HONEST TEA IS THE BEST POLICY

LIPTON'S TEA

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"We have some cards." Morgan [illegible] and in quite a [illegible]

Bobby stared away from the piano and [illegible]

"Oh, I'm afraid I haven't any [illegible] he said, remorsefully.

"Dear, how strange!" said Mrs. [illegible] the jewels in his pocket. "Quite by [illegible] happened to put a pack, she [illegible] are two in my pocket. Do, [illegible] Now, dear, I come to do that."

"Do, pray, dear Mr. Deane," murmured [illegible] Mr. Morgan Thorpe slid [illegible] through Bobby's arm, and led him to the table. "Is the water hot enough?"

"Yes, my dear Laura! Of course [illegible] he added, in a low voice, to his wife, as he [illegible] at the door of the dining-room, and shall be written [illegible]

"Leave it to me," the waiter [illegible] bowing, opened a couple of bottles of champagne and filled the [illegible] glasses, and Bobby emptied his [illegible]

While they played, the music floated out [illegible] from the next room, and Bobby could scarcely fix his attention on the cards, and he hummed an accompaniment on his [illegible] when his attention was yet further diverted when the divine Laura glided in [illegible] and leaning on his shoulder, bent over him.

"Exceptional cards," she murmured. "How I envy them! Why are you men so fond of them, I wonder, and why, in spite of important pastimes, do we, the dark hair from her forehead.

Bobby looked up at her with his [illegible] eyes.

"I would rather, rather be at the piano with you," he murmured.

"Your play, Deane," broke in Trevor's harsh voice, and Bobby played the first card and lost it.

"I mark the game," Mr. Morgan Thorpe would say, presently. "You ought to have won that, my dear Deane."

Once or twice Bobby rose from the table and strayed to the piano, but Morgan Thorpe always recalled him back.

The minutes, the play, went on until the chimes sounded small. Very frequently Laura bent over Bobby's shoulder and murmured soft nothings. Once her small white hand stroked his hair, shyly, and as he caught the blood mounted hotly to the boy's face, and he did not know whether he was playing hearts or diamonds; conscious of nothing but the fascinating presence, the dark eyes and red lips, the soft murmurous voice that sung sweetly in his ear.

He passed the champagne the wine whose cost he was presently to learn, and filled his own glass. And he talked and laughed and made foolish bets, and lost them with the careful indifference.

Lady Roborough warned by a glance from his sister, speaking eyes, Morgan Thorpe said, leaning at the priceless bronze clock on the mantelshelf:

"Bobby, my dear Deane, do you know the time? We must be going; we really must." "My dear Laura, how could you let us remain so long on Mr. Deane's hospitality?" "It is your fault, cards," said the divine Laura, with a pout, as her hand touched Bobby's arm with a lingering caress.

"Come, Trevor and Morgan Thorpe, as he [illegible] "we remain [illegible] You have been unlucky tonight, Deane; very unlucky. I never saw such cards. You see Trevor, fifteen pounds, and the [illegible] and we [illegible]

Bobby's face fell, but Laura's white hand touched his shoulder, and he smiled up at her.

"I'm sorry," he said, "and I'm afraid," he stammered.

Morgan Thorpe laughed quietly.

"My dear fellow, I did not suppose you carried so much money in your waistcoat pocket. No one does. You will do the right thing, of course. Just give me an I.O.U., or better still a little bill. Strange, but I have one about me."

He produced a sheet of blue paper, unfolded it, and laid it on the table.

"Sign that, my dear Deane. It is only matter of form. Be even friends, you know. You need not pay until it is convenient to fact. Trevor and I don't care very much whether you pay or not. We have had such a delightful evening. Do, Trevor? Never, never a more perfect evening, my dear Deane. By Jove, I have never had a more absolutely perfect dinner! Eh, Laura?"

Laura, thus appealed to, murmured something in Bobby's ear, and Bobby, taking the stylographic pen which Mr. Morgan Thorpe offered him, signed his name across the blue paper.

His head was swimming, his whole being thrilling under the touch of her hand, the pressure of her murmuring voice. He would have done anything, signed anything.

With a fond, yet vicious smile, he wrapped her cloak round her.

"Take one of my flowers with you," he said in a thick whisper.

She pressed the bouquet to her lips, and looked across it at him with a sad smile.

"If we had only met earlier," she murmured.

Bobby went down to the brougham with them, and, as she entered, she pressed his hand so warmly that he ventured to raise her small white hand to his lips.

The brougham rattled away, and the divine Laura leaned back with a yawn and a sigh.

Trevor bent forward, his bloodshot eyes gleaming upon her.

"How long is this going to last?" he asked, hoarsely.

She shrugged her shoulders and glanced at her brother.

"Ask him," she said.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe laughed.

"My dear Trevor," he said, remonstratingly, "you surely are not jealous of a boy like that?" and Trevor, with a smothered oath, subsided.

Meanwhile Bobby sat at the table, with the cards strewn around him, and thought of the divine Laura. He could feel her perfumed breath upon his cheek, could hear her voice still ringing in his ears.

He did not remember how much he had lost; did not recall that he was the son of a poor man, with a limited allowance. He only thought of that beautiful face and sweet voice, and— Reader, did you ever hear the song of "The Spider and the Fly?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The night of Gaunt's dinner-party arrived.

He had put it off as long as possible, for he hated the thought of it; but the thing had to be done, and at last a date was fixed and the invitations sent out. It was to be a very large party, but there was no danger of the resources of the Hall being strained; for the "state" rooms, as the housekeeper loved to call them, were vast enough to hold more persons than were asked, and the army of servants was well drilled.

There was a Countess of Roborough, a dear old lady, with white hair, and beautiful, old-fashioned manners; she was a great friend of Gaunt's, and she offered to play the part of hostess and sit at the head of his table, "for that night only."

"It is a pity that there is not a duly qualified and legal lady of the castle," she said to Gaunt when she made the offer. "It is always awkward for a bachelor, and I think you will find me useful. I hope next time you give a party, I shall not be needed, Lord Gaunt."

She smiled at him with her wise and compassionate old eyes, and Gaunt smiled back at her, and shook his head.

He had winced at the word "bachelor," but he answered, calmly enough:

"No one could fill the place so well as you, dear Lady Roborough, and I should always be delighted to see you in it. I am very grateful."

She looked at him wistfully, and sighed; she knew that there must be some mystery in his life; but she knew also that, whatever it was, Gaunt would keep it to himself.

Mrs. Sherborne and her brother received an invitation, and accepted. Decima also received hers. She would have liked to have refused, but Lord Gaunt made her promise, and she knew she must go. But she did not want to go with Mrs. Sherborne, and she carried the invitation to her father. Mr. Deane positively refused.

"I hate a crowd," he said. "Why does not Robert take you?"

"Bobby can not leave London," said Decima.

Mr. Deane shuffled up and down the laboratory.

"I've had a letter this morning from him," he said, and he felt in his pockets and looked round helplessly. "Where is it? I put it somewhere. He writes asking for more money; he seems to have spent all his allowance already. I suppose I must send him some more, though I can't afford it; that is, just now; presently it will not matter." He straightened himself, and looked round with a sanguine smile. "There will be plenty of money, my dear Decima, plenty, very soon. Yes, Bobby and you shall take your proper places in the world."

Decima had grown so accustomed to such remarks as these that they had ceased to make any impression on her.

"And you will go, father?" she said.

"Yes, yes! I suppose so," he assented, with a sigh.

Decima went and looked at her dresses. She would have liked a new frock for the occasion, but she thought of Bobby's letter, and resolved to make one of the old ones do. She was quite sure that so insignificant a person as her self would not be noticed in that brilliant assemblage.

So, when the night came, she put on her well, dove-colored silk, rather slightly open at the neck, and without a flower or jewel for ornament, and smiled at her reflection in the glass.

"I certainly do look rather Quakerish," as Bobby would say," she thought. "But it will not matter, I know scarcely anyone but the Mershons, and I shall escape notice all the easier."

The party had created a great deal of excitement, and she realized how important a function it was when she saw the large crowd of villagers which had collected at the gate to see the guests arrive, and the long line of handsome carriages coming and going along the avenue.

The great house was a blaze of light, and Mr. Deane shuffled his feet and groaned, as their modest fly at last drew up to the steps, over which a striped awning had been spread, and he caught a glimpse of the many footmen standing in waiting.

Lady Roborough stood just within the drawing-room to receive the guests, and Lord Gaunt stood at her elbow holding her bouquet.

Her keen eyes scanned Decima's face as she and her father were announced, and for a moment a look of surprise and admiration flashed in her ladyship's eyes as she gave Decima her hand.

At Decima's entrance, Gaunt's heart leaped, but his face grew paler, if anything.

"It was good of you to come," he said in a low voice, and his hand closed over hers with a firm pressure.

Decima muttered something inaudible, and passing on, was swallowed up in the crowd.

Lady Roborough looked after her.

"What a sweet-looking girl!" she said in an undertone to Gaunt. "It is a remarkable face, one sees so few really modest-looking girls nowadays. I did not know Mr. Deane had a daughter. How is it I have not met her?"

Gaunt looked straight before him; the touch of the little gloved hand was still throbbing through him.

"They are very quiet people and go nowhere," he said, casually, too casually, for the sharp old lady glanced at him keenly. But Gaunt's face was as impassive as usual and told nothing.

There were several persons who knew Mr. Deane, and Decima found that she was not to pass unnoticed, as she had hoped and expected; for her appearance had impressed others beside Lady Roborough, and the men were asking Mr. Deane to introduce them, and the ladies were glancing at her curiously.

Presently, Mrs. Sherborne and Mr. Mershon arrived. Mrs. Sherborne was very pale and looked nervous, and Mr. Mershon entered with lowered eyes, and kept them under their lids for some minutes; then he raised them, looked round with a kind of covert eagerness, saw Decima, and made his way towards her. There were several gentlemen near her, talking to her, and Mr. Mershon had to wait until she was free to greet him. His thin lips tightened, and he stood looking down with a half-nervous, half-eager air. Then he shook hands with her, and his small eyes glanced round the magnificent room and the brilliant crowd.

"Quite a brilliant affair, isn't it?" he said, with an attempt at a sneer.

Decima looked about her with a very different expression. The splendor of the women's dresses, the flashing of the diamonds decked her, and excited her a little. There was not a spark of envy in her bosom, not a tinge of regret for her own plain attire. Mr. Mershon's remark and his tone grated upon her, and she made no response. She saw Lord Gaunt moving about the room, speaking to one and another, and almost as if he were conscious that her eyes were resting upon him, he turned and looked at her, and suddenly came across to her.

"Well, are you affrighted?" he said in a low voice, too low for Mershon to hear, and Mr. Mershon noticed the tone and resented it with a movement as he moved away a little.

"Satisfied?" said Decima, looking up at him with a faint smile.

"Yes," he said; "this is your doing; you wanted me to see people, go into society—and here you are, you see!" He smiled, but there was a gravity and intensity in his gaze which Decima felt.

"Oh!" she said in repudiation. "But if it were true, then I am satisfied. How beautiful it is! I mean the rooms—"

"When you decorated!" he said in a low voice.

"And the dresses and the jewels," she continued, disregarding his interruption "It is quite magnificent, and—and like a pageant. You ought to be very proud, Lord Gaunt; for it will be pleasant to have so many nice and beautiful persons in your house."

He looked at the girlish face uplifted to him, and smiled enigmatically, while noticed the plainness of her dress, the absence of any ornament—he had noticed it the moment she entered—and he thought:

"Not one of the women, with all their grand dresses and their diamonds, is so beautiful, so distinguished-looking, as this love of mine in her simple frock."

"I am glad you are pleased," he said, quietly. "It will be my reward for being a good boy, and doing as I was told."

As he spoke, Mr. Mershon came up and offered her his arm.

"I am to take you in, Miss Deane," he said.

Gaunt looked at him with an impassive face, in which no sign of his envy was visible; and went to the Countess of Leominster, who was allotted to him.

The brilliant crowd passed into the dining room with its sombre shaded lights. For this occasion the famous Gaunt plate had been unscrewed from the bank vaults, and the long tables shone with gold and silver.

There were flowers everywhere, and they softened the glitter of the precious metals and the flashing of the jewels. The dinner was a superb one—it is talked of to this day, and, unlike most functions of its kind, by no means dreary.

Lady Roborough was the perfection of a hostess, and Gaunt exercised all the charm which belonged to his race. No one was better fitted to shine in society, and Decima, who was not very far from him, where he sat at the bottom of the table, thought, as she listened to him and glanced now and again at his face, how much younger he looked then than when she had first met him.

As a matter of fact, he was playing his part extremely well. He hated and loathed the whole affair, but no one and the least suspicion of his sentiments, or guessed that all the while he was talking so brilliantly and smiling so graciously that he was wishing them all away—all but one little girl in drooped eyelids.

Gaunt's admirably assumed manner and mood proved infectious, and instead of the dreary, commonplace small-talk with its intervals of awkward and embarrassing silence, which characterize most dinner-parties, conversation flowed freely, and laughter ran like an accompaniment.

On Lady Roborough's right sat the well-known Lord Ferndale. He was an old friend of hers, and accustomed to speak to her with the freedom and candor which are the privileges of true friendship.

"Hard Gaunt is distinguishing himself to-night," he said in a voice intended for her ear only. "What a fine fellow he is!"

"Have you just discovered that?" she said, with a smile.

"By George! he has not given me much opportunity of doing so before now," he retorted. "The man has been a dark horse, and has kept us at arm's length until now."

"What a simile! I did not know that a horse had arms!"

He laughed.

"Seriously, I am delighted with him. He is doing this to perfection. Why doesn't he marry and settle down among us, like a Christian and a county gentleman?"

Lady Roborough glanced at Gaunt's face, as he bent toward the lady on his left with a pleasant, courtly smile.

"Why don't you ask him himself?" she said, dryly.

Lord Ferndale made a grimace.

"Why don't I beard the lion in his den? Because I am afraid of his claws, my dear Lady Roborough. Gaunt's a queer man to tackle, I should think; and I'd rather ask any man that question than him. By the way, who is that lovely girl-child, I had almost said, sitting his side the dark little man fourth from the end of the table?"

"A Miss Deane," said Lady Roborough. "What, old Peter Deane's daughter? Really, how lovely she is! I never saw a more taking face."

"Excepting Lady Ferndale's," said Lady Roborough, with a smile.

"For there had been a romance in Lord and Lady Ferndale's lives, and everyone knew how devoted they were to each other. He glanced at his still young-looking wife and smiled.

"She is a beautiful girl," he said, meaning Decima. "She has that kind of face which which—"

"Which plays havoc with your hearts," said Lady Roborough, finishing the sentence for him. "Yes, she has. I was struck by it the moment I saw it; for we old women can admire a girl as ardently as you men can. We have passed the envious and jealous stage, you see. I will introduce her to you after dinner, and you can make love to her, you always do to every pretty girl, don't you?"

"I do," he said, with mock gravity. "It is the duty of every self-respecting man to make love to every pretty girl."

There were others besides Lord Ferndale who were attracted to Decima, and though Mr. Mershon sat silent and rather sullen, she found plenty to talk to her.

Every now and then Gaunt turned his eyes in her direction, and when he did so, the smile died from his lips, and a preoccupied and absent expression fell on his face. All the fire left his eyes, and they grew sad and wistful. Once Decima, looking at him, caught this expression, and something stirred in her heart what, she could not have told; but it made her sad and wistful also.

To her the dinner seemed interminable. Course followed course in an endless chain. But presently a strain of music was heard. Gaunt glanced toward the door leading to the hall.

"I thought you would like some music," he said, half apologetically. "That's the Hungarian Band."

(To be continued.)

THE DROWNING MAN.

How He Acts in the Water and How to Rescue Him.

When a person is unable to swim he probably flings up his arms and shouts for help. In doing so he parts with a large quantity of air from his lungs. As his mouth is just about on a level with the surface of the water at the next inspiration he swallows a large quantity of water. The inhaled water set up coughing, and air and water are expelled. More water is then inhaled, until the lungs become surcharged and the body weight increased. The drowning man in his struggles for air makes convulsive grasps of anything within reach, and herein lies the great danger of attempting a rescue, for the drowning man may grasp the rescuer so tightly that both may sink and drown. In attempting to rescue a drowning man keep him at arm's length. Grasp him by the hair, if possible, and pull him ashore, or to a place of safety, and begin artificial respiration at once. Let it be remembered in this connection that the body is only very slightly heavier than the water, and will almost float of its own accord, especially if in salt water. If self-possession is maintained and the air kept in the lungs, and now and again, when opportunity offers, a fresh supply of air is inhaled, one can keep oneself afloat for a long period. This is more quickly attained if some of the outer garments can be thrown off and a gentle treading motion kept up.—Dr. C. H. Hayton.

It is easier to break a man's will than it is to sidetrack a woman's.

"I thought I told you to quit using tobacco," said the doctor. "I have quit it," replied the young man. "Then what is that in your mouth?" asked the doctor. "A cigarette," replied the young man.

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FINGER-PRINTS IMPROVED.

The Back of the Hand Will Now Be Photographed.

The finger-print system is generally regarded as the last word in scientific detection of crime, but a newer method is being experimented with.

The great objection to the finger-print system is that, though it is quite trustworthy as far as it goes, being based on the fact that no two people in the world have the same pattern on the skin of their finger-tips, it is easily rendered useless by wearing gloves or by having the finger tips deliberately defaced. Every crack burglar knows this nowadays.

But the newer system will baffle even the wariest of burglars. The idea is to photograph the back of the hand of every convicted criminal. The network of tiny veins on the back of a man's hand is as much peculiar to himself as the pattern on his finger-tips. The chances are billions to one against two men's hands showing the same arrangements of veins. The photograph is taken after the hand has been allowed to dangle down for a minute or two, so that the rush of blood may make the network of veins stand out prominently. One scientist has suggested binding the wrist with a tight bandage for the same purpose.

The advantage over the finger-print system is that no one can attempt to alter the arrangement of the veins without running great danger of bleeding to death.

Smart Tall Gown by Becker.

Model of brown and white-striped wool cloth, with collar, vest and belt of brown peplin.

GRIMSBY STORIES.

Two Good Ones From England's Great Fishing Port.

A young clergyman of the Church of England, named Trebeck, was once dining at the house of his bishop. The young clergyman, whose parish was Grimsby, the great fishing port of England, showed a most unexpected knowledge of horses, and a severe old lady who sat on his right listened in stern disapproval to his conversation. At last she said:

"I think, young man, you said you lived at Grimsby. Let me advise you to leave horses alone, and make acquaintance, with that worthy, pious young curate, Mr. Trebeck, who has lately gone there, and who is doing such good work among the fishermen."

There was a roar of laughter, which the old lady could not understand.

"I happen to know him a little," replied her neighbor, "and I am afraid he is not very worthy or very pious."

In "Glimpses of the Past" Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth tells this story, and adds one that Mr. Trebeck likes to tell himself.

One stormy day a fishing smack was wrecked, and fast sinking. When the skipper came on deck, he found the mate busy swabbing.

"What's the use of that, Jack? Don't you see she's sinking?"

"Yes, mate. I know it; but for that, I'd like the old gal to go down clean and tidy."

Egg-shells are excellent for cleaning water bottles.

HOME

MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST

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HOME

Good Canning.

How often do you hear the complaint that the squash or beans you took so much trouble to can have a little bitter taste from the preserving acid you used? It does not affect corn or tomatoes in this way, but does almost every other vegetable. Secure the best vinegar you can buy on the market and try the following recipe, which has been used with success:—

Wash your beans thoroughly. Some persons string them, but they retain their flavor better whole. Measure them carefully in a quart cup, counting each quart as you put it into the kettle. Add just enough water to cover them. Then put in one teaspoonful of vinegar to every quart of vegetables. Cook until tender, but not a minute longer. Have jars scalded and standing in hot water. Fill to overflowing with the hot vegetables and put caps on instantly. The rubbers should be put on beforehand.

The same recipe applies to squash, butter beans and okra. A teaspoonful and a half of vinegar is required for cucumbers. These are gathered just before they are ripe, and are peeled, not sliced. An inferior vinegar will ruin your work.

Danish Pickle.—Cut three medium-sized heads of Danish cabbage, commonly known in America as purple cabbage, and three quarts of firm onions in moderate-sized pieces. Mix thoroughly with the vegetables one large cupful of salt. Put in a thin bag to drip overnight. The next morning wash the cabbage and onions thoroughly several waters, and then boil them until tender in a porcelain or granite vessel. Then squeeze all the water from the mixture.

In one pound of brown sugar mix two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon and add three quarts of the best cider vinegar. In a little cheesecloth bag put one tablespoonful of prepared pickle flavoring, which can be bought in ten cent successfully [illegible] young beets, being careful not to bruise the skin, first cutting off leaves, leaving at least an inch of stem. Cook until tender in boiling water, drain, cover with cold water, and with the hands, push off the skins. Put them into hot sterilized fruit jars and place them on a rack in a steam kettle or boiler. Make a table-spoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each quart, and fill the jars with boiling water. Pour vinegar into the jars until it comes half way to the top of the jars. Put the covers on the jars, cover the kettle and let the beets steam an hour; adjust the rubber and covers and cook another half hour, and then set aside to cool.

Useful Hints.

A cut [illegible] head will [illegible]

Window plants can be [illegible] ened by [illegible] putting a [illegible] in the soil.

Onion stains can be [illegible] moved from the fingers by rubbing dry salt to them.

If sausages are dipped in [illegible] water before being fried they remain whole.

New potatoes put in cold water or water with a little dissolved soda will scrape easily.

Lace can be [illegible] "starched" [illegible] to which a beaten egg has been added.

French chalk applied to grease spots on flannels sets the grease out. If the garment is held [illegible] to the fire.

When a pillow case begins to wear it should be unstitched at the bottom and [illegible] that the side seam goes [illegible] the middle. Backsheets and sheets can be lengthened by making a lather of good soap. Take a small brush and rub the lather on the soiled parts of shoes. When dry brush off.

People who keep houses dark for fear of the sunlight spoiling the carpets or furniture have no idea of the decay [illegible] of sunlight and air.

A veil can be made crisp and [illegible] ped in a cup and hung [illegible] to dry.

Green peppers [illegible] green [illegible] cious dish.

Tablecloths should be [illegible] starched. They keep cleaner [illegible] and look better.

Cotton sheets are more comfortable than linen [illegible] they last longer [illegible] are much more [illegible]

In sleeping keep the head as cool as possible, [illegible] that the blood may have an unimpeded circulation.

The stove will look [illegible] glossier and [illegible] durable if mix it with [illegible] and [illegible] water.

Tomatoes [illegible] cooked in a [illegible] give them [illegible] three hours without [illegible]

Spare time should be used [illegible] sionally for [illegible] and [illegible] brought into [illegible] service [illegible] very quickly.

If you dampen your brush [illegible] pass it through your hair two or three times a week, it will prevent superfluous dryness.

If washing or repainting, use soap, but wash with soda and water. If soap is used, the new [illegible] will not dry quickly.

Castor oil rubbed thoroughly [illegible] boots and shoes will make [illegible] soft.

When curtains are hung up [illegible] they should be hung double on the line.

Cold slaw served in green pepper shells, is a dainty bit for lunch.

The old fashioned Shetland [illegible] should be washed in bran and warm water [illegible]

If a piece of sugar is put into the water that flowers stand in, it will keep fresh quite a long time.

Wet shoes should be stuffed with paper before they are put away; they will dry more quickly and not be so hard.

Finger marks on the doors can be clean off easily if the cloth is first dipped in kerosene; then wash the usual way.

In preparing eggplant put it under water instead of just salting it. This prevents the vegetable from turning black.

Wall paper can be cleaned by making a paste of white [illegible] it thick on the marks, allow it to dry, then brush off.

Half a lemon squeezed into a glass of warm water and drank before [illegible]

Stop headaches—neuralgic headaches [illegible] blinding headaches—all vanish when you [illegible]

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

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Here is a typical letter from Miss Eliza Armsworthy, Canso, N.S.:

"It is with pleasure I write to inform you that your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets have proved of great value to me. I tried remedy after remedy but without any lasting good. Having heard of your tablets curing such cases as mine I decided to give them a fair trial. They proved satisfactory in my case."

The remarkable success of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets is such a success as can only come to an honest remedy, compounded according to an exceptionally good formula, from pure ingredients, by expert chemists. If you are troubled with your stomach just ask your Druggist about Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, and sold throughout the Dominion at 50c. a box. 142