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POULTRY NOTES BY C.M. BARNITZ RIVERSIDE PA. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

SHADE ESSENTIAL. "How do you prefer chicken—broiled, stewed, deviled, fried, roasted or baked alive?"

"Baked alive?" Yes, some folks bake their fowls alive, when a vine, tree, sunflower or artificial shade would afford retreat from heat.

Yes, fowls love a sun bath. They spread out their wings and tails, loosen their plumage and incline



ARTIFICIAL SHADE.

their bodies to catch the virtue of every ray.

Sun is good for their health, life to their feathers—warmth and cheer.

But with hens, as with humans, there's a limit.

Then, sun gets to be enervating, prostrating. It paralyzes, stunts, kills.

A hog knows enough to come in out of the sun.

He pulls for his puddle and loses all of himself but his snout.

Fowls often don't have a chance to escape.

Their owners furnish a house and yards and think the birds will find relief inside.

But most chicken coops are low, with little ventilation, so that in summer they are chicken bake ovens day and night, and to save their lives the fowls take to the trees.

Try to raise ducks without shade and watch them quack and turn up their toes. Keep breeders in sun glare, and, if not sunstruck, their health will be affected, eggs will drop off, few will hatch, and those chicks will be weak.

Chicks die of sunstroke in great numbers, and many are stunted, so that



SHADE MADE OF TWIGS AND BOARDS.

some poultrymen who even shade their fowls have discontinued to hatch after May.

Trees and vines are so cheap and easily planted and, besides furnishing shade, produce paying fruit, so that it is surprising such a matter is neglected.

They are also ornamental and increase the property value.

Keep your fowls and their drinking water in the shade and you'll not regret it when you count the profit.

Don't expect stock penned in small runs to keep off the grass. They will eat up every green thing and cry for more. Plenty of greens bring the long green.

Don't forget that dream days are over and much experiment is now regarded with suspicion. The man that has done, is doing and can do and can teach others to produce is in demand.

Don't tie mother hen by the leg. Chicken wire is cheap and may be taken down and put up quickly.

Don't run down your stock to the judge who calls and then try to make the amateur believe it's the "best on earth." Liars go to a hot place below.

Don't write and ask us if we publish a poultry book. We are too busy at present writing "Poultry Notes" for those up to date editors who are anxious to give their poultry loving readers practical information for more poultry profits and to make it easier for them to pay their subscription in advance.

Don't yield to the wiles of the devil. Deal square; keep your head level.

Don't have gates that can be easily opened by children and the bulldog. If you keep two breeds. They may get mixed up, and you may have a mixup with customers.

SAL THE DOG FOR ME. One day upon a puny farm I met sweet Sal, the dog of charrin. Oh, when she put her little paws on my arm into that bread dough, 'twas so warm An' sung a song, 'an' 'an' 'an' free As robin in a cherry tree.

"Why, sir," said she, "I milk a cow, I pitch the hay into the mow, I gather eggs an' 'slop the pigs An' only dance 'round country firs. An', see, I dress in calico. That's not the city style, you know. An', though my heart turns to you so, I guess I'd better just say no."

"Ha, ha!" laughed I. "That's simple life. You're just in style to be my wife. You're such a stunner in that gown You'll be the belle of the whole town. An' then your bread's so light an' sweet You'll have the cookin' class all beat. Now, make it yes an' be my wife. Your cooking will prolong my life."

"To hel' to hel'!" the maiden said. "Your flattery can't turn my head. But, rather, dear, than see you dead, I'll gladly come an' bake your bread." She reached to me her sun-brown hand An' turned her eyes, so blue an' grand. I stole a nose from off her cheek, An' we stopped that very week. C. M. BARNITZ.

HATCHING JUNE CHICKS. Some claim that it pays to raise June chicks, and others declare the few raised out of a hatch seldom mature to amount to much. We visited a fancier who was a June bird pessimist and discovered why his June hatches were nil. He was the nigger in the June chick coop. He took little interest in his June hatches, the early chicks had knocked the novelty off, and June work in the strawberry patch monopolized his attention. He had done little to check mites and lice. They were not after his early and late chicks.

The early chicks had fouled the ground, and the coops were filthy and lousy.

The early and late chicks ate and slept together. Thus the small ones were bullied out of their feed and crowded.

No allowance was made for the extreme heat, nor were the late chicks fed different from the first. From these conditions, that he might have prevented, he lost the majority of his June brooder chicks.

If you are going in for late hatches you may easily escape such troubles by hustling. Hens are best for late chicks, as brooders are difficult to control and keep cool.

Pen your hen in a shady spot for a few days, then turn her loose and let the chicks grow up with the country. Late chicks must have plenty of shade, fresh water and air.

They must have a variety of dry feed, but little corn, and must be kept free from lice.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS. If you spray cabbage with paris green you may have the sad experience of Rev. Blatt of Shimersville, Pa., who lost 200 fat hens that feasted on cabbage leaves. A handful of bran sprinkled on a cabbage kills the worms and is harmless to hen and men.

The most surprised man is that neighbor who claims your chickens when you prove ownership by your private mark. A toe punch costing 25 cents often saves one from getting a good punch on the ear in a dispute over stray fowls.

A turkey hanging in the market at Columbus, O., was marked \$11.40. When asked why the price was so high the dealer declared that black head has killed off nearly all the turkeys in the middle west and cut off the supply, so that soon only millionaires can buy.

Your laying pheasants should have a hidden nest. Stand short spruce or pine trees in a corner and make cozy corners for them. If the eggs are in sight they will soon devour them.

In dusting chicks for lice it is a good plan to give the hens a new nest about two days before eggs hatch. Give her a louse powder bath about that time, too, and your chicks will not be bothered at all if you have killed the nits.

The ration is not often at fault, but it's the sudden change of ration that makes havoc. Take cut bone. When fowls have not had it they act like wild when it is fed. When given much at this time it lies in their crops like lead and leads to serious indigestion. If fed gradually it generally may be left in the pen and the fowls be left to eat all they want. It's the same with most feeds.

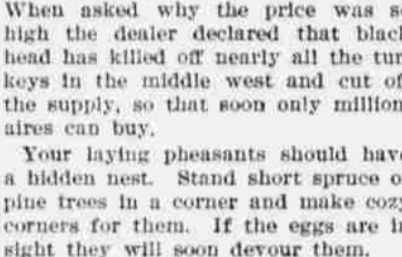
When a chick gets hard or sour crop there's not much use to doctor. Its crop may be cut open and cleaned, but the crop is generally too tender to hold the thread, and the little fellow seldom survives the shock.

There is one thing about poultry—the flock is at the mercy of the man behind the hen. Success or failure may be quickly traced to him unless his stock is bum, and that's really his fault too. His methods may have made them bum, or he may have started with bum stock. This is the truth in an eggshell.

When building that plant watch the drainage. So many forget this until it's too late. When water backs up against a building and sewers have to be dug through concrete floors or hens get sick running on mucky, swampy ground it's not pleasant to think that a mule wouldn't have played such a trick on himself. A mule works by hindsight. You must use foresight.

Harry Cassidy, the deputy of the Pennsylvania dairy and food commission, is kept busy watching the rotten egg dealers of Philadelphia. He succeeded in bringing twelve of these to the bar in one month.

Don't have gates that can be easily opened by children and the bulldog. If you keep two breeds. They may get mixed up, and you may have a mixup with customers.



The dog members of the Curly Poodle club held an "at home" recently. The miniature motor shown in the picture was a feature of the occasion, with the French poodle Olga, a prize member of the club, acting as chauffeur.

He was a funny looking dog with his tiny beady eyes covered with automobile glasses and his body wrapped in a blanket.

A School For Cats. "Let's play school," meowed Tabby. "Yes, let's," answered the others. So they made Tabby teacher, and the fun began. The cats simply wouldn't sit still, and then Farmer Jones' big, fat, juicy chickens kept running up and down, peeping in at the barn door.

"Um, how I'd relish a chicken pie!" whispered Ted to Maltie. "Shall we bag school and help ourselves outside?"

"After awhile, we'll watch our chance," replied Maltie.

The lesson on the blackboard was "how to catch mice and eat them properly." All was going well until a robin flew into the barn and perched itself saucily on a rafter.

"Meow!" cried Maltie. "I want it." "Meow!" said Ted. "I'm hungry too."

"Silence!" shouted Miss Tabby. "Flossy, leave the room for misconduct."

In a little while, just as Maltie and Ted were planning their escape, Flossy came in, carrying a big fat mouse in her mouth.

Presto, change! The schoolroom was transformed into a dining room. A way went books and slates and pencils; over went benches and desks; on to the mouse went the cats, and in less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson" poor mouse was a thing of the past.

About Horseshoes. Horseshoes are lucky hung up over a door because they keep the devil out of the house. It happened in this way: Good St. Dunstan was a famous blacksmith, and the king of evil, who used to travel around the world in person before he became so busy, stopped at the saint's forge one day and asked the blacksmith to put a shoe on his hoof. St. Dunstan knew the person he had to handle. He took the ropes that he used to tie horses with and bound the devil so tightly that that gentleman could not move. Then the saint set to work. The devil roared and screamed as St. Dunstan put a red-hot iron shoe over the hoof and pounded it in with long nails. He pleaded with his captor to let him go, promising anything in return.

"If I let you go," said St. Dunstan, "will you promise never to enter a house that has a horseshoe nailed over the door?"

"On my honor as a gentleman I promise," said the devil solemnly, and then St. Dunstan let him go. From that day to this, so they say, the devil has never entered a house so protected.—Chicago News.

The Scarecrow Game. A straw figure, completely dressed, is fastened to a tree in such a way that it hangs about a foot from the ground. He must have one arm fastened akimbo to his side and the other hanging free. After the players have had their eyes bandaged and been furnished with a stick the game begins. The object is to thrust the stick through the opening made by the arm which is fastened akimbo. Whoever succeeds in doing so may claim a prize. Of course it often happens that the player misses and receives a light pat for clumsiness from the straw man's hanging arm. If any player misses the goal and passes the naughty straw man the bandage is removed and the player is considered out of the game.

Conundrums. Why is wit like a Japanese lady's foot? Because brevity is the sole of it.

Why are parliamentary reports called "blue books?" Because they are never read.

Why is it useless to expect a pretty girl to be candid? Because she cannot be plain.

Why is a well trained horse like a benevolent man? Because he stops at the sound of whoa (woe).

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the center.

The Stars We Can See. According to the best astronomers, the number of stars that can be seen by a person of average eyesight is about 7,000. The number visible through the telescope has been estimated to be between 75,000,000 and 80,000,000.

For the Children A French Poodle Acts as Chauffeur.



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CARE OF STORE FIXTURES. Advantages of a Coat of Lacquer on Brass Work.

Although brass fixtures when new have a fine coat of lacquer to keep them from tarnishing, their protecting layer soon disappears before the attacks of the cleaner. Instead of wrestling then with the problem of keeping the unprotected brass bright another coat of lacquer can be put on. Instead of sending the fixtures to the factory for this purpose, solve the problem for yourself by applying the following solution: Gum shellac dissolved in alcohol makes a thin varnish which is applied with a small brush; ten cents worth of shellac is enough and enough alcohol to make it thin. This is enough to cover many fixtures and the work can be done in less than an hour.

To prevent your nickel fixtures from rusting, especially when you store them in the basement, says the Shoe Retailer, go over them with a cloth dampened with linseed oil, wrap the nickel plated parts in paper. When you next use your fixtures you will not have any rust to contend with.

Many metal stands have glass tops. These tops, from frequent handling, get quite dull in appearance. To bring back the original sparkle and crystal effect to the glass all you need to do is to cover the glass with a coating of whiting dissolved in water and ammonia. When dry rub briskly with dry cheesecloth and you will have a beautifully polished glass top.

How Eskimo Women Die. On her first entrance to her new hut of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed up by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her; upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb ensures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companioning with her, may refresh itself with food, but starving and freezing her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone.—Harper's Bazar.

How He Got Even. A travelling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grocery business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment to your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarities. S-stammering is mine. W-what's yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"Do-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarities. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—Success Magazine.

Old Adage Still True. "It's a fact," sighed the impoverished horse dealer, as the cruel wind blew his cotton trousers against his thinning limbs, "it's a fact that my business is getting worse and worse. There's no demand for horses any more. If people get hold of money now they buy automobiles and let their horses go."

"Yes," commented a grizzled old bookworm, "and how vividly the present state of the horse market, so disheartening to you, is explained by the adage, 'Money makes the mare go.'"—Chicago News.

An Explorer's Rich Booty. Thirty thousand separate volumes, manuscripts and documents, dating back 1,000 years or more, constitute the rich booty which M. Paul Pelliot, an enterprising young French explorer, has brought back from Northwestern China and Chinese Turkestan, after two years and a half of travel. M. Pelliot is only thirty years of age, and distinguished himself before on a memorable occasion during the Boxer rising at Peking, for which he was decorated with the Legion of Honor at the age of twenty-two.—Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

The Rare Gift of Courtesy. Courtesy includes not merely social kindness, graces of speech, absence of rudeness, but honorable treatment of all business associates, and of all the fellow-citizens with whom a man of affairs may have business to transact. It is not American to keep one citizen waiting all day at the door because he is poor, and to grant another citizen an interview because it is believed he is rich. Wisdom is not confined in a purse, and frequently much wisdom may be learned from a poor man.

A Strange Survival. It is illegal to sing, hum or whistle the "Dead March" outside of a church or a cemetery. At one time this law was very strictly enforced, and even today a soldier found guilty of singing or otherwise rendering the famous march other than at a military funeral would be severely censured.—London Household Words.

Fools get married and wise men stay married.—From Life.

TRIAL LIST.—Wayne Common Pleas June Term 1910.

Week beginning June 2, 1910. Spellvogel vs. Brutsen. Reynolds vs. Davis. Oleski vs. Taylor. Miller vs. Security Underwriter Company. Cortright & Son vs. Erie R. R. Company. Commonwealth vs. Miller. Buckland vs. Ferguson. Whitney vs. Lake Lodore Improvement Co. Haggerty vs. Cortright & Son. Burke vs. Cortright & Son. M. J. HANLAN, Prothonotary. Honesdale, Pa., May 26, 1910. 43w4

APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, and will be presented for approval on Monday, June 20, 1910, viz: Thomas C. Ellison, Damascus; Personal. Frank Magalski, Prompton; Personal. Ralph G. Abbey, Salem; Personal. Martin E. Bolckom, Dyberry; Real.

ACCOUNT OF ALBERT G. MITCHELL.—Guardian of Drusilla Young, a person of weak mind, of Damascus township, Wayne county, Pa. Notice is hereby given that the second account of the guardian above named has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county and will be presented for confirmation on Monday, June 20, 1910, and will be confirmed at a public hearing on October 27, 1910, unless exceptions thereto are previously filed. M. J. HANLAN, Prothonotary. Honesdale, Pa., May 26, 1910. 43w3

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery in and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY JUNE 20, 1910, and to continue one week;

And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, June 20, 1910, at 2 P. M.;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 20th day of June 1910, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognition or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 16th day of May, 1910, and in the 15th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Honesdale, May 16, 1910. 38w4

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY. Nora Olsen v. Ole Olsen. Label in Divorce. TO OLE OLSEN: You are hereby required to appear in the said Court on the third Monday of June next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Nora Olsen, your wife, in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence. SIMONS, AUSTY & M. LEE BRAMAN, Attorneys. Honesdale, Pa., May 10, 1910. 38w4

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be taken up at the Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the third Monday of June next—viz:

Account of Emma W. Harvey, executrix of the estate of Emma W. Harvey, deceased.

First and final account of Leslie Van Deusen and Frank Van Deusen, executors of the estate of Carrie E. Baker, Dyberry.

First and final account of E. E. Williams and Alonzo J. Williams, executors of the estate of John Williams, Berlin.

First and final account of Ellen Thompson, administratrix of the estate of John H. Thompson, Hawley.

First and final account of Alsop V. Tyler, administrator of the estate of Emily Wilcox, Damascus.

First and final account of James McDiene, administrator of the estate of Jacob Everly, Paupack.

First and final account of W. B. Guinn, administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo of the estate of Frederick Buddenhagen, Berlin.

First and final account of J. J. McCullough, administrator of the estate of Watson E. Beach, Damascus.

First and final account of M. J. Hanlan, executor of the estate of Mary L. Moulé, Texas.

First and final account of F. A. Ehrhardt, Jr., executor of the estate of H. J. Sieg, Dreher.

First and final account of E. A. Richardson, administrator of the estate of Frank Magalski, Prompton.

First and final account of Joseph P. McGarry, guardian of Leo F. McGarry, a minor child of Patrick McGarry, Honesdale.

First and final account of Emeline E. Smith, administratrix of the estate of Nicholas Smith, Clinton.

First and final account of Ezra Bishop, administrator of the estate of George Bishop, Berlin.

First and final account of F. P. Kinble, executor of the estate of Henry D. Smith, Honesdale.

First and final account of Harvey S. Brown and John D. Miller, executors of the estate of Estella B. Strong, Starrucca.

First and partial account of Nellie Woodward, administratrix of the estate of C. H. Woodward, Hawley.

First and final account of George M. Cobb, George McKinney and John F. Savitz, executors of the estate of Usual Cobb, South Canaan.

First and final account of Johanna Hoff, executrix of the estate of Henry Hoff, Cherry Ridge.

First and final account of John H. Gromlich, administrator of the estate of John Gromlich, Lake.

Second and final account of William H. Prossor, guardian of Lida Baker, by May Belle Hudson, executrix of the estate of William H. Prossor, Damascus.

Second and final account of E. A. Penniman, administrator of the estate of Francis B. Penniman, Honesdale.

First and final account of A. T. Searle and E. C. Mumford, administrators of the estate of Harley E. Fleming, Cherry Ridge.

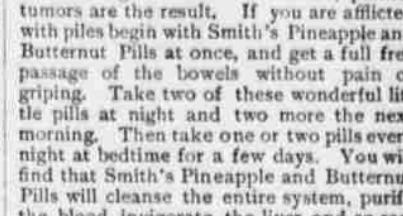
E. W. GAMMELL, Register. Register's Office, Honesdale, May 25, 1910.

—Read The Citizen.

Tortured by Piles!

Probably no one disease causes so much pain and suffering as piles or hemorrhoids. The victims are often in agony. Each attack seems worse and more stubborn. Work or business is impossible. The nerves are racked, the system debilitated by loss of blood and the end is an operation. Piles are the penalty of neglect. The one chief cause of this trouble is constipation. When the bowels are clogged the trouble begins. These sensitive, painful tumors are the result. If you are afflicted with piles begin with Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills at once, and get a full free passage of the bowels without pain or griping. Take two of these wonderful little pills at night and two more the next morning. Then take one or two pills every night at bedtime for a few days. You will find that Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will cleanse the entire system, purify the blood, invigorate the liver and so regulate your bowels that piles will disappear. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep these little Vegetable Pills on hand. They ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation Billousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



SMITH'S PINEAPPLE AND BUTTERNUT PILLS

60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c.—All Dealers.

SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys

BUCHU LITHIA KIDNEY PILLS

Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians; safe, effective. Results lasting. On the market 16 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

For New Late Novelties