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ELECTRIC IRONS
and
TOASTERS

By the way have you
every tried toast made
on an Electric Toaster,
if not you have never
eaten toast.

Let us send you one.

Halliday Electric Company
345 KING STREET.
Longest Established Electric
Firm in the City.

Asaya-Neurall
THE NEW REMEDY FOR
Nervous Exhaustion

Physicians agree that a vigorous
nervous system is essential to the
successful treatment of Consumption.
"ASAYA-NEURALL" feeds
the nerves with Lecithin (obtain-
ed from eggs), the element re-
quired for nerve repair. Its use
maintains full nerve vigor, re-
stores courage when hope is fail-
ing, and thus tends incalculable
aid in throwing off the disease.
\$1.50 per bottle. Local agent.

L. T. BEST,
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St. Margaret's College
TORONTO

Founded by the late George Dickson,
M.A., formerly Principal of Upper Canada
College, and Mrs. George Dickson.

A High-Class Residential and Day School
for Girls

Large Staff of Teachers, Graduates of
Canadian and English Universities.
Full Academic Course for University
Matriculation with highest honors.
Music, Art, Domestic Science and Physical
Education.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President
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Write for Booklet.

Flower Bed Border from 7c ft.
Fences and Gates of all kinds manu-
factured. CHEAPEST WIRE AND
IRON WORKS (Partridge & Sons).
Phone 358.

Every Woman

It is important that every woman
should know the value of
MARVEL'S WHITING SOAP
The Best Soap for the Face
and Body. It is made of
purest ingredients. Ask your
dealer for a sample.

RUB THE OTHER EYE.

And Let One in Which Cinder Lodges
Alone.

Nine persons out of every ten with
a cinder or any other foreign sub-
stance in the eye will instantly begin
to rub it with one hand while hunt-
ing for a handkerchief with the other.
This is all wrong. The right way is
not to rub the eye with the finger in
it, but to rub the other as vigorously
as you like.

A few months ago I was riding on
the engine of a fast express. The en-
gineer threw open the front window of
the cab and I caught a cinder in my
eye, which gave me intense pain. I be-
gan to rub the eye with the finger in
it, when the engineer called to me:
"Let that eye alone and rub the other
one."
Thinking he was chaffing me, I only
rubbed the hurler.

"I know the doctors think they
know it all, but they don't, and if
you will let that eye alone and work
on the other one you will soon have
the cinder out," shouted the engineer.
I did as he directed and soon felt
the cinder down near the inner can-
thus and made ready to take it out.
"Let it alone and keep at the other
eye," again shouted the engineer.
I did so for a minute longer, and
then, looking into a small glass, I
saw the cinder on my cheek. I saw the
engineer on my cheek. I have tried it many
times since, always with success.—Chi-
cago Record-Herald.

Concerning the Pateful 13.
There were 13 colonies in revolution-
ary America and a London newspaper
of 1776 printed a mocking paragraph
suggesting that the rebels thought
there was lack in the number. To a
party of returned naval prisoners
were attributed assertions that 13
dried clams were the rebels' daily ra-
tion; that Washington had 13 toes
(three having grown since the Declara-
tion of Independence) and 13 teeth in
each jaw; and that the regular rebel
family numbered 13 children, all of
whom expected to become generals or
members of congress at the age of 13.
It was added that 13 American paper
dollars were worth 1 penny sterling.

The Lucky Man

She was young—and pretty. But the
prettiness was mostly mere youth—a
physical bloom and softness. There
was a tight little look to her thin but
rosy lips, and a hard look in her blue
eyes. But the young men in the case
hardly had been expected to see this.
There were two of them—and a num-
ber more, but Gene Turner and Ebe
Fisher were ahead—or it looked that
way. Also it looked as if Gene were
having the best of it, if by best is
meant the lady's favor. It was odd,
too, according to the ideas of the
other girls at the Cosmopolitan
department store. They would have
thought Suzanne—born Susan Jane—
would require "some sort of real style
in a fellow."

Gene was not stylish, but he was
young, and straight, and wore his
working clothes with a jaunty grace.
He even carried a dinner-bucket as if
that were a matter to be graceful in
the doing. And he earned three, as
carpentering, what Ebe Fisher did be-
hind a dry goods counter. Ebe had
style. He was a good dancer and
dressed a matter which must have ab-
sorbed most of his salary, had the
girls stopped to think about it.

Suzanne, whose final name was
Ryan, had somehow escaped the
warm-heartedness of her race, which
was a pity. But she was a good cleft,
with an undeniable pert prettiness,
a wealth of reddish hair, a milky skin
and large, moist, bright eyes. And
she herself had all sorts of style. She
was the best dancer in the store. She
lived with an old aunt to whom she
gave \$3 out of her weekly \$7, and to
whom she paid scant attention. The
"front room" was, she made it under-
stood, for her own especial use, and
she tricked it out with some cheap
tildies and albums, a lot of photo-
graphs of everybody who would give
her one, and a bright rug and settee
bought on the installment plan. For
the rest, she owed it to herself to
dress like a lady.

Her immense self-confidence gave her
a certain charm to the circle in which
she moved—she was gay, saucy, inde-
pendent, with that little touch of
flirted and worked. Ebe, as the most
desirable man in her train, she had
taken pleasure in playing with. She
liked to make herself envied by the
other girls who courted Ebe Fisher in
sort of a peevish, snubbing him in
favor of Gene, who was so nonchalant
and independent as herself. It was
this recklessness of consequences which
made the store figuratively hold its
breath. They began, the girl clerks,
and the men too, to bet on which
would be the lucky man.

Even Gene had become really inter-
ested in the game. He liked to see
how, carelessly, enough, he could get
two dances, to Ebe's one, two walks
to his one, the privilege of taking her
to the theatre or a park often than
Fisher could. At first he had been not
at all earnest, simply amusing him-
self. He made love to no girl, for he
had an old money to support, and he
was the apple of his eye, and he was
paying for a little lot and cottage.

And Suzanne. She had merely used
him for a foil; there had been only
flirtation, less clumsy than his, but
certainly, even then, none too subtle.
She would not, at first, have dreamed
of marrying him, but somehow he has
been able to pick up and drop. He
left his mark, the mark of personality,
which is hard to erase. And his inde-
pendence matched her own.

Late in the spring Gene took to
running over in the evening, once a
week or so, and sitting in the front
room with the girl and chaffing her.
Finally he made himself welcome in
the little kitchen, which old Molly,
the aunt, kept shining and comfort-
able and which, with its old furniture
hand-made by her dead husband, and
her old blue dishes, was far prettier
and more characteristic than all Su-
zanne's cheap frippery. It irked the
girl that the handsome, laughing
young fellow should spend a good
hour of his call sitting with the old
woman, making her chuckle at his
jokes, mending a thing for her, doing
a bit of hammering or sawing and al-
ways in a jolly companionable way.

Once the girl joked—rather serious-
ly—at him on the subject. "A body'd
think you were dead stuck on Aunt
Mollie," she said.

"I am," he retorted. "She's almost
half as nice as mother—I'm used to
old ladies and I like them. Come out
home with me some night and visit
mother. She's a bit lonely, and I try
to stay home with her a good deal."

The girl tossed her head. She had
no mind to fuss with the old lady.
But, secretly, she did want to see his
house. She had in the back of her
head a notion that a strong, inde-
pendent man with a house of his own
might not be bad to marry. She had
no idea of wasting her youth in a de-
partment store—she intended to marry.

And as for Gene, he had become
fond of the girl. He was, at times,
sure he was in love with her. But he
was by nature deliberate—he never
hurried a thing. She would get ac-
quainted with his mother. It even
entered his head that if she should
care for him and would marry him,
Aunt Molly could have her little
house moved to a corner of his lot,
and he and his girl wife could
have their "old folks" under their
eyes.

He noticed that Ebe Fisher was be-
coming more and more frequent, more
and more serious in his attention to
the girl. It awakened his sense of
rivalry. And, though he hardly knew
it, he was sorry for Suzanne. He
wanted her to have a chance to be
quicker on her feet than a real
woman. Instead of a hair-dresser
dummy, to stop chewing gum, and
talking pert nonsense at every man
in her path. He wanted to protect
her even from himself. He finally
decided to ask her to marry him, and
to send it to her loved him. His mind
dwelt on her bright eyes, her little
wink and smile. She was so sweet and
young—he was sure her flippancy was
a mere matter of working in a store.
He did not like the flippancy, but he
thought it would vanish when real

love came to her. These thoughts
were subconscious.

One warm evening late in May he
wandered over to her little house. If
the coast was clear he would tell her
all his heart, and, pondering these
things, he entered the small green
yard with its old-fashioned flowers,
and went upon the little porch. He
knocked but no one answered. He
could hear Suzanne talking in the
kitchen, her voice raised as in argu-
ment, but he did not heed the words.
He knocked again more loudly, with
no response. Then he carelessly
enough sank down in the old rocker
and waited on the porch. Probably
she would come out in a minute and
he would tell her.

Then, without warning he heard a
door fly open and a stream of words
came thick and fast. He did not
mean to listen, but he was so stun-
ned that he could not help doing so
until it was all over. The girl's voice
was sharp and angry.

"No," she said, "I won't ask Gene
to fix it, and I can tell you right
now that you can keep out of my
way when I come. Do you think
he comes to see you? What's eatin'
on you, anyhow, Aunt Mollie? Well,
if I do marry him—and I shall if he
asks me, and he will—you can bet
you needn't think you'll live with
us. Nor us neither, either! I'm no
such fool as that, if I do look easy.
What you take me for? I shan't
keep any 'old ladies' home, and if
he's countin' on that he's got another
guess co'rd to him. I'm 'paying
you board, but I don't need any
chaperon. He's asked me over to
see his mother. I'll go, but I bet if
we're ever married she can come over
and live with you. That will be
long enough for a mother-in-law."

Without a word Gene rose, went
down the path and out at the gate,
and straight home.

He did not go near her again. One
day she asked him if he was mad.
He said that he was not, and asked
what made her think of such a thing?
By his manner was a final thing.
The next day she told him she was
engaged to Ebe Fisher—she met Gene
on the street and stopped him with
her news, her head very high.

"Oh," he said, "I had hopes to wish
joy to you—and the lucky man." But
in his heart Gene knew that he him-
self was the lucky man.

A New Light.

Buffalo Commercial.

A Philadelphia man who finds much
amusement in playing ragtime melo-
dies on the piano received a rude shock
one evening last week at the hands of
some fourteen years. It was warm
and the house was wide open when
the father sat down at the piano
and began "raving" his favorite
unusual air. While he was playing
his daughter came into the room with
a companion. "Daddy, stop play-
ing," she said. "Somebody's surpris-
ed, the father wanted to know why he
should cease entertaining himself. The
girl was not inclined to explain.
Finally she said, "Why, neighbors
have a lot of company."

"Is that all?" he commented dully,
with fine scorn. "Well, if they don't
like my playing they can close their
windows," and he attacked the piano
with renewed vigor.

"Yes, but, daddy," pleaded the
daughter, as she glided over to her
parent and put her arm around his
neck, "they'll think it was I play-
ing."

That settled it. He stopped.

A Clever French Captive.

A person who was supposed to be
the French General Mouton, count de
Lohan, was once captured by an En-
glish vessel, but after a time the cap-
tain discovered that his prisoner was
the Count de Montmond. "Why did
you deceive me?" he demanded angri-
ly of the count. "I did not de-
ceive you," replied Montmond, "not at
all. You thought I was General
Mouton. You told me so. You have
a fifty-gun frigate. Was it for me,
who have only a pocket pistol, to
contradict you?"

The captain did not forgive Mon-
dond and took every opportunity to
torment him rudely. One evening at
dinner some one proposed the health
of the French. As Montmond rose to
acknowledge it the captain cried:
"They are all cowards. I make no
exceptions." When Montmond's turn
came he gave this sentiment, "at
English—they are all gentlemen, but I
make exceptions."

Told She Had To, So She Did.

New York Herald.

In the night court, last night, Mrs.
Spitzer was about to give her testi-
mony as complainant in a case against
a negro.

"Do I have to swear, judge?" she
asked Magistrate Krotel.

"Yes, madam."

"But, judge, I do not like to."

"You must. Every witness makes
oath before testifying. The law re-
quires it."

"Well, if I must, I must, I guess.
But I don't like to."

"Yes, you must."

"Well, damn."

Bay Rum.

Bay rum is manufactured from the
dried leaves of Pimento acris. Bay
rum is procured by distillation, and
this is the very simple manner. The
leaves are picked from the trees and
then dried. In this state they are
placed in the retort, which is then
filled with water, and the process of
distillation is carried on. The vapor
is then condensed in the usual way
and forms what is known as "bay
oil," a very small quantity of
which is required for each pancheon
of rum.

Poverty No Bar to Matrimony.

Amongst African savages poverty is
not considered a bar to matrimony
and happiness. The fact that a man
has not sufficient wealth in cattle or
kind to satisfy the parents of his
young woman with the usual presents
need not necessarily prevent him from
marrying her. He forms a species of
limited liability company with two or
three of his brothers, and the capital
is sunk in the purchase of the wife.—
Wide World Magazine.

Relics of Age of Fishes.

Teeth of sharks and tusks of wal-
rus have been discovered by men at
work on the tube station under the
Place de l'Opera in Paris.

Night of Excitement

When I secured a contract on one of
the largest railroads in India I took
my wife and little daughter with me
and established them in a bungalow
on the line. I was away all day,
sometimes for days together, but I
left plenty of servants at the house
and I felt no concern as to the safety
of my family. My wife, who was trou-
bled with insomnia, slept alone, and
our little girl, seven years old, slept
in a room with me. In that hot cli-
mate it is impossible to keep the
doors and windows closed, and when
I came in late at night I had no trou-
ble in entering.

One night I went home and, finding
the door closed, climbed into my
room through an open window. As I
did not care to awaken Rosie, who
slept in a crib in the corner, I took
off my shoes before entering and step-
ping as lightly as possible, I slipped
and fell. I got into bed and was
soon asleep.

I was awakened by a low growl.
Thinking that my big dog Bruin had
come into the room, I was about to
get up and put him out when I was
startled by another growl, unlike that
of a dog, and I sat up, wondering what
the matter was. I got up and looked
at the door. I saw a shadowy figure
of a man in the doorway, and I
heard a low growl. I saw a shadowy
figure of a man in the doorway, and I
heard a low growl. I saw a shadowy
figure of a man in the doorway, and I
heard a low growl.

Her Diamond Necklace.

Brown is a very careful man. He is
superlatively careful. So careful is he
that he has insured his insurance man-
now.

Now, Brown has a wife. Wives have
to be given birthday presents, and on
his wife's first birthday after their
marriage he gave her a beautiful dia-
mond necklace. This was not as reck-
less as you might think, for each
stone on the necklace represented a year
of Mrs. Brown's life, and he let
every one know that. And he arranged
to give Mrs. Brown a new diamond
each birthday. And he let the neigh-
bors know that too.

He has just missed giving his wife a
birthday present for the ninth suc-
cessive year.

As to when greed will conquer pride
and his wife will ask for another birth-
day present, we shall have to wait
and see.

School More Attractive.

Harper's Weekly.

A boy of twelve years of age, with
an air of melancholy resignation, went
to his teacher and handed in the fol-
lowing note from his mother before
taking his seat: "Dear Sir—Please
excuse James for not being present
yesterday. He played truant, but you
needn't whip him for it as the boy
he played truant and he fell out, and
he is now James, and a man
they threw stones at each him and
killed him; and the driver of a cart
they hung on to licked him; and the
owner of a cat they chased licked
him. Then I licked him when he
came home, after which his father
kicked him; and I had to give him
another for being impudent to me
telling his father. So you need
not lick him until next time. He
thinks he will attend regularly in
future."

Long Pastorate.

Philadelphia Record.

The Rev. W. Aikin installed last
Tuesday as pastor of the Chartiers
United Presbyterian congregation in
Washington county, is the eighth pas-
tor of that congregation in a period
covering 135 years since its organiza-
tion in 1775. The longest pastorate
was that of Dr. Ramsey, who min-
istered to the congregation for 44
years. The next longest was that of
Dr. W. B. Smiley, a little over 27
years.

Ireland is Booming.

Owego, N.Y., Times.

Ireland is booming industrially.
She raised four million sheep last
year, shipped nearly thirteen millions
of linen from Belfast to the United
States alone, and other exports were:
Cattle, \$45,734,575; butter, \$17,883,-
660; and eggs, \$13,637,050.

Love enlarges the limits of life.

As far as concerns FIVE
ROSES flour, Madam, our
wish beyond all others is
that it be a Dependable,
Reliable flour, and that
YOU should learn to look
upon it as such.

For, you see, you can do your
work ever so much better
and quicker when you
"know your flour" and how
it requires to be handled.
And you'll get identical
results with every using.

Because, Madam, the char-
acter of FIVE ROSES never
changes—being Steady in
Quality, absolutely
Uniform.

Strength, Flavor, Color,
Yield, never vary.
Soyour "luck" never changes
—to-day duplicates your
success of yesterday, the
same to-morrow and all the
other to-morrows in Time's
repertoire.

If cooking is your hobby,
Madam, you must never fall
below your Best—your pride,
your folks demand it.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR
Steady—Reliable—Dependable

The better a cook you are,
the more is expected of you
—forever you're up against
your Own Record, you see.

And if your success in the
past was not what it might
have been, then the best
apology for poor work is
better work.

You can buy luck—culinary
satisfaction—you can du-
plicate it at will your most
gratifying successes.

You can make every recipe
a revelation, Madam.

For you can buy FIVE
ROSES.

DRESDEN POLICE.

Permitted to Impose Small Fines on
Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respect-
able members of the community from
the leniency with which the Dres-
den police look into the affairs of ev-
ery inhabitant of the city. If he is a
careful man and always carries papers
which may serve to establish his iden-
tity he is practically immune from the
indignity of being arrested and march-
ed off to the police station unless, in-
deed, he commits some especially hein-
ous crime. Does he drive faster than
the law permits, does he cross a bridge
on the left hand side, he is stopped by
the guardian of law and order and re-
quested to give his name. If he has
his papers with him the policeman
may then and there impose a fine of
from 1 to 3 marks. If then he ad-
mits that he is in the wrong and pays
the fine the incident is closed. If, how-
ever, he wishes to appeal from the po-
lice man's decision he may do so. Even
if the policeman is not satisfied, but a
day or two later he is notified to ap-
pear in court and answer to the
charge against him. But then if he
is found guilty the lowest fine that
can be imposed is 3 marks. That this
custom of permitting the policeman
to impose small fines is lit-
tled understood by foreigners is shown
by a remark made by a gentleman
who had lived in Germany the greater
part of his life and in Dresden for a
number of years. In reply to any in-
quiry as to whether there was ever
any question of corruption in the po-
lice department he replied:

"No, none whatever as far as the
higher officers are concerned. The in-
dividual man, however, may be bribed
occasionally. For instance, if I were
to walk on the grass in the Grosser-
garten and a policeman caught me at
it, he would give me a mark or two,
and that would end the matter."

An Ancient Marriage Contract.

Archaeological Journal.

Marriage contracts written on ostraca
or potsherds have been unearthed at
Luxor, Egypt, which convict the
"experimental union" man of originality.
They are two thousand years
old, these ones of them:

"I take thee, Tamnis, daughter of
Pamonthis, into my house to be my
lawful wife for the term of five
months. Accordingly I deposit for
you in the Temple of Hathor the sum
of four silver stater, which will be
forfeited to you if I dismiss you before
the conclusion of the five months,
and besides this my banker shall do
something for you, but if you leave
me on your own account before the
end of the five months the above sum
which I have deposited shall be refunded
to me."

Picture of Volcano.

No task seems to be too difficult or
hazardous for the motion picture pho-
tographer. Often they risk their lives
for the sake of securing a thrilling
subject to delight the millions of peo-
ple all over the world who take plea-
sure in watching the strange and un-
usual scenes brought from distant
corners of the earth. A picture in the
July Popular Mechanics shows two
photographers training their apparatus
on the belching crater of Mount
Etna during the recent eruption.

Ninety men are employed in connection
with a new radium factory in
Sweden, 60 to mine the ore and 30 to
smelt it.

You can know true faith by its for-
sight.

**When Your Flour Changes,
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KIDNAPS WARDEN

MARoons HIM ON ISLAND IN
LAKE SUPERIOR.

Cared for by Fishermen—His Vessel
Unable to Capture the Fish Pirate
After a Long Chase.

Marinette, Wis., June 24.—A story
of regular Robert Louis Stevenson ad-
ventures, involving the kidnapping of a
Michigan deputy game warden by a
Wisconsin fishing tug he had captured,
and a marooning on a desolate is-
land, was related here last night by
C. H. Pettit, the hero of the narra-
tive, as he dined and raged at the
trick of which he had been the vic-
tim.

Deputy Warden Pettit was made a
prisoner, he says, by men whom he
had been seeking for months as
poachers in Michigan waters. Their
tug called Green Bay, Wis., its home
port, but its name has not been re-
corded, the Michigan officer asserting
that he will still take the alleged
poaching craft and have his revenge.

Pettit, on the Michigan fishing tug
Chase S. Osborn, started out Satur-
day with Eddy, another deputy game
warden, to hunt down several Wis-
consin fishing vessels suspected of il-
legal operations in Michigan waters.
The Osborn soon found the Wisconsin
boat that was the scene of part of
Pettit's subsequent adventures.

"You're our prize," chorused the
Michigan question. Pettit went aboard
the other vessel with a line. He pro-
ceeded to investigate the cargo of the
fishing craft while the Osborn started
to tow it to the nearest Michigan port.

And then, at the moment of tri-
umph, while Pettit was discovering 400
pounds of illegally captured bass, crew
of the fisher locked him in the
hold. That was not all. They pro-
ceeded to cut the tow line that bound
their craft to the Michigan vessel,
gayly turned about and headed for
Wisconsin waters.

The Osborn immediately started in
pursuit but the fishing boat moved
inster. There was a long stern chase,
which ended by the Osborn giving up
in disgust and leaving Pettit to his
fate.

When the Osborn had disappeared
from view the "pirate" craft suddenly
steered back toward the shore. Pettit
knew what was happening he had
been set agore on Chambers Island,
supposed to be uninhabited.

The game warden by chance found
several fishermen on the island who
cared for him and fed him after his
captors had sailed away. He was
brought to the main land later.

Meanwhile the Osborn had reported
the affair to headquarters at Lansing.
The probability, it is said, is that
the Wisconsin tug will not be molest-
ed until it again breaks the law, for
the warden's failure to hold the
boat which he seized releases the
craft and its owners. Pettit expects
to be on hand, he says, the next
time the vessel invades Michigan wa-
ters.

ASK
YOUR GROCER FOR
Quality Flour

The housewife's delight.
If you'll use it once, you will
use it always.

ASK
YOUR GROCER FOR
Quality Flour

The housewife's delight.
If you'll use it once, you will
use it always.

FRATERNAL PRESCRIPTION

FOR NERVOUS WRECKS.

(From "Medical Reports.")

Thousands of men, nervous
wrecks, have found the following
"fraternal prescription" a bless-
ing and boon. Such men lack
aggressiveness, they are timid,
nervous, easily discouraged, lack-
ing in self-esteem and confidence.
They suffer from cold extremi-
ties, thin watery blood, nervous-
ness, sleeplessness, frightful
dreams, trembling hands and
limbs, unsteady gait and an ab-
solute inability to perform the
ordinary natural and rational
acts of daily life such as any
healthy normal man can.

A vigorous man works, plays,
eats and sleeps always with the
keenest enjoyment. The greater
his exertions are, the stronger
becomes his appetite and slum-
bers.

The nervous man seems always
tired and worn out. Retiring
brings no relief. Sleep brings no
refreshment. All that is needed is
an abnormal condition of the nerv-
ous system. This is about by
well, no matter what—the de-
sire is for relief and freedom
from this state of red, tired,
through-the-body supplying the
sensitive nerves with all the
sweetest of sensations, so that sleep
is refreshing, food is delicious,
work is play, and play is pleas-
ure.

This treatment is thorough,
simple and correct. The ingredi-
ents are used in filling various
prescriptions and can be obtained
of any well stocked drug and
mixed at home without embar-
rassment or questions.

Obtain three ounces of syrup
sarsaparilla compound in a six
ounce bottle. To this add one
ounce of compound fluid hain-
wort and let stand two hours.
Then add one ounce of fluid
codonine compound (not car-
bon), and one ounce of com-
pound essence of cardui. Mix
shake well and take a teaspoon-
ful after each meal and one when
retiring until a vigorous health
new health takes hold of the
system. Only a few weeks treat-
ment, and you will be a new
man, and rejuvenate, because the
treatment is the right thing at
the right time, and contains no
deceptive opiates.

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The housewife's delight.
If you'll use it once, you will
use it always.

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