

How Are Your Kidneys?
 Dr. Hobbs' Sarsaparilla cures all kidney ills. Sarsaparilla free. Add. Starling Kennedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.
 John Bull's naval pension list contains 527 names.

"Do Not Burn the Candle At Both Ends."

Don't think you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, brain and muscles, without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve, mental and digestive strength by enriching and vitalizing the blood. Thus it helps overworked and tired people.



What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee.
 The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems.
 Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Try Grain-O!
 Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

CARTER'S INK
 Is made to give satisfaction—and it does. Have you used it?

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
 Cures all Throat and Lung Affections. Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes. IS SURE.
 Dr. Bull's Pills cure Dyspepsia. Trial, 25 for 50.

Modern Bullets Humane.
 Sir William McCormack, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons, makes a most interesting report in the London Lancet as to the astonishingly small injury done by Mauser bullets as shown by his experience in the Boer war. He tells of seventeen cases which by his past experience he would have diagnosed as fatal but which showed speedy recovery. The Mauser bullet makes a very small wound, and the entrance and exit holes rapidly heal up, there being generally no mangle of the flesh. Lungs are generally pierced through, and in many similar cases where it would seem certain that some internal organ must have been injured, there is easy recovery with comparatively little inconvenience. Altogether the modern weapon is pronounced very "humane."

The Klondike River and Dawson City are both in British territory.

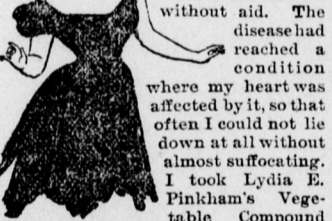
THE NERVES OF WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves the Suffering from Overwrought Nerves.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I wish you to publish this testimonial that others may know the value of your medicine. I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all and was too weak to walk across the floor without aid. The disease had reached a condition where my heart was affected by it, so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me.—Miss ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Thin, Sallow and Nervous

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh.—Miss LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.



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TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has taken my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascares, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
 GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 25c. 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION.
 Starling Kennedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 333

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Write to CURE TOBACCO HABITS.

THROUGH THE MESHES OF WINTER.

Through the meshes of winter she slipped—a day.
 From out some radiant south:
 She breathed a spell from her flower-shaped mouth,
 And the round world dreamed of May.
 The birds dreamed softly of nesting-time,
 The bare earth dreamed of flowers,
 The brook's glad dream was merry rhyme,
 But the best of the dream was ours.
 For the song of the wind swept into our ken,
 From the first pink dawn it blew,
 And we dreamed we laughed in the sunshine then,
 When joy and the world were new.
 But the day passed by on folded wing,
 And our dream is ashes of rose,
 Till over the threshold of winter snows
 She shall smile from the heart of Spring,
 —Alce Katharine Fallows, in Harper's Bazar.

MISS THORNE'S WILL.

Lawyer Northbrooke had just driven away from Glenthorne, and Elizabeth Everill stood for a moment on the broad terrace, and then, with a sigh, turned and entered the house. Only that day her aunt, Miss Matilda Thorne, had been buried, and Mr. Northbrooke had come down from London to read the dead woman's will. It was simple enough, and those who had known Miss Thorne intimately hardly wondered at its wording:
 "To my niece, Elizabeth Everill, provided she marry a man of title, I will and bequeath all my worldly possessions."
 "And if I do not marry?" Miss Everill had asked.
 "You retain your inheritance," the lawyer answered with a smile. "Miss Thorne drew up the will herself, and it is deficient on that point."

Elizabeth's mother, Miss Thorne's sister, had run off with Paul Everill, the organist of the church, before she was 18. Her father had forbidden her name to be mentioned in his hearing, and at his death Glenthorne had passed to Matilda unconditionally. She had held no communication with her married sister till she read in a newspaper of the death of Paul Everill, and then she had paid one visit to the dismal London lodging where Mrs. Everill lay dying. There had never been much love between the sisters, but Miss Thorne was willing to take her sister's daughter under her care. So, when the organist's wife was laid beside him, their only daughter had been brought to her mother's home. Masters and governesses had been employed to perfect her education, and her aunt had never wearied of installing a love of wealth and power, and a horror of poverty into the girl's mind. That her words had not fallen on barren ground she would have understood could she have known her niece's thoughts that evening.
 She was thinking of a scene that had taken place there just five years before.

Some old paintings had been sadly in need of the attention that only a skillful hand could give, and Miss Thorne had heard Ralph Crosby favorably spoken of, and had asked him to do the work. Elizabeth had been much in the long portrait gallery while Ralph Crosby talked and painted, and at length he had forgotten that he was only a struggling artist and she the niece of the wealthiest woman in the country and had spoken his love. Miss Everill could still remember the haughty stare and mocking smile of her aunt when she spoke of her love for Ralph.
 "Love! Your mother loved Paul Everill, I suppose, and you know something of her life. But make your own choice. Marry this young man if you will, but not one farthing of mine will be yours."
 And the girl had lain awake till day-break thinking of the sordid surroundings amid which her childhood had been passed, and of the poverty for which she had such a horror, till at last she resolved to answer "No" to her lover's pleading.
 She winced even now as she recalled the grief that struggled with a contemptuous pity for her reasoning when she told him the next day that she could not be a poor man's wife, and remembered the bitter words that fell from his lips as he turned away without seeming to see her outstretched hand. In the last few days she had thought once or twice, in a vague way, that if Glenthorne should chance to be hers she would find a way of letting him know that she loved him still, that she had loved him always.

"And now—and now," she said to herself, while the shadows grew deeper in the corners of the wide library, "an insurmountable barrier divides us." She clasped her hands tightly, and with eyes that were dimmed by tears, gazed into the glowing embers. "Oh, Aunt Matilda, your very kindness is but cruelty. I wonder where Ralph is now? Oh, I almost wish I was a poor girl today. And yet, no—I couldn't bear that!"
 And the latter reflection was constantly passing through the girl's mind as time wore on. It was very pleasant to be mistress of the great house and to have money to command. Under her rule Glenthorne became a very pleasant place indeed; and before the year was ended it was whispered that Lord Arthur Kendal was very much in love with her.
 Elizabeth heard Ralph Crosby's name mentioned several times later, when she went to London. He was occupied upon a work that was to make a name for him, some said. Others hinted that he was ill; and Miss Everill wondered that her heart should beat so quickly at the sound of his name. She had resolved to accept Lord Arthur. He was rich—much richer than she—and quite at the top of the social ladder. Certainly she

did not love him; he was hardly a man whom any woman could respect. Anyhow she did not respect him, and yet she would marry him. They were uncongenial spirits, she knew, but what of that?
 In such a mood she was going one night to a great ball given by one of the most fashionable women in London. Lord Arthur would be there, and probably she would say "Yes" to his pleadings that night. She rather thought she would as she stood before a mirror when her maid had given the finishing touches to her toilet. She had on a new white dress, and pearls were on her neck and amid her dusky hair; she was radiantly beautiful.
 "Six years ago!" she muttered.
 "Six years and more since the day Ralph Crosby said—"
 She turned away. Now and again a feeling came over her that she could not understand—a feeling that her wealth and her beauty were not to bring her happiness; and she had grown impatient with herself for feeling so. Generally at such times she was even gayer than usual, and when, some hours later, Lord Arthur sat by her side in a convenient recess in Lady Javenell's conservatory, he felt that he could almost die for her. There was something in her beauty that night—a sadness in the dark eyes behind their mirth—that he could not understand.
 "Elizabeth!" he whispered, "say 'Yes!' and just then the sound of voices reached them.
 "And Crosby, the artist, you know, is blind."
 "Blind!"
 "Quite. He consulted Reynolds yesterday, his case is hopeless."
 "Poor beggar! What will he do?"
 "I don't know. He hasn't a penny. He has never studied himself to work for years. Somebody told me of a girl who jilted him, or something."
 Miss Everill rose.
 "Lord Arthur, I hope you will never speak to me like this again!"
 Lord Arthur bowed. He knew that further pleading would be useless.
 Very early on the following morning Miss Everill's carriage stopped at Ralph Crosby's chambers, and Elizabeth was informed that he was at home. She gave no name, but entered the room where he was.
 "Ralph!"
 "It was a voice that he had not heard for six long years, but he recognized it at once, and turned his sightless eyes toward her.
 "Elizabeth!" he cried rapturously, opening his arms, and in an instant she was folded in them.
 "But you must not, Elizabeth," he said later, "you must not sacrifice all for me."
 "It is no sacrifice," she replied, composedly; "but I am dreadfully afraid that I had to ask you to marry me! I wonder what Mr. Northbrooke will say when he hears of this?" and she laughed.
 "What fools women are!" was what the old lawyer said on being apprised of it, and he drew a large envelope from among a number of papers that were in a large box before him.
 It was addressed, in Miss Thorne's very masculine caligraph, to himself, and written in one corner were the words:
 "To be opened in the event of my niece's marriage."
 Inside was a will, properly signed and witnessed, and the old lawyer's face cleared as he glanced at it. There was also an open letter addressed to Miss Everill.
 "If you have sold yourself, my niece, take the price of your slavery. If you have been honest enough to marry for love, take your reward. In either case Glenthorne is yours."
 "Heaven bless me!" the lawyer exclaimed, "Heaven bless me! There's no understanding a woman! I'm heartily glad, anyhow; and now I must go and tell these two that they won't be beggars after all."

An Enormous Vocal Repertoire.
 My mother's love for music was so great, says Sarah T. Meigs, that she could sing anything that was called for, from the old Scotch and English ballads, through the entire range of Italian opera, down to the modern German Lied; or play anything, from Clementi to Chopin. All this in any key, and with an exquisite taste and enthusiastic enjoyment that was irresistible.
 On being asked once how many pieces she thought she knew, she replied: "About 1000." My father said: "I'll give you \$5 if you will write down the names of 500." "Very well; I'll do it." A blank book was secured and the only sound heard in our sitting room was the scratching of a pen.
 On my father's return he asked what progress was made. The answer was: "I wrote until I was tired. If there are not enough names, don't think I've exhausted my repertory, for I can write at least two hours longer."
 The juveniles crowded round to watch the counting, and when the last column was reached there was just 800.
 "How am I to know that you really know all these pieces?"
 "I will sing them to you," was the undaunted reply.
 My father laughingly said: "I am quite willing to take your word for it, my dear," and paid over the money amid the cheers and laughter of the delighted family.—Indianapolis News.

Misplaced Lines.
 Nell—Mad at him? Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her.
 Belle—Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it "Lines on Mabel's Face."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

A Kish.
 Cut a veal cutlet into two-inch squares and season them with salt and pepper. Dip each piece into beaten egg, then into finely chopped mushrooms. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan, and when it is hot fry the cutlets until brown on both sides. Make a brown gravy and pour over the meat. Serve hot.

Canned Peaches.
 In order to keep preserved fruit in good condition a dark closet, well ventilated, is necessary. A paper bag placed over the jar will exclude the light if the closet is not sufficiently dark. The following recipe for preserved peaches will prove satisfactory: Pare the peaches and put them into a steamer, which must be tightly covered. When they have steamed for 15 minutes take the finest quality of sugar and make a syrup. Drop the steamed fruit into it for a few seconds and then can.

Vermicelli Pudding.
 Wash an ounce of vermicelli and put it into a saucepan with a pint of milk, and let it cook over a slow fire, stirring it frequently, until it is quite soft. Break a new-laid egg into a basin, and whisk it well with an egg-beater; pour the milk and vermicelli on to the egg, stir for a second or two, and then add powdered sugar and a little grated lemon peel. When the milk is cool, pour it, together with the vermicelli, into a buttered pie-dish; place a few pieces of butter on the top, and bake in a moderately hot oven until the pudding is a golden brown.

Escalloped Calves' Brains.
 To make escalloped calves' brains, soak one or two sets of brains in cold water for an hour or two. Cut off the membrane and boil for 30 minutes in water to which has been added one bay leaf, three cloves and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Plunge in cold water, and when thoroughly cold remove the skin and loose membrane that remain. Cut the brains with a silver knife and mix with a beaten egg. Make a white sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one saltspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper. Butter a baking dish, and put into it alternate layers of white sauce and brains. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until browned.

Variety in Sandwich Making.
 It is well for the housekeeper to remember the different possibilities in sandwich making. There are peanut sandwiches that some persons fancy and that are made by mixing finely chopped peanuts with mayonnaise dressing and spreading the mixture on buttered bread. Lettuce sandwiches are simply refreshing. Celery sandwiches require finely chopped celery seasoned with grated cheese and mixed with whipped cream. Then there are sardine sandwiches, and nut sandwiches, the latter made by using equal parts of grated Swiss cheese and chopped English walnut meat seasoned. To make jelly sandwiches use quince or any chosen jelly, spread it on buttered bread and sprinkle with chopped hickory nuts.
 Crackers in place of bread are used for Russian sandwiches. Spread them with cream cheese, and cover with chopped olives mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Even the simplicity of sliced fresh bread and grated horseradish is good.

Household Hints.
 Whipped cream is more easily digested than plain cream.
 Bronze articles are best cleaned with a paste made of powdered chicory and water.
 Cold tea may be saved for the vinegar barrel. It sours easily and gives color and flavor to the vinegar.
 Stale angel food may be made into a palatable pudding by steaming it and serving with marshmallows melted for sauce.

When cow's milk is fed to babies with enfeebled digestion, it must be largely diluted with warm water. Overfeeding is frequently the cause of infantile dyspepsia.
 An excellent way to improve the condition of frozen game is to lay it in a bath of sweet milk for 24 hours, changing the milk twice. Roast the birds in the usual way.
 A new sort of brush for the very highly polished table or piano is the foxtail brush with a small silver handle. The whole thing is ornamental and rather useful as well.
 Kerosene applied with a soft cloth, preferably one of old silk or linen, should remove the marks of hot dishes from the polished surface of a dining table. If it does not, rub each spot with spirits of camphor and afterwards with furniture polish.
 An appreciated change from stewed chicken is made by dropping oysters into the stock left in the pot after the chicken has been lifted to the platter, and a moment later pouring all over the meat. This is a good way to eke out the service of a small chicken.

Strengthening the lungs, especially the apex, may be done by blowing through a small tube that will allow the breath to pass out slowly. First fill the lungs with good air, then blow with steady force vigorously but not violently. A few times daily will be sufficient.
 Every housekeeper knows that beds should be thoroughly aired daily, but the majority content themselves with a too abbreviated period of airing. The effectual purifying of bed and bed clothing cannot take place if the proper time is not allowed for the free circulation of pure air. At least two or three hours should be allowed, and every day this airing should be done.



Cheap washing soaps and powders, too, With alkali are strong; The dire destruction which they do Is sure to show ere long. But Ivory Soap will never hurt The fabric, howe'er tender; It makes short work of stain and dirt; It works for the mender.

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Boer Quickness in Moving Artillery.

One of the most amazing disclosures of the Boer war is the ease with which the Afrikanders transport their heavy guns from place to place with their armies. British critics never even thought of the possibility of such a thing. Much ado was made by the British about the transportation of their naval guns, but the Boers carry their ordnance around as if they were toy cannon hauled by a string.

Household Hints.

If there is one thing on which the housewife prides herself, it is that of having her laundering done nicely, so that the wearing apparel may be the admiration of all. The washing is a small matter, anyone almost can do that, but to have the linens present that flexible and glossy appearance after being ironed requires a fine quality of starch.
 J. C. Hubinger's new laundry starch, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" brands are his latest inventions and the finest starch ever placed on the market; not a new starch made by a new manufacturer, but a new starch by the leading and only manufacturer of fine laundry starch in the United States.
 His new method of introducing this starch with the Endless Chain Starch Book enables you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakspeare panels, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, all for 5c. Ask your grocer.

A Poor Bicycle.

"Pa, my rubber tire has to be fixed."
 "Now, Sammy, what have you been doing to your wheel this time?"
 "Well, Pa, it's no account; I just rode it through three bonfires, an' it went an' busted."

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascares, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascares—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
 F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.
 Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Women are now street-car conductors in Santiago, Chile.

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

Chicago now has an automobile fire wagon.

The vehicle is run by electricity.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascares Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

There are 2090 miles of railway open for traffic in New Zealand.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough Medicine.

F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 4, 1899.

The fifteen colonies under French rule have a population of 51,615,427.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascares.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A needle factory in Redditch, England, makes 70,000,000 needles every week.

Well Informed.

Monday morning.
 The passenger in the elevator of the large apartment house sniffed the air.
 "Seems to me, William," she said, "I smell cabbage."
 "Yes'm," replied the elevator boy.
 "The Fergusons, on the third floor back, is cookin' 'em fur dinner."
 Tuesday afternoon.
 "If I am not mistaken, William, there is a strong odor of mutton here."
 "Yes'm. They're havin' mutton fur dinner at the Welkerson's, on the next floor, about halfway back."
 Wednesday.
 "William, where does that smell of onions come from?"
 "Comes f'm the Cluppinses's, ma'am. Their company's gone, and they don't have no meat to-day."
 Thursday evening.
 "I think I notice a flavor of soap in the atmosphere, William."
 "Yes'm. The Brinkmeyers is doin' their washin'. They do that every two weeks."
 Friday.
 "Who's having fish to-day, William?"
 "The Swallingers, on the fourth floor, the Biddlecombes, an' the Giffords, an' the Shadwells, on the second floor, an' the Jordleson, on the third. The Dorans is goin' to have turkey, but they hain't begun to cook it yet."
 "Do you know what we are to have for dinner, William?"
 "Yes'm. Cold meat an' turnips—but I won't tell anybody, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

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Half a Bottle Cured Me

"About thirty years ago I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling out. One-half a bottle cured me. A few days ago my hair began to fall out again. I went to the medicine shelf and found the old bottle of Hair Vigor just as good as when I bought it."—J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill., Sept. 27, 1899.

Keeps Thirty Years

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. And then, what you don't need now you can use some other time just as well.
 It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, restore color to gray hair, cure dandruff, and keep the hair soft and glossy. There's a great deal of good and an immense amount of satisfaction in every bottle of it.
 \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Write the Doctor

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Write the Doctor

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water