereafter as often as the colonel asked him to go. Why, in the last resort, Smith should have finally chosen a confidant in the person of William Starbuck, the reformed sawpuncher, he scarcely knew. Perhaps it was to Starbuck that he appealed for advice when the sentimental situation had grown fairly desperate.

"I've told you enough so that you can understand the cise-nip of it, Billy," he said to Starbuck one night when he had dragged the nine owner up to the bathroom suite in the Hophra House, and had told him just a little, enough to merely hint at his condition. "You see how it stacks up. I'm in a fair way to come out of this the biggest scoundrel alive—the piker who takes advantage of the innocence of a good girl. I'm not the man she thinks I am. I am standing over a volcano pit every minute of the day. If it blows up, I'm gone, obliterated, wiped out."

"Is it aiming to blow up?" asked Starbuck sagely.

"I don't know any more about that than you do. It is the kind that usually does blow up sooner or later. I've prepared for it as well as I can. What Colonel Baldwin and the rest of you needed was a financial manager, and Timanyoni High Line has its fighting chance—which was more than Timanyoni Ditch had when I took hold. If I should drop out now, you and Maxwell and the colonel and Kinzie could go on and make the fight; but that doesn't help out in this other matter."

Starbuck smoked in silence for a long minute or two before he said: "Is there another woman in it, John?"

"Yes; but not in the way you mean."

"Sorry's a mighty fine little girl, John," said Starbuck slowly. "Any one of a dozen fellows I could name would give all their old shoes to swap chances with you."

"That isn't exactly the kind of advice I'm needing," was the sober rejoinder.

"No; but it was the kind you were wanting, when you tolled me off up here," laughed the ex-cowpuncher. "I know the symptoms. Had 'em myself for about two years so bad that I could wake up in the middle of the night and taste 'em. Go in and win. Maybe the great big stumbling-block you're worrying about wouldn't mean anything at all to an open-minded young woman like Corona; most likely it wouldn't."

"If she could know the whole truth—and believe it," said Smith musingly.

"You tell her the truth, and she'll take care of the believing part of it, all right. You needn't lose any sleep about that."

Smith drew a long breath and removed his pipe to say: "I haven't the nerve, Billy, and that's the plain fact. I have already told her a little of it. She knows that I—"

Starbuck broke in with a laugh. "Yes; it's a shouting pity about your nerve. You've been putting up such a blooming scary fight in this irrigation business that we all know you haven't any nerve. If I had your job in that, I'd be going around here toting two guns and wondering if I couldn't make room in the holster for another."

Smith shook his head.

"I was safe enough so long as Stanton thought I was the resident manager and promoter for a new bunch of big money in the background. But he has had me shadowed and tracked until now I guess he is pretty well convinced that I merely had the audacity to play a lone hand; and a bluffing hand, at that. That makes a difference, of course. Two days after I had climbed into the saddle here, he sent a couple of his strikers after me. I don't know just what their orders were, but they seemed to want to fight—and they got it. It was in Blue Pete's doggery, up at the camp."

"Guns?" queried Starbuck.

"Theirs; not mine, because I didn't have any. I managed to get the shooting-irons away from them before we had mixed very far."

"You're just about the biggest, long-eared, stiff-backed, stubborn wild ass of the wilderness that was ever let loose in a half-reformed gun country!" grumbled the ex-cowman. "You're fixing to get yourself all killed up, Smith. Haven't you sense enough to see that these rustlers will rub you out in two twitches of a dead lamb's tail if they've made up their minds that you are the High Line main guy and the only one?"

"Of course," said the wild ass easily. "If they could lay me up for a month or two—"

"Lay up, nothing!" retorted Starbuck. "Lay you down, about six feet underground, is what I mean!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the one whose fears ran in a far different channel from any that could be dug by mere corporation violence. "This is America, in the twentieth century. We don't kill our business competitors nowadays."

"Don't we?" snorted Starbuck. "That will be all right, too. We'll suppose, just for the sake of argument, that my respected and respectable daddy-in-law, or whatever other silk-hatted old money-bags happens to be paying Crawford Stanton's salary and commission, wouldn't send out an order to have you killed off. Maybe Stanton, himself, wouldn't stand for it if you'd put it that barefaced. But daddy-in-law, and Stanton, and all the others, hire blacklegs and sharpers and gunmen and thugs. And every once in a while somebody takes a wink for a nod—and bang! goes a gun."

"Well, what's the answer?" said Pete Simms.

"Tote an arsenal, yourself, and be ready to shoot first and ask questions afterward. That's the only way you can live peaceably with such men as Jake Boogerfield and Lanterby and Simms."

Smith got out of his chair and took a turn up and down the length of the room. When he came back to stand before Starbuck, he said: "I did that, Billy. I've been carrying a gun for a week and more; not for these ditch pirates, but for somebody else. The other night, when I was out at Hillcrest, Corona happened to see it. I'm not going to tell you what she said, but when I came back to town the next morning I chucked the gun into a desk drawer. And I hope I'm going to be man enough not to wear it again."

Starbuck dropped the subject abruptly and looked at his watch.

"You liked to have done it, pulling me off up here," he remarked. "I'm due to be at the train to meet Mrs. Billy, and I've got just about three minutes. So long."

Smith changed his street clothes leisurely after Starbuck had gone, and when he went downstairs stopped at the desk to toss his room key to the clerk.

The hotel register was lying open on the counter, and from force of habit he ran his eye down the list of late arrivals. At the end of the list, in sprawling characters upon which the ink was yet fresh, he read his sentence, and for the first time in his life knew the meaning of panic fear. The newest entry was:

"Josiah Richlander and daughter, Chicago."

Smith was not misled by the placename. There was only one "Josiah Richlander" in the world for him, and he knew that the Lawrenceville magnate, in registering from Chicago, was only following the example of those who, for good reasons or no reason, use the name of their latest stopping place for a registry address.

CHAPTER XII.

A Reprieve.

Smith's blood ran cold and there was a momentary attack of shocked consternation, comparable to nothing that any past experience had to offer. But there was no time to waste in curious speculations as to the why and wherefores. Present safety was the prime consideration. With Josiah Richlander and his daughter in Brewster, and guests under the same roof with him, discovery, identification, disgrace were knocking at the door. He could harbor no doubt as to what Josiah Richlander would do if discovery came. For so long a time as should be consumed in telegraphing between Brewster and Lawrenceville, Smith might venture to call himself a free man. But that was the limit.

One minute later he had hailed a passing autocab at the hotel entrance, and ten four miles between the city and Colonel Baldwin's ranch had been tossed to the rear before he remembered that he had expressly declined a dinner invitation for that same evening at Hillcrest, pending business to Mrs. Baldwin in person when she had called at the office with her daughter.

Happily, the small special offense went unremarked, or at least unrebuked. Smith found his welcome at the ranch that of a man who has the privilege of dropping in unannounced. The colonel was boisterously hospitable, as he always was; Mrs. Baldwin was graciously tenient—was good enough, indeed, to thank the eleventh-hour guest for reconsidering at the last moment; and Corona—

Notwithstanding all that had come to pass, notwithstanding, also, that his footing in the Baldwin household had come to be that of a family friend, Smith could never be quite sure of the bewitchingly winsome young woman who called her father "colonel daddy." Her pose, if it were a pose, was the attitude of the entirely unspoiled child of nature and the wide horizons. When he was with her she made him think of all the words expressive of transparency and absolute and utter unconvenient. Yet there were moments when he fancied he could get passing glimpses of a subtler personality at the back of the wide-open, frankly questioning eyes; a wise little soul lying in wait behind its defenses; prudent, all-knowing, deceived neither by its own prepossessions or prejudices, nor by any of the masqueradings of other souls.

"I'm Not the Man She Thinks I Am. I Am Standing Over a Volcano—"

Smith has three devils to plague him just now: His past in Lawrenceville; his growing fondness for Corona; and the enemies of the company for whose success he is working night and day. Important developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIR LAUNCELOT TO RESCUE

But Gallant Knight Left Fair Damsel to Her Fate, According to Modern Version of Story.

"That's funny," mused Launcelot, one of the knightly boarders at King Arthur's table. "That's funny," he added. "I haven't rescued a damsel in distress for almost two weeks."

At that moment a piercing, but sweet, scream issued from behind a clump of laryngitis trees.

"Sic 'em, Semper Tyrannus," chuckled Launcelot, and spurred his good steed Yeo-Bo. Behind the laryngitis tree he found a fair golden-haired, dark-eyed female bound hand and foot, while a great hulking wretch was tickling her lovely nose with a feather.

"What ho! Ho what," cried Launcelot, and prepared to spit the fellow on his lance.

"Nay, nay, good knight, good knight!" cried the dark, fair one's tormentor. "Do you give me leave to explain. This wench is my wife, and many a time and oft have I warned her it would go hard with her if I came home once more and found her at the runnies instead of home preparing supper. And but just now I came home fatisfied to find no supper and my wife at the runnies."

"Give it to her good. Go to it!" said Launcelot and lied him hence.—Detroit Free Press.

Red Cross Dogs.

The "Boker" breed of dogs is the result of a cross between the German mastiff and the English bulldog. It is this breed of dog, according to military observers, that has proved to be the king of the Red Cross dogs in the European war. These Red Cross dogs, in whom character and training are said to outweigh pedigree almost with out exception, are first taught to distinguish between the uniform of the soldiers of their country and that of the enemy. Then they must learn that their principal business in life is finding and nursing wounded soldiers. By a very special kind of training Red Cross dogs are taught to seek rather than to trail wounded soldiers and to bring back news of finding injured men. This the dogs must learn to do without barking, for the enemy is always on the alert and ready to shoot.

Should Be Satisfied.

"Jenkins claimed that I insulted him." "Did you give any satisfaction?" "I guess so. He pounced me until he was tired."

Wise Tommie.

"What are you looking for in the dictionary, Tommie?" asked the parsimonious aunt, finding her little nephew in her house.

"I'm looking for pie, auntie," replied the boy.

"Looking for pie in the dictionary, Tommie?"

"Yes'm; somebody told me it was the only place in your house it ever could be found."—Yonkers Statesman.

Up to Date.

"She has all the accomplishments."

"So?"

"Yes. She can even inhale cigarette smoke."

YOU MAY TRY CUTICURA FREE

That's the Rule—Free Samples to Anyone Anywhere.

We have so much confidence in the wonderful soothing and healing properties of Cuticura Ointment for all skin troubles supplemented by hot baths with Cuticura Soap that we are ready to send samples on request. They are ideal for the toilet.

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

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN!

Cincinnati man tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted off, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist doesn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Illustrated.

"Mamma," exclaimed the little girl next door as she ran into the kitchen from her own home, "mamma. Mrs. Jones has an illustrated tooth!"

Her mother laughed.

"A what?" she asked.

"An illustrated tooth; one that makes your face swell up real big."

Her mother laughed again, and hard.

"You mean an ulcerated tooth," she corrected.

Her father heard of the incident and thought he would question her, too.

"Did you say Mrs. Jones had the mumps?" he queried.

"No," began the little girl again. "She has an illustrated tooth."

Her father laughed, and corrected her.

"Daddy," she remonstrated solemnly. "I don't see why you laugh when Mrs. Jones has an ulcer—I mean—illustrated tooth!"—Indianapolis News.

Thank His Wife.

"Shakespeare had a good deal of trouble with his wife."

"Say on, Macduff."

"She is said to have harassed him continually."

"Quite so," chimed in the grouch. "If it hadn't been for her what plays he might have written."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We have observed that the fellow who never begins is even worse than the quitter.

ON WHEATLESS DAYS Eat POSTTOASTIES (Made of Corn)

says Bobby

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

SKINNER'S MACARONI

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 36—1917.

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops — Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters In France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Department of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been conserved, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED !!!

Canada Wants 40 000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of Its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International Boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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

Too Slow.

Railway Manager—Another farmer is suing us on account of his cows.

Lawyer—Killed by our trains?

Railway Manager—No; he complains that our passengers are leaning out of the windows and milking them as the trains go by.

Majesty of the Law.

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer with chin whiskers, as he stopped the automobile.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins.

"I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights an' your license an' your numbers an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."

Spoke From Experience.

Bill—I dessay some women can do men's work. But they'll never git men's wages.

Jock (much married)—Wotchemean—Never? They always aye!—Punch.

Getting Old Too Fast?

Late in life the body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and achy, and the kidney action distressing. This makes people feel older than they are. Don't wait for dropsy, gravel, hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of elderly folks recommend them.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Alice Miller, 66 Indiana Ave., South Haven, Mich., says: "I had a great deal of trouble with my kidneys and sharp catches in my back and sides. I also had bladder trouble and my kidneys acted irregularly. The kidney secretions were unnatural. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of all these ailments."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR

HAY FEVER--ASTHMA

Your MONEY WILL BE RETURNED by your druggist without any question if this money back guarantee benefits Hay Fever or Asthma. Dr. R. Schiffmann's Asthmador is a potent symptom-lessening drug. Use it at the earliest sign of hay fever. Do not let it become severe. Do not let how violent the attacks or obstinate the case.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

AND ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES

DOCTORS GIVE IMPORTANT BELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable. Clear the air, tried every other means of relief in vain. Asthmador should avail themselves of this guarantee offer. Ask your own druggist. Buy a 50 cent package and present this announcement to your druggist. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and the druggist will give you back your money if you are not. We do not know of any fairer proposition which we could make. [5]

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

Your Liver

has important work to do. Under favorable conditions it does it well. If sluggish, relieve it with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for a FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

ECZEMA

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. S. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman Tex.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Hadn't Yet.

Belle—You say Bob kissed you against your will? But you surely can stop that!

June—Possibly! One never knows what one can do until one tries, I suppose!—Buffalo News.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by Mail from Murine Co., Chicago