

COURTIN' A WIDDER.

"Yes, Cousin Deb, there is no use talkin' I've seen more bad luck than any man livin' and it does seem sometimes as if the Lord or the 'old boy'—I dunno which,—had a particular spite ag'in me and took delight in pillin' on the whacks. Who would ever have sposed a big, noble-lookin' woman like B'indy would have dropped off right in the dead of winter, when my rheumatiz and lumbago and ashmy and brown-boaters always rage the worst kind? O dear, what shall I do?" and Ebenezer Pert, a little wizened man, with pale, watery blue eyes and scattering wisps of yellow hair, buried his nose in the depths of a gingham handkerchief and yawned and groaned demially.

"Do?" responded Cousin Deb. "Why, speak up and put the best foot forward. A widder of your age with nine children on her hands has got to hustle. You can't lay around and eat and sleep and smoke old cob pipes same as you always have done."

Cousin Deborah was a tall, thin, female with an aggressive nose and a rasping voice. She was extremely energetic in her movements, and as she dashed about the kitchen, putting things to rights, Ebenezer was obliged to duck his head more than once to avoid a collision with broomsticks, mop handles, sweep pads and kettles.

"I never disputed Job's troubles," sniffed Ebenezer, and he flourished the gingham handkerchief spasmodically, never ceasing to mope like me, but his comforters were angels compared to mine. 'Twould melt a heart of stone to see the way I'm fixed. But my sufferin's air about over—I shall never climb winter hills, and I feel in my bones I ain't had a decent thing to eat since poor B'indy died, nothing but dough cakes and slops, and my stomach is all out of kilter. Poor B'indy! What a treasure I've lost! So prudent, so clever natered. My first two was faithful partners and fair cooks, but when it come to bucklin' right down to hard work they couldn't hold a taller candle to B'indy. O Deb, what do you advise me to do?" And his sobs and groans broke out all afresh.

"Look here, Ebenezer, I've advised and advised, but what has it amounted to? If there is anything I despise it is a snivellin' man that has got no sense but to cry and go to face facts. B'indy's gone, you've lost your burden bearer and all your howlin' won't bring her back," and Deb flashed a glance at her elderly relative which was far from sympathetic.

"I know it, Deb," he whimpered, "but my poor heart is buried in her grave. Nobody knows my feelin's but myself. I shall never find another to take her place—not if I live to be as old as Methuselah! She took all the care of the critters and the milkin' and the barn and the house and the young uns, and I—"

"If," broke in Deb, sharply, "you don't stop your wailin' I'll leave this house in twenty minutes, bag and baggage. I've heard it just as long as I'm goin' to. I have been here two months and you have not made the least effort to get a housekeeper."

"I'd like to know who I'm going to get?" queried Ebenezer, and he eyed her warily through his fingers.

"That is your own lookout. There is plenty of capable women to be had that will come here and look after your butter and eggs business and do the housework and keep an eye on the children. Some nice, steady old maid."

"I dunno no nice, steady old maids," interrupted Ebenezer, crossly. "And I don't want to. I shouldn't know how to approach 'em. I would rather tackle a widder."

"Well, there is plenty of widders. I heard Elder Trigger say there was twenty-seven drawin' pensions out of the government right in this neighborhood."

"Well," said Ebenezer, in a resigned tone, "it's pooty cold weather for a man of my years to start out lookin' up widders, but I s'pose it's got to be done. Do you think of any pertickler one you can recommend?"

"Well, let me think—there is Miss Holden. She's as smart as a steel trap."

"Yes, but I won't have her. She is hellier than a hedge fence."

"Miss Davis is a pretty good cook, but she is slow."

"I won't have her neither. She is crosser lookin' than butter and milk and would jar on my feelin's."

"How about Miss Brown. She is very capable."

"I don't want her. I couldn't redden her grub. She's got false teeth, cause I watched her handlin' 'em down to the donation when she thought nobody was seein'."

"How would Nancy Green do?"

"Nancy Green?" and he opened his little eyes in horror. "Cousin Deb Potter, can you crasy?" a woman that's been divorced from three livin' husbands! Why, I wouldn't stay in the same house with that woman for a million dollars!"

"Well, I can't think of anybody else that could fill the bill, unless it be the widder Jumper over to Durham. Don't you remember, she was Jennie Dobson?"

"Jennie Dobson? Well, I guess I do!" and a sickly smile overspread his withered face. "I courted her considerable when we was both young. I s'pose she was really the woman I should have married, but we had a little bust-up and she married old Froggit, and I married Polly Dudley—and then she was a widder and married old Jumper just after I married B'indy, and things had a way. Poor little Janie, she was an awful

gone kind of skew-guy for us both, pooty girl, red cheeks and black eyes, and shaped just like a weasel. I s'pose, Deb, how I would like to see her and git to talkin' over old times! Who knows but I can come to keep house for me awhile, and then—um—um— and he poked his cousin's ribs, significantly.

"That's the way to talk, Ebenezer. I think she would come over and jump at the chance. All you lack is git up. Why can't you ride over to Durham to-night? Strike while the iron is hot, you know."

"Sartin', Deb, sartin', and he sprang to his feet with a suddenness which fairly took away her breath. "Just hunt me up a paper collar and grease my best boots, and don't forget a handkerchief in case I should shed tears. I s'pect the neighbors will say its airly for me to go courtin' widders, but what they say don't p'nter in my mouth or mind. I'll be in my stockin's, No-sir-ee, and he snapped his fingers. "Let 'em cackle!"

The widow Jumper's kitchen was as cozy and comfortable as a fresh paint and paper, cretonne covered furniture and gay homemade rugs could make it. A cheerful log fire blazed in the old-fashioned fireplace, and the light of the evening lamps, when there came a loud rap-rap at the door.

"My goodness me, who can it be?" she thought, and she slipped on her best lace-trimmed white apron and pink worsted shoulder cape. "Who is it?" she inquired.

"It's only me, m's Jumper," answered a faint voice from the outside. "Don't you remember Ebenezer Pert?"

"Well I guess I do," and she threw the door wide open, letting a stream of warmth and light upon the shivering figure on the doorstep.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Pert," and she clasped his numb hands effusively. "Let me take your overcoat and muffer. You must be nearly frozen! Now set up to the fire and give your poor feet a good toasin'." Have you been to supper—no, well, then, let me git you some and a cup of hot tea—"

"I should feel turribly obliged if you would, m's Jumper. I don't mind tellin' you I'm just about on my last legs. I s'pose you've heard about poor B'indy, but she's been dead for some time."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pert, such sad news always travels fast. But you must try and reconcile yourself to the ways of Providence."

"I try to, marm, but it's pesky hard," and he began to ransack his pockets in quest of a handkerchief. "Lusin' B'indy was a turrible blow!" and the widow rubbed her nose with a corner of her white apron sympathetically. "But I can feel for you, dear friend—I have lost two beloved companions—"

"But four, marm—think of four—three of 'em as likely females as ever stirred a bannock; the other, who for sorrow, was a weak vessel, who forsook a lovin' husband for a sevin machine man, and she got her come-uppance. O marm, I've been called to wade through seas of trouble—yes, seas."

"I know you have, poor soul, but you must try and bear up—it is the only way. I don't suppose you're much appetite, but do set down and force yourself to eat a few mouthfuls anyway. Here is cold chicken and lomon taponade and cold cabbage and canned string beans, and a two-quart jug of old cherry elder-drink every drop—do, now—will it do your soul good?"

"I try to, marm, as though he was performing a sacred duty, Ebenezer proceeded to manipulate his knife and fork, and when the plump chicken was reduced to bones and the lapocra cream was washed from his sight, when every fragment of cabbage and canned string beans had disappeared from the platter and the last drop of old cherry elder had gurgled slowly down his throat, he leaned back in his chair and smiled upon the widow with moist eyes.

"I believe I never see lovelier chicken than yours, m's Jumper. Rooster, pulest?"

"Rooster."

"I s'pose, Janie, if this don't seem like old times. Come over here and set down a minute. I want to have a long talk with you."

"In just a minute, Mr. Pert."

"Oh, now, Janie," and his face took on an injured look. "Don't call me Mr. Pert. It used to be 'Ebby' once. Don't you remember?"

"Yes—"

"I've thought of you all these years, Janie, I have, I s'pose. I never see anyone I loved half as well as I did you. Phain't you don't believe it, but it's the truth. Now things has worked our way, s'posin' we fine conditions. Say, Janie, you hev me?"

"O—O! My, my, my, my!"

"Say, Yes, Janie."

"Yes, Ebby."

Gentlemen Read.

"Choose a wife with a low, soft voice and a pretty foot," said a veteran man of the world the other day to a man about to marry. "They are the only things which won't change, and when you are old you can close your eyes and listen to your wife's chatter, or glance down at her little foot resting on the fender, and imagine you are still young. Now, a pretty figure sometimes grows spare and gaunt, or the contour is covered up by a burden of adipose. The sunny hair grows gray. Even the eyes change when surrounded by wrinkles, and the little hand grows yellow and shriveled. But the neatly booted foot may look just as it did long ago, and the pretty voice be as harmonious as ever."

BLUE RIBBON TEA COMPETITION

- the labor of selecting the prize winners has taken several weeks. The following are the successful competitors—
- 1st—J. H. Morrow, Ellen St., Winnipeg.
 - 2nd—J. M. Doran, Westminster Block, Winnipeg.
 - 3rd—J. B. Mitchell, 318 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que.
 - 4th—Ed. Hawke, Moose Jaw.
 - 5th—J. F. Dow, Burr Block, New Westminster.
 - 6th—Ralph M. Reade, 252 D'Algonquin St., Quebec, Que.
 - 7th—W. C. Forman, Ingersoll, Ont.
 - 8th—F. D. Meredith, Regina.
 - 9th—F. D. Smith, 250 King St., Winnipeg.
 - 10th—Sara Chapman, Niagara-on-the-Lake.
 - 11th—Mary Forman, Ingersoll.
 - 12th—Jennie Benton, Loreo, Ont.
 - 13th—R. F. Killaly, New Westminster.
 - 14th—Mrs. Forrest, Robson St., Vancouver.
 - 15th—C. J. Thacker, Winnipeg.
 - 16th—R. W. Torrance, Galt, Ont.
 - 17th—Miss S. J. Harivel, Stellarton, Pictou Co., N. S.
 - 18th—Rohit, Keeping, 10 Windsor St., Toronto.
 - 19th—A. G. E. Lowman, 275 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.
 - 20th—J. G. Tudhope, Ingersoll.
 - 21st—Jos. Lay, Reaburn, Man.
 - 22nd—Mrs. J. Yickel, Waterloo, Ont.
 - 23rd—D. M. Fleckenstein, Galt, Ont.
 - 24th—A. R. Smith, Box 548, Woodstock, Ont.
 - 25th—Geo. H. Larwill, 628 Broadway, Winnipeg, Man.

Young Old People of To-day.

People quit growing old at 40 half a century ago. They quit it when they ceased thinking themselves old at 40, ceased dressing old at 40, and ceased drinking themselves old at 40. The young men of 60 or 60 now wear the natty saquo tweeds or serges that his son or grandson wears, tipped off with a jaunty hat. He goes to baseball, he races, he keeps up with the procession and is all in for a good time in moderation, although the young woman with him in white or colors, with the gay hat, who has the manners of a youth, but self-respecting girl of 20 in the last century, is his wife, perhaps a grand-mother, but none the less young and happy yet. They feel young, they dress young, they believe themselves young—by the Great Horned Spoon, they are young—Louisville Herald.

Reflections of a Cynic.

When some people make up their minds they are mighty poor material. Deafness is a terrible affliction to the man who likes to hear himself talk. There are some queer people in this world. Occasionally a truthful man goes fishing. Cucumbers, college graduates and numerous other green things are new in the market. It is so much easier to apologize than to explain how you happened to acquire that black eye.

Sit down to the Washing

To economise fabric, time and strength and wash your clothes cleaner use a

New Century Washing Machine.

There is nothing washable it will not wash—perfectly clean—do it in half the time without boiling the clothes. Runs on ball bearings, just a touch does it. Send for descriptive circular, better still, ask any hardware man to show it to you.

The Dowsett Mfg. Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

As Every One Has Seen It.

Hartley Journal.

Some women will gobble up a whole handful of the back side of their dresses and skirts, yank up the gup ropes of their corset, until they almost squeeze their livers and immortal souls out of their bodies, and then on their hats, get strutting round over town selling tickets for an entertainment to raise money to help send missionaries to some foreign clime for the purpose of teaching civilization to the poor heathens who have never known what it is to wear a corset and have been struggling on in ignorant belief that birds were created to sing instead of being worn on hats.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Quite a Dangerous Woman.

Life.

"Mrs. Talker-Blind can say some of the most cutting things," said the only one who could keep her mouth closed for five minutes you could have her arrested for carrying concealed weapons."

BINDER TALK.

Some of the important features of the Massey-Harris Binder are:

- Folding Dividers—No bolts or nuts to unscrew. You merely release a spring on the outside Divider and unhook the inside one to fold them. A youngster can do it easily and properly. The Dividers are very rigid in their working positions and remain at whatever angle they are folded over the conveyor canvas.
- Floating Elevators—They literally float. The grain cannot stick or choke in the Massey-Harris elevator no matter how much it is bunched.
- Simple Knotter—Capable of adjustment to take up wear.
- Reel—Suited for handling the crops up to the top of a weathered or land. It will pick up tangled or laid grain and lay it neatly on the table. It also handles long or short grain with splendid success.
- Roller Bearings—throughout to lighten the draft and make the work easy for the horses. The beasts know when they are hitched to a Massey-Harris—it runs so easily.

THE BOY JOHN WESLEY.

No Evidence of Any Precociousness in His Religious Development.

Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley, only ten survived the period of infancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the little boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than half a century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he described himself as "a brand plucked out of the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work, and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child than Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain staid over-delicateness, which he got from his mother, but which, to the more mercurial temperament of the father, assumed in his youth the character of half amusing and half vexatious "sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack would attend to the most pressing necessities as she says, 'to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child than Thou hast so mercifully provided for.'" From C. T. Winchester's "John Wesley," in the July Century.



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sun-light Soap.

Terrible Blaky.

N. Y. Herald.

A prominent insurance man in New York tells of an old woman who called on an agent of his company down south to arrange for insurance on their house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained. "We hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, that terrible risky."

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows.

Tate's Tete-a-tete.

N. Y. Sun.

There was a young person named Tate

Who dined with his girl at 8:09;

At this very late date

Who'd be hard to relate

What Tate and his tete-a-tete ate,

Tete-a-tete at 8:08."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

Could Not Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Charles Gilchrist had Diabetes for Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Hope, Ont., July 20.—(Special.)—Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Chief of Police here for fifteen years and afterwards Dominion Fishery Overseer, is always ready to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

I am a healthy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the job," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark brick color, and I would suffer something awful while passing. I tried everything and tried the doctors, but could get no help till I was advised to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man."

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years, but he feels young. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

Wash Your Face.

There are few women probably who would believe it if you told them they did not know how to wash their faces properly, but it is a truth that few know how to perform this little act so as to get the best results and economize in beauty bills. There is no use in employing a masseuse to manipulate the muscles of the face for a half hour once a week and then wash and wipe the face several times a day for the remaining time, straining the muscles in exactly the directions to emphasize the wrinkles rather than eradicate them. It seems so much easier to rub the face downward, but you notice that your beauty doctor rubs away and upward at the corners of the mouth, also by the eyes. Remember the tendency of the flesh is to sag, and when you wipe or massage your own face, rub upward.—Deborah.

I was Cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N. S., R. F. HEWSON.

I was Cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

FRED. COULSON, Yarmouth, N. S., Y. A. A. C.

I was Cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglesville, J. W. RUGGLES.

Headaches From House Paint.

At this season, when houses are being painted everywhere, a great many headaches are suffered by those who have to breathe the fumes of paint. A preventive of these headaches was indicated by a painter yesterday. "If your bedroom is being painted," he said, "and you sleep in it while its walls are wet, or if your sitting room is being painted, and you work in it, a headache is almost inevitable and with some persons this headache is so serious as to confine them to their rooms for several days. Such fumes might be easily avoided in the newly painted room a basin of milk should be placed. The milk somehow will deaden the paint's odor and, since it is the odor that causes the illness, no headache will ensue. After a few hours the milk will have a distinct smell of paint about it. A basin of water in a fresh painted room is another good preventive of odors and of headaches. The water, after a little while in such a room, acquires an oily scum"—Philadelphia Record.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT.

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save 50¢ by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known.

Mrs. Winslow's healing Syrup should always be used for Children's Teething, it soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, "M. P. LEHURST" board residence, large airy rooms, two bath rooms, good cuisine, lawn, 1 egg stand, lawn, five minutes' walk from lake, good fishing, boating, yachting, driving, cycling. Terms from five dollars per week. Apply to "Maplehurst," 174 Earl street, Kingston, Ont.

ALBERT COLLEGE,

Belleville, Ont.

340 students enrolled last year. 184 young ladies and 156 young men. One of the best equipped and most largely attended colleges in Ontario. Music, Commercial, Fine Art, Education, Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Horticulture and Teachers' Courses.

Will Re-open Tuesday, Sept. 8th, 1903.

For illustrated circulars address: PRINCIPAL DYER, D. D.

R & O Summer Excursions

To Rochester, 1000 Islands, Bay of Quinte, Rapid St. Lawrence, to Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, River du Loup, Tadoussac, Saguenay River.

Steamers Toronto, Kingston also by steamers Hamilton, Spartan and Corsican.

Further information apply to H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto

1,000 MILE AXLE GREASE

It Has No Equal

Manufactured only by THE CAMPBELL MFG. CO. OF HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

For sale by all leading dealers.



"What Luck!"

Libby Luncheons made ready in a few moments.

Veal Loaf Potted Turkey
Deviled Ham Ox Tongue, &c.

Quickly made ready to serve.

Are U. S. Government Inspected.

Keep in the house for emergencies—for suppers—for sandwiches—for any time when you want something good and want it quick.

Handsome Illustrated Booklet, "Good Things to Eat," Send five stamps for large Atlas of the World, in colors.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

Therefore. Pack.

She—I suppose it is a genuine antique?

The Dealer—Why, of course it is, madame! And, besides, it is the very latest thing in antiques.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by Dr. J. C. Chase & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is taken internally in doses for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists—75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pretending.

Punch.

Auntie—You know you ought not to be playing slops on Sunday.

Marjorie—But you see, auntie, dear, we were just pretending it's Monday.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Bore. Clears the passages, cleans the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Sent free. All dealers in Dr. A. W. Chase Medical Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

A Natural Inference.

Chicago Post.

"It was very affecting when I asked old Bink for his daughter. Why, I wept myself."

"Did he kick as hard as all that?"

"THE ONLY WAY."

There is but one way to properly appreciate the advantages of a trip to New York or Boston on the trains of the New York Central Railway, and that is to use the line. See your ticket agent.

Too Early.

San Francisco Examiner.

"General, I have the honor to report that the enemy has retired."

"That's strange. It isn't bedtime yet."

\$10 SEASHORE EXCURSIONS \$10

Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, Ocean City, via Long Beach Valley Railroad, August 19 and 25. Tickets only \$10. The round trip from Suspension Bridge; stop-over allowed at Philadelphia. Tickets good 15 days.

For further particulars call on or address Robt. B. Lewis, Passenger Agent, 33 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont.

(New York Sun)

The women who have a summer supply of false next winter's use, may not of their foresight in getting in before the hair market is going up the batch of fine blonde enough to prop up the pompadour, costs more than any other time in the year.

The women who consider prices of human hair hold necessities and frequent visits to the keep informed on the in the last few days, lashed and grieved to see prices of all kinds of hair moving steadily up. An advance in the price of hair in the price of a few days for the last—so that at present prices are selling for 30 to 40 per cent. more than the year.

The New York hair market is not to blame for the high prices. In fact, they are so large profits out of wigs and switches as the days when they sold a half for about half the now ask for a first-class hair. The importers, though, to find that in this city is larger than ever been in the business, in spite of prices.

Although women are not to blame for the high prices, they are a large number of purchasers of wigs and switches, and it is larger than it was a year ago. This big local demand, however, is not the cause of the high prices; but it is only a factor.

The peasants in Europe who are sending of good human hair, do not blame for the high prices. In fact, they are a large number of purchasers of wigs and switches, and it is larger than it was a year ago. This big local demand, however, is not the cause of the high prices; but it is only a factor.

Then the demand for larger this year, the prices have gone up. The prices have gone up, and the local demand is bid higher for their goods which New York maid.

The hair-cutting season for this year, the girls to the fields for the summer. The girls are not to sell their hair in 40c. The buyers for the man hair houses of this country are not to secure the goods which New York maid.

The chief reason for the cut of hair in the country is the fact that the civilization, trolley car and built into the interior a few years ago the roads.

The result is that people well-dressed people themselves beginning to care. Of course, if they cannot have their hair day is fast passing.

PAINFUL PE

are overcome by Lydia's Vegetable Compound



Miss Menard cured her pain by Lydia's Vegetable Compound. "I was cured of my pain by Lydia's Vegetable Compound. I was cured of my pain by Lydia's Vegetable Compound. I was cured of my pain by Lydia's Vegetable Compound."

Lydia's Vegetable Compound cures all other means fail.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

E. B. EDDY'S

NEW INDURATED FIBRE WARE

TUBS, PAILS, ETC

For sale by all first class dealers

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S