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Won at Last

"Perhaps. I do not think it likely. I Listen to me. When I cam' in frae the

rernaps. I do not think it likely. I believe my uncle is already in treaty with some one else for the shooting, so there will be nothing to come for."
"Nothing to come for," repeated Waring, as if to himself; and Mona suddenly thought—"Does he imagine that I am the attraction to St. John Lisle, and does his friendlines inclination him to redoes his friendliness incline him to re-joice at the prospect of a good marriage

She rose and went into the next room She rose and went into the next room to find a book, for an excuse not to talk any more. As she returned, she met Waring, who had followed her.

"Good-night," he said to her. I am rather tired. Miss Black is

booked for chess, and, you are going to read, so I had better go to bed."
"If you would like me to read to you—" began Mona, for there was someyou—"began Mona, for there was some-thing desponding in his tone. "No, no! I exact too much," he in-terrupted. "I will leave you in peace."

"You know you exact nothing."
"That is true. You all give fre Nevertheless. I will say good-night."

It seemed strange to Mona that Uncle Sandy—who, though on the whole extremely indifferent to things which did not affect himself, was, when his attention was aroused, a keen observer—did not notice the complete understanding which existed between Kenneth and Mary, nor the very lover-like attentions which, as he grew more at ease in his new home, the young Highlander could not refrain from bestowing on the lady of his heart. But, as many strong-willed persons do, Uncle Sandy was very apt to make plans without taking into ac-count the individual likings or dislikings of the persons affected by them.

She rather dreaded the moment when the ruler of Craigdarroch would awake to the knowledge that the "bit lad and lassie," as he considered them, had taken their lives into their own hands, irrespective of his consent. If he was angry and unreasonable on the subject, it might be terribly bad for both young crea-tures, though his evident liking for Mary was a great point in their favor. Indeed, Mona wished to turn her thoughts from the pain, the dull aching which oppressed her, to pros and cons of her friends' for-

It was a few days after the above-recorded conversation. Mona was in the library, entering sundry items into an account book, which her uncle had great pride and pleasure in teaching her to keep in the most orthodox fashion.

It was a lovely day stolen from May beautify the last hours of March. The blue sky, the glittering loch, the balmy air which stole like a caress aound cheek and throat, seemed to promise that "gloomy winter was awa'."
Kenneth had taken a holiday from the

drive through Strathairlie and Balmuir, that the former might see some of the fine views in the neighborhood, as his time was now growing short.

Mona volunteered to remain with her

uncle, and —with a degree of unreasonableness, for which she scorned herself felt hurt that Waring had made no attempt to persuade her to come with

them.

Mr. Craig had been pottering about the garden, and Mona thought she had heard the tap-tapping of his stick in the hall just before the excursionists had driven

The sound of the wheels had hardly died away when Uncle Sandy came into the room and threw himself into an armchair, upsetting the fire-irons with an unusual amount of clatter. "Guid preserveus!" was his first ex-

clamation. "They're gane clean daft! Wha'd hae thought o'—such—such per-

if she war weel used to it! He was saying, 'My ain love, it's hard to have patience'; but before I could break oot
upon them, I heard Mr. Leslie's voice behind me, and, before I had rightly recovered my senses, they were awa'. Noo!
what do you think o' such a pair o'
eediots — o' worthless, unprincipled

what do you think o such a pair o eediots — o' worthless, unprincipled eediots?"

"Well, uncle," began Mona, after a short pause, "I am not surprised. Any one might have seen they were growing fond of one another; which was not to be wondered at, for—" be wondered at, for-

me wondered at, for—"
"And do you mean to tell me," almost screamed Uncle Sandy, 'that ye saw it, and suspected it a' the time, and never

"I did not see that it was my duty to do so," said Mona, instinctively feel ing that a bold tone was the best; "especially as I think Kenneth and Mary would make each other very happy, and

you too, uncle. You know what a sweet—"
"You'll just drive me aff my heid!" "You'll just drive me aff my heid!"
he interrupted. "Don't you see that
Kenneth needs a wife wi' a tocher—a bit
siller!—a carefu', thoughtfu' woman
wha'd be a guide and a stay to him,
not a bit lassie that he'll be Dauvid an'
Solomon and the rest too."
"I fancy there is much more probability that Kenneth would be all the

bility that kenneth would be all the wiser and stronger for the companion-ship of a woman that looks up to him."

"Whaur's the use of argufying? Mary Black is no the wife. I want for my ney-few; an' if he crosses me, I'll just pit him oot. Why should I gie my money to a feckless loon wha hasna the sense to a feckless loon wha hasna the sense to consult we in the maist important step.

a sweeter girl than Mary. You miss her yourself when she goes; can't you fancy her and Kenneth making a happy home for you and caring for you. Suppose he married a rich girl, who had been ducated at some first-rate school, do you

But Mona felt infinitely depressed, and think she would be content to live here as your housekeeper and have no change from year's end to year's end."

"And what for shouldn't she." "I do not know why, but I am quite sure that most girls would tire of Craig-darroch, sweet and lovely as it is; even

"C: I shall be pleased to come back; am old of my years.

"Aveel, I deserve that o' Kenneth that he shouldna hae spoken to a lassie without asking me first." "Why, that is more tha a father could expect from a son; and, besides, we do not know how long these two may have

loved each other—perhaps before you had any claim on Kenneth." "Ech, the follies o' children dinna reckon." "Don't you think if Miss Leslie had loved you, uncle, you would have clung to her though 'faither and maither and

a' should go mad'." "Ah, my lassie, but that was a' differ ent. She was a gran young leddy, wi' five figures to her tocher; an', Mona, my dear, a mon thinks a deal o' the girl "Perhaps so, uncle, but the true man thinks the girl within his reach."

"What is the matter. Uncle?" and A quick sob rose in Mona's throat Mona came over to stand on the hearth-rug opposite him.
"Matter! It's the deil's own matter. "What's wrang wi' ye," he asked.

"You're no fond o' the laddie yoursel'."
"Only in a sisteriy way, I assure you. I am deeply interested in his welfare."
"Sae am I; but I canna see it's for his welfar' to wed wi' a penniless bairn."
"A bairn that would look on you as a father, and be a daughter to you, Uncle Sandy."
"Naw, it's no use telling me sic a like tale. I doot that anybodywad be as guid tale. I doot that anybodywad be as guid and not see the state of affairs? They

"Naw, it's no use telling me sic a like tale. I doot that anybodywad be as guid to me as you are, Mona, and I want Kenneth to get a fortin' wi his wife, that I may gie you a better tocher, my dearie. You'll wed a gran' gentleman some day, and you must be weel tochered."
"Track." cried Mona carpastly "you

ie. You'll wed a gran' gentleman some day, and you must be weel tochered."
"Uncle," cried Mona, earnestly, "you must not think of that. My possible marriage is a long way off and I will go away and leave you if you let me come between my cousin and happiness."
"If you must go, you must," said Uncle Sandy, sternly, though his voice was unsteady. "I did without you before, and I can again."

"What is it," he asked cautiously. "What is it," he asked cautiously.

"While Mr. Waring stays, make no disturbance. He has been so comfortable here, let him take his good impression unimpaired. If you speak to Kenneth, and show displeasure, Mary will go away, and her people will forbid her to speak to Kenneth; our pleasant life will be broken up; I shall be too distressed to remain; I shall accept General and Mrs. Fielden's often repeated invitation

Mona was silent for a moment or two, while she thought that it would do no good to put the offending pair on guard. "Very well," she said; "I promise. But you must not be cross; you must be nice and kind, as you have been."

omewhat struck by her tone.

"Because I do not care a straw what She turned and left the room abruptly. Mr. Craig looked after her, immensely

"What's come to the lassie?" he said "She's nae like hersel'. She is just deep in luve wi' Kenneth. I always thocht it, and I am seldom wrang. I'll keep a calm sough, an' maybe things may come right. That Mary is a bonnie girl, douce an' handy—but, na, na, there are few can

a feckless loon wha hasna the sense to consult me in the maist important step o' his road."

"But uncle, of all the steps a man can take the most important to himself is matrimony. Now, where would you find a sweeter girl than Mary. You miss her yourself when she goes; can't you fancy per and kenneth making a happy home impossible. He had an impossible the had an impossib imposible. He had an immense contempt

singularly lonely. If she could but see the question of Kenneth's engagement set at rest. she would certainly take send to year's end."
hat for shouldn't she."
out know why, but I am quite
most girls would tire of Cruigweet and lovely as it is; even
to u tire of a braw home like
hall be pleased to come back;
to go away sometimes; and
of my years."

set at rest. she would certainly take
leave of absence and pay her dear Deb
a visit. Not that she could ever tell
even that dear friend the secret of her
inner sorrow; but the sound of her kind ovice—the change—would bring relief.
Uncle Sandy was in a very queer temper after this discussion. He was querulous and complaining, yet occasionally obsequious to his niece, on whom he had
grown very dependent, and of whose in

rown very dependent, and of whose in-ependence he stood in awe. Waring felt that something had gone

wrong, and watched Mona's expressive face with profound sympathy.

"Let me come with you," he said one afternoon, when she had complained of a headache, and begged Mary to read to Mr. Craig, while she went to try the

fresh air cure.

"Very well," she returned. "I will show you my favorite haunt."

They proceeded through the grounds into the group of oak trees beyond. On the edge of the little wood was a bench, from which was a view of the sea, be-tween two rocky hills. A narrow ravine opened steeply down to the beach, wid-ening as it descended, and here, on its sheltered sides, the first primroses, the earliest yellow honey-scented gorse blos-soms were to be found. Behind the seat were big gray boulders, scattered among the tall brackens, and from the little sacred and precious, if she is dear to

space of level ground where it stood, the "It is a delicious piace to read in," said Mona, as they sat down. "On a very still day you can hear the dash and ripple of the waves down there like a soft accompaniment, to your thoughts, or the thoughts you are reading. Then, later houghts you are reading. Then, later on, the hum of the bees as they gather the honey from the whins, as Uncle Sand cals them, makes a complete harmony with the whisper of the wavelets. It is

enough to make a poet even of my "I dare say," said Waring, resting hi blow on his knee, and his head on his ellow on his knee, and his nead on his hand, while his eyes dwelt on hers with the grave, yearning expression they of-ten wore—"I dare say your uncle thinks he might be the best poet in the king-dom, if 'he laid his mind to it,' as he

Mona laughed. "Very likely. I suppose his good opin-on of himself has been a lever to hoist himself withal."

"No doubt. It strikes me he is very exacting. You have seemed to me weary, and—and depressed, of late. Does he worry very much?"

"He is really very good. I have nothing to complain of. I have been depressed lately because I am puzzled. I am greatly tempted to tell you why, and to ask your advice."

"Do," said Waring, changing his posi-

"Then here is my story." She pro-ceeded to detail the history of Kenneth's warships to Moroeco

seem to me made for each other. But you have done the best you could in get-ting your uncle to keep quiet. He will get used to the idea."

get used to the idea."

"Then, Mr. Waring, the help you can give me — I mean us — is to talk in a natural, easy way to Uncle Sandy about Kenneth's engagement, as if you considered it a settled thing, from your own observation."

"Well, I do," said Waring.

"My uncle, I can see, has a very high opinion of you—you have a sort of mysterious influence upon him—so you must give Kenneth and Mary all the help you

can."
"My having any influence on so shrewd a man as Mr. Craig must seem a considerable mystery to you," said Waring, laughing. 'I feel much flattered, and will do the best I can for the cause." Both were silent for a few minutes,

then Waring asked a little abruptly—
"Where is Madame—I mean Mrs.
Fielden—now?"
"In Paris, where they intend to make

going back to the woods?" this in a low tone.

But you must not be cross; you must about liking what must be. I have cut myself adrift from every other kind of "I'm muckle obleeged to you for the life, so I must and will make it answer; "I'm muckle obleeged to you for the compliment,"

"And Uncle, don't think I want to leave you. I am grateful to you, and I like you; I am interested in you, for you are full of character; but if you are unjust to Kenneth on my account, or if you doubt me, and try to worry me into marrying any one I do not like, I shall just go away, because—"
"Because what," asked Mr. Craig, somewhat struck by her tone.
"Because I do not care a straw what he.

out?" thought she.
"I assure you, I do not suspect you of any such weakness. I dare say you will find your new home and life pleasant

conditions, and I can imagine enjoying life on the ranch very much—though we are twenty five miles from the nearwe are twenty-live miles from the near-est 'city', as it is called—and it is merely a big village, minus the rusticity of a village, and plus the gas, the gilding, the looking-glasses, the gambling, the cheat-ing, the orgies of a big modern town." "What an awful place," said Mona. "You must be glad to have twenty-five miles between your home and it."

"Between my place of abode and it," he returned. "Well, yes! though there are inconveniences. Yet you would be sur-prised if you knew how many good fel-lows—kindly, brave, generous—are scat-tered about among the general rowdy population, like nuggets in dirt. Are you going—"
"Yes, you have sat here long enough.
The sun is beginning to go down."

The sun is beginning to go down."
"You forget that a broken arm does not constitute an invalid. I am as strong

which I am located are the finest stretch of forests you can imagine. I am afraid to tell you the dimensions of the trees—you would think I was romancing; then the beauty and luxuriance of the undergrowth, such feed for hogs—not very interesting stock, I acknowledge, but very profitable—while in the more open spaces and where it spaces, and where it has been cleared, such a soil for wheat. Then, of course, we have a number of employees—hunt-ers, herdsmen, keepers of various kinds, and some Chinamen for servants. The climate is perfection, the sunsets and sunrisings marvelously lovely.

"What a wonderful country! You ought to be happy there."
(To be continued.)

BABY'S FRIEND.

Happiness is a sign of health in bab-ies. Nearly all their troubles vanish when they digest food well and are free from teething pains. Baby's Own Tab-lets brings happiness to babies by cur-ing stomach troubles, constipation, feerishness, diarrhoea, and teething trouthe mother has a solemn guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harm-ful drug. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N. S., says: "I have given my baby Baby's Own Tablets as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she is a fine healthy year and a haif old she is a line healthy child. I think every mother should al-ways keep these Tablets on hand." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Melicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Simple Spelling. (London Daily Mail.)

A Cornhill tailor has the following p Indow:

MI Nu Gudes
ar Speshull Selektid
with a vu tu Kwaliti
sel Stile Kombyned with
Ekonomikal Charles.
Nu American
spoko and rote heer
wen Rekwird.

Why Some Towns Burn.

The village of Fryeburg in Maine was wiped out by a fire a short time ago while engines from the city of Portland stood idle on the streets. The hose of the Portland fire companies woud not connect with the hydrants. Both Toronto and Bartimore have suffered from the same cause within the last two or thre years, the assistance of other cities being unavailable for them in their time of greatest need.

Poetors take more pride in discov-

tion, and looking out into the sea. "At least, you may trust me to keep counsel, and if I can do anything, need I say spring new diseases than in curing the command me?"

France and Spain have despatched

IN A DEADLY DECLINE.

Pink Pills. "Before my daughter Lena began

taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she

looked more like a corpse than a live girl," says Mrs. George A. Myles, of Woodslee, Ont. "Her blood seemed. as though it had all turned seemed. as though it had all turned to water. Then she began to have bad spells with her heart. At the least excitement her heart would beat so rapidly as to almost smother her. She grew very thin, had no appetite, and what little food she did eat did not seem to nourish her. She was treated by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse and doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse and her heart got so bad that we were afraid that she would die. She slept but very little, and would frequently awake with a start and sometimes would jump right out of bed. These starts would always bring on a bad spell and leave her weak and exhausted. We had almost given up all hope of her ever being well again. all hope of her ever being well again, when we decided to try Dr. Williams' where is Madame—I mean Mrs. Fielden—now?"

Listen to me. When I cam' in frace the garden, I saw the chaise at the door, and I went into the hall to ca' them, and was nigh slippin', but got on to the bit carpet, and into the drawing room; an' what should I see but Kenneth standin' by the window wi' his arm round Mary Black, and her people will forbid her to speak to Kenneth till he boose to manife the garden, I saw the chaise at the door, and was nigh slippin', but got on to the bit carpet, and into the drawing room; an' what should I see but Kenneth standin' by the window wi' his arm round Mary Black, and her head on his shoulder, as if she war weel used to it! He was say if she was an in hope ther taking a couple of boxes they with the in boos same one.

"Like it? There is no use in thinking great gratitude that I write you in the hope that it may benefit some other suf-

And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every ing, pale-faced young woman who is slipping from anaemia into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. In that way they strike straight at the root of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheuma tism and the secret ailments and irregu larities of girls and women. Sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from trowal of the affection which has died The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

CAMPAIGN BILLS IN 1646.

"Oh, very likely! Indeed, given certain Candidates' Expenses at That Time Much Lower Than Now.

> Harrington, Esq., of Kelston, in Som ersetshire, England, campaign expenses were not lavish in the middle of the seventeenth century. The manuscript is dated 1646 and is called "A Note of My Bath Business About the Parliament." It runs:

"Saturday, Dec. 26, 1646, went to Bath and dined with the mayor and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in parliament, as may father was helpless and ill able to go any more. Went to the George inn at night, met the fine about these dreaded 'cities.'

"Superb! The redwood on the edge of which I am located are the finest stretch of forests you can imagine. I am afraid to tell you the dimensions of the trees—you would think I was romancing; then the beauty and luxuriance of the growth, such for the citizens to serve for the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city of the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city of the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city of the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city of the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city of the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city of the city of the city. The mayor land citizens conferred about naviance of the city bailiffs and desired to be dismissed from

meet the citizens about all such mat-ters and take advice thereon.

"Thursday, 31, went to Bath; Mr.

"Thursday, 31, went to Bath; Mr. Ashe preached. Dined at the George inn with the mayor and four citizens; spent at dinner 6 shillings in wine.

at dinner 6 shillings in wine.

"Jan. 1 my father gave me £4 to bear my expenses at Bath.

"Mr. Chapman, the mayor, came to Kelston and returned thanks for my being chosen to serve in parliament to my father, in the name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice, touchin my speaking in parliament, as the city should direct me. Come home late at night from Bath, much troubled theret, concerning my proceeding truly at, concerning my proceeding truly for man's good report and my own safety.

"Note. I gave the city messenger 2 shillings for bearing the mayor's letter to me. Laid out in all £3 7 shillings for victuals, drink and horse hire, together—

"the diverge cife." with divers gifts."

As a contrast to the singular economy of the Bath election in 1646 it may not be amiss to subjoin the following list of "charges of one day's expenses at a small pothouse at Ilchester in test for the county of Somerset in 1813": £. S. D.

57 ditto French brandy, at 10? 792 dinners, at 2s., 6d. 99 0

Our Scotch Corner.

THE SCOT IN LONDON LIFE.

Some one cynically remarks that London's city population—the tens of thousounds who pour into the Square Mine every morning and stream out again at night—is rapidly becoming composed of Scots men and women.

Scots men and women.

Be that as it may, it is certainly a fact that in the ranks of clerkdom there is none so prominent as the Scot, not even the German, who has so freely invaded London during the past ten years. There is much in common between these two "aliens," the secret of their success heing in each case the triple compliance. being in each case the triple combina-tion of simplicity of life, dogged deter-mination, and a philosophic conviction that the drab present will in the ful-ness of time dissolve to a roseate fu-

In every department of London's professional, commercial, and industrial life, says a writer in the Scottish Review, the Scot stands high, trusted by his superior officers, respected—and perhaps a little feared—by his subordinates. This is a fact concerning which many absurd things have been said and written, but it remains none the less a fact. Granted that there are, alas! many promising young Scotsmen who, dazzled and be-witched by the tawdry attractions of London's sinister side, have been flung into the vortex of oblivion—and worse it is a matter of average and worse. —it is a matter of everyday comment that the Scotsman in London has usual-

that the Scotsman in London has usually succeeded in making his mark. So much for Sydney Smith's "garret" and "knuckle end of England!"

Every decent Scottish lad, who has come up to London attended by the three guardian angels of poverty, push, and patience, has, sooner or later, found his way to the front.

Take the realm of city life in its narroysest sones. In how many harks is

rowest sense. In how many banks is the Scot in evidence? The Bank of England—founded by a worthy Scotsman, William Paterson—has on its staff not a few of his fellow-countrymen. Two names stand out amongst the head officials-Mr. Kenneth Grahame, the secre tary (not unknown in letters also), and Mr. J. Gordon Nairne, chief cashier. The latter, whose signature is so familiar upon the notes of his institution, is a respected elder at St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont street, the church where Dr. Fleming has succeeded Dr.

Donald Macleod.

After all, it is hardly necessary to enumerate the prominent Scotsmen in the London banks, even were it possible. I am not alluding, of course, to the officials and staff of any of the Lon-don branches of the Scottish banks, who naturally recruit ninety-nine per cent. of their men from beyond the border.

Although Scotsmen have climbed high in the service of the English banks, they stitutions. Thanks largely to their rov-ing tendencies, a quick perception of opportunities in younger countries, and some slight prejudice against them on the part of the old English banks (now scarcely to be observed), the Scots have taken Indian and Colonial banking

It is scarcely possible to enter the London office of any Indian, Canadian, African or Australian bank, without coming into contact with a Scottish manager, accountant, or secretary, not to mention innumerable junior officers entrenched behind till, ledger, and desk. As the proud boast goes, there was no banking in the true sense until Scotland adopted the joint-stock system and taught it to her less advanced sisters. Perhaps the department of London ommercial life with the strongest Scote

accent is that of shipping, a form of en-But Scotsmen are thickly sown in the fields of insurance and stock broking, in

can, in the latter threatening the firm old of the German Jew The Scot's success is obvious; the reaons various and often complex. Perhap the simplest and safest clue is that Scot gets as much as possible out of him-

self and—other people.

His innate caution becomes more cautious, his patience more enduring, his economy more studied, and his ambition more definite when he passes the portal of Euston Road anl enters the "Caledonian Asylum." Turning from specific city life, we find

n every other walk that the Scot holds his own. At the present moment, he has the whip hand in polities and the Church; nor is his name unhonored or At the present moment, he has p hand in polities and the unknown in literature, art, and science, particularly medicine and surgery. The British Premier's Cabinet is strongly Scottish, though by no means aggressive ly so; and has a proportionately clear and strong method of tackling awkward questions. In things municipal the Scot London has ever taken a keen and active interest, having Glasgow as &

It is an open secret that the best spe-cimens of humanity in the army and police were cradled in the land of the brown heath and shaggy moor; and it is amusing to hear the broad accent of so many of those equally broad shouldered sons of Anak, whose uplifted arm causest even the motor bus to stand still. The tremendous influx of Scotsmen of every station, grade and type into Lon-don has called forth great and organized

agencies for their accommodation, comfort and entertainment. - - It is now, happily, impossible for the 303 7 2 newcomer to lose touch with all home sights and sounds, unless he wish it On every hand are societies composed of and wemen from his own co and town, ready to welcome him, and a score of other agencies are at work to make his stay in the great city as comfortable and cheerful as possible. Fortunately, however remote the newcomer's town or clachan, there is sure to have preceded him at least one neighbor. Otherwise he might feel that he was stranded indeed in the midst of the

busist, loneliest city on earth. "Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word

Hoax-What a lumbering gait he has Joax-Of course; he has a wooden



Most people know that if they have been sick they need Scott's Emulsion to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about Scott's Emulsion is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it. It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat

brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption. Food in concentrated form for sick and

on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy,

well, young and old, rich and poor. And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.