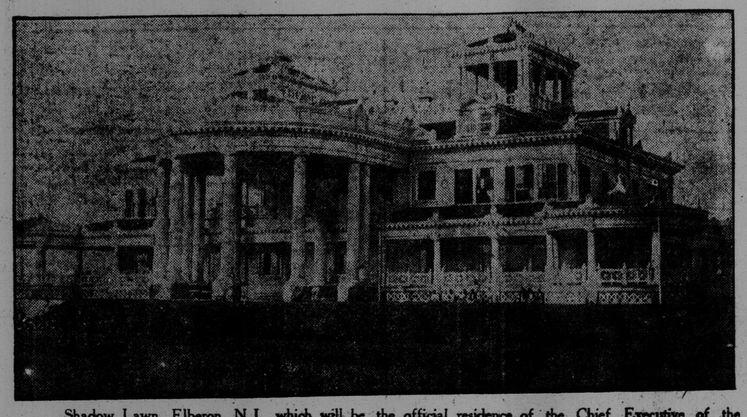
MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

PRESIDENT WILSON'S NEW SUMMER HOME



Shadow Lawn, Elberon, N.J., which will be the official residence of the Chief Executive of the United States next summer.

FINANCIAL

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET

Quotations furnished by private wire of J. M. Robinson & Sons, St. John, N.B.

Tuesday, Oct 26, 1915.

	Previous Closing	Opening	Noon
N Y Air Brakes	151¼	....	....
Am Car and Fdry	88⅛	89½	88½
Am Locomotive	72	71¾	72
Am Beet Sugar	65½	65	65
Studebaker	184½	184	188⅛
American Sugar	118	....	....
Am Steel Fdries	70¾	70¼	71
Am Smelters	92⅝	92¾	92¾
Am Tel & Tel	....	124¼	124½
Am Cotton Oil	63½	62	62
Anaconda Mining	74¾	75⅛	75
At, T and S Fe	106½	107	106⅞
Brooklyn Rap Tran	86½	....	....
Balt & Ohio	93	92½	92¾
Can Pacific	171	171⅜	171½
Cent Leather	....	59⅝	58⅝
Crucible Steel	92	92½	92¼
Chino Copper	49⅜	49⅛	49⅛
Chic & N West	131¼	....	....
Cies and Ohio	58	57⅞	58¼
Col Fuel Iron	59	59⅞	59⅞
Con Gas	141	141⅛	141⅛
Bethlehem Steel	580	....	....
Distillers Securities	....	49	47
Erie	39⅝	39⅜	40
Erie, 1st Pfd	....	56⅞	57⅝
Erie 2nd Pfd	....	48¾	48¾
Gen Electric	180½	181	181½
Gt Northern Pfd	122	122¼	121⅝
Hide & Leather Pfd	57½	....	....
Inspiration	....	44¼	44⅜
Lehigh Valley	77¼	77⅞	77⅞
Missouri Pacific	4¾	....	....
National Lead	67⅞	....	....
Nevada	....	15	15
N Y Central	100⅝	100⅝	100⅞
Northern Pacific	112½	112¾	112¾
Pennsylvania	59⅞	58⅞	58⅞
People's Gas	119⅞	....	....
Pressed Steel Car	....	71½	71⅛
Reading	80⅝	79¾	80¼
Republic I and S	54¼	51¼	54¼
Rock Island Old	17	17¼	17¼
Southern Pacific	98⅜	98½	98⅝
St. Paul	93	....	....
Sloss Sheffield	61	60¾	60¾
Southern Railway	21	21	21
Union Pacific	135⅝	135½	135⅞
U. S. Rubber	55	55⅝	55⅝
U S Steel	85⅜	85⅝	85¾
U S Steel Pfd	115½	....	....
Utah Copper	69¾	70	70
Vir Car Chemical	50	51	51¾
Western Maryland	32½	....	....
Westing Electric	78⅞	78⅞	74⅝
Western Union	80¼	80	80
Mex Petroleum	90	90½	90½

LOCAL NEWS

Captain A. L. McLean, master of the tern schooner Abbie C. Stubbs, was taken ill at Vineyard Haven and who received treatment there, arrived in the city yesterday, en route to his home in Upper Jemseg, where he will remain until he has completely recovered his strength.

FOR THE RED CROSS

The ladies of the East St. John Red Cross Circle will hold a tea and social on Hallowe'en at East St. John, serving tea from six to eight o'clock.

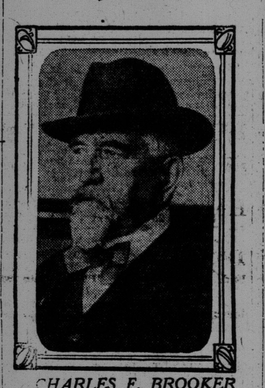
Have you got your tickets for the patriotic drawing yet?

Dr. Rudolph B. Tensler, who is at the head of the International Hospital in Tokio, has a surgical practice which brings him $25,000 a year. Of this he keeps only $1,500 as his salary as a medical missionary, and turns the balance over to the hospital, which is a missionary institution.

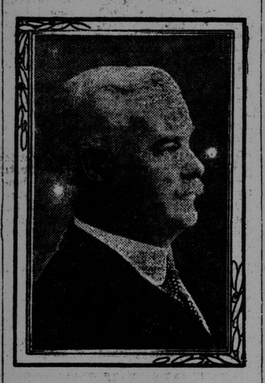
In the Passaic Valley in Connecticut there is a spring which flows only on Sundays and holidays. The irreligious behavior of the spring is explained by the fact that on all other days artesian wells in the vicinity draw off the water supply to the factories thereabouts.

FINANCIAL MEN IN PUBLIC EYE

W. W. HUTCHISON
Vice-President Lake of the Woods Milling Co.



CHARLES F. BROOKER
One of the former directors of New Haven, now a defendant in the breach of the Sherman anti-trust suit.



T. B. MACAULAY
New President Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Cranberries - 10c qt.
Fresh Eggs - 40c
CHEYNE & CO.,
18 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Give Kiddies Plenty Of Pure Milk

Many mothers do not seem fully to realize that SAFE, CLEAN, FRESH MILK is among the best foods that children could have, being easy to digest and very nourishing.

It is absolutely necessary, though, if you would have milk at its best that it have the qualities already mentioned — Purity, Safety, Freshness and Cleanliness, all of which you will invariably find in

PRIMECREST FARM PURE MILK

which comes from perfectly healthy cows that are tuberculin-tested, properly fed, housed in clean, airy, comfortable barns, and kept scrupulously clean. Primecrest Farm Pure Milk is scientifically cooled, to prevent disease germs, filtered, clarified and handled in sterilized pails and cans, then Delivered in Sterilized, Sealed Glass Jars, at

8 cents the Quart.

COME OUT AND SEE US, ANYTIME

PRIMECREST FARM - SOUTH BAY ST. JOHN

'Phones:—West 373, West 374—After 6 p.m., Main 723.

A COSSACK HERO THREE FEET HIGH

Thirteen Year-Old Boy With Officer's Commission

WON IT ON BATTLEFIELD

Shot Burly Captor and Secured Valuable Despatches--Next Led Forlorn Hope in Capture of Important Redoubt

A special correspondent of The London Times in Poland writes: "No smoking here!" The Cossack dropped his cigarette as if it had burnt his lips, and came to the salute. The order, shrill, incisive, seemed to come from somewhere near my elbow, and, looking down, I saw beside me on the crowded platform a trim little figure in the uniform of a Cossack officer. It was not much more than three feet high, and its boots seemed to come nearly up to where, on its breast, two Georges glimmered in the sun. The station gong struck twice; the voice shrilled again: "Come, children!" The burly Cossacks who had been lounging about the platform gathered in a knot by the steps of their third-class carriage, climbed up, and as the gong struck three times and the train began to move, the amazing little person swung himself aboard at the tail of the procession and followed his "children" into their stuffy quarters.

His Career

He is Misha Turukhanis, and there are dozens of him in the Russian army. This, with more details, I found out later, when some other officers of the adult description went and got him out of the third-class and brought him into a part of the train which comported better with his standing as an officer and gentleman. Why was he traveling third-class? Well, his men liked to have him with them, but it was certainly more comfortable here. He carried himself with an admirable dignity, which did not seem in the least incompatible with the thirteen years he laid claim to. I should have put him down at ten, but an officer's word is not to be doubted.

For all his dignity he was of quite a friendly disposition, and he was soon free of all the compartments in our carriage. He knew his world, too, and the iron hand of discipline that had been in evidence on the platform of the way-station was now appropriately concealed in the velvet glove. The sweets an admirer gave him were duly handed to "ladies first." Only in the dining-car he was a little perplexed by the variety of cutlery. But he would not resort to natural weapons, and when I ventured to come to his rescue on the pretext that his wounded shoulder put him at a disadvantage in the struggle with a stubborn drum-stick his ready abandonment of the unfamiliar knife to me betrayed not the slightest consciousness that anyone might suspect the possibility of another reason.

Ours was almost the last Russian train to leave Warsaw before the evacuation. It was an ordinary train, but most of the passengers were soldiers. Misha was going to Petrograd to join his mother, an army nurse; for the order had recently been promulgated that all women and children serving as combatants should be mustered out of the army. His father is a Ural Cossack now serving in the flying corps. Misha had gone through the usual training of a Cossack boy, and had contrived with the help of his soldier friends and against the wishes of his parents, to get to the front with the 3rd Ural Cossacks not long after the outbreak of the war. He had been on active service in various parts of Poland, and with a child's facility had mastered Polish so well that he was able to give lessons in that language to the colonel of his regiment. This attainment gave him a decided advantage over his brother officers with the ladies, chiefly Poles, in our train.

How He Won Decoration.

What did he get his first George for? Well, he would tell me as much about it as he could without betraying official secrets. There was reason to suppose that his regiment, operating in a slightly wooded country, was in danger of being surrounded by a German force. He was sent out with a reconnoitering party, and, getting separated from his companions, saw a German approaching him at no great distance. Hoping that the German's eyes were not as good as his own, he dismounted, made his horse lie down, and himself crawled behind a clump of bushes. But the German had seen him, dismounted also, tied his horse to a tree, and, availing himself of the abundant cover, got close enough to Misha to take him unawares and make him a prisoner. Five more Uhlans came up, but his captor naturally thought himself capable of dealing with an infant without assistance. So the newcomers went off, taking with them the boy's rifle and lance.

Captured.

The Uhlan, however, though he went through his prisoner's pockets, did not think of putting his hand into a hole in the little fellow's trousers, above the knee. "That was where I kept my automatic," said Misha, with a smile. "When he told me that he was going to lead me by a string instead of holding me by the nape of the neck, as he had done at first, I said, 'Yes, that will be better, because I have some bites on my legs, and I'll be able to scratch myself without asking you to let me stoop down. So we made for his horse, which was some distance off towards our lines. When we were about halfway there I bent down, put my hand into the hole in my trousers, grabbed my pistol, and, before he knew what was happening, jumped for his neck, threw my left arm round it, pulled myself up, pressed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast with my right and sent a bullet through his heart. He had only time for one yell before he toppled over with me underneath. I crawled out, turned him over, and searched his clothes. He had despatches, which I took. Then I saw the five Uhlans on the top of a rise some distance off, looking around, evidently puzzled to know where the yell and the shot came from. So I ran for his horse—they had shot mine—and got into the saddle just as they saw me. But they were pretty poor shots, these Uhlans, and they didn't follow me very far, for our fellows were near, and I got in with the horse and despatches without any more trouble."

For this Misha received not only the George, but also honorary rank as a lieutenant (Praporshchik). His promotion was confirmed, and his second medal, obtained when he led a forlorn hope in the capture of an important redoubt and was wounded in two places. Any grown-up soldier might be proud of having even one such exploit to his credit. Misha's case, considering his years, is perhaps exceptional; but the Cossack regiments are full of actual and potential heroes.

VALCARTIER.

Again the white tents glisten against
the glorious dawn,
Again the bugles echo across the wood-
land lawn;
The startled foals cease romping, the
wild life hides in fear—
But my heart is sad and lonesome for
the Men of Yesteryear.

They gathered in their thousands a
goodly, valiant host,
From the shoreland of Cape Breton
from the far-flung Western Coast,
From the highways and the byways,
busy mart and lonely mere.
Came that band of brave crusaders,
came the Men of Yesteryear.

They awoke this sleepy hollow where the
searching feet of Change
Had found their way but seldom. As
they gathered at the range
They sang of Tipperary, and with hearts
that knew no fear
They yearned for coming battles, did the
Men of yesteryear.

They disturbed the solemn mountains
with the thunder of their guns;
We heard the tramp of marching feet
on every road that runs
Along this beauteous valley. By the river
winding clear
They laughed and learned and labored,
did the Men of Yesteryear.

The tents were struck are dawning. Be-
neath a starry sky
They marched away to Old Quebec to
hear their last good-bye.
The streets were filled with khaki, and
on the crowded pier
Were tear-wet eyes and breaking heart,
O Men of Yesteryear.

O gallant little army, the months have
passed away,
And bravely have ye borne yourselves
in many a cruel fray;
But many a gay, young comrade, who
laughed and labored here,
Sleeps beneath the soil of Flanders, O
Men of Yesteryear.

O sacred soil of Flanders, red altar of
our pride.
Historic field of Langemarck whereou
they fought and died.
There were none that fought more brave-
ly, or their honor held more dear
Than the men who lit their camp-fires
in this valley yesteryear.

They have writ another chapter on our
envied scroll of fame.
They have set the Empire ringing with
our proud Dominion's name;
But they paid a costly quittance. And
we, with sigh and tear,
We, too, must pay our reckoning, O Men
of Yesteryear.

Once more the heavy lorries plough up
Valcartier hill,
Once more within the dusty lines the
troop-horse whinnies shrill;
And khaki figures come and go, Their
sharp commands I hear,
But I see a phantom army. 'Tis the
Men of Yesteryear.

And in the night when stars are out
above the pine-ringed plain
I seem to hear the tramp of those who
will not come again,
The sound of marching heroes with shin-
ing eyes sincere
Who go to meet their Captain, the Men
of Yesteryear.

O men who left Valcartier, God rest
your valiant shades
That walk amid the ghostly tents and
haunt the lonely glades.
When the last loud tramp is sounding
and the Warrior Hosts appear,
He shall number you among them, O
Men of Yesteryear.

—By W. P. O. in The Quebec Chronicle.

SHE RECOMMENDS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Mrs. Corbett Read the Advertisement and Tried It

Avon, Ont., May 14th, 1914.

"I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' for Indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I saw 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised with a letter in which some one recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory, and I have no hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

ANNIE A. CORBETT.

Time is proving that Fruit-a-tives' can always be depended upon to give prompt relief in all cases of Constipation and Stomach Trouble.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

GABA TEPE IS HELD BY MULES

Assisted by Australian, Says Perspiring Driver

A BULLET PEPPERED LAUNCH

Soldiers Lie Naked in Dugouts Through the Southern Summer Nights—Landing Troops in the Dark

In much the same way as that first landing of the Australians on Gallipoli was effected on the memorable April 25, visitors to the posts are still carried ashore at Anzac Cove, writes the special correspondent of The Melbourne Argus. A tiny launch nestles alongside the fleet sweeper, and, in defiance of danger, races off with her passengers towards the noise of battle that is defiling the hours when men should sleep. She is always in a hurry and the men who direct her energies move about the crowded decks as if every second's hesitation meant that some important task must be left unfinished. The helmsman is protected by a screen of steel, and he peeps through a slot that suggests the opening in a street corner letter box.

Bullets Like Bullfrogs.

That, Em-m-m-m-em-m-m-m! It suggests the delicate diminuendo of a puppy's fretful whine, or the song of a robust-voiced mosquito. There it goes again. It was closer that time; and again and again. The last whisked the air unpleasantly near my ear. Bullets? Who would have thought of them? The helmsman suggested that those who felt nervous might tuck in behind his shield. A minute later the launch was sidling up to the pier. Occasionally bullets entered the water with a "blomp" that was not unlike the croak of a bullfrog.

A patient staff officer, with a hurricane lantern braceleted on his arm, checked each soldier as he stepped ashore and members of a dozen units, with their packs on their shoulders, moved off into the darkness, to where some bivouac in the ground could offer a dusty couch.

Military Organization.

An indication of the triumph of organization that has been achieved at Anzac Cove was conveyed even to the lay mind by the facility with which these men were disposed of at dead of night, with a certainty that they would find their way to the most obscure places. Then again, the system of co-ordination under which the beach parties worked was something to marvel at. Mules, wagons and men at first seemed to be jostling each other in chaotic turmoil. But to the observer who had time to sit down on a box of biscuits and analyse the factors in the moving picture, a perfectly designed routine was quickly disclosed.

Indians led donkeys away, almost completely concealed beneath a burden of forage. Others guided strings of mules that staggered up the steep paths under loads of water, food, or ammunition. Elsewhere carts, packed to the last ounce, squeaked along the rugged tracks, and al laround men, stripped to the waist and bare-legged, tossed tons and yards of boxes and chests from one mountain to another.

The Mule's Part.

Every man and every animal had his allotted duty, and labored at it feverishly, as if the whole well-being of the army depended upon his individual effort. I asked one perspiring mule driver, with a week's growth of whiskers on his chin, what he thought about it, and he answered briefly: "Do you want to know who holds the Gaba Tepe position? Well it's the mules, with the assistance of the Australians."

In Victory's Footprints.

What had appeared to be a sheer wall of earth from the mine-sweeper was found, on close inspection, to have at least some suggestion of a lean away from the water's edge. At most points it was impossible of ascent, but, as if by an after-thought, nature had intersected the face of it at regular intervals with a series of small gullies that offered some kind of a foothold. It was along these that the Commonwealth troops had climbed in their impetuous rush to action. Since that morning the engineers have been at work, and the grade has been reduced, but the journey upwards is sufficiently trying for anyone who has not become accustomed to mountaineering.

Every inch of the gully side is terraced and shelled. Some of the niches are like those in which a statuette or a fountain might be tucked in a suburban mansion, only they are on the edge, instead of perpendicular. In each of these lay a soldier asleep, his rifle within easy reach. Others were stretched upon the ground, squeezed close to the wall, so as to be clear of passing feet. A few are hidden beneath blankets, but the majority lay naked and uncovered, for Gallipoli nights are kind. Immediately above this main track are the sleeping places of superior officers.

All are cave dwellers, and, except that here and there mosquito nets bar the entrance against the rush of morning flies, the dug-outs of leaders and led have very few points of difference. In many instances the private of the line reposes in a luxury that might well prompt the envy of his chief. Up the valley the path led until the sea was 200 feet below, and every yard of earth protected a sleeping fighter, ready to jump to arms in a second. The bustle of the beach had now been drowned in the rattle of musketry and the splutter of machine guns growing in intensity with the increasing light. It was a battle of sound alone, however, not a single burst of fire shocked the eye.

Battle in the Night.

All night the rifles spat and snapped without a pause. Twice I counted one, two, three, during periods of comparative silence, but these half-intervals were always followed by a more violent burst of noise than before. The odor of burnt cordite drifted down the valley, pungent and pronounced.

When the stones are cleared away dust provides a comparatively comfortable bed.

At about seven o'clock the Turks commenced their morning "hate." The rifle fire had ceased with the coming of day, and the big guns began to take their turn. They are seldom fired for fear of disclosing the positions. The first shells came thundering from Anaofarta. These whistle shrilly, and bust with a smack that almost knocks the breath out of you for a second, even if you are fifty yards away. The first few flew out to sea, but gradually the range was shortened and clouds of dust began to rise up from the valley. It was weird and thrilling to find these missiles dropping round within a radius of a hundred yards. But beyond a little pardonable curiosity as to their landing-place the troops took not the slightest notice.

One of the "75s" captured by the Turks during the Balkan War began to boom. It has a snappy, sharp-speaking voice, and the projectile gives little warning of its aproach, but the majority of the shots do small harm. It was then considered safe to bathe, but our little party had scarcely left the water before shrapnel bullets began to churn the quiet sea into foam. The aggregate result of the morning's shooting was one damaged dug-out.

Water is Scarce.

Water is not running to waste at the Anzac Cove settlement. Every man receives his allowance in the morning. Officers as a rule take delivery of their first proportion in a pannikin, but the Australian has the knack of accommodating himself to circumstances, and it is wonderful what an effective shave, cleansing of the teeth, and general wash-up can be had from a ration that could almost be held in the hollow of the hands. The remainder must be reserved for cooling, drinking and toilet purposes.

Clothes a Burden.

The temperature of Gaba Tepe before noon is exceedingly high. All ranks as a result find a studied desabille most comfortable, and nowhere is to be seen any of the pomp and ceremony that marks military operations in times of peace. It is a matter of great difficulty to distinguish generals from privates. Perhaps the soldier of the line is a little more tanned, a little happier, and has fewer clothes upon his back. He certainly has not so many worries, and enjoys his regular rest.

CHARLTON SENTENCED

Como, Italy, Oct. 25, via Paris—Porter Charlton, the American who has been on trial here charged with murdering his wife in 1910, was today condemned to six years and eight months imprisonment.

Porter Charlton killed his wife in their villa on Lake Como, June 9, 1910. He was 20 years of age, and she many years his senior. At the time of their marriage she was Mrs. Neville H. Castle, a daughter of Henry H. Scott, of San Francisco. Charlton's father is Paul Charlton, former federal judge of the district of Porto Rico.

Charlton and his bride were spending their honeymoon on Lake Como when he killed her. Charlton fled to the United States. He was arrested when he landed at Hoboken, and immediately confessed.

In his confession Charlton said that his wife was subject to fits of violent temper and that when enraged she showered abuse upon him. It was during one of these fits, he said, that he seized a mallet and struck her a blow on the head, killing her. He then put the body into the trunk and threw it into the lake.

For three years Charlton was held prisoner in Jersey City, exhausting every legal means before he was returned to Italy for trial.

GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR AND STOP DANDRUFF

Hair Becomes Charming, Wavy, Lustrous and Thick in Few Moments

Every Bit of Dandruff Disappears and Hair Stops Coming Out

For 25 cents you can save your hair. In less than ten minutes you can double its beauty. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and charming as a young girl's after applying some Danderine. Also try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few week's use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.

BY JOVE!

said a well educated man the other day when he was asked this question:—"Why, when you have a cold, a cough or bronchitis (troubles, you will note, of throat and chest) do you persist in pouring cough syrups, lung tonics and the like into your stomach, which is perfectly sound?"

Ever think of it? The stomach and the lungs are not connected, otherwise food swallowed would choke you. Lung and throat troubles were never yet cured by dosing the stomach. To cure coughs, colds and bronchitis, you must *breathe* the cure. Peps provide the rational treatment for these ailments. Peps are tablets made up of pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach, which is not ailing. Try a 50c. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores or Peps Co., Toronto, will supply

Peps

WHY BUY OLD STYLES?
when you can get
NEW ONES at 50c. and 75c.
NEWEST KNITS at 50c. and 75c.
Newest patterns and shades in silks, 50c. and 75c.
Black and white diagonal stripes, 50c.
Black and white checks, 75c.
Shirts, Collars, Neckwear.

A GOOD PLACE TO BUY GOOD CLOTHES

Gilmour's
68 King Street

Our Success

is due to the fact that we have won the confidence of our customers by always maintaining the highest standard in quality and being liberal in our policy.

Toric Spherical Lenses, mounted in 10k. Gold Mount for same price as charged elsewhere for Gild Filled.

We fit glases as low as $2.00 and guarantee them.

K. W. EPSTEIN & CO.
Optometrists and Opticians 193 Union St.
Open Evenings

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would bloat. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. Mary Gauthier, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

In Thousands of Homes

early and certain relief is found for the ailments to which all are subject—ailments due to defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels—in the most famous family remedy, the world has ever known.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are justly famous because they have proved to be so reliable as correctives or preventives of the sufferings, dull feelings and danger due to indigestion or biliousness. If you will try them to cleanse your system, purify your blood, tone your stomach, stimulate your liver and regulate your bowels, you will know why so many rely on Beecham's Pills to

Insure Health and Happiness

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents