kamnia tablets as a stand-by. On his return he told me he had no headache, but that he had used all the tablets. Headaches, it seems, are no uncommon accompaniments of camp life. He has seems, and the antikamnia tablets to some of his suffering compandispensed the antikamnia tablets to some of his suffering compandions, and they (the tablets) 'hit the bull's eye every time.' Who knows but that they had something to do with the phenomenal scoring at the last meeting!'

One could multiply similar cases, but this may suffice to illustrate the effects of antikamnia tablets in the treatment of headaches, and to warrant the following conclusions I have come to with regard to their use: (a) They are a specific for almost any kind of headache. (b) They act with startling rapidity. (c) The dosage is small. (d) The unpleasant after-effects so commonly attendant on the use of many of the other analgesics are entirely absent. (e) They can therefore be safely put into the hands of patients for use without personal supervision. Another point worth noting is that they can be very easily taken, being practically tasteless.

It is contrary to my custom to write testimonials, but the results I have obtained from the use of Resinol Ointment and Soap are so extraordinarily satisfactory that I think it is my duty to say a good word for these products. With the Ointment, I have been a good word for these products. With the Ointment, I have been able to cure a case of eczema of over twenty years' standing, which had baffled all previous treatment. At present I have a case of an aggravated ulcer on the leg, and it is being healed up rapidly with aggravated ulcer on the leg, and it is being healed up rapidly with Resinol. It is now over two years since I have first started to use Resinol Ointment. I am greatly pleased to say that it has never failed to do excellent work. I take this opportunity to thank you failed to do excellent work. I take this opportunity to thank you failed to my attention.—Dr. Eduardo Toledo y Toledo, Madrid, Spain.

The Forgiving Druggist.—About a thousand years ago, approximately, I was apprenticed as a printer's devil to learn the trade, in common with three other boys about my own age. There came to the village a long-legged individual of about nineteen, from one of the interior counties; fish-eyed, no expression, and without the suggestion of a smile—couldn't have smiled for a salary. We took him for a fool, and thought we would try and scare him to death.