WHEN THIEVES LACK HONOR

E. C. DELAVAN IN PITTSBURG DISPATCH

Not that I haven't a name. I have one, and it is on record, but owing to certain things about the customs officers that acts of mine, I am now known as No. -, and am clothed, fed and employed by the State of New York at one of those large institutions where the state process. But I have no fault to find. I am 42 years old, and have lived a century if speed of living counts for anything. Many a time I look at my clothing and the stripes of monotony and think of the decrease of the stripes of monotony and in the stripes

ing my story.
I was attracted to crime by my love of adventure and my inventive in-I was planning every waking hour how for a few days business trip. to do certain things in a new and Mike was pleased. He would have been less so had he seen me take the path of rectitude on numerous occas- other alligator bag and fit it out exactnothing to do with them.

youth I learned the cigarmaker's trade, and was known as a hand-workman, working only on high-grade cigars, and

One day at the Windsor in Montreal, Mike sent for me to come to his room, and after swearing me to secrecy, showed me a collection of diamonds that nearly put my eyes out by their dazzling brilliancy. There was about \$60,000 worth in the lot, and he had ou two thousand, but it is a sure

if I could safely hide his gems until he reached New York.

It was a bargain. We rented a little the dining car, and—was ever such pook in a back street, paid a month's luck?—my friend with the dyed skin rent in advance, and put our sign, and curled hair was waiting on him, "Lewison & —, Cigar Manufac- and he took Mike's tip when the meal turers," bought a few boxes of cheap was over with a beautiful smile. Mike cigars, and filled the little showcase, bought a small stock of leaf tobacco. and I put on my apron, took my knife and began "manufacturing" in the back room. Mike bought a cot bedstead, brought down his baggage and slept in the shop. In less than a week I had every diamond snugly rolled into a ate enough to secure this seat at Alcigar, putting two of the smaller stones into a cigar and one of the larger I called my waiter, and as he leaned stones into others. I secured two boxes that had been emptied and used them in which to pack the cigars. The cigars were mostly of the "Perfecto" shape. Now you see why I wanted this man and were not bad-looking cigars, but to wait on our friend the diamon. the coloring would disgrace any man broker? Going into the toilet room I who ever packed cigars. All shades, from "Col. Claro" to "Oscuro" were in found the cut-off. I am a pretty cold

wouldn't look well here. His exultation nettled me. Here was this crook using my brains to make \$50,000 or \$60,000, and all I was to get out of it was \$2,-000, and I had a thief's word

century if speed of living counts for sanything. Many a time I look at my clothing and the stripes of monotony, and think of the dress suits and frocks that I once owned and adorned. I had diamonds larger than the heaves that diamonds larger than the beans that a new alligator bag and another exactmy soup is made from. But those ly like it. Then under Mike's watch-were the days of my waywardness, and the eternal law of compensation will comb, toothbrush and a few toflet swing the pendulum, and I am on the back stroke now. But this is not tell-boxes of "diamond-filled" cigars. Any man to look at that grip with its little outfit of toilet articles and the two boxes of cigars, both opened, would stincts. I don't think that I was bad never suspect that there was any-naturally, but my mind was active, and

sions, and being successful, I became by like the one he was to carry, boxes known as a "slick" worker, and was in a class all by myself. I scorned the old ways of crime, and would have the tables, and I found that Mike g to do with them. could leave Montreal in the morning, story I am to write had its and catch the Empire State Express, foundation some years ago, and it was leaving Utica at 5 p.m. for New York. not the one that got me into my Just where to use my two friends was present clothes and quarters. In my the query. I finally thought it out. I sent one man on ahead, and told him to go to Storm King on the Hudson, and stand close to the track on the making good wages. I drifted all over night that our diamond broker should the country, working at my trade, stealing at nearly every place I press. Then I bought Mike a seat in stealing at hearly every place in the chair car, which was the last one an occasional "hold-up," and being always successful, piled up a sum of gram at the Mondreal agency, and the money that enabled me to give up my trade and wear good clothes and diamonds.

In the course of my wanderings, I reached Montreal, and at once became then go to his seat and fall asleep. acquainted with the great lights in the But how was I sure he would fall fraternity of fugitives, who inhabit, asleep? Ah, here was the place to use with uneasy minds, that thieves' re- my other friend. I fixed him up with treat. Among my closest friends was a skin darkening fluid, curled his black Mike Lewison. Lewison was a diamond hair with a curling iron until it was smuggler and a "fence." In other wavy, and he went to Utica, and as a words he would buy stolen gems, steal thief's luck would have it, he was them if he couldn't buy them, and run taken into the dining car service as them over into the States. He made extra man to run when any of the was rich. He was a marked man, and was employed as a waiter in a cafe the customs officers were "onto" him, in his youth, but that was in the early watchfulness. big money on the transactions, and regular force was a k or absent. He on account of the unusual quantity of silver that disappeared from his table. So I felt that he could do the waiter act all right. I will tell you later why I wanted him to wait on Mike en route. The day for Mike's departure came at We had sold out our cigar factory at a ruinous price, but Montreal been gathering them for nearly a year didn't agree with our health, etc. Mike and was anxious to get them into the was to take the early morning train. States. He told me that he had thought and I bade him good-bye, and wished of every way, but had no confidence in him all kinds of good luck, and then anyone that he had thought about, as left him. Going back to my room I all places of concealment had been shaved off my mustache, put on a wig, used and the customs officers were watching him. Looking at me out of walk a bit lame, put on my straight the narrow slits that he called his eyes, collar and clerical vest, and looked for he said, "if you find a way to hide 'em all the world like a preacher. Then I will give you a thousand dollars." caught the train on the Delaware and Like a flash came the thought to my Hudson for Albany. Next day I mind of my old trade and I said, wandered around the capital city with 'Mike, I have a plan, and it will cost my new alligator bag done up in paper parcel, and waited for the Empire State express. I had heard from Mike haggled and struggled, but fin- my friend at Storm King, and he was ally gave in and gave me a thief's all ready for his part of the work. word that he would give me the sum Sure enough, promptly on time the if I could safely hide his gems until Empire State express rolled in, and there sat Mike, finishing his supper in

> customs officers without any I boarded the train and took my seat opposite to Mike, having been fortunbany. Now the plot began to thicken. I called my waiter, and as he restant over to take my order, he told me that be afraid of automobiles has been over to take my order, he told me that be afraid of automobiles has been he had drugged Mike's coffee, and that started by the president of the Automobile has asleen in ten minutes. mobile Club at Lenox, Mass. The lessant of driving the machine looked over the Pintsch gas outfit, and

ઌ૾૽ઌ૾૽ઌ૽૾ઌ૽૾ઌ૽૾ૡ૽ૺૡ૽ઌ૽૾ઌ૽ૺઌ૽૾ૡ૽ૺૡ૽ૺૡ૽ઌ૾૽ૹ૾ઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽૽ઌ૽૽ઌ૽૾ઌ૽૽ઌ૽૽ઌ૽૽ઌ૽૽ૡ૽૽ૡ૽૽ૡ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺઌ૽ૺૡ૽ૺૡ૽ૺૡ૽ૺઌૺ

Doctor Mecklenburg Praises Ozone.

The Celebrated Specialist of Montreal, Cured of a Severe

one when there is danger, but I con-fess that I was a bit nervous as I thought of all that was at stake, but I braced up and faced the situation. Mike was nodding, and was soon sound asleep, with the precious bag between his feet. Now he was in the land of dreams. I quietly took the brown paper off my own bag and set it close beside my chair. I looked at my watch and saw that in 20 minutes we would pass Storm King. Calling my friend the waiter. I wrote on a slip of paper. "Do you know how to cut off the Pintsch gas?" He read it and nodded in the affirmative. I wrote on another slip. "Cut it off at Storm King." He nodded and with my heart in my I waited as the moments mouth, plodded along. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen minutes and the car was in total darkness! Quick as a flash I took my bag and changed it for Mike's valuable piece of luggage, and taking the bag with the diamonds stepped to the back platform, threy out a lighted wax match, and dropped the bag off on the left side. A shadowy form rose up from the side of the track and a revolver shot, a signal previously agreed on, told me that our plan in the hands of my confederate.

men shouted, women screamed and the tion train officers were swearing, and try-ing to find the cause of the total however, the anonymous letter, pureclipse. I had hardly gained my chair porting to set the police upon a clew and feigned sleep, when the light was restored. Just then Mike woke up, and ant and the most untrustworthy the first thing he did was to make a grab for his beloved bag. There it was, just as he had left it and as he was, just as he had left it and as he was, just as he had left it and as he was, just as he had left it and as he was a miled in his areful. peeped inside, he smiled in his crafty every possible motive on the part of way, but he didn't go to sleep again. The confusion was soon quieted, and when I asked the conductor what caused the darkness, he told me that that he could read, and that contrary spitework in a letter of the kind may be his last trip." said the conductor, "and I shall have him bounced as soon as we reach New York." I agreed with these are not all, but they are suffihim that he should be discharged at clent. In one case a man who is a of the story that amounts to much. I criminals are bred, finds that he needs suppose there was weeping and wail- the protection of the police department ing and gnashing of teeth when our against the operations of certain des-friend Mike explored his diamond mine. Perate men. Evidently the police do But he couldn't tell his troubles to the police, and he was obliged to bear that he should let the department them in solitude. That was the strong know, but in doing so he must have end of the situation. I met my friend, waiter, at the Grand Union about an hour later, with the stain washed former. What is easier then to write off his face, and a blonde wig on. Our to the department, signing no name. friend at Storm King came down on but certain that the department will the accommodation, and we took the investigate? And so he writes. 'planted" the gems with a friend in Chicago, and for a few years after about all we did was to open wine. wear good clothes and diamonds and gamble. I have never heard or seen anything of Mike since that night. I don't care particularly about meeting him either. Still, he couldn't harm me the police. He has no exalted motive; where I am, and even with good behavior, my time won't be out until

France's "Immortelles."

One of the newspapers devoted to the feminine interest has been organizing a competition relative to the nomination of celebrated Frenchwomen to an "Academy of Lady Immortals." says the Paris correspondent of the cover every possible crime ceived 9,000 votes. She was followed and address, of being thieves, burby Mile. Lemaire and Louise Abbema, glars, and even murderers. artists; Daniel Lesueur, novelist; Augusta Holmes, composer of music the Duchess d'Uzes, patroness of art; Severine, the lady journalist: Mme. Rejane, the actres; Mme. Adam, the lady politician; Mme. Rostant, poetess, and wife of the dramatist; Mme. had his bag with him, and I saw by Alphonse Daudet; Gyp, or the Countthe way he fondled it, and smiled his esse de Martel, writer of amusing ficown peculiar smile, that he had passed tion, and so on. There were also nominated two vocalists, Mlle, Marie Delna, of the Opera Comique, and Emma

Automobile Horse Scool.

A free school to teach horses not to sons consist of driving the machine past the horse at different rates of speed, making him follow it, etc., and having the horn blown of him. Three the course of a year the "tip" department of Chicago make a great volume that is paged, indexed, dated, and laid away the length of a ridge. having the horn blown ot him. Three

until I had taken eleven bottles. I also used one

jar of Ozone Cream, which I found an excellent prepara-

is as smooth as a baby's, and I can attend to my prac-

Cor. Craig and Bleury Sts., Montreal, P. Q.

"I am now cured of that troublesome disease, my skin

"I cheerfully recommend Ozone to all sufferers from eczema, and I will ever sing its praises."

(Signed) M. MECKLENBURG,
Doctor of Optics and Refraction.

ANONYMOUS AID GIVEN POLICE

Sleuths Are Often Given Very Valyable Advice.

Unsigned Letters, Written Through Jealousy or Spite, Give Valuable Clews.

In the business world, the fate of the anonymous communication does not hang long in the balance. It belongs to the outcast and the unclean of ephemeral literature. In nine cases out of a possible ten, the business man throws it into the waste basket, givhad worked, and that the bag was safe ing it no other thought than that it is a discarded thing, not worthy of the Inside the car, all was confusion; time that it had taken in condemna-

to crime, is at once the most importthe writers, the anonymous communi-

Well, that is about all there is resident of a district where crime and assurance that his name will not be connected with the case as an in-

WRITE LETTERS IN REVENGE.

On the other hand, a man who has been mixed up in a shady transaction either as a principal or as a victim, and being angry and dissatisfied with his partners or his confidence workers. writes his anonymous contribution to it may be the meanest and the lowest of purposes, showing in every line of his letter, but it will be a tip that is at once valuable to the police and to

In the writing of these letters to the police department Lieut. Andrew Rohan at Central station is the recipient, and it is in his office that a file of all of these are the motives of disinof them is kept, together with a report of the officers detailed to look up may count upon the fact in nine letters the facts in the cases. These letters out of ten." London Telegraph. From the result it calendar of misdeeds, some of them in most minute detail; others hidden Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was the prime in innuendo; and still others brutally favorite with the electors. She re- blunt in charging persons, by name

JEALOUS WOMAN AIDS POLICE

Women are frequent writers of these letters, and by far the greater part of them are in a spirit of spite. More often than not a woman is exposed by these women; frequently it is a man who has left his sweetheart who comes in for the investigation of the police. Under such circumstances a jealous woman is one of the best allies for the police. In her anger she stops at nothing that may incriminate the man, no matter how deeply she may regret it when he has been placed under arrest. If she strikes the woman who is the object of her jealous anger at the same time she is all the better pleased. be afraid of automobiles has been Frequently these women have come in person to the police to lead them to

for any future reference that may be necessary. Class "A" in this directory refers to the anonymous letters. Each

an officers's report. "You don't know what is in one of them till you look it up," said the veteran Inspector Shea. "You may say the letter is all right, but it may be all right in an entirely wrong way. It may be that an officer would sooner catch the man who wrote the letter than to trap the man whom the in-former wants caught. But if the other fellow has it coming, too, we have to

take what we can get. MEANS EVERYTHING OR NOTHING.

"In a general way an anonymous letter means everything or nothing. The only kind that the police officer may feel sure of at first glance is the letter, occasionally received, which is intended to give the department the wrong 'steer' in a case. This letter nearly always can be spotted. Without the anonymous letter, however, the department often would be at sea. These letters make lots of needless work in the course of a year, but they are worth all they cost." Some of the letters filed away by the department are still so hard of

lassification that Lieut. Rohan even today cannot make a guess as to the motive behind them. Others are easy by comparison. For instance here is a letter written by a woman whose curiosity had been piqued and who wanted to find out something more about her neighbors through the instrumentality of the police:
"Detective Officers: Would

please investigate room 25, at 491 West - street this city? Perhaps you can find a clew to unlawful deed, for these is a sick man being kept there in secret, which no doubt was wounded by the officers and escaped. There are two rooms and he is kept in the inside room. You should go in the evening about 8 or 9 o'clock, as the manager goes out during the day and the other man is locked in. I am not sure what the trouble is, but there is a sick

man kept there in secret." Simply as a trouble-making spite letter, one received by the department just after the robbery of the Chicago postoffice is a good example. It charges, in most specific terms, that a merchant in Milwaukee avenue had secreted a large number of stamps in his store. "He has 25,000 of them buried in his cellar," wrote the cor-respondent; "you will find them there as sure as the sun shines." But instead of finding the stamps, the offi-cers found one of the old, conservative business men of the avenue, who had been in business there in the same

place for more than 20 years. WRITTEN IN SPITE.

The Big Wash is Done.

UNLIGHT

A Big Wash in a Big Basket

O'Neill a short time ago is hard to beat. It reads:

"Chief O'Neill - (Blank) street there is caused the darkness, he told me that ousness, no matter how clearly the of cut-throats meets it is a cut throat judgment of a Sherlock Holmes might hole for all kinds of men. Billiard room or Utica, and that some gentieman declare it to be a mere bit of spite-in front at the rear end of pool room had asked him to turn on more gas so work. For, strangely enough, mere in that room there is a little window. that he could read, and that contrary to all rules, he had gone to the "cutresult in one of the most important off," and instead of turning on more captures in a year's history of police

to closed shells looked to be musel too closed shells looked to be musel shells. Well, today there was 4 men in the place. There is a hole in the window broken in the glass and one man slipped his hand out and pulled them in then tha was all huddled to gather and took something out there, tha had been placed there to hide things. the Window is high up in the wall. tha did not know tha was being seen by any one."

CLEW TO COUNTERFEITERS.

Another letter, with all the earmarks of a spite letter, on being run down connected with the case as an in-former. What is easier then to write genuine and prompted by the best of motives. But it might have been the other. It is a complaint of "A Storekeeper," who has been receiving counterfeit dollars and half dollars of silver. "I have been told." he wrote, "that this money was being made at the little cottage on [Blank] street, near [Blank] street, and the number is about [blank]. I also learned that one of the men at the said cottage is an old hand at the business. I wish you would give this your early attention. A Storekeeper.

Investigations showed that the house had been occupied by a man who had been passing such counterfeits, but that he had disappeared.

"In these leters," said Lieut, Rohan "every motive that may be behind human actions are there, but the least terested, law-abiding citizenship.

SCHWAB AT HIS HOME IN LORETTA

What Old Neighbors Think of the Steel Magnate.

Uncle Bill Schwab Would Rather Have His Own Good Appetite Than "Charlie's" Millions.

In Loretta, a little village on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, Charles M. Schwab is just plain Charlic Schwab. He is called that by al-

At one end of the mile-long thoroughfare stands a church—not the usual wooden structure of sleepy, slowletter is attached to a blank form for going village, but granite, large and imposing. By its side, sheltered in a grove, is a convent for Sisters of Mercy; a short distance away, down in the valley, the brick red building of St. Francis' College peeps from many

> There is no other than the granite church for miles around. There is no need of another. No person not a Catholic has ever been known to live in Loretto, founded a hundred years ago by the famous prince-priest, Demetrius Gallitizin. It is noted in church history as the home of Catholicism in Western Pennsylvania. The people of Schwab's boyhood home have the one predominant trait of living together as one family, entirely under the spiritual and largely under the material guidance of Father Kittel, the Franciscan brothers at the college and the gentle sisters of the convent.
>
> Their other characteristics are those of villagers whose only link with the outside world is the now famous stage line running twice a day to Cresson the nearest railroad station, six miles

> When Charles M. Schwab arrives here no one stands in awe of him, notwithstanding the fact that he has been the only man who ever went out from Loretto and amassed great wealth. When he drives along the street, "Paddy" Moran, the blacksmith, waves a forge-begrimed hand at his boyhood companion and yells, "Hello, Charlie, how be ye?" Mrs. Margaret McElhenny, Loretto's oidest inhabitant, greets him with, "Well, Charlie, boy, I'm right glad you're back," when Mr. Schwab fakes his usual call at the McElhenny

> Even the whittlers in front of the stores sing out, "Hello, Charlie," and "Howdy, Charlie." Charlie Schwab replies in kind. Except for the big house on the hill, his life when he comes back here is almost as simple as in his boyhood days.

John Schwab, Charles' father, is the nabob of Loretto. He is the richest resident, its only retired merchant. All the rest have to keep right on trying to scrape in the pennies that are sufficient unto the day. Several years before his son had managed to creep very far up the ladder in Braddock, John, by means of a livery business and a farm, got together a comfortable sum for use in his declining years. John Schwab is 65 years old, but his six feet of spare body remain as straight as an arrow, and not a gray hair shows in his black hair and beard.

The mother is the opposite of her husband. She is typically German. Her figure is short and stout, her face of the world's greatest trust.

SAVE YOUR COAL

A little of

Sunlight Soap

Sunlight Soap

Sunlight Soap

A little water and

A little rub with



No need to sit and shiver these chilly, damp days.

A "FAMOUS" Oil Heater will heat a room quicklythrows out an intense heat at a cost of about one cent per hour.

Emits no odor whatever. Can easily be carried from room to room. Weighs about twenty pounds.

Is so simple that a child can operate it.

The McCLARY MFG. CO.

Wm. Stevely & Son, 362 Richmond St. J. C. Park, 663 Dundas Street.

Reid's Hardware

118 DUNDAS STREET.

Carpet Sweepers. Curtain Stretchers. Mangles. Stepladders.

Wringers. Meat Cutters.

BICYCLE LAMPS and SUNDRIES.

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

OUR BRANDS King Edward,

1000s. Headlight, 500s. Eagle, 100s and 200s.

Victoria.

Little Comet.



Don't be induced to experiment with other and inferior brands. USE EDDY'S.

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 436 Richmond Street, London.

after his mother in everything except ner nose," which is prominent like his The only Schwab who will say any thing about "Charlie" is his uncle 'Will," and he says little. christened William C.-is a tall, thin hollow-cheeked man, who believes in taking life easy. He lives in a little frame house next to his grocery store.

"What do I think of Charlie? Charlie has millions and no appetite. I have a little grocery store and a good appetito. I'd rather have the appetite.

Charlie Schwab didn't begin to make the acquaintance of his stanch friend Paddy Moran and other Loretto until he was 12 years old, when his father moved to Loretto from Williamsburg, bought out the village's only livery stable and ran the stage between Cresson and St. Augustine, carrying passengers and mail. Loretto is insistent on one point, and it is that Charlie didn't drive the stage nearly as much as contemporary chroniclers represent. According to Loretto, he drove only when he felt like it or when his father was short of hands. Charlie couldn't have driven regularly, or often, and attended school and college at the same time.

When he was at college Charlie learned to play the piano. Father Pohn, the college chaplain to the time of his death, was the boy's teacher. Charlie was an apt pupil, and became passionately fond of the instrument Several of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent also aided him in his musical studies, paying particular attention to his voice. Every Sunday between the time that he learned music and his going away he played the church organ and sang. At times he also assisted in serving mass.

Charlie Schwab's love of music almost kept him from being the president written in Spite.

spite case of the worst letter addressed to Chief is snort and stout, her late of the worst letter addressed to Chief is snort and stout, her late of the worst spite case of the worst hair fair. She is exceedingly affable.

The villagers say that "Charlie takes of Abernathy used to live here. When respiratory organs,

his first wife died no one around here would marry him, so he went away somewhere and got another Mrs. Abernathy No. 2 had a sister who was on the stage, named Mary Russell. Mary was here visiting one summer. Charlie got sweet on her and loafed around on old man Abernathy's doorstep all day and pretty nearly all night. Seems as if the girl was gone on Charlie, too. Well, to make a long story short, Charlie wanted to marry her. She told Charlie that the stage was the place for a nice fellow like him who could play so well and sing so sweetly. "But Charlie's people were dead set against Charlie's marrying an actress and going on the stage. Then the girl went away and after a little Charlie

went down to Braddock." This was Charlie Schwab's only love affair as long as he lived in Loretto. He was champion quoit pitcher of coretto. "Yes," says Paddy Moran, "he'd bring horses here to be shod, and while waitin' he'd pitch quoits, and he'd wallop Bill—that's his uncle who keeps a grocery up the street a piece -and Jos Prengle and the other lads who loased with Charlie. He could wallop me, too.

"But he couldn't shoe a horse. Once he wanted me to let him try. 'Paddy,' he saye. 'I can shoe a horse.' 'Oh, go on,' I says, 'you can't shoe yourself, your daddy has to do it for you,' I says. But Charlie thought he could, so I let him try. Well, first whack he gave a nail he hit the horse's leg, and the horse kicked. Charlie picked himself up, 'Paddy, I believe you're right,' he says. But he never tried again, but he loafed around here often watchin' me and talkin' to me."

WE ALL HAVE MISSIONS IN THE WORLD.—There is a work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for everything on earth, animate and inaminate. Everything has a mission, and the mission of Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description and cure coughs, coids, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs.

Case of Eczema by this Drugless Product. Dr. Mecklenburg, formerly of New York, has been cured of a serious case of Eczema, and he has given us a full account of his endeavors to get cured. His final recovery, by using Powley's Liquified Ozone, reads more like a miracle than an actual happening in this the 20th century. Read his letter-it is extraordinary. "I feel it my duty to write you this testimony of the wonderful merit of Powley's Liquified Ozone. For over twelve years past I have been a great sufferer from eczema.

My hands and limbs were so bad that blood would ooze My hands and limbs were so bad that blood would ooze out of my skin, and I had a very bad sore on my right leg at the knee. It was so painful at times that I was unable to walk, and often my hands were so bad I could not attend to my practice, and I had to wear silk rubber gloves. I was treated by the best specialists on skin diseases in New York City and elsewhere. I also went to Kingston Capada and engaged another specialist who to Kingston, Canada, and engaged another specialist who said he could cure me, but I received no permanent relief. "About the first of December, 1901, I saw your pre-paration—Ozone—advertised, and without the slightest paration—Ozone—advertised, and without the slightest belief that it would cure me, as I had given up all hope, I procured a dollar bottle at John T. Lyons' drug store, and began taking it. To my very agreeable surprise I noticed an improvement almost immediately. I continued taking Ozone until I had taken eleven bettles.

DOCTOR MECKLENBURG.

Physicians endorse Powley's Liquified Ozone-druggists recommend it, and people who have benefited by it tell of its virtues to others. Ask your druggist how it acts on a case of eczema. He may have had several cases come under his notice. If he has had, you can learn about Ozone from a disinterested source. We're content to let him tell you all about it.

50c. and \$1.00 a Bettle, at all Druggists, or from us.

THE OZONE CO., of Toronto, Limited, Toronto and Chicago.