Sunlight Soap

is a pure, evenly balanced soap. It makes a nice, cleansing lather for washing cut glass, giving it a brilliancy and sparkle. Sunlight Soap is best for every cleansing purpose.

Buy Sunlight.

Your money back for any cause of complaint.

1115

Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto

Bagdad Cushion Slips, 29 cents.

WOODS' FAIR

Ladies' Silk Belts, 25 cents.

Ladies' Vests, 3 for 25c.

Ladies' Fine Vests, in white or cream, short sleeves or sleeveless, ribbed, plain or fine double-stitch, lace trimmed or drawing-string neck, value 15c, sale price 3 for 25c

Me'ns Underwear, 33c Garment.

Men's Fine French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, ribbed wrist and ankles, fine sateen trimmed, value 50c garment, sale price, per garment 33c

Men's Underwear, 25c Garment.

Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, all well sewed and trimmed, ribbed wrist and ankles, all sizes, value 45c, sale price, per garment 25c

Ladies' Hose, 15c or 2 for 25c.

Ladies' Fine Black Cotton Hose, perfectly fast color, shaped leg, spliced heel and toe, seamless feet, extra elastic top, sale price, 15c or two pairs for 25c

Children's Hose, 10c Pair.

Children's Black Cotton Hose, seamless feet, shaped leg, perfectly fast color, all sizes, sale price, per pair 10c

Clearing sale of Children's Headwear.

WOODS' FAIR

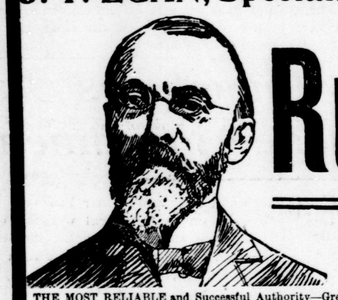
New Silk Waist at $2 75.

SEE DATES BELOW.

COMING TO OUR TOWN

Established 1866. Over 30 Years of Success in Toronto, Ont.

J. Y. EGAN, Specialist, 192 West King St. P.O. 539, Toronto.



Rupture

THE MOST RELIABLE and Successful Authority—Greatest success in the treatment of Hernia (Rupture) Varicocele (False Rupture) of all known agencies in modern times. He who makes a specialty of one department must certainly be more experienced and capable than those having "many irons in the fire." Don't put off your case, believing it to be simple—Remember neglect often proves fatal. Have your case attended to now, and thus avoid danger. Stop wasting time and money elsewhere but come to one whose life-long study has taught him what to do. Do not despond or be deterred from seeking further advice, or because of repeated failures consider your case incurable. Because others failed in your case you have become discouraged. This is the very time you should consult me as my reputation has been made in curing hopeless (so-called) cases.

LADIES suffering from Navel or any form of Rupture should not hesitate in having their case attended to at once. Everything strictly private and professional.

MOTHERS—Look to your children—Now is the time to have them cured, while young. Don't allow them to grow up handicapped in the race of life, with rupture.

MY CHARGES are within reach of all, the poor man as well as the rich. Terms can be satisfactorily arranged, no reason why you should not consult me at once, during this visit.

VARICOCELE, FALSE RUPTURE

MEN OF ALL AGES SUFFER from this terrible affliction in some way. There is no other affliction to which man is heir that so completely unfits him for the duties or pleasures of life as Varicocele.

The universal tendency of these conditions is to grow worse and more complicated—leading to impotency, nervous debility, wasting, stricture, lumbago, sexual exhaustion, etc. Do you intend to allow this insidious affliction to sap away your vitality? It is doing so now and if not checked will result in the above conditions. No matter how serious your case may be, time afflicted, or the failure you may have experienced in trying to be cured by medicine—free trials, or Electric belts—my Biotone system will cure you; the wormy veins return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment, the parts become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a PERMANENT one. NO OPERATION necessary. No detention from business. If you have had the usual experience you have no doubt spent large sums of money and still larger quantities of time searching for the remedy that I offer you here.

SPECIALIST WILL VISIT

London, Grigg House,

ALL DAY AND EVENING, ONE DAY ONLY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2

BUSY BEES IN A BIG CANDY SHOP

Neighbor of Confectionery Factory Establishes Honey Mill on Roof.

New York, Aug. 30. — If ever a man was "stung," physically, financially and otherwise, George Loft says it is himself. He has appealed to the board of health for relief from the bold and continuous raids of 5,000,000 busy bees, more or less, on his candy factory at No. 54 Barclay street. Mr. Loft says the bees have raised painful bumps on him, attacked his employes and customers, and since early spring have made his establishment the base of operations for filling with honey 28 hives on the roof of a near-by building.

Mr. Loft said last night that if the board of health does not act he will make a demand on Commissioner McAdoo to order the police to raid the bees.

Aside from the monetary loss which Mr. Loft says he continues to sustain the situation has become intolerable.

The bees occupy 28 hives on the roof of No. 44 Vesey street, which is on the south side of the block occupied by the candy factory. The insects are engaged in manufacturing a choice brand of honey from Mr. Loft's sweets, he says.

"I am in the unique position of being the only man in New York who is being robbed daily of enough sugar to keep 5,000,000 bees busy making a metropolitan brand of honey," Mr. Loft said last night. "Bee experts tell me that a hive as large as those on the Vesey street building can contain three of the girl or men employes in my factory are not stung. The wounds in many cases have been so painful that the victims have had to leave work and go home. The bees also invade my retail department, on the ground floor, attacking customers and thus injuring my patronage."

The A. I. Root Company, manufacturers of beekeepers' supplies, occupy quarters on the second floor of No. 44 Vesey street. The place was closed yesterday afternoon.

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

A man speaks of his being in public life when he gets a rubber stamp signature letter from a Congressman acknowledging the receipt of his advice.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing super in the treatment of bilious headache.

The high flier should know where he is going to light.

Even if a man gets half a loaf instead of the whole it is generally stale.

PAINS, LIKE THE POOR, ARE ALWAYS WITH US.—That portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain, and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

A Shining Mark

"No," said Clifford, gently but firmly, "We won't take any trouble about Vyse! The fault was not altogether his—"

"Then you admit as he did it?" said Mr. Wood, sharply.

"I admit and tell everything to you, my friend," said Clifford, with a smile; "but to no one else! If you caught Vyse I should not prosecute him or give evidence against him."

"You wouldn't?"

"No! You don't know all the story; but perhaps you'll admit that he received some provocation when I tell you that I threw him off the cliff ledge and nearly killed him."

"What did you do that for?" demanded Mr. Wood in amazement.

Clifford let his hand touch Nellie's sleeve encouragingly.

"We had a little misunderstanding," he answered, drily.

"No, we'll let bygones be bygones, Mr. Wood. The doctor will, I am sure, keep his own counsel! Vyse is miles away by this time. Why, how long ago is it?"

"Three weeks," said Mr. Wood.

"Three weeks!" murmured Clifford, with a faint look of uneasiness. "So long! Well, by this time he is, if he is a sensible man, half-way across the ocean. It is the best thing he could have done, and what I advised him; the pity of it is that he didn't take my advice without caving in my head. But I've quite made up my mind. Nothing will persuade me to prosecute him — or anybody else," he added, almost to himself, as he thought of that other, the old major, who had twice wronged him.

Old Wood went out, grumbling, with the doctor, and Nellie was left to her solitary watch.

Clifford was silent for some little time, for the argument and the talking had tired him, then he said:

"Give me you hand, Nellie. I want to hold it while I tell you; but, ah, no, I can't tell you how full of gratitude my heart is for all you have done for me!"

She slid her hand slowly and shyly into his and sat with downcast face, her heart beating like an imprisoned bird in her boson.

"You thought, perhaps, that I did not know half the time I have been lying here like a log, who it was that watched over me night and day; but I knew it, even when I was at my worst, and I tried, Nellie, to get strengeth and tell you; and now I'm strong enough, I can't find words: words are such poor things. But, Nellie, this I know: that no man was ever nursed as you have nursed me, even by his own sister."

She looked up swiftly, and a pang seemed to shoot through her heart.

"No man ever had a sweeter, dearer, more loving-hearted sister than you have been to me, Nellie, and if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget it, never!"

There was silence. She said not a word, and he could not see her face, which had grown whiter and whiter, after he had called her his sister.

Then he spoke again.

"It was a lucky and a happy day for me that day I came down into the quarry, Nellie. Do you know, if it had not been for your father's kindness and generosity, I should have been an outcast, wandering about America or Australia in the old, wretched fashion? I should never have known you, Nellie, and what it was to have a dear little sister; and, too, I should never have made this discovery which has altered all my life. You want to know what that is, little one?" he said, with a smile and a pressure of his hand; "and I'm longing to tell you. But not yet, Nellie; not yet! A day or two—when I get a little stronger, directly I can get about—you shall know all. You will understand then what I mean when I say that the day I came into the quarry was the turning point in my life."

He had spoken with some excitement, and his face had grown flushed. She noticed it at once, and bent over him.

"You shall tell me all about it when you get stronger. Mr. Raven," she said, soothingly; "but don't talk any more now! It is time you went to sleep for a little while—"

He laughed, his eyes flashing with the brightness of the last remnants of his fever.

"You think I am still wandering in my mind, I see, Nellie," he said. "But I am as sensible as a sane man can possibly be, and I've a very serious meaning in my words. But there, I won't repay all your sweet goodness by disobedience the moment I'm well enough to disobey; I'll take my nap, but only on one condition."

"And that is?" she said.

"That you will go out and get a little fresh air. You need not mind leaving me, Nellie; I am quite well and strong now, you know. Come, go, there's a good girl! Why, who's to nurse you if you are ill?"

She straightened the pillow and the counterpane, and he took her hand as it passed him, and raised it to his lips.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times, dear Nellie! My little sister!" he said.

She did not snatch her hand away, but drew it from his slowly, and, with lowered head, passed out.

When the door had closed behind her, she stood with her hand pressed to her heart, a dazed, benumbed look on her face; then, with an uncertain step, she made her way to the path, and slowly climbing it, dropped on to the grass and hid her face in her hands, while her lips murmured in a kind of sob:

"His sister! Only his sister! That is all, that is all!"

Five minutes after she had left the cottage, a gentleman came from the cliffs on the other side of the quarry, and stood looking down into it.

He wore a long ulster, and had turned up the collar, which almost concealed his face. It was Arthur Carr-Lyon, and he had come to see for himself what this Clifford Raven was like, who had robbed him of Kate Meddon's love, and against whom the anonymous note had warned him.

For a few minutes he stood, behind a shelf of rock which sheltered him from observation, looking round with a stealthy glance, as if he were bent on some murderous errand; then, seeing that no one was about, he descended the path, and, keeping as much under the shadow of the overhanging rock as he could, made his way to the cottage.

Even then he paused, and with pale face and stealthy glances, stood listening for a moment or two. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, softly opened the door and looked in.

The comfortable aspect of the room seemed to surprise him, and he stood looking round curiously and suspiciously, and waiting for someone to come.

But as no one appeared, he knocked at the inner door, and again getting no answer, turned the handle and went in.

Nellie had drawn down the blind, and the room was partly dark; and though he could see the face of the sick man, he could not distinguish his features.

He went up to the bed, walking on tiptoe, and looked down at Clifford.

"Curse him!" he muttered. "He looks a gentleman," and his hands clenched as his face grew red with jealous hatred. "Who is he and what is he, and what's he playing a part here for? She meets him I suppose—curse him, I—I could wring his neck as he lies here!" and his hands twitched. Almost as if the hoarsely muttered words and the threatening gesture had been heard and seen by him, the sleeping man turned his head and murmured something.

Arthur Carr-Lyon started and bit his lip, for it seemed to him that the sleeping man had spoken his—Carr-Lyon's—name.

"Tut, what a fool I am!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "I'm as—as nervous as a cat! And what about? If anyone came in and he should wake, I can say I've heard he was ill, and called to inquire. I'd better stay here and see it out," and he sank into a chair and sat staring evilly at the white, handsome face.

"So that's the fellow she's sweet on, is it?" he muttered, savagely. "Some infernal rogue who's done something or other, and is lying in hiding here, pretending to be a quarryman. A quarryman with hands like those! I wish to heaven I knew what he had been doing, and all about him! I'd like to land him in quod; I'd like to see her face when she heard the truth about him. He looks bad, weak and bad! How long is he going to lie there asleep I wonder? So that is her Mr. Clifford Raven! Curse him, curse him!"

Then suddenly, while his lips were forming inaudible maledictions on this unknown man who had stepped between him and Kate, Clifford lowered his head, and seeming to look at him, though in reality he looked beyond him into vacancy, and said in a low but perfectly distinct voice:

"I am Desmond Carr-Lyon, the Earl of Carr-Lyon. I can prove it!"

Arthur Carr-Lyon sat perfectly motionless for a moment, then he gazed wildly at the white face, and sprang to his feet like a man who doubts the evidence of his own senses. For a moment or two he stood there, his eyes glaring down at the unconscious man, then he sprang, on tiptoe, across the room, tore down the curtain, and, springing back to the bed, bent down and scrutinised Clifford's face.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, shrinking back, "it is Desmond!"

Then he sank into the chair, and sat holding his head with his hands, and still glaring at the white, wasted face.

"It's—it's Desmond! I know it! Yes, it's Desmond! And—and he is the earl. Then what am I? Why, I'm—I'm nothing! Desmond come to life again, and—and I'm kicked out!"

He repeated this a dozen times at least, until the words had lost their meaning for him; then he got up and bent over the bed again.

"Yes, it's Desmond!" he said, hoarsely. "And I'm not drunk or dreaming. Desmond! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

His brain whirled; the room seemed spinning round him, and, to his fancy, the sleeping man's placid face was grinning and mocking at him.

Stifling a cry, he staggered out of the room into the air, and, leaning against the door-post, tried to control his whirling brain.

"It's Desmond—my cousin Desmond—the rightful heir, inside there," he told himself with a dogged persistence. "He isn't dead, as that old hound, the major, swore. Does he know it—does Desmond himself know it? If so, why hasn't he come forward and claimed the title? Why hasn't he, why hasn't he?" and he glared round suspiciously. "Who's at the bottom of this, and what are they playing at? What's the the major's game? What's Kate's? Does she know that Desmond's alive, and I'm—I'm nobobdy and nothing? No, she doesn't know it, the major doesn't know it, or he wouldn't have sold her to me, and she wouldn't have accepted me. It's for my money and the title she's marrying me. That's it! I've known that all along!"

Then suddenly, as he repeated this to himself with savage self-torture, an idea struck him. He was a fool, but he was cunning when he was sober.

"She was going to marry me for my money, and my title—and she shall marry me!"

There was something so gratifying to his malicious, jealous mind in the idea of entrapping those who had sought to entrap him, that he even laughed, a hoarse, mirthless laugh.

Then he went back to the bedroom and looked at Clifford still asleep.

"Why didn't that fool kill him outright?" he muttered. "He looks weak and bad and as if it wouldn't take much to kill him even now," and he glanced round the room. "I could strangle him—easily," he hissed, and his fingers twitched spasmodically.

But Arthur Carr-Lyon was too great a coward for such a decisive action, and after glowering down at the man whose title and money he had usurped, he left the bedside and the cottage.

When he arrived at Lydcote, everybody seemed in a state of bustle and confusion; and he went straight to his room, and, locking the door, threw himself into a chair.

His valet had been packing, and on the clothes-rail in the dressing-room Arthur Carr-Lyon could see the regulation wedding suit put out ready for the morrow.

"Only a few hours!" he muttered, feverishly. "Only a few hours! He can't leave the cottage; I'll take care no letter reaches her. No! do what you like after, Cousin Desmond, but I'll marry Kate Meddon tomorrow!"

the rest was confused and hazy. Only let him succeed in making Kate his wife and the rest might go. Perhaps he might stick to the title and the money even yet. He might go to law with Desmond, dispute his claim, and perhaps win the case. Possession was the great thing, and after all Desmond might find it difficult to prove that he was the earl—that he was himself.

"I'll fight it inch by inch to the bitter end," he muttered. "I won't give it up till everything has been tried. And then—then I shall have sold the major and that proud daughter of his! At any rate, I shall have had my revenge."

He rang the bell, and told a servant to bring him some brandy; but when it came, and he was about to help himself, he stopped and pushed it away from him.

"No, I won't drink tonight! I've got to keep my head clear, or they'll beat me yet! I won't touch a drop till after the wedding!"

The day closed, and the morrow broke clear and bright, and the sun streamed through the window upon Kate, as she stood before the glass in her white satin bridal gown.

Ann was on her knees beside her, arranging the gauzy folds of the lace veil, and Lady Warner, in the mauve silk which ladies of her age always wear on such occasions, surveyed the operation at a few yards' distance.

"Draw it a little more forward, Ann," she said; "that is it! That will do nicely! Really, Kate, you do look very well; but white always did suit you! I've seen some girls look as yellow as an orange under their veils; but though you are naturally pale, you stand the dead white very well. By the way, child, did you eat any breakfast this morning?"

[To be Continued.]

FRUIT

As a Medicine.

Fruit has been used as a medicine for thousands of years. Every one knows its value as a laxative. The pure juice of apples acts on the kidneys and makes more urinary excretion than any other remedy in the world—but the patient must take half a pint three or four times a day. Apple juice is most curative in kidney disease. The juice of four large oranges taken before each meal and on retiring at night has more curative action on the skin than any remedy ever discovered. Orange juice clears and beautifies the complexion. Again, fruit acts on the bowels and makes them move—acts on the liver and makes more bile flow, which is the natural purgative of the body—and thus cures constipation. An Ottawa physician after years of labor has discovered a process of combining and concentrating the juices of apples, oranges, prunes and figs—and by forcing into the united juices one more atom of bitter from the orange peels, a new fruit is obtained which has all the valuable medicinal qualities of fresh ripe fruit and in a more marked degree. The new and stronger fruit is condensed into powder, made into tablets, with the addition of tonics, and sold under the name of "Fruit-a-tives" or "Fruit Liver Tablets." It has been proven in hundreds of cases that "Fruit-a-tives" are a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and liver diseases and all blood impurities. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit, concentrated and made stronger than ordinary fruit. For sale at Druggists 50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50, or sent on receipt of price by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

NOTHING LIKE

FOOT ELM

for feet that are hot, chafed, blistered or tender. It has given more comfort to those who suffer from corns and bunions or tight-fitting shoes than all

THE WEATHER TODAY—Showery, becoming cooler.

Last Day of August Bedding Sale.

Thursday is the last day in which to take advantage of the splendid money-saving opportunities this great sale affords. The past week has been a busy one with us, proving that many shrewd buyers are anxious to buy bedding at these special prices. We cannot promise to repeat these prices after this sale and our advice is to buy now and come early,

Fine All-Wool Blankets, size 60x78, a splendid bargain, at, pair $3.48
Best Quality Flannelette Blankets, size 10x4, August Sale Price, pair 80c
Best Quality Flannelette Blankets, size 11x4, pair $1.00
Best Quality Flannelette Blankets, size 12x4, pair $1.20
Fine White Quilts, $1.00 value, pair 89c
English White Quilts, 90c value, pair 78c

Eiderdown Comforters at August Sale Prices.

$4 50 values at $3.75
$6.50 values at $5.00
Satin covered, $8 50 values, for, each $6.75
Satin Covered, $10.50 values, for, each .. $8.00
Others at ..... $10.00 to $22.50
Fine Feather Pillows, size 19x27; feathers all thoroughly steam dressed. A very comfortable pillow, pair $2.00

A Good Time to Buy Cotton Sheeting.

20c Quality Now Selling for 16c a Yard.

Even if the beds are not in need of new sheeting now you will find the price a sufficient excuse for laying in a stock for future needs. Cottons are advancing steadily, and only a special purchase enabled us to secure 10 pieces of 72-inch Unbleached Cotton to sell at this exceptionally low price. Wise housekeepers will come early and make sure of participating in this fine bargain.

36-INCH EXTRA HEAVY LONG CLOTH; SPECIAL VALUE AT 12½c YARD.

And Here is the

Best Parasol Bargain of the Season

All Fancy Parasols in Stock Selling at Half-Price.

Not to be outdone in offering splendid values, the parasol man comes forward with the best parasol bargain of the season. He is going to clear out all the fancy parasols left in stock (only a limited quantity) after the most successful season in the store's history. A little late for parasols, but such prices make it worth while buying one now. You can use one as a sunshade for six weeks yet; and the styles will be correct for next season. Here is the list of bargains:

1 only, White Silk Parasol, with chiffon frills; regular $10, for ... $5 00
1 only, White Silk Parasol, with lace frills; regular $7 50, for $3 75
1 only Black Silk white border, $4 ..... $2 00
5 Black Silk Parasols, with frills, $1 50, $1 85, $2 25, $3 values, now, 75c, 92c, $1 13, and $1 50
2 Black Silks, with white stripes; regular $2 50, now $1 25
2 Red-Flowered Effects, $1 19, now 60c
3 Parasols, one brown silk, fancy border; one light green, black border; another black, with white stripes; $3 50 values $1 75
2 only, Black Silk Parasols, with white stripes; $2 value $1 00

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 Dundas Street.

LIGHTNING KILLS BOY

Said Others Were Too Happy and Might Be Struck.

Dresden, Aug. 29. — During a very severe storm, which passed over here about noon today, Welda Thatcher, 12 years of age, son of William Thatcher, North Dresden, was struck by lightning and killed.

He had been in swimming with several boys when they noticed the storm.

They came out and were singing and playing under some trees. Thatcher said:

"Boys, you should not be so happy. You don't know when you may be struck," and then went off by himself under another tree.

Not long afterward the boys saw a ball of lightning strike near the boy, throwing him into the air.

When they got to him he could not speak. He was taken home, where doctors in vain tried to restore life.

You are coming to the fair, make appointment by mail to have the hair removed from your face by Electrolysis. Miss Bradden, 443 Park avenue. 76-tf-zxv.

WHERE WEAKNESS IS, DISEASE WILL SETTLE.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, there disease will settle when it attacks the body. Therefore drive out the pains that beset you; do not let a cold or a cough harrass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Prevention is the wisest course.

The ascent up the ladder of fame has made many a man dizzy.

Don't put on more airs than you can conveniently get away with.

A girl's first love affair demonstrates the happiness of being miserable.

EVEN A JADED APPETITE is successfully appealed to by Clark's Pork and Beans. Best grown Canadian beans, finest pea-fed pork well cooked and seasoned; 5c and 10c per tin.

No furnace drudgery in the Bison

The most exasperating mystery a man can have is a cranky furnace. The dirt and soot, the ash sifting and draft worry of many heaters, make life a burden. With the new "Bison" hot water heater, there are no worries. Its drafts are so simple a child can understand them, the shaking down apparatus is operated with the slightest effort, shaking down and sifting in one operation. It is a clean, simple, economical heater, perfectly safe, as it burns its own gas no matter how the drafts are set. Write to H. R. Ives Co., Limited, Montreal, for an interesting booklet which fully describes it.

How to Cure A Burn

Apply Pond's Extract—*the old family doctor*—it will relieve the inflammation immediately. Cures burns, bruises, cuts, sprains; relieves all pain as if by magic. For over 60 years Pond's Extract has been the "first aid" in cases of accident—the reliable family remedy. Imitations are weak, watery, worthless; Pond's Extract is pure, powerful, priceless.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

A man who does his level best doesn't go down hill.

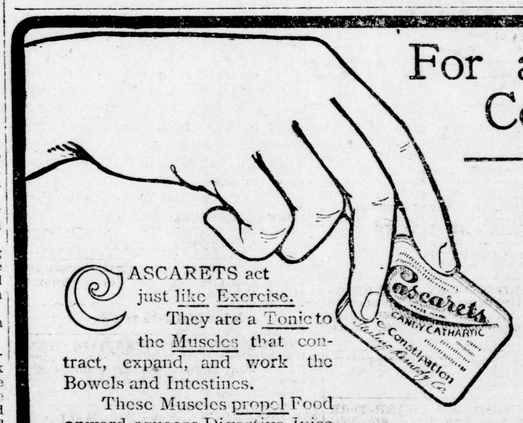
MUCH DISTRESS and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A good time isn't always worth the price.

Don't advertise your troubles. It's a drug on the market.

When a girl's face is her fortune she has no fear of pickpockets.

For a Good, Rosy Complexion—



CASCARETS act just like Exercise. They are a Tonic to the Muscles that contract, expand, and work the Bowels and Intestines.

These Muscles propel Food onward, squeeze Digestive Juice into it, and draw Nutrition out of it.

Cascarets don't purge, nor weaken, nor inconvenience, Because, they don't operate by flooding the Bowels with a waste of Digestive Juice.

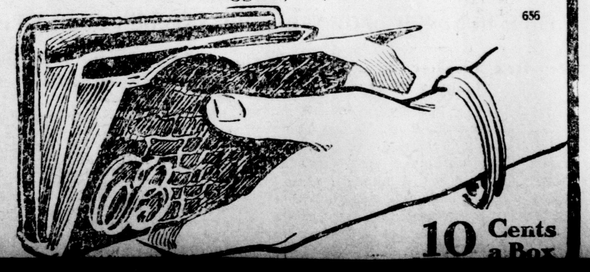
They are safe to take as often as you need them, while pleasant to eat as Candy.

You can try Cascarets FREE before you buy. Write for Free Sample and booklet, "The Curse of Constipation," best ever printed on the subject. Address Sterling Remedy Company, 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

For Clear Eyes
—Sweet Breath
—Clean Tongue
—Calm Nerves
—Good Temper
—and Poise—

—Eat a Candy Cascaret whenever you suspect you need it. Sold by all Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

656



10 Cents a Box