

**Makes Ironing Easier**

This cold-water starch gets ironing-day over quicker, with less wear on the ironer's muscles and far less on the starched pieces. Gives a beautiful gloss. Needn't be boiled, yet cannot stick. It's a starch you'll like.

Try it

**Celluloid Starch**

**HEART OF LOUIS XVII.**

Its Strange Journeys Over Europe—Curious Cathedral Guardians.

If the heart of Louis XVII, now rests in the mausoleum of the exiled French royalty at Goerz, in Austria, it is only after the most extraordinary vicissitudes.

Sealed in a glass jar, hidden behind the books of the library of the physician who made the autopsy of the Dauphin's corpse, stolen by that doctor's assistant, enshrined in the altar of a Cardinal's oratory, robbed and desecrated by a riotous Parisian mob, recovered from a heap of offal and dirt, put up at public auction and then conveyed with much ceremony across Europe first to Venice and then to Austria, the adventures of this poor little heart of a character to humanity are scarcely of a character to encourage royal personages in the belief that their last sleep will remain undisturbed, says the Family Doctor.

But it is not only mobs who interfere with the repose of the illustrious dead. Curiosity prompts many to open the tomb of the great personages who have made history in times long ago. And strangely enough, some of the principal offenders in this respect are the very people to whom has been confided the care of these dead.

The late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury used to speak with horror of a well-known and popular English dean who boasted that during his tenure of office he had opened and examined every tomb in his cathedral; and the primate was outspoken in his indignation when he found that during his absence the dean of his own cathedral at Canterbury had broken open the tomb of a mediaeval Archbishop of Canterbury and had removed a mitre of cloth of gold, a ring and a chalice which are now preserved behind glass in a recess in the northern ambulatory of the basilica. In fact, Dr. Benson always refused to look at them, declaring that his doing so would constitute a sort of tacit recognition on his part of what had been done.

**CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.**

The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the home is feeling of security that her child's health is safe. These Tablets cure such ailments as colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and simple fevers. They break up colds, destroy worms, make teething painless and give the child healthy natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a physician analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe.

Robert Watson, Combermere, Ont. says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets just the medicine needed to keep children healthy." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Didn't you find it hard to choose a name for the baby?" "Not at all. He has only one wealthy uncle, you see."

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

"Father, I am not sure whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth." "Choose the teeth, my boy, everyone has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."

They are Carefully Prepared.—Plums which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have such effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines is retained in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

Alice: "I'll tell you kiss me if you won't tell anybody." Willie: "I promise not to tell it, but I won't promise not to repeat it."

**AN UGLY FAMILY** of skin diseases is the one generally described by the word Eczema. In all its forms it resists ordinary treatment, but is completely cured by Weaver's Ointment used in connection with Weaver's Syrup.

Women, as a rule, have poor heads for figures. That may be why it is almost impossible for one to figure her age correctly.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children and teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

**MARY JANE'S RIGHTS.**

Domestic servants at Wellington, New Zealand, have formed a union and demand that their workdays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays shall cease at 7.30 in the evening; on Thursdays and Sundays at two in the afternoon; and on Wednesdays at 10 p.m. all domestics to be home by ten o'clock except on Thursday, when they may stay out till midnight.

**Scott's Emulsion** strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

**MAD CONVICT'S ESCAPE**

CAPTURED AFTER FIERCE BATTLE ON PRISON ROOF.

An Escaped Man Defies Warders at Wormwood Scrubs for Five Hours.

There have been few stranger scenes at Wormwood Scrubs Prison, London, than that enacted on Saturday, when a convict escaped to the roof of the prison, practically wrecked it, and, for close on five hours, held a small army of warders at bay. The man is believed suddenly to have become insane, says the London Daily Mail.

Crowds of people watched the man's mad feats on the tiles, heard him singing and shouting, and finally saw him captured after an exciting struggle on the sloping roof.

An official at the prison stated that the damage done to the roof is estimated at £500 to £600.

**CLIMBED RAIN SPOUT.**

Wm. McCoy, C23, the man who escaped to the roof on Saturday, is regarded in the prison as a bad character. Three weeks ago he headed a violent outbreak, and he has been punished for assaulting warders. A tall, middle-aged man, he is serving two sentences of eighteen months for robbery and five years for burglary.

On Saturday, about eleven, he was crossing the exercise yard with other convicts, when he made a dash from the rain and began to climb up a rain-water spout to the roof of C block. Climbing with marvelous speed he reached the roof before the other convicts had been hurried back to their cells. Then he gave a great shout of joy and began crawling along the ridge to one of the corner turrets.

Here he wrenched off a four foot piece of lead piping, and with this as a weapon went back along the ridge of the sleep roof, smashing the skylights and shouting and singing all the time.

"OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL."

Having destroyed all the glass in the roof of skylights McCoy attacked the dormer windows on the roof. Walking along the narrow ledge in front of the windows he pushed the piece of piping through each of the small panes with which they are filled.

The man's antics on the roof were amazing. Every moment he seemed in danger of being dashed to pieces on the ground below. He waved his cap, then threw it from the roof; next he threw his boots over, and then his prison badge, which fell outside the prison walls. There was a rush to secure it, but police kept the crowd which had gathered back.

That the sound of the breaking glass and his own wild cries had drawn a big crowd to the north side of the prison seemed rather inspiring to McCoy. "I am out for the day," he shouted. "and I shall never go back alive." Then he began to sing, "Oh, that will be joyful," and "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you," were samples of the melodies.

**STOOD ON HIS HEAD.**

By this time all the prisoners had been locked in their cells, and the prison officers were using all their skill in efforts to capture McCoy.

As the warders climbed cautiously out on the roof McCoy wrenched off the tiles and hurled them from the roof, yelling as each one crashed on the ground. "That's for any (with an oath) warder who tries to take me." Every time a warder's head appeared a tile whizzed past it.

Pursuit on the steep roof, up and down which the frenzied man ran, was impossible, so it was decided to leave him alone for a time.

And so, for over three hours, McCoy ran about the roof ripping off tiles, which he threw to the ground or heaped on the copings, and smashing the sashes of the broken windows.

Once he actually stood on his head in the centre of the roof, divesting himself of his coat and shirt, presumably for the sake of greater freedom of movement. He communicated by signs with the crowd below.

**WARDER PARLEYED.**

About four o'clock he was driven by a shower of rain to shelter in one of the corner turrets, and the warders' chance had come. They climbed quietly up the winding staircase inside.

McCoy, hearing them, rushed out and swarmed up the smooth coping at the end of the roof of C block. Sliding down on the other side, he found the opposite wall full of warders and began to climb back.

One of the warders in the tower parleyed with him to distract his attention while Warden Dennis climbed from a window and stealthily crept after the convict along the coping.

**CAPTURED AT LAST.**

Just as McCoy reached the high ridge of the roof Warden Dennis struck him heavily on the back of the knees and sprang on him ere he had time to recover. The crowd below cheered the plucky warder.

A second later warders from the two towers had swarmed up the ridge and flung themselves on the struggling man. In one mingled heap of kicking, writhing humanity they slid down the roof, and were brought up against one of the corner towers, warders belaboring McCoy with their staves.

A few minutes later and McCoy, handcuffed and with his legs strapped, was bundled through a window into the lower and carried down stairs.

He had been on the roof five hours all but a few minutes, and had practically wrecked the roof.

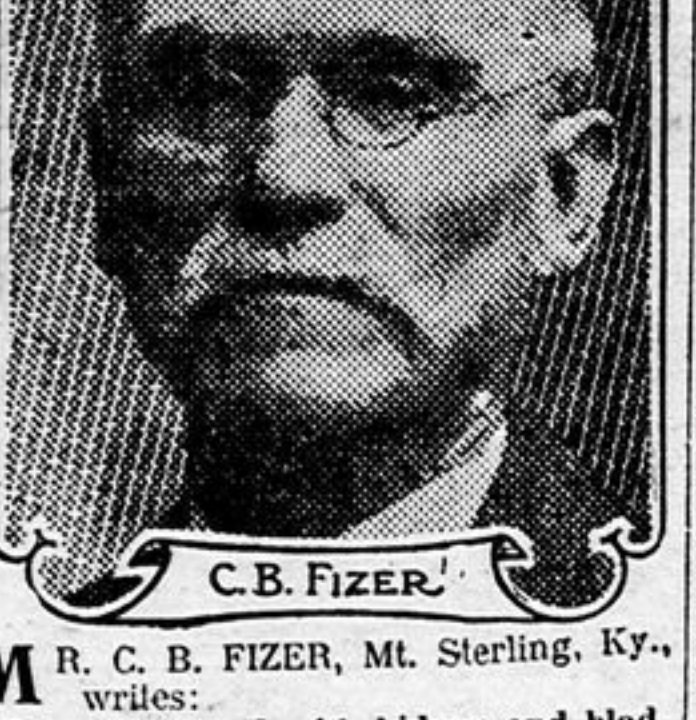
**MUTUAL BENEFIT.**

Rich Man: "My son, your education has cost me a great deal of money?" Youth: "I know it, dad, but think what a lot you've learned, too!"

It is funny to hear a man who has just given a nickel to a beggar quote scriptural verses on charity.

**KIDNEY TROUBLE**

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



**M. R. C. B. FIZER, M.D. Sterling, Ky., writes:**

"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

**Peruna For Kidney Trouble.**

Mrs. Geo. H. Simer, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time. This summer I got so very bad that I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me. I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin."

"It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance."

**COUNTESS WEDS FIDDLER**

SEEMED ONLY TO LIVE WHEN HEARING HIM PLAY.

Hitel Noble Fiance, and Now Living in a One-story Cottage in Town of Oldenburg.

The recent runaway marriage of the Countess Wilma Feititsch with the gypsy violinist, Rudolf Nyari, has created a sensation among the aristocracy of Austria, Hungary, and elsewhere. She is just 22 years of age and belongs to one of the first Hungarian families. Her father is Count Paul Festetics, and her uncle is Count Tassilo, an immensely wealthy magnate, through whose wife, formerly Lady Mary Hamilton, the Countess is also connected with the English aristocracy. The Countess was engaged to marry Count Spretti, when she was 16. The Countess and her gypsy husband are now living in a little, one-story, three-roomed cottage in a back street in a provincial town of Oldenburg. A recent article describes how a door leading direct from the kitchen was opened for him. A fat, graying-looking elderly gypsy woman, who proved to be Nyari's mother greeted him. Her face relaxed somewhat as the object of his visit was explained, and she said, proudly: "My sons have all made good marriages. They are just giving a concert in an inner room." The visitor found two fair-haired, beautiful young women and two remarkably handsome, swarthy young men, all in evening dress, sitting by the lamp-lit table in a small room, the rest of which was occupied by beds, while in a corner a little gypsy girl in a red dress was playing with a kitten. The taller girl was the Countess. She has pleasant, unaffected manners and soft dreamy eyes. The men were Rudolf and his young brother, Josef. The other girl was Josef's wife.

**THE COUNTESS' LOVE STORY.**

The Countess, in an ingenious, impetuous manner, readily told her story. She said: "I was living with my mother in Munich at the beginning of last year when I first saw Rudolf. He was giving a concert in a coffee house to which my fiance, Count Spretti, took us one evening. I was fascinated at once, and after I had been to the coffee house several times we were introduced by a society lady, for Rudolf's playing had made him famous, and he had been asked to many of the best houses in the city. I soon felt that I could love no one but him. I only seemed to live when hearing him play. I asked Count Spretti to release me from my engagement, but he refused, and my parents' side put me against me. In May, when Rudolf's season was over, he and his band had returned to Oldenburg. I was miserable, but we corresponded, and as he asked me in his letters to come and marry him if I loved him enough to be the wife of a wandering gypsy fiddler, I joined him here. My father followed me immediately and discovered my hiding-place and took me back to Munich. He said I must marry Count Spretti or he would have me locked up in a convent or a lunatic asylum. We only come of age here at 24, so I had to pretend to obey. I was shut up in a boarding-school at Munich and carefully guarded until the day last month which had been fixed for my wedding. Lots of presents arrived and everything had been arranged, but a week before the wedding my 24th birthday arrived, and then I left everything, ran away and came to stay with Rudolf's parents here till we could be married. I wrote to Count Spretti and told him how sorry I was, for he had always been very kind, but I could love him no longer. All my relatives were dreadfully angry, especially my uncle Tassilo and my aunt, Mary, but they could not do anything, though my father sent a lawyer to try to bribe Rudolf not to marry me."

**COMING TO AMERICA.**

At this point the Countess turned towards her husband with a smile, and he replied with a loving kiss. Then she continued: "We were married at the registry as soon as possible, I sold the house in Budapest, which I owned in my own right, and other property on my husband. I shall not stay in

**Before you get Pen-Angle gaments all the shrink is taken out.**



In a variety of fabrics, styles and prices, in all sizes for women, men and children, and guaranteed by your own dealer.

"But I am quite happy here. I never knew a real home, for father and I were separated. I spent most of my life at a boarding school. Here I help with the house work, and my sister-in-law Kathy, and I are old friends, for curiosity enough, we were at school together in Munich once, and now we are together again. We talk French to each other as in the old days. She has her romance, too."

Kathy, Josef's wife, belonged to a prosperous family and was married to a professor at Munich. She eloped with Josef a year ago. Since then her husband has secured a divorce and she has been married to Josef. A third brother ran away with a German Baroness, and is now giving concerts in America.

**ENGLISH DOCTOR'S INCOMES.**

Average Is Low—Much Hard Work and Many Unpaid Bills.

Sir John R. Robinson has related the story of a beautiful vase in the home of a doctor. It was given to him by a grateful young lady, who came one day and said she had a secret. She was about to be married, and married to the only man she loved; but, unfortunately, when a foolish girl, she had flirted with a young cousin and had tattooed his name, "Johnny," on the calf of her leg. The doctor asked if the bridegroom's name was Tommy, as if, so there would be less trouble in making an alteration. His name was quite different, says Chambers' Journal, so the tattoo marks were redone with milk, although an ugly scar remained.

Dr. Caesar Hawkins, when in company with Robert Lee, who had kicked a bit of orange peel from the pavement to the roadway, replaced it, with the words: "What are you thinking about?" Was this a joke, or was he in earnest?

Six years ago that doctors in the East End of London will visit and receive medicine for a shilling, others give advice and medicine at a dispensary for sixpence. Contract work is even worse paid. It seems that tens of thousands of families in Great Britain, by the contract system which prevails in working class and manufacturing districts, receive medical attendance and advice for three-pence a week. Medicine and dressings are even provided.

A gray-haired, worn looking practitioner, clever, and only thirty-five, once said that he could retire had all debts been paid by former and present patients. Every doctor has to think a great deal about his feet, his expenses are so great. Very rarely does a medical man become rich. Lawson Tait sets down the average income of medical men in England at 200 pounds a year. None of the research work done in hospitals is paid for, and very little of the hard work. Doctors appear to be debared by etiquette from suing patients for their bills.

**SORE ACHING FEET**

SOOTHED BY ZAM-BUK.

Men, women and girls engaged in stores, who have to be on their feet all day, often suffer agonies from chafing sores, hot corns, horny patches, etc. In other cases long standing and walking leads to bad leg, varicose veins and ulcers. Zam-Buk takes the pain out of chafed sores, prevents suppuration and poison from stocking-dye, and generally heals.

Mrs. K. Watkins, of 26 Forgue Avenue, Montreal, says: "My boy had a sore on his heel which was rubbed by his stocking until it became a very bad wound. Zam-Buk took the soreness out almost instantly, and healed the wound up wonderfully."

Zam-Buk is equally good for cuts, bruises, eczema, scalp sores, itch, barber's rash, blood poison and all skin injuries and diseases. All stores and druggists sell at 50¢ a box.

It will do no harm to remember that the man in front never has any kick about the dustiness of the road.

The way some men live they evidently forgot that they cannot hire an attorney to represent them on the Judgment Day.

A Small Pill, but Powerful.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The results which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

**CHILD SUICIDES IN GERMANY.**

Number so Great That Causes are Being Studied—Cities Not to Blame.

Suicide among school children has become so frequent in Germany that the authorities are devoting serious attention to the causes of it. In Prussia alone there were 1,152 cases between 1882 and 1905, or something like three a month. The yearly number has been even greater in the last two years. It is said. A general discussion of the subject took place lately in Berlin at a meeting of the Society of School Sanitation.

Of the number given above, 812 cases were of children attending the lower grade of schools and 342 the higher, but in spite of this the tendency to suicide appears to increase with age, as the number of children over 15 years who kill themselves was about four times as great as the number below that age. The boys also were four times as numerous as the girls.

In a great majority of cases the suicidal act was committed at home or near home and not at school or after

leaving school. The causes, too, even when school matters were connected with them, usually had their strongest elements in the home.

In more than a third of the cases fear of punishment, dread of examinations or shame at failure to pass examinations were the prime cause. But in many of these cases, perhaps a majority of them, it was the attitude of the parents, actual or expected, that led directly to the deed.

The lack of correspondence between the actual powers of many children and the results exacted from them by a rigid school system often form the basis of trouble. But the notion of irreflexive acuity is the assumption that renders parents that the child must be able to do what the school exacts of it—what other children do.

"He can if he will," was described by one of the speakers as a suicide provoking dictum, as common as it is foolish. Since it ignores the fact that human beings are so often deficient in the power to win.

Ten per cent. of the children's suicides were caused by insanity or nervous excitation in a pathological degree. Some of these cases were traceable to hereditary conditions, including alcoholism in the parents.

The remaining cases were almost without exception due to domestic causes, ranging from poverty to shame at the misconduct of relations, especially parents. The influence of morbid books was distinctly traceable.

No grounds could be found for the theory that the conditions of modern city life led to suicide among children. The proportion of cases was fully as large in places of the smallest size as in crowded centres of population.

**CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA.**

Made Well and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Doctors Had Failed.

Mr. H. W. Awall is one of the leading merchants of Henford, N. S. A few years ago he was a great sufferer from that most excruciating trouble sciatica. He says: "At the time I was afflicted I was living at Baker Settlement. The attack was so severe that I had been off work for some time. The cords of my leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every moment caused me such pain as only those who have been tormented with sciatica can know. I was treated by several doctors, but they did not help me a bit. In fact I almost began to feel that my condition was hopeless, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention. I got a half dozen boxes. I had used about the entire quantity before I found any benefit. But I was encouraged and got a second half dozen boxes and before these were all gone every vestige of the trouble had disappeared. Not only this, but I was improved in health in every way, as it will be readily understood that the long siege of pain I had suffered had left me badly run down. I can't speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can't recommend them too strongly to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure sciatica simply because they make the rich red blood that soothes and strengthens the jangled aching nerves. That is why they cure such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. That is why they cure all ailments due to poor watery blood. That is why they make weary, despondent, broken-down men and women bright, active and strong. But only the genuine pills can do this, and they have the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Has young Dudgeon any occupation?" asked the dear girl's mother. "Indeed he has," replied the dear girl. "He's raising a mousethatche."

**ITCH.** Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

An artist is a man who puts his dreams into such shape that the rest of the world can realize how beautiful they are.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

The first organs built in the eleventh century had keys five inches in width, which had to be struck with the fist.

**FEROVIM, WHAT IS IT?** It is the name of the best tonic. It builds up the system, gives new life, makes people well and strong. Be sure you get the genuine "Ferovim."

Mrs. Peckem: "Here's an invitation to my cousin's wedding. Will you go?" Peckem: "No, I hate weddings. I sometimes wish I hadn't attended my own."

A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has been on the market for over thirty years, its prosperity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

In 1850 the fastest steamer afloat was the Asia. She could do 11 knots, and held the record until the Persta was launched in 1856.

A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dichotomy, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity, and happiness are always found."

**RAMSAY'S PAINTS**

TO paint YOUR HOUSE inside and out with just the right touch of color for freshness, beauty and strength.

TO keep YOUR HOUSE cheerful and bright throughout summer and winter.

TO brand YOUR HOUSE with a quiet elegance amongst its fellows.

Price just right for the purest and best.

Write for our Post Card Series "C," showing how some houses are painted.

A. RAMSAY & SON CO., - Montreal, Est. 1842 45 PAINT MAKERS

**A PARADOX.**

"I believe the safest financial course is a temperate one."

"Yes, but how can you follow such a course when money is tight?"

The trouble with blowing bubbles is that some fellow may come along and kick over your bowl of suds.

**FIFTEEN HUNDRED BUYS GOOD WILL** and stock in trade of an established moving van business; horses, vans in excellent condition; spot cash; owner wishes to retire; investigate—John J. Higgs, London, Ont.

**OHENILLE CURTAINS**

and all kinds of house hangings, also LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW.

Write to us about your CURTAINS.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO., Box 154, Montreal.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC IRRIGATED FARMS**

IN SUNNY ALBERTA

Before deciding where to locate in the West, let us tell you about these lands. The best wheat fields, the richest grazing land, are in this province.

Write us for full information about crops, climate and special railroad rates.

Local representative wanted in each county.

**Telfer & Osgood**

Eastern Selling Agents, 111 CORSTINE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

**THE JOY OF LIVING**

If you want to realize all the joy there is in living in this Canada of ours at Springtime you should ride a wheel; it brings you in touch with nature. It gives you Exercise, Fresh Air, Sunshine. So

**RIDE A GOOD WHEEL AND FEEL THAT YOU ARE ALIVE**

The Massey "Silver Ribbon," Cleveland, Perfect, Bramford, Imperial, Rambler, and Blue Flyer—with the latest improvements, guaranteed always smooth, easy and pleasant going. Manufactured and guaranteed by

**CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO., LIMITED,**

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST BICYCLES.

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Branches:—Winnipeg, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

**MADE IN CANADA**

Complete Launches

2 and 4 Cycle Engines

**HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS, Ltd.**

HAMILTON, ONT.

**4% On Your Savings**

Compounded Quarterly

Send for booklet

**"BANKING BY MAIL"**

It explains how our Savings Department is no further from you than your nearest mail box.

Capital and Reserve \$2,900,000

**THE UNION TRUST CO., LIMITED**

Temple Building, - Toronto

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

Complete Kidney Disease

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, SCALD SORES, ITCH, BARBER'S RASH, BLOOD POISON AND ALL SKIN INJURIES AND DISEASES. All stores and druggists sell at 50¢ a box.

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