

The Children's Page

**THE BOY WHO LAUGHS.**  
I know a funny little boy,  
The happiest ever born;  
His face is like a beam of joy,  
Although his clothes are torn.  
I saw him tumble on his nose,  
And waited for a groan;  
But how he laughed! Do you suppose  
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,  
His laugh is something grand;  
It ripples over down his cheeks  
Like waves on snowy sand.  
He laughs the moment he awakes,  
And till the day is done;  
The schoolroom for a joke he takes,  
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,  
You cannot make him cry;  
He's worth a dozen boys I know  
Who pout, and mope and sigh.

**THE WISE MAN AND THE FLY PAPER.**  
There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He got some sticky paper which  
He spread out for the flies—  
He spread it on a chair and then  
Forgo't that it was there,  
And, being weary, sat him down  
Upon that self-same chair.

And when at last he rose to go  
He wildly reached around  
And danced in frenzy to and fro  
And made a wicked sound:  
"Of all the fools the one who first  
Did think of catching flies  
On sticky paper was the worst!"  
He said—and he was wise.

**CASTLES IN THE FIRE.**  
"Sweet Norah, come here and look  
into the fire;  
Maybe in its embers good luck we  
might see;  
But don't come too near, or your  
glances so shining,  
Will put it clean out, like the sun-  
beams machree!"  
"Just look, 'twixt the sods, where so  
brightly they're burning,  
There's a sweet little valley, with  
rivers and trees,—  
And a house on the bank, quite as big  
as the squire's—  
Who knows but some day we'll  
have something like these?"

"And now there's a coach, and four  
galloping horses,  
A coachman to drive, and a foot-  
man behind;  
That betokens some day we will keep  
a fine carriage,  
And dash through the streets with  
the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain  
down the chimney,  
Soon quenched the turf-fire on the  
hallowed hearth-stone;  
While mansion and carriage, in smoke  
wreaths evanished,  
And left the poor dreamers dejected  
and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot, these words  
softly whisper'd—  
" 'Tis better to strive, than to  
vainly desire;  
And our little hut by the roadside is  
better  
Than palace, and servants, and  
coach—in the fire!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his  
fortune was dreaming—  
Since Norah's sweet counsel effected  
its cure;  
For, ever since then hath he toiled  
night and morning,  
And now his snug mansion looks  
down on the Sur.

**THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN.**  
Dame Nature lights her candles in the  
caverns of the sky,  
With a twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,  
and a yawn heigh-ho!  
And there blows a little cobweb into  
every little eye  
As the footsteps of the moments go  
a-tick-a-tocking by,  
With a tick-tock-tick till the dawn  
heigh-ho!

When every little sleepy head is  
cuddled by the pillows,  
A funny little man appears from out  
among the willows;  
For you he makes it Christmas-  
time, for me he gives a party—  
Ho, his smile is sugar candy and  
his way is bluff and hearty—  
And he takes our Tommy sailing in a  
boat among the billows.

Whatever you may want to do, or  
know, or have, or see,  
With a twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,  
and a yawn, heigh-ho!  
You have only just to ask it of the  
man behind the tree,  
As you lie and hear the moments  
marching by in rhythmic glee,  
With a tick-tock-tick till the dawn  
heigh-ho!

—H. Arthur Powell in Woman's Home  
Companion for August.  
A General Favorite.—In every place  
where introduced Dr. Thomas' Elec-  
tric Oil has not failed to establish a  
reputation, showing that the sterling  
qualities which it possesses are val-  
ued everywhere when they become  
known. It is in general use in Can-  
ada and other countries as a house-  
hold medicine and the demand for it  
each year shows that it is a favorite  
wherever used.

**BOB'S WISH.**  
Bob was a very small boy for his  
age, which was eight, he had dark  
black hair, big brown eyes, a rather  
short nose and was very fat.  
His nature, I am sorry to say, was  
discontented, not that which most  
boys have, longing for things they  
have not; no, not that, but a longing  
to be something he was not, and  
such ridiculous things, too, such as  
wanting to be the ball the Browns  
(a small base ball team) played with.

This was his prime want, for as he  
thought to be that ball, to have Tim,  
the pitcher, throw him high into the  
air, to soar there a few delightful  
moments and then to return to earth  
and be caught by the catcher or hit  
by the batter and soar again and be  
caught by the fielder, oh, how great!  
All this flashed through his brain  
one Sunday afternoon as he sat there  
huddled in his father's big arm chair  
waiting for the rain to stop so the  
Browns could have their game. As  
he sat there dreaming he felt so  
queer, something inside of him was  
rolling all around, making a terrible  
noise, and lo! his arms began roll-  
ing around him in the queerest way,  
and then his feet, and then all over,  
till nothing but his head was left,  
and to his surprise and astonishment  
he saw he was a ball.

He was still more surprised when  
Tim, the Browns' pitcher, came in  
and taking him up, walked down to  
the place where they were going to  
play ball. The game was about to  
begin, all was ready, the pitcher  
stepping forward, giving a quick  
movement of his arm, and Rob was  
sent whizzing through the air, and  
then being hit by the batter, he was  
sent whizzing again back to the  
fielder, but, gee whiz! what was this!  
It was only his second turn back to  
the batter when to his dismay he  
found himself thrown away and an-  
other ball was in his place. He knew  
he had gotten a terrible whack on  
his back by the bat, and he had over-  
looked that in his joy, but when he  
had been thrown aside he felt hurt  
and wounded. Why? When some one  
was tapping him on his shoulder and  
lo! had he been dreaming? He felt  
his back. "No, it was not hurt,"  
"Son," said his mother, "Father  
is waiting to take you to the ball  
game. Come now."

That afternoon as Bob with his  
father watched the ball game, he felt  
very happy that after all, "He was  
only a boy."—Frances Smith, aged 13  
years.

**GOOD MANNERS.**  
There is no better evidence of ill-  
breeding than the practice of inter-  
rupting another in conversation while  
speaking or commencing a remark be-  
fore another has fully closed. No well  
bred person ever does it, nor contin-  
ues conversation long with a person  
who does it. The latter often finds  
an interesting conversation abruptly  
waived, closed or declined by the  
former, without even suspecting the  
cause.  
A well-bred person will not even in-  
terrupt one who is in all respects  
greatly his inferior. If you wish to  
judge the good breeding of a person  
with whom you are but little ac-  
quainted, observe him, or her, strictly  
in this respect and you will not be  
deceived. However intelligent, fluent,  
or easy one may appear, this prac-  
tice proves the absence of true po-  
liteness. It is often amusing to see  
persons priding themselves on the gen-  
tleness of their manners and putting  
forth all their efforts to appear to  
advantage in many other respects, so  
readily betrayed all in this particu-  
lar. Refined and graceful manners  
are worthy of the most careful cul-  
tivation.

**Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle-  
man's Brace, "as easy as none."**  
50c.

**TONGUE TWISTERS.**  
Susan shines shoes and socks; socks  
and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth  
shining shoes and socks, for shoes  
and socks shocks Susan.  
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll  
round a round roll Robert Rowley  
rolled round; who rolled the round  
roll Robert Rowley rolled round.  
Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and  
oyster. If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an  
owl and oyster, where are the owl  
and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?  
Sammy Shoemith saw a shrieking  
youngster. If Sammy Shoemith saw  
a shrieking youngster, where's the  
shrieking youngster Sammy Shoemith  
saw?  
I went into the garden to gather  
some blades, and there I saw two  
pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that  
you, babes, braiding blades, babes?"  
If you braid any blades, babes, braid  
broad blades, babes, or braid no  
blades, babes."

**THE BOY KNEW.**  
Why is water used on a grindstone  
in sharpening a knife? That is one of  
the questions asked on the porch of a  
summer hotel recently, and although  
several well-informed men and women  
were in the little gathering, the only  
one who could answer it satisfactorily  
was a fifteen-year-old schoolboy.  
Here is the explanation he gave:  
The object in using water is to secure  
a better contact of the blade with the  
stone, so that the entire edge  
of the blade may be smoothly sharp-  
ened. The application of water not  
only fills the little spaces between  
the particles of stone, but it softens  
them and thus makes a smoother sur-  
face. If a dry stone were used, the  
edge of the blade would be rough,  
for the friction would be unequal.

THE PAPER-MAKERS.

Wallace and Rob were cousins whose  
birthdays were the same day. Wal-  
lace lived in the city and Rob lived  
in the country.

Both boys were delighted when Wal-  
lace and his mamma came to pay a  
long-promised visit to Rob and his  
parents.

Everything was new to Wallace. He  
thought the large white house on the  
hill, with vines running over it and  
flowers at the sides, and the large  
sloping lawn in front, a palace fit for  
a king.

It was great fun for Wallace to run  
and play on the soft turf with his  
feet bare, and together the boys ex-  
plored the orchards where the apples,  
pears and peaches were ripening. They  
would sometimes lie for an hour on  
the grass looking up through the  
leaves and fruit at the blue sky be-  
yond, while they talked to each other  
about the things with which each  
was familiar near his home.

"You've seen so much, Wallace,"  
said Rob one day, "and the only  
place I've ever been to is Medway,  
and there's nothing there but a  
church and a schoolhouse and flour-  
mills, three or four stores and a  
blacksmith shop, the paper-mill and  
some houses. Papa'll let us go with  
him the first time he goes to mill.  
Oh, say!" he continued, sitting up  
quickly, "We'll ask him to take us  
through the paper-mill—that's jolly  
fun. He took me once." And off  
they ran to find Rob's father. He  
was going to the house for dinner,  
and joining him, they made known  
their desire to visit the paper-mill.  
"I am going to Medway to-morrow  
and will take you and Wallace through  
the paper-mill if your mothers are  
willing."

"This afternoon I'll take you to  
see the first paper-mill in the  
world," said Mr. Nelson.  
"Oh, do, Uncle Jason! Where is  
their mill?" asked Wallace.  
"They must be older than anything  
if they were the first ones," remark-  
ed Rob.

"They belong to a very old family,  
and were the first to engage in paper-  
making," said Mr. Nelson, smiling.  
The boys hurried through their din-  
ner, and were waiting for him when  
he had fed and watered the horses.  
"We ought to put on our stockings  
and shoes and a clean blouse, ought  
we not, Uncle Jason?" asked Wal-  
lace.  
"Oh, no," answered Uncle Jason,  
laughing; "these people will not  
care in the least what you wear. We  
will take the path down the lane,  
and then I can give the sheep some  
salt."

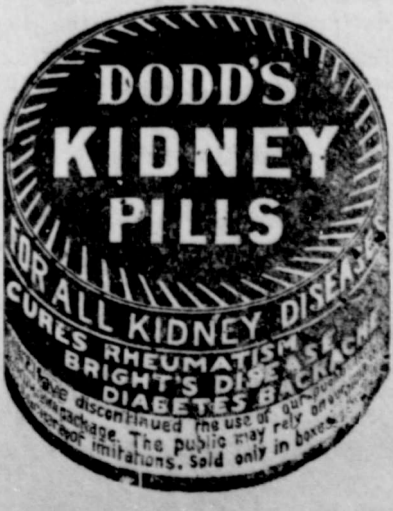
"Is the mill on the other road?"  
asked the boys.  
"This mill is off by itself," answer-  
ed Mr. Nelson, as he scattered the  
salt where the sheep could get it, and  
then led the way through the corn-  
field and into the wood.  
"There it is," he said, pointing to  
a tree. "Sit here quietly and watch  
and you will soon see how the work  
is done."  
"That's nothing but a wasps' nest"  
said Rob, looking disappointed.  
Just then a wasp flew by.  
"See what she is carrying with her  
feet, boys," said Mr. Nelson.

The boys saw a tiny ball, which  
the wasp spread out and covered with  
a sticky fluid from their mouth,  
which made a kind of pulp of it some-  
thing like paste. The insect then  
walked to and fro over it until the  
moisture was pressed out and the  
mass was firmly stuck together, when  
she had a piece of paper nearly as  
thick as tissue-paper.  
"What does she do with it?" asked  
Wallace.  
"That is the material of which her  
nest is made, and it takes her a long  
time to make paper enough to build  
it," said Uncle Jason.  
"But how does it come to be like  
paper?" asked Rob.

"The wasp gnaws pieces of boards,  
and pulls off little bits no larger than  
a hair and not an eighth of an inch  
long. These she rolls into a tiny  
ball which she can carry in her feet,  
then she flies to a spot near her nest,  
where she makes it into paper. It  
was from the wasp that we learned  
paper-making."  
"A man sat by a window reading,  
when a wasp flew in and began gnaw-  
ing the window-sash. Noticing the  
direction in which she flew, he fol-  
lowed her, and by watching her  
finally developed the process of paper  
making, as you will see it carried  
on in the mill at Medway," explain-  
ed Mr. Nelson.  
"Wasps were good for something,  
after all."

"I've always hated them, they sting  
so," said Wallace, thinking of the one  
which he had grasped when picking a  
pear a few days before.  
"Oh, they are useful; although they  
are fond of fruit, they also eat worms  
and insects which would injure the  
crops, and they seldom sting unless  
disturbed. One cannot blame them,  
then, for doing so when the beauti-  
ful homes which they work so long  
and patiently to build are destroyed,"  
said Mr. Nelson.

On their way back they stopped to  
watch the sheep in the lane, and Wal-  
lace, who was thinking of what he  
had seen, said: "They make better  
paper and more of it in Medway,  
don't they, Uncle Jason?"



**CURES**  
Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic,  
Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera  
Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sick-  
ness, Summer Complaint, and all  
Fluxes of the Bowels.  
Has been in use for nearly 30 years  
and has never failed to give relief.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Nelson.  
"Animals and insects do not improve  
with practice as man does."

**THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE.**—Careful  
observation of the effects of Parne-  
lee's Vegetable Pills has shown that  
they act immediately on the diseased  
organs of the system and stimulate  
them to healthy action. There may  
be cases in which the disease has been  
long seated and does not easily yield  
to medicine, but even in such cases  
these Pills have been known to bring  
relief when all other so-called reme-  
dies have failed. These assertions  
can be substantiated by many who  
have used the Pills, and medical men  
speak highly of their qualities.

**NEEDED IN THE FAMILY**

It was a remarkably cool and pleas-  
ant room. A gentle breeze fluttered  
the white muslin curtains and the  
roses on their tall bushes nodded  
across the window-sills at the caller.  
The caller smiled back at them and  
drew a long breath of the delicately  
perfumed air.  
He was a young man who liked  
roses and green fields and the charm  
of the countryside. And he liked the  
restful quiet of the little sitting-  
room.

He arose quickly as a lady entered  
the room.  
"Good morning, madam."  
"Good morning."  
She was a slender lady of perhaps  
sixty, a gray-haired lady of an old-  
fashioned type, a lady of much dig-  
nity of movement, and yet with a  
quick manner that at times suggested  
the sprightliness of a bird.  
She pressed her gold-rimmed glasses  
a little closer to her nose and care-  
fully surveyed the young man.  
"I trust you are quite well, mad-  
am?"  
"Quite well."  
She drew her thin lips together.  
"If it's books," she said, "there  
isn't any use of your staying a min-  
ute longer."  
The caller smiled.  
"I'm not a book agent," he told  
her.

"Is it apple corers?"  
"I'm not a peddler."  
"I bought an apple corer of a young  
man who was something of your build  
most three years ago. It broke on the  
second greening. He was a mite  
stouter, perhaps." She paused and  
again regarded him attentively. "If  
you are neither a book agent nor an  
apple corer," she said, "you may take  
a chair."  
"Thank you, madam."  
He seated himself in the straight-  
backed chair she pointed out, and  
then the lady took the rocker, plac-  
ing herself where she could study the  
young man's face.  
"Is this a business call?"  
"Yes, madam."  
He had been instructed how to meet  
the lady's advances. He was to re-  
main strictly on the defensive and let  
her cross-examine at her leisure.

"Wait. It isn't lightning rods?"  
"No, madam."  
"Nor windmills?"  
He suddenly smiled, and there was  
no doubt his smile added to his agree-  
able appearance.  
"That's a little nearer the truth,  
madam."  
She looked at him sharply, with her  
gray head on one side.  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"I only mean that I am a lawyer,  
madam."

He was glad to see that she caught  
the point of the mild witicism at  
once. She even laughed softly.  
"A lawyer?" she echoed. "Then I  
scent trouble."  
"I assure you I am quite harmless,  
madam."  
She smiled a little grimly.  
"Well," she said, with a slight as-  
perity, "you have been here now  
quite a spell and haven't told me a  
word about the business that brought  
you here, and really nothing worth  
knowing about yourself."  
"Pardon me, madam," he said; "my  
name is Richard Barclay, and my  
home is in New York. I am in the  
law office of Renfrew, Keene & Dar-  
nley, and will be admitted to a part-  
nership in the firm the first of Janu-  
ary."

"There is nothing very startling  
about that," said the lady. "Per-  
haps in time you will get around to  
the business that brought you here."  
"Yes, madam. You have a niece,"  
she said.  
"Oh, it's my niece you want to  
see?"  
"No, madam, my business is with  
you."

"You are the strangest young man  
for beating around the bush I ever  
met. Why don't you say what you  
want and be done with it?"  
"Madam, I want your permission  
to marry your niece."  
There was a little silence, during

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which the lady regarded the young  
man with a steady gaze.  
"I knew," she presently said, "that  
Clare made that visit in New York  
with Louise Humphrey."  
The young man wisely waited, but  
the lady relapsed into silence.  
"I haven't much to offer her," he  
said; "at least at present. I'm young  
and I'm making my way, and my  
chances seem good. I can give Clare  
a modest home in a nice neighbor-  
hood, a home in which there will al-  
ways be room for you, dear ma'am."  
The lady slightly sniffed.  
"You are getting ahead a little too  
fast, young man. I've no thought of  
moving just at present. Does Clare  
know about this—this delightful ar-  
rangement?"  
"Yes, madam."  
"It's all settled, then?"  
"No, madam. It all depends on  
you."  
Again the lady slightly sniffed.  
"My niece was in New York just a  
month. During that month you con-  
trived to persuade yourself that she  
was the only girl in all the world  
you could ever care for. Did you, or  
did you not?"  
"I did, madam."  
"Seems nonsensical, doesn't it?"  
"No, madam."  
She shook her head at him repro-  
vingly.  
"You look like a fairly sensible  
young man. Does my niece reciprocate  
this—this fanciful attachment?"  
"Yes, madam."  
"And she sent you to me?"  
"Yes, madam."  
"But why come to me if you are  
both agreed?"  
"Clare owes you too much, madam,  
to do anything contrary to your ap-  
proval."  
"Hoity-toity! And suppose I re-  
fuse?"  
"We can wait, madam."  
"That's just what you should do.  
How silly this seems. You have met  
my niece twenty times, we'll say, and  
no doubt think her the one perfect  
flower of all girlhood. Do I use the  
right expression?"  
"Yes, madam."  
She drew the gray shawl a little  
closer.  
"Do you appreciate what you are  
asking of me?" she suddenly flamed  
out. "What do we know about you?"  
"Very little, madam. I can only  
tell you that I am clean and honest,  
and have a good profession."  
"That is what you say." Then her  
eyes suddenly twinkled behind her  
glasses. "I'll admit that I'm a little  
prejudiced in your favor, although  
you certainly are not as good-looking  
as Clare would have me believe. And  
I like your letters."  
"Did Clare show them to you?"  
"How else could I have seen them?  
They were not nearly as slushy as  
might have been expected."  
"Thank you."  
"That one that told about the  
Italian child in the police court was  
as good as a book. I'll admit that  
Clare and I both cried over it." She  
paused and drew a long breath. "It's  
very silly in me, I know, but never  
having had any love affair of my own,  
it is natural I should feel an extra  
interest in Clare's."  
She took off her glasses and again  
wiped them with much care. He looked  
at her curiously.  
"I begin to have a suspicion," he  
said.  
"That you knew me all the time."  
The lady laughed softly.  
"I wasn't particularly startled by  
your appearance."  
"And you didn't really take me for  
a book agent?"  
"No."  
"Aunt Lucy," said the young man,  
"you certainly are a very clever wom-  
an."  
"Aunt Lucy! Hoity-toity! You  
are taking a good deal for granted,  
Richard Barclay. But, there, let's  
be frank and straightforward. I pro-  
mise you nothing. You will stay and  
take dinner with us, and then we  
three will talk this all over. We are  
going to be perfectly independent on  
our side, you understand. We may  
be poor—or at least very far from  
rich—but we are proud. We come by  
it naturally. That's my father's pic-  
ture up there, Jethro Holt. He was  
as proud as a lord."  
The young man looked up quickly.  
"What did you call his name?"  
"Jethro Holt."  
The young man's eyes sparkled.  
"Jethro Holt, of Petunia, Me. Born  
there in 1815; died in 1863."  
"Why, yes. He was my father."  
The young man drew a narrow book  
from his pocket and rapidly leafed it  
over.  
"Jethro Holt left three children, a  
boy and two girls, Arthur, Lucy and  
Emily."  
"Yes. I am Lucy Mellen Holt—  
commonly called Aunt Lucy Mellen.  
At least that's what Clare has called  
me ever since she could talk. Emily  
was Clare's mother. She died when  
Clare was a baby, and Clare's father  
died the year after."  
The young man stared hard at her.  
"Can you prove this relationship?"  
"Why, yes, of course. I have the  
old family Bible and many letters  
and my father's picture and the deed  
of the old home."  
He drew a quick breath.

"This is wonderful," he said. "Tell  
me about your brother."  
"He was older than I—nine years  
older. He was a wayward boy, and  
greatly worried my father. When he  
was eighteen he ran away from home  
and shipped on a whaler. The ship  
was lost in the Pacific and all the  
crew were reported drowned."  
"Your brother escaped," said the  
young man. "He was picked up by a  
Russian sealer and landed at a Siber-  
ian port. He found his way to Aus-  
tralia and roughed it as a sheep herd-  
er. There, through some mad fancy,  
he changed his name. He was no  
longer Arthur Holt; he was Henry  
Harlan. He became a trader and  
prospered; he prospered greatly. Fin-  
ally he made his residence in New  
York. He lived there twenty years.  
He died there seven months ago."

The lady, a strange look in her  
eyes, stirred suddenly.  
"And that man was my brother?"  
"Yes."  
She sighed. "My poor brother."  
The young man leaned forward.  
"Oh," he said, "we have searched  
for you in so many places! The head  
of our firm was your brother's attor-  
ney and one of the executors of the  
estate. The matter of finding the  
heirs was placed in my hands. I  
have travelled many miles on false  
clues; I have advertised in many  
sections—and now to stumble on you  
like this."

"Then we are heirs to his prop-  
erty," said the lady.  
"He died without a will. You and  
Clare are his only living kin."  
"Does that mean we are rich?"  
"Very, very rich."  
They were both silent for a moment  
or two. Then the lady sighed.  
"That comes a little late for me,"  
she softly said, "but it will be beau-  
tiful for Clare."  
A troubled look crossed the young  
man's face.  
"Clare," he murmured, "This changes  
everything."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Don't you see? Clare is now a  
great heiress. A new world opens  
before her. She can choose where she  
will."  
"True," said the lady.  
"It puts me in a painful, a false  
position. Why, even you might be-  
lieve that I knew her relationship to  
Henry Harlan, before I asked her to  
be my wife."  
"True," said the lady again.  
"Such a suspicion is shameful," she  
went on. "The only manly thing  
for me to do is to release Clare from  
her promise."

The lady arose and went to the win-  
dow. It was plain that she was  
agitated by his startling news.  
Presently she beckoned to him.  
"Here," she said. "Do you see  
that young woman coming up the  
roadway? That is the great heiress.  
And she's something much better than  
that. She's a sweet and lovable girl,  
whose womanly heart can't be spoiled  
by any amount of money. I know  
her better than any other living per-  
son, Richard Barclay, and I tell you  
you have nothing to fear." She turned  
and looked at him and laid a slender  
hand on his shoulder. "Besides  
—," she began.  
"Yes, dear lady."  
She softly laughed.  
"It really looks as if we ought to  
have a lawyer in the family."—W. R.  
Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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