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without distressing after effects. There is no reason why you should not, now you know there is a medicine that will unfailingly counteract dyspepsia and other stomach troubles.

gives quick relief to stomach troubles, regulates and invigorates the digestive system, and permits proper eating with

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Dye Old, Faded Dress Material

"Diamond Dyes" Make Shabby Apparel Stylish and New-So Easy Too.

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Use "Diamond Dyes," guarantsed to give
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children's coats, draperies,—everything!
A Direction Book is in package.
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show you "Diamond Dye" Color Gard.

********** Boswell's House on the Market

********* CCORDING to the New York Times, the Mansion House of Auchinleck, of which

James Boswell was once the Laird, in Ayrshire, Scotland, which he vainly sought to represent in Par-liament, is on the market. Here is a chance for some fortunate Boswellian to settle himself congenially, if he be not afraid of income tax and death duties, in Bozzy's old home, which he so loved to be away from. It is Burns' county, too, and doubt-less still rich in "whisky, soul of quips and cranks," whose unpermitted flow surely the devotees of Jemmy

quips and cranks," whose unpermitted flow surely the devotees of Jemmy Boswell, one of the most amiable of tosspots, may be forgiven for deploring. The new American Laird, rich in cars, can travel in them as Jemmy in his youth described himself as travelling "in post chaises, miles without number"; he can eat "of every good dish, especially apple pie"; he can drink "old hock," if any is left in the world. He should have "a very fine temper"; be "somewhat of a humorist."

"He was pleased to listen," writes Boswell of his Great Bear in 1763, "to a particular account I gave him of my family and its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions and made calculations, recommending at the same time a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight in hearing my description of the romantic seat of my ancestry, 'I must be there, Sir,' said he, 'and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not room remaining there, we will build one'." Johnson went there, as we all know, and the place is described in the "Tour of the Hebrides." In his old age Mrs. Boswell asked him to come again. Polite letters passed between them. Yet she cannot have forgotten that "his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downward, when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady," and "I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear."

Bozzy loved to 'talk about the "woods and rocks." "the romantic

be disagreeable to a lady," and "I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear."

Bozzy loved to 'talk about the "woods and rocks," "the romantio groves" of his ancestors. In the old days "the Laird of Auchinleck had an elegant house, in front of which he could ride ten miles upon his own territory, upon which he had upward of six hundred people." His own father, Lord Auchinleck, was a strong and disagreeable character, worthy of Stevenson. One loves to think of the cultivated old patrician, sneering, however wrongly at his son and his son's friends. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon. Jamie is gaen clean gyte (mad). Whose tall do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon? A dominie, mon, an auld dominie; he keeped a schule and cau'd it an academy." One repeats unblushingly all these ancient and beloved Boswelliana and Johnsoniana. They have become ritual. They cannot be repeated too often, especially the old Laird's fine saying to Johnson, who had asked him to tell of what use Cromwell was: "God, Doctor, he gart (made) kings ken they had a lith (Joint) in their neck."

Some of us dote on Auchinleck because near it was the place of Miss Blair, that heiress whom Bozzy's father wanted him to marry and to whom the wolatile young man made love in person and by deputy. Bozzy sighed and adored and quarrelled with his "dear infidel." He dressed in green and gold. He even played his part with "Spanish stateliness." He squeezed and kissed "her fine hand while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes." Does she have any particular liking for him? No. "I like many people as well as you. I like Jeany Maxwell better than you," says the frank lady. Sir Alexander Gilmour is the favorite. Bozzy laughs off his disappointment, and writes a ballad:

She told me with a scornful look, I was as ugly as a tawney;

She told me with a scornful look, I was as ugly as a tawney;
For she a better fish could hook,
The rich and gallant knight, Sir

Dear old Bossy, Bossy ever fresh and young! Most un-Scotch of Soottishmen, one of the most mixed of men; unconventional conventionalist; a Tory prop of state and church, who loved to picnie on the coast of Bohemis; amorist, scholar, buffoon; sentimentalist and cynic, generous and sordid; affected and candid, vain and an analyser of his own vanity; collector of celebrities, sycophant of genius! He wanted a high place st the bar and in politics, and he won immortality by his "gust for London" and his frequentation of Johnson. Most sociable of men, a good fellow, though not without traits of Rousseau. The Mansion House of Auchinleck ought to be a national monument, but money is scarce over on Sawney.

Mrs. Crooks.

Mrs. Will Crooks, wife of the labor leader in the British House of Commons, is active in a propagands for reducing the drudgery of housework. Apropos of this, she said recently: "In all the talk we hear about shorter hours of labor one might easily imagine that the world consisted of men only, or at least that we men's hours are already so short that any relaxation for them was of no moment whatever. The facts are exactely the opposite. Not only does the number of women exceed that of men, but her hours are as indefinite as the number and character of her household duties. Tens of thousands of mothers have next to no lessure at all, and their work is exacting, worrying, trying, and as hausting."

"What did her father say when

"I didn't ask him."
"You didn't?"
"No. She and her mother said it wasn't necessary. They were running affairs in that house." "Now, sir," said the captain of the club, "you understand we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed

to managing men."
"In that case," said the applicant, nervously, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."



TOO MUCH FOR DAD. "I say old Topper, that's a bright boy you have. How old is he?" "Well, I can't quite make out, you see he was born on the 29th of Feb

The Psalm of Life.

The Same Youth, Later. Lovelorn Youth-Alas, mother, she

has jilted me. Fond Mother-Oh, my dear son; how could she tread on your affections? L. L. Y.-Well, mother, I think it

was because I stepped on her corn.

Seeking a Mascot.

"What's in a name?"
"Nothing," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "If there was anything
I'd put on a show and call it "The
Street Car.' Maybe it would play to standing room only.





Solved the Problem



J.E. Tweedie, Agent-Bath



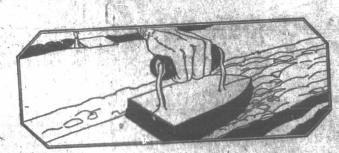
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END STOMACH TROUBLE, GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

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New Triplex Springs Iron Out the Wrinkles of the Rough Roads

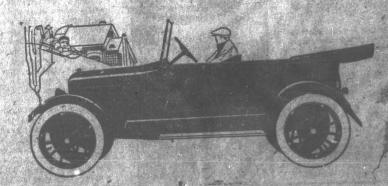


HE wrinkles of rough roads seem smoothed out completely by the wonderful springs of Overland 4.

These springs hold the wheels to the road, while the passengers ride in even comfort. The astonishing qualities of these diagonally attached Triplex Springs have created an utterly new conception of light car riding ease.

Best of all, this heavy car kind of comfort is now obtainable with economy in fuel and tires and remarkably low upkeep cost.

Overland 4 is started and lighted by two-unit electric starting and lighting system. It has rain-vision windshield and unit power plant, It is equipped with all the latest car. essentials and conveniences.



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