Had To Give Up

Was Almost Frantic With the Pain and Suffering of Kidney Complaint. Doan's Made Her Well.

Mrs. Lydia Shuster, 1838 Margaret St., Frankford, Pa., says: "A cold started my kidney trouble. My back began to ache and got sore and lame. My joints and ankles became swollen and painful and it felt as if needles were sticking into them. I finally had to give up and went from bad to worse.

Mrs. Shuster

"My kidneys didn't act right and the secretions were scanty and distressing. I had awful dizzy spells when everything before me turned black; one time I couldn't see for twenty minutes. Awful pains in my head set me almost frantic and I was so nervous, I couldn't stand the least noise. How I suffered! Often I didn't care whether I lived or died.

"I couldn't sleep on account of the terrible pains in my back and head. Nothing seemed to do me a bit of good until I began taking *Doan's Kidney Pills*. I could soon see they were helping me; the backache stopped, my kidneys were regulated and I no longer had any dizzy spells or rheumatic pains. I still take *Doan's* occasionally and they keep my kidneys in good health."

"Sworn to before me,
F. W. CASSIDY, JR., Notary Public.

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Expediency.

"A wise man may change his mind."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But a man sometimes gets credit for changing his mind when caution has caused him to shift his line of talk."

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 30c.

The Limit Reached.

"I don't see why women use such diminutive envelopes for their correspondence."

"Guess they won't make 'em any smaller, at that."

"Why not?"

"Got to have room to carry a postage stamp."

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. 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

PUT POOR LO IN A SHOWCASE

Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York Institution for Relics of Red Men.

There are still, as we all know, quite a lot of Indians left in America, but many tribes are extinct, and many others have imbibed enough civilization to change them completely, Niksah writes. The Indian as he was before he met the white man is practically a thing of the past, and this fact is signified by the completion in New York of a splendid museum building to house his remains.

Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, is the full name of this institution, which is moving into its palatial headquarters near Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. The Heye foundation has been in existence for some years and has had a number of ethnologists and archeologists in the field. Its method has been to obtain a collection first and then erect a building. The exhibit, which is now placed in its new home, is probably the greatest collection of relics of the American Indian.

Not only North America, but Central and South America and the West Indies are included in the studies conducted under the Heye foundation. One of its field men, Mr. De Booy, has returned from the Virgin Islands and Santo Domingo with a vast amount of new material bearing upon the primitive inhabitants of that region.

It is believed that this new museum will attract an unusual amount of attention, for the Indians are an unfailing source of interest to Americans.

United States has a penny shortage.

Instant Postum

fits the spirit of the times perfectly. It is

Purely American

Economical (without loss of pleasure)

Convenient (ready for instant use)

and is a pleasing, wholesome, drug-free drink good for both young and old.

"There's a Reason"

The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE HIS SWEETHEART, PAGET ENCOUNTERS A NOISOME HORDE.

Naval Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of a submarine, meets at Washington an old friend and distinguished though somewhat eccentric scientist, Captain Masterman. Masterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the strange race, the existence of whose species, he asserts, menaces the human family. At the club, the "March Hares," Masterman explains his theory to Paget. The recital is interrupted by the arrival of a lifelong enemy of Masterman, Ira MacBeard, and the former is seized with a fatal paralytic stroke. From Masterman's body Paget secures documents bearing upon the discovery and proceeds to the home of the scientist. Paget proceeds to sea on his submarine, the F55, and encounters a German cruiser. He sinks the enemy, which had destroyed the Beotia, on which Ida Kennedy, his fiancee, was a passenger. The girl escapes in a small boat.

CHAPTER V.

—6—

The Sea of Jelly.

He sank like a stone. No glimpse of him could be had. No rescue was possible.

Donald clung to the edge of the boat and scrambled in. He saw the amazed recognition flame out on Ida's face. He knew then that she loved him, and his impulse to seize her in his arms was almost ungovernable.

But at the same instant, looking past her into the sea, he experienced the same illusion that had beset him within the house in Baltimore, and again outside it—that of a woman's misty form outlined upon the water!

Donald made a cup of his hands.

"Davies! fling out a rope!" he bawled.

But the submarine was some distance away, and in a moment a wall of fog came down, blotting her out.

Ida Kennedy watched Donald with approval. She had always liked him; shaken as she was now, his advent seemed the work of Providence. She had questioned her heart before she sailed, if she had known that her future was of her own choosing, whether it was to be spent with him or no.

Donald continued to call loudly, but the F55 was drifting in the mist and quite invisible. It was in fear of this sudden happening that Donald had told Davies to make for Fair island if he could not get a rope to the boat.

Fair island, less than six miles away, was the secret rendezvous where the oil-ship and biplane were to await the F55, the former to replenish the fuel supply, the latter to accompany her back to the mother ship.

Donald picked up a pair of oars from the bottom. He realized that he would have to pull toward Fair island alone as soon as he got an inkling of its direction, with the chance of being picked up by the submarine when the fog cleared. But it was approaching sundown and the probabilities of their spending the night in the boat seemed strong.

He fitted the oars in the rowlocks, and he allowed one to drift through the water he discovered, to his surprise, that it was apparently plunged into a mass of some jellylike substance. He dipped his hand into it and scooped some of it up.

The water was apparently curdled, like turned milk, and on both sides of the boat, which rolled in it heavily and slow in the viscous medium.

As he withdrew the oar Donald had the sensation of pulling it from between the clinging fingers of a child.

He looked down. It occurred to him that he might have got the blade entangled in some marine growth; but the water was clear, almost black, and of the same strange, jellylike consistency everywhere.

Then to his amazement, he realized that the boat was moving!

It was not like the pull of a towline which is a sequence of crescendo and diminuendo, of starts and jerks, as the rope grows tight and slack alternately. It was a constant impulse. It was an intelligent impulse.

It was beginning to grow dark, and to him it seemed useless until the fog lifted. It was impossible to gauge the direction. Besides, to pull against this force would have been arduous, as the pull with it might have led to unlooked difficulties.

He held backed water in experiment. Only he felt the force increase. It was an effortless, persistent push, stronger than his own powers, and he realized that he could not resist it.

Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation on the back of his hand. He dropped the oar. Five small, red welts had sprung out on his wrist, and the flesh seemed to have been cupped. He clapped his other hand down on it, and encountered something slimy and cool, which seemed to slide away. It was like the flipper of a seal, or, again, like the hand of a child or monkey.

At the same instant Ida screamed. Donald saw that she seemed to be struggling with some invisible adversary. The boat was tipping dangerously. Donald flung his weight over, and he heard the thud of a soft body against the bottom.

The thing—whatever it was—was in the boat!

Donald leaped forward and clasped her about the waist. She writhed in the clutch of the monster, and there was a look of intense horror upon her face.

She seemed to be lifted bodily toward the water. Donald felt the slimy fingers of the invisible being loosen his grasp. His hands moved up her body, down over a smooth, blubbery surface.

And then he knew what it was. It was such a creature as he had seen in the glass tank in Masterman's house, but larger and more powerful.

He saw the rays deflected from the creature's body, dancing in prismatic colors upon the edge of its leathery hide. He saw it dimly, as one sees the full moon in the arms of the new.

And, glaring into his eyes, were the two eyes, seemingly poised in the air, two pupils of the size of currants, and animated by a diabolical intelligence.

The sun dipped down, and in an instant the fog, only partly dispersed, closed in again. And as Donald watched, he saw the pupils slowly dilate in the dim light until they became as large as saucers. The stony glare between the unwinking lids, which fringed them like a shadow, the monstrous expansion of the pupils sent the blood through Donald's heart in icy jets.

Then, regaining courage, he dashed his fist into the monster's face, and the struggle began. He felt the impact of his knuckles on flesh, and it gave him new heart. At least he was fighting a thing of flesh and blood, and not a demon.

Ida lay swooning across the seat, where the monster had dropped her, as it turned to face its new adversary. And in the rocking boat Donald fought for his own life and that of the girl he loved.

For the first time he understood that Masterman's story was not the dream of a disordered brain, but the experience of one who had striven to warn a skeptical world.

And afterward he understood why the boat had spun so dizzily long after the vortex created by the sinking of the Beotia had subsided. Even then the swarm of monsters must have discovered their prey.

Perhaps it was the plankton in the water, the jellylike infusion on which they fed, that had brought them there; perhaps the presence of drowning men. Perhaps they had brought the plankton with them, equipped for some dreadful journey.

Donald tried to lock his arms about the slimy thing, but he could get no firm grasp of it. And each touch of the flippers drew the blood to the surface of his skin by suction, bringing out rows of reddening spots that stung. He was fighting a devil fish with the intelligence of a man, armed with invisibility, creating overwhelming horror by its presence alone.

He felt his strength failing him. He was dragged toward the edge of the rocking boat.

He stumbled and fell. He felt himself held fast; he felt his ribs were compressed in a stinging vise.

But as he fell his hand grasped one of the oars. Donald snatched it up and, with a last effort of desperation, freed himself for an instant. He raised the oar and sent the sharp edge of the blade crashing forward.

He heard the sound as of a torn balloon. The squirming flippers uncoiled. The boat tipped to the edge and righted itself. A splash followed. Donald sank down upon the seat.

Then gradually a milky cloud began to diffuse itself upon the face of the waters, till it acquired the shape of a dwarflike body, supine upon the waves, with the short limbs, terminating in the webbed hands, budding at obtuse angles to the trunk.

Donald sprang toward Ida, to shield her from the sight of it. He knew that if she awoke and looked she would go mad. But she lay unconscious across the seat and did not stir.

The boat stopped. There was a confused splashing in the water. The dead sea-beast was rent asunder under Donald's horrified eyes; torn limb from limb by that abominable swarm. A mottled, pinkish ichor spread itself upon the face of the sea.

Donald plunged in his oars and began to pull with all his might, driving the heavy boat through the water. The plankton gave place to clean ocean again. The sun had set, and it was growing dark; with the fall of night a gentle wind came up that began to dissipate the fog.

Through the drifting mist wraiths appeared a jutting cape that reared itself toward the spangled clouds. Donald pulled for an hour. Then he fell forward over his oars. He was incapable of another stroke, but he believed that he had left the sea devils behind.

He cast his eyes along the horizon. There was no sign of the F55. He turned toward Ida.

As he bent over her her eyes opened. She looked at him intently and sighed. The horrors of that day seemed temporarily to have benumbed her mind and robbed her of memory. And Donald did what he had never dared to do before.

He raised her in his arms and kissed her.

"I love you, dear," he said. "If we come out of this—as we shall—I want you always. Will you have me, Ida?"

She raised her lips to his for answer.

And in the happiness of that moment, which atoned for all that they had endured, Donald perceived that the boat had begun to move again. The respite had been of brief duration.

Incredibly pertinacious, and cruel beyond belief, the monsters had once more taken up the chase. But in the inhuman forms were minds as shrewd as his, organizing them for one supreme purpose, the elemental one of food.

They were swimming beside the boat. Donald could see the agitated churnings of the water. Were they pushing or pulling? Taking the oar in his hand, Donald went to the bow and drove it down into the sea. But he struck only the jellylike medium in which the boat was traveling.

He went to the stern, stepping over the body of the girl, who had relapsed into unconsciousness. This time, as he thrust, there was a scurry among the waves, and he felt the yielding, blubbery form, and the same sensation of a burst balloon. The boat stopped. Donald thrust out furiously, feeling always the contact with slippery flesh.

The monsters were pushing the boat, not pulling it.

And gradually there followed the same stupendous incarnation into visible being, the shadowy shape that grew and crystallized into the milky, opalescent body. He heard the school precipitate themselves upon their prey, and saw it rent and dismembered before his eyes.

Through the increasing darkness their pupils glared as the monsters strove together.

Donald went back to where Ida lay and placed her in the bottom of the boat, her head against a thwart. They were moving swiftly.

Suddenly the boat began to tilt upward at the bow. Donald heard the scraping of the flippers against the stern. Then, as if a heavy dog had scrambled in, the boat tipped high into the air and righted itself. Another of the monsters had gained entrance.

Donald seized the oar and brought it down upon the beast's head. The oar splintered; he heard the cracking of bone, and a splash followed.

The edge of the boat was dragged beneath the waves. It filled and overturned. Donald found himself struggling to save Ida in the sea of jelly that sucked him down. Somehow he

Donald Grasped Ida in His Arms and Clambered on Deck.

caught her and dragged himself to the keel. He shouted, and the brutes scurried away, leaping and falling with resounding splashes, like sharks at play.

Donald felt Ida's arms seek his neck. She turned to him instinctively, not as her rescuer alone, but as her lover.

He filled his lungs and shouted.

To his amazement he heard an answering shout. He strained his eyes through the darkness. Surely that was a human cry! He shouted again, and the answer came once more; and there was no longer any doubt.

The conning tower of the F55 came drifting out of the night. She ran awash, with hatches off, and Davies was standing on the deck among a group of sailors.

"Where are you?" he shouted.

"Here!" Donald cried. "Reverse engines, Davies! Coming aboard!"

The engines stopped and the submarine grazed the sides of the overturned boat. Donald grasped Ida in his arms and clambered to the deck. And Donald found himself shaking a man's hand as if he were his brother, instead of merely Sam Clouts, able seaman in the navy, trying to keep his hands from straying toward his mouth organ.

"We were trying to make Fair Island when we spotted you, sir," said Davies. "I thought we'd pick you up in the morning when the fog cleared. It's been hard work making anywhere. There's something the matter with the sea."

"How, Davies?"

"We're only able to make a knot and a half, sir. It isn't the engines. At least there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with them. It's as if the sea's—well, turned to jelly, or molasses, sir. Perhaps you noticed it. I've never seen anything like it in my experience," continued the little middy, whose experience of the high seas was limited to a couple of short cruises on a training ship, and one on a transport.

"Clap on the hatches and make full speed for Fair Island," ordered Donald.

The F55 is invaded by the weird monsters and Paget has a terrible struggle to save himself and Ida. It is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not the Right Kind.

"Safety first is no good," said Uncle Eben, "when a man dodges his share o' the risk an' puts it up to some other feller."

MOTHER!

Have you ever used MOTHER'S JOY SALVE for Colds, Coughs, Croup and Pneumonia, Asthma, and Head Catarrh? If you haven't get it at once. It will cure you.—Adv.

Further Army Plans.

Ambulance and escort wagons for an army of 2,033,000 men will require the expenditure of $10,000,000, according to the recently published urgent deficiency estimates. This sum is expected to cover the acquisition of 55,000 escort wagons, 60,000 water wagons, 3,400 ambulance wagons, 10,000 medical carts and 5,000 small arms ammunition wagons. These figures are all additional to the increased estimates for motor transport.—Army and Navy Journal.

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

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

Illustration.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

"That's so; a number of swallows generally accompany a jolly lark."

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 any 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.

The Best.

"Does he come of good stock?"

"The best—all his vices are hereditary."—Life.

The Quinine That Does Not Effect Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect, Laxative Bromo Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature is on box. 30c.

Lansdowne, Pa., new St. Vincent's home for orphans cost $3,000,000 or more.

SELF DEFENSE

Defeat Backache and Kidney Trouble With Anuric

Many people in this section have suffered from rheumatism and kidney trouble and have found that Anuric was the most successful remedy to overcome these painful and dangerous ailments.

The lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "An-u-ric" (double strength). You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are dizzy spells, backache, irregularity of the urine or the painful twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as stone in the bladder. If you want quick relief buy Anuric now (60c a package)—or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. This will prove that "Anuric" eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar.

JERSEY NEWS

Pleasantville, N. J.—"It is with great pleasure that I write these few lines in praise of 'Anuric' for uric acid and kidney trouble. I had been troubled for twenty years with kidney trouble and had tried various kidney remedies. Seeing 'Anuric' advertised in the papers I decided to try it. Ten tablets did me wonderful good, and fifty tablets made me a new man. They have wonderful curative power. I sincerely hope that my words will be the means of restoring other sufferers of kidney trouble to good health."—JOHN C. FOWLER, 24 Woodland Ave.

Dr. Pierce's reputation is back of this new medicine and you know that his Pleasant Pellets for the liver, his Favorite Prescription for the ills of women, and his Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have had a splendid reputation for the past 50 years.—Adv.

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 right.

Genuine bears signature

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

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near $2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands at remarkably low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of **Oats, Barley and Flax.**

Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition are the only food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

J. P. JAFFRAY,
Cor. Walnut & Broad Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Canadian Government Agent

Overworked Women must learn not to neglect their health

How Women are Restored to Health

Spartanburg, S.C.—"For nine years I suffered from backache, weakness, and irregularities so I could hardly do my work. I tried many remedies but found no permanent relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great change for the better and am now well and strong so I have no trouble in doing my work. I hope every user of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will get as great relief as I did from its use."—Mrs. S. D. McABEE, 122 Dewey Ave., Spartanburg, S. C.

Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 155 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Jos. O'BRYAN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN RELY UPON

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Man and Lion Die in Battle.

Lion and man, lying alongside one another both terribly mauled and both quite dead, told a silent story of a titanic struggle "somewhere in Africa." The deceased was Trooper Norman Sinclair, a native of Prestonkirk, and while on military duty his body was found lying beside the king of beasts which he had killed. A remarkable tribute to his memory has been paid through the devotion of native troops. There has now been placed on his remote grave an iron cross, which weighed two hundredweight, bearing his name, the date of his death and the words, "Died for King and Empire." For the last 300 miles the cross was borne by carriers over a practically unknown country.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

"Edith, I'm ashamed of you. I saw that young Frenchman kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?"

"How could I, mamma? You know, I can't speak French."

A man doing sedentary work requires three ounces of fat daily in some form.

After the Movies Murine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES! Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

The Reason.

Bishop Colfelt of Troy said at a dinner recently:

"The reason why some people get no comfort out of their religion on Sunday is that nobody else gets any comfort out of it during the week."

A single dose of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will expel Worms or Tapeworm. No second dose or after purgative necessary. Tones up the stomach and Bowels. Adv.

Hymen Thwarted.

"It was tragedy. He was engaged to his typewriter, but he had to give her up."

"Why was that? Didn't he love her?"

"He loved her, but he couldn't spare her from the office. They were too short-handed, as it was."

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

Precise Figuring.

"So you get a dollar a year for working for the nation."

"To be financially exact," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "I don't get a whole dollar. I have to pay a little bit back as income tax."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

New Fire Alarm Box.

Breaking the glass in a new fire alarm box intended for hotel or office building rooms permits the alarm to be sounded and frees a fire escape rope and harness.

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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. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

PERSISTENT COUGHS are dangerous. Relief is prompt from Piso's Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiates in **PISO'S**