

North of Fifty-Three

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"If money meant that we would be compelled to lead the sort of existence most of these people do," he retorted, "I'd take measures to be broke as soon as possible."

"You're awfully!" Hazel commented. Bill snorted again. "Tomorrow, you advise our hostess that we're traveling," he instructed. "When we come back we'll make headquarters at a hotel until we locate a place of our own—if you are sure you want to winter here."

Her mind was quite made up to spend the winter there, and she frankly said so—provided he had no other choice. They had to winter somewhere.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. All right; we'll winter here," Bill acquiesced. "That's settled."

And, as was his habit when he had come to a similar conclusion, he refused to talk further on that subject, but fell to speculating idly on New York. In which he was presently aided and abetted by Hazel, who had never invaded Manhattan, nor, for that matter, any of the big Atlantic cities.

New York, she was constrained to admit, rather overwhelmed her. She traversed Broadway and other world-known arteries, and felt a trifle dubious amid the unceasing crush. Bill piloted her to famous cafes, and to equally famous theaters. She made sundry purchases in magnificent shops. The huge conglomeration of sights and sounds made an unforgettable impression upon her. She sensed keenly the colossal magnitude of it all. But she felt a distinct wave of relief when they were Granville bound once more.

In a week they were settled comfortably in a domicile of their own—five rooms in an up-to-date apartment house. And since the social demands on Mrs. William Wagstaff's time grew apace, a capable maid and a cook were added to the Wagstaff establishment. Thus she was relieved of the onus of householdwork. Her time was wholly her own, at her own disposal or Bill's, as she elected.

But by imperceptible degrees they came to take diverse roads in the swirl of life which had caught them up. There were so many little woman affairs where a man was superfluous. There were others which Bill flatly refused to attend. "Hen parties," he dubbed them. More and more he remained at home with his books.

Sometimes Hazel caught herself wondering if they were getting as much out of the holiday as they should have gotten, as they had planned to.



"What's All the Clerical Work About?" She Inquired.

get when they were struggling through that interminable winter. She was, but not Bill. If she ventured to give a tea, he fled the house as if from the plague. He made acquaintances of his own, men from God only knew where, individuals who occasionally filled the dainty apartment with maddening tobacco fumes, and who would cheerfully sit up all night discoursing earnestly on any subject under the sun. But so long as Bill found Granville habitable she did not mind.

She wished fervently that Bill would take up some business that would keep him in touch with civilization. He had the capital, she considered, and there was no question of his ability. Her faith in his power to encompass whatever he set about was strong. Other men, less gifted, had acquired wealth, power, even a measure of fame, from a less auspicious beginning. Why not he?

But she could never quite bring herself to put it in so many words to Bill.

The cycle of weeks brought them to January. They had dropped into something of a routine in their daily lives. Bill's interest and participation in social affairs became negligible. When he was not absorbed in a book or magazine, he spent his time in some downtown haunt, having acquired membership in a club as a concession to his manner of life. Once he came home with flushed face and overnight eyes, radiating an odor of whisky. Hazel had never seen him drink to excess. She was correspondingly shocked, and took no pains to hide her feelings. But Bill was blandly undisturbed.

"You don't need to look so horrified," he drawled. "I'm going straight to bed, little person. Soak not, nor fret. William will be himself again ere yet the morrow's sun shall clear the horizon. Let us avoid recrimination. Good night."

A week or so later he became suddenly and unexpectedly active. He left the house as soon as his breakfast was eaten, and he did not come home to luncheon—a circumstance which irritated Hazel, since it was one of those rare days when she herself

lunched at home. Late in the afternoon he telephoned briefly that he would dine downtown. And when he did return, at nine or thereabouts in the evening, he clamped a cigar between his teeth, and fell to work covering a sheet of paper with interminable rows of figures.

"What is all the clerical work about?" she inquired. "Reckoning your assets and liabilities?"

Bill smiled and pushed aside the paper.

"I'm going to promote a mining company," he told her, quite casually. "It has been put up to me as a business proposition—and I've got to the stage where I have to do something, or I'll sure have the Willets."

She overlooked the latter statement; it conveyed no special significance at the time. But his first statement opened up possibilities such as of late she had sincerely hoped would come to pass, and she was all interest.

"Promote a mining company?" she repeated. "That sounds extremely businesslike. How—when—where?"

"Now—here in Granville," he replied. "You see," he continued, warming up a bit to the subject, "when I was prospecting that creek where we made the clean-up last summer, I ran across a well-defined quartz lead. I panned out a few samples in my pockets, and I happened to show them as well as one or two of the nuggets to some of these fellows that are in the club a while back. Lorimer took a piece of the quartz and had it assayed. It comes up as something pretty big. So he and Brooks and a couple of other fellows want me to go ahead and organize and locate a group of claims in there. Twenty or thirty thousand dollars capital might make 'em all rich. Of course, the placer end of it will be the big thing while the lode is being developed. Getting the start is easy. These fellows I've talked to are dead anxious to get in."

"But"—her knowledge of business methods suggested a difficulty—"you can't sell stock in a business that has no real foundation—yet. Don't you have to locate those claims first?"

"Well, old head; you have the idea, all right." He smiled. "But this is not a stock-jobbing proposition. I wouldn't be in on it if it were, believe me. It's to be a corporation, where not to exceed six men will own all the stock that's issued. And so far as the claims are concerned, I've got Whitely Lewis located in Fort George, and I've been burning the wires and spending a bundle of real money getting him grub-staked. He has got four men besides himself all ready to hit the trail as soon as I give the word."

"You won't have to go?" she put in quickly.

"No," he murmured. "It isn't necessary, at this particular stage of the game. But I wouldn't mind popping a whip over a good string of dogs, just the same."

"B-r-r-r!" she shivered involuntarily. "Four hundred miles across that deep snow, through that steady, flesh-searing cold. I don't envy them the journey."

She came over and stood by him, playfully rumping his brown hair with her fingers.

"I'm glad you've found something to loose that pent-up energy of yours on, Billy-boy," she said. "You'll make a success of it, I know. I don't see why you shouldn't make a success of any kind of business. But I didn't think you'd ever tackle business. You have such peculiar views about business and business practice."

"I despise the ordinary business ethic," he returned sharply. "But I can exploit the resources of nature. And that is my plan. If we make money it won't be fished by a complex process from the other fellow's pockets; it won't be wealth created by shearing lambs in the market, by sweatshop labor, or adulterated food, or exorbitant rental of filthy dealing with. I'm not overly anxious to get into it with them. But it promises action of some sort—and I have to do something till spring."

In the spring! That brief phrase set Hazel to sober thinking. With April or May Bill would spread his wings for the North. There would be no more staying him than the flight of the wild geese to the reedy nesting grounds could be stayed. Well, a summer in the North would not be so bad, she reflected. But she hated to think of the isolation. It grieved her to contemplate exchanging her beautifully furnished apartment for a log cabin in the woods.

Still she had hopes. If he plunged into business associations with Jimmie Brooks and Paul Lorimer and oth-

ers of that group, there was no telling what might happen. His interests might become permanently identified with Granville.

Bill informed her from time to time as to the progress of his venture. The company was duly incorporated, with an authorized capital of one hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars' worth of stock being taken out by each on a cash basis—the remaining seventy-five thousand lying in the company treasury, to be held or sold for development purposes as the five saw fit when work began to show what the claims were capable of producing.

In early March came a telegram from Whitely Lewis saying that he had staked the claims, both placer and lode, that he was bound out by the Telegraph Trail to file at Hazleton. Bill showed her the message—wired from Station Six.

"I wish I could have been in on it—that was some trip," he said—and there was a trace of discontent in his tone. "I don't fancy somebody else paying my chestnuts out of the coals for me. It was sure a man's job to cross the Klappan in the dead of winter."

The filing completed, there was ample work in the way of getting out and whipsawing timber to keep the five men busy till spring—the five who were on the ground. Lewis sent word that thirty feet of snow lay in the gold-bearing branch. And that was the last they heard from him. He was a performer, Bill said, not a correspondent.

Free Gold Mining the affairs of the Free Gold Mining company remained at a standstill until the spring floods should peel off the winter blanket of the North.

Ultimately, spring overspread the eastern provinces. And when the snows of winter successively gave way to muddy streets and then to clean pavements in the city of Granville, a new gilt sign was lettered across the windows of the brokerage office in which Paul Lorimer was housed.

FREE GOLD MINING COMPANY
P. H. Lorimer, P. J. L. Brooks, Sec.-Treas.
William Wagstaff, Manager.

So it ran. Bill was commissioned in the army of business at last.

CHAPTER XV.

A Business Journey.

"I have to go to the Klappan," Bill apprised his wife one evening. "Want to come along?"

Hazel hesitated. Her first instinctive feeling was one of reluctance to retrace the nerve-trying trail. But neither did she wish to be separated from him.

"I see you don't," he observed dryly. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. It's a stiff trip."

"I'm sorry I can't feel any enthusiasm for such a journey," she remarked candidly. "I could go as far as the coast with you, and meet you there when you come out. How long do you expect to be in there?"

"I don't know exactly," he replied. "I'm not going in from the coast, though. I'm taking the Ashcroft-Fort George Trail. I have to take in a pack train and more men and get work started on a decent scale."

"But you won't have to stay there all summer and oversee the work, will you?" she inquired anxiously.

"I should," he said. "For a second or two he drummed on the table top. "But there is one real necessity for you to stay on the ground?" She pursued her own line of thought. "I should think an undertaking of this size would justify hiring an expert to take charge of the actual mining operations. Won't you have this end of it to look after?"

"Lorimer and Brooks are eminently capable of upholding the dignity and importance of that sign they've got smeared across the windows downtown," he observed curtly. "The chief labor of the office they've set up will be to divide the proceeds. The work will be done and the money made in the Klappan Range. You see that, don't you?"

"I'm not stupid," she pouted.

"I'm going tomorrow," he said. "I think, on the whole, it'll be just as well if you don't go. Stay here and enjoy yourself. I'll transfer some more money to your account. I think I'll drop down to the club."

She followed him out into the hall, and, as he wriggled into his coat, she had an impulse to throw her arms around his neck and declare, in all sincerity, that she would go to the Klappan or to the north pole or any place on earth with him, if he wanted

Paris Chauffeurs Are Schemers

Have Developed Ingenious Trick to Play on Sympathies of Unsuspecting American Women.

Paris taxicab drivers—how many stories have been and will be written about them!—are now playing a new trick on unsuspecting Americans and even French people, especially women. There are several popular restaurants on the Avenue Trudaine, which is only reached from the boulevards by climbing the hill in the Rue des Martyrs. It takes time and gasoline to mount that grade; that is why many taxis stop after starting the ascent.

The driver makes frantic efforts to start—the engine pokes around, makes another effort to start, throws up his hands and exclaims: "It's broken down! It won't go a foot further."

in kind. He is sad, and shakes his head mournfully. "My whole evening's work will be wasted by the time this car's pulled back to the garage. I won't make any money tonight!"

As like as not, the sympathy of his passenger is aroused, and she gives him a good tip in addition to the fare indicated by the taximeter—and then walks up hill. When she is out of sight the chauffeur lifts the hood again, twists a valve and the engine starts with a bang. He hops to his seat and rattles back to the boulevards, hoping to find another easy mark.

Patient Little Penny.

The patient little penny is coming into its own. Not that it has not had a certain popularity for religious collections and blind beggars, but aside from the purchase of papers and matches and to put into weighing machines, it has not been in

her, but by some peculiar feminine reasoning she reflected in the same instant that if Bill were away from her in a few weeks he would be all the more glad to get back. That closed her mind. It was not wise to be too meek or obedient where a husband was concerned. That was another mite of wisdom she had garnered from the wives of her circle.

So she kissed Bill good-by at the station next day with perfect good humor and no parting emotion of any particular keenness. And if he were a trifle sober he showed no sign of resentment, nor uttered any futile wishes that she could accompany him.

"So long," he said from the car steps. "I'll keep in touch—all I can."

Somehow, his absence made less difference than Hazel had anticipated. She had secretly expected to be very lonely at first. And she was not. Even when in her hand she held a telegram dated at a point five hundred or a thousand miles or double that distance away she did not experience the feeling of complete bodily absence. She always felt as if he were near. Only at night, when there was no long arm to pillow her head, no good-night kiss as she dozed into slumber, she missed him, realized that he was far away.

Early in June came a brief wire from Station Six. Three weeks later the Free Gold Mining company set up a mild ripple of excitement along Broad street by exhibiting in their office window a forty-pound heap of coarse gold; raw, yellow gold, just as it had come from the sluice. Every day knots of men stood gazing at the treasure. Bill had forwarded the first clean-up.

And close on the heels of this—ten days later, to be exact—came home. "You great bear," Hazel laughed, in the shelter of his encircling arms. "My, it's good to see you again."

She pushed herself back a little and surveyed him admiringly, with a gratified sense of proprietorship. The cheeks of him were tanned to a healthy brown, his eyes clear and shining. The offending flesh had fallen away on the strenuous paths of the Klappan. He radiated boundless vitality, strength, alertness, that perfect co-ordination of mind and body that is bred of faring resourcefully along rude ways. She thrilled at the touch of his hand, was content to lay her head on his shoulder and forget everything in the joy of his physical nearness.

They elected to spend the evening quietly at home, as they used to do. To Hazel it seemed quite like old times. Bill told her of the Klappan country, and their prospects at the mine.

"It's going to be a mighty big thing," he declared.

"I'm so glad," said Hazel. "We've got a group of ten claims. Whitely Lewis and the original stakers hold an interest in their claims. I, acting as agent for these other fellows in the company, staked five more. I took in eight more men—and, believe me, things were humming when I left. And, say, I went in by the ranch. Old Jake has a fine garden. He's still pegging away with the mule and Gretchen, her cow. I offered him a chance to make a fat little stake at the mine, but he didn't want to leave the ranch. Great old feller, Jake. Something of a philosopher in his way. Pretty wise old head. He'll make good, all right."

In the morning, Bill ate his breakfast and started downtown.

"That's the dickens of being a business man," he complained to Hazel, in the hallway. "It rides a man, once it gets hold of him. Adios, little person. I'll get out for lunch, business or no business."

Eleven-thirty brought him home, preoccupied and frowning. And he carried his frown and his preoccupation to the table.

"Whatever is the matter, Bill?" Hazel anxiously inquired.

"Oh, I've got a nasty hunch that there's a nigger in the woodpile," he replied.

And that was all he vouchsafed. He finished his luncheon and left the house. He was scarcely out of sight when Jimmie Brooks' runaway drew up at the curb. A half minute later he was ushered into the living room.

"Bill?" was his first query. "No, he left just a few minutes ago," Hazel told him.

Mr. Brooks, a short, heavy-set, neatly dressed gentleman, whose rather weak blue eyes loomed preternaturally large and protuberant behind pince-nez that straddled an insignificant snub nose, took off his glasses and twiddled them in his white, well-kept fingers.

great demand of late years. The nickel was king. It did not go to church so often, but it was exclusive and preferred to keep its own company. Now it cannot accomplish much without the aid of the brownie, which—until packages are reduced at least—will enjoy something of its ancient glory.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

First Use of Oars.

The idea of propelling ships independently of the wind first led to the use of oars. The discovery of land vehicles and the means of propulsion of land vehicles soon led to attempts to utilize it on behalf of vessels. It is claimed that the first attempt at this propulsion was made by Blasco de Garay, at Barcelona, in 1588.

The Great Grievance.

"There is one big advantage which an aviator has over a chauffeur." "What is that?" "The aviator can speed anywhere he wants to without any pedestrian's having the right of way."

"Ah, too bad!" he murmured. "Thought I'd catch him." "By the way," he continued, after a pause, "you—ah—well, frankly, I have reason to believe that you have a good deal of influence with your husband in business matters, Mrs. Wagstaff."

"Well, I don't know; perhaps I have. Why?"

"Well—ah—you see," he began rather lamely. "The fact is—I hope you'll regard this as strictly confidential, Mrs. Wagstaff. I wouldn't want Bill to think I, or any of us, was trying to bring pressure on him. But the fact is, Bill's got a mistaken impression about the way we're conducting the financial end of this mining proposition. You understand? Very able man, your husband, but headstrong as the deuce. I'm afraid—to speak frankly—he'll create a lot of unpleasantness. Might disrupt the company, in fact, if he sticks to the position he took this morning. Thought I'd run in and talk it over with him. Fellow's generally in a good humor, you know, when he's lunched comfortably at home."

"I'm quite in the dark," Hazel confessed. "Bill seemed a trifle put out about something. He didn't say what it was about."

"Shall I explain?" Mr. Brooks suggested. "You'd understand—and you might be able to help. I don't as a rule believe in bringing business into the home, but this bothers me. I hate to see a good thing go wrong."

"Explain, by all means," Hazel promptly replied. "If I can help, I'll be glad to."

"Thank you," Mr. Brooks polished his glasses industriously for a second and replaced them with painstaking exactitude. "Now—ah—this is the situation: When the company was formed, five of us, including your husband, took up enough stock to finance the preliminary work of the undertaking. The remaining stock, seventy-five thousand dollars in amount, was left in the treasury, to be held or put on the market as the situation warranted. With the first clean-up, Bill forwarded facts and figures to show that we had a property far beyond our greatest expectations. And, of course, we saw at once that the thing was ridiculously undercapitalized."

"So we held a meeting and authorized the secretary to sell stock. Naturally, your husband wasn't cognizant of this move, for the simple reason that there was no way of reaching him—and his interests were thoroughly protected, anyway. The stock was

listed on Change. A good bit was disposed of privately. We now have a large fund in the treasury. It's a cinch. We've got the property, and it's rich enough to pay dividends on a million. The decision of the stockholders is unanimously for enlargement of the capital stock. You understand? You follow me?"

"Certainly," Hazel answered. "But what is the difficulty, Bill?"

"Bill is opposed to the whole plan," he said, pursing up his lips with evident disapproval of Bill Wagstaff and all his works. "He seems to feel that we should not have taken this step. He declares that no more stock must be sold; that there must be no enlargement of capital. In fact, that we must peg along in the little one-horse way we started. And that would be a shame. We could make the Free Gold Mining company the biggest thing on the map, and put ourselves on Easy Street."

He spread his hands in a gesture of real regret.

"Bill's a fine fellow," he said, "and one of my best friends. But he's a hard man to do business with. He takes a very peculiar view of the matter. I'm afraid he'll queer the company if he sticks up trouble over this. That's why I hope you'll use whatever influence you have, to induce him to withdraw his opposition."

"But," Hazel murmured, in some perplexity, "from what little I know of corporations, I don't see how he can set up any difficulty. How can he stop you from taking any line of action whatever?"

"Oh, not that at all," Brooks hastily assured. "Of course, we can outvote him, and put it through. But we want him with us, don't you see? We've a high opinion of his ability. He's the sort of man who gets results; practical, you know; knows lining to a T. Only he shies at our financial method. And if he began any foolish litigation, or silly rumors got started about trouble among the company officers, it's bound to hurt the stock. It's all right, I assure you. We're not fostering a wildcat on the market. We've got the goods. Bill admits that. It's the regular method, not only legitimate, but good finance. Every dollar's worth of stock sold has the value behind it. Distributes the risk a little more, that's all, and gives the company a fund to operate successfully."

"If Bill mentions it, you might suggest that he look into the matter a little more fully before he takes any definite action," Brooks concluded, rising. "I must get down to the office. It's his own interests I'm thinking of, as much as my own. Of course, he couldn't block a reorganization—but we want to satisfy him in every particular, and, at the same time, carry out these plans. It's a big thing for all of us. A big thing, I assure you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

Principally because of wartime conditions, the Marysville Ministerium has placed its stamp of disapproval on carnival companies, medicine shows and affairs of similar nature coming to Marysville for the purpose of doing business. The ministerium has addressed a petition to the borough council asking that permission to operate in the borough be refused.

Arrangements are under way for a big Fourth of July celebration at Hazleton, under the direction of the public safety committee. A parade, community singing, band concerts and an athletic meet, all without any display of fireworks at night, will be the features.

A memorial address by Grand Master Roy Behman, of Harrisburg, was a feature of the annual memorial service held on Mt. Lebanon cemetery under the auspices of Lebanon Lodge No. 121, Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Mrs. Thomas Pettie, an octogenarian living with her daughter, Mrs. Jerry Fritzingler, of Drifton, near Hazleton, is proud of the distinction that she has nine grandsons in the war service, four of them in France.

A western car, after being loaded with coal at the Hudsonsdale storage plant of the Lehigh Valley railroad, weighed 87½ tons.

Harry Burnstead, alleged to have deserted at Camp Upton, was arrested at Norrisstown, by Detective Nuss, and also picked up William Kemmerer, said to have deserted from Camp Mendle.

The Snyder county peach crop promises to be one of the heaviest in a quarter of a century.

Every Sunbury student more than fourteen years old will be granted a vocational employment certificate this year.

Private Sherry, of the state police was badly hurt in a fracas with Welsh Mountain negroes.

The Red Cross has appealed to Dr. E. B. Cooper, of Sunbury, to organize a naval station emergency hospital unit in Northumberland county.

Passenger Brakeman Charles Heil, of Progress, was killed when thrown under the wheels of a train in the Harrisburg Pennsylvania railroad station.

Tamaqua Masons celebrated the sixty-ninth anniversary of the lodge.

Lightning struck the McGowan 8½K Mill, at Beaver Meadow, and stunned three girls at work at machines.

Hazleton's only woman ash collector, Mrs. Mary Kelly, was fined \$5 by Mayor Heidenreich for depositing waste material in built-up sections of the city.

The western corn root worm is doing damage to the growing corn in several districts around New Castle.

James L. Lockhart, food administrator for Washington county, closed the O. K. Baking company's plant for three days as a penalty for not making and filing a regular weekly report of the amount of flour used.

Becoming confused while driving her car down Market street in Chester, Miss Alice Rice, who was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Jacob Rice, ran the machine into the big bulk window of a jewelry store, plowing into show-cases and scattering broken glass and watches in all directions.

Although states were discarded years ago as unsanitary, it is possible that school children of the Lehigh coal fields will soon be forced to return to using them. The cost of paper and pencils is soaring to such an extent that some school boards favor the restoration of the states.

The finishing plant of the Emporium tannery, in Emporium, owned by the Elk Tanning company, was destroyed by fire at a loss estimated by an official of the company to be nearly \$500,000. The origin of the flames has not yet been determined.

Harlan R. Snyder, for fifteen years principal of the West Berwick public schools, has been elected principal of the Catawissa schools.

Liverpool—For twenty-one years janitress of the public schools here, Mrs. Lily Stanley, has been re-elected.

The Cumberland county unit of the woman's committee of the national defense has formed a division to have charge of child welfare work.

S. B. Karns has resigned as cashier of the Columbia County National bank of Benton, and Robert McHenry has been elected to the vacancy.

The Tamaqua school board decided to reduce the next school term from ten to nine months, and to increase the salaries of each of the five high school teachers \$100 a year.

"A melting pot" will be placed in New Castle on June 22 under direction of the Daughters of the American Revolution, when old gold and silver and other metals will be collected for war funds. The melting pot will be placed in a window of a downtown store.

The senior class of the Allentown high school has donated its library of 300 volumes to the American Library association for distribution among the army cantonnements.

As a result of swallowing by mistake a poison containing arsenic, Mary, a little daughter of John K. Blinder, a Pottstown newspaper man, was made seriously ill.

Ninety-five Reading boys have entered state educational institutions to study for war work.

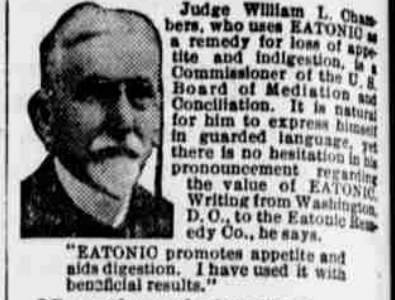
The proposition to motorize the Carlisle fire department was defeated by council.

Lieutenant Robert Reed, of Oil City, has been killed in an airplane accident in France, according to word received by his uncle, George N. Reed.

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JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Commissioner of Medication and Conciliation Board Ties EATONIC, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.



Judge William L. Chambers, who uses EATONIC as a remedy for loss of appetite and indigestion, is a member of the U. S. Commissioner of Medication and Conciliation. It is in natural language, yet there is no hesitation in his pronouncement regarding the value of EATONIC. Writing from Washington, D. C., to the Eaton Co., he says:

"EATONIC promotes appetite and aids digestion. I have used it with beneficial results."

Office workers and others who sit much are prone to dyspepsia, belching, bad breath, heartburn, poor appetite, bloated, and impairment of general health. Are you, yourself, a sufferer? EATONIC will relieve you, and, moreover, as it has benefited Judge Chambers and thousands of others.

Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the acid out of the body—and the acid goes with the money back. Costs only a cent or two a day to use it. Get a box today from your druggist.

Contains 20% Pure Sulphur

Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, etc.

Every