

PRONTISPIECE OF "THE FASHION-ABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA" - DAVID GRAHAM PULLLIPS.

Like a lark that soars above ordinars crows with their hourse "caw-caw" and sings a brave song as he floats framed against the blue, this commanding novel of the patch-and-powder days of the England of Charles II, rises above ordinary romances. It will be hailed as one of the really good novels of the year, bound the really good novels of the year, bound to be welcomed, read and enjoyed by a big audience. Its character drawing, fine sentiment and that almost indefinable quality we sum up in the word poetry, combine to make it a woman's story and that means a golden future for "Mad Barbara." If a play or a novel does not attract women, it might as well be shelved. If it does, ducats and roses: The name of the story has an original but not prepossessing ring about it. "Mad

The name of the story has an original but not prepossessing ring about it. "Mad Barbara" makes you think of a woman with a glare in her eyes as she looks from a harred window, and a muscular guard hovering near. But not so this Miss Barbara Purcell who is introduced in the first chapter, in a scene where her father is described as having been killed in an unfair duel: in an unfair duel:

in an unfair duel:

In the little music house in his garden overlooking the Park of St. James. SirClenel Purcell. Knight lay dead, with his closk half thrown about his face and one hand still gripping the hill of his eword. The door of the music moon along sign. Either a grass silvered with heavy dew, yellow leaves taking it. like spinshes of good on a green sizeld. The cartains were drawn across the windows, see that a few stray shafts of light alone atreamed in, giving a sense of himan mysters unrevealed as yet, some riddle or human passion waiting to he read. The silent room secured all shadows, ear where those Bernbrandene at handows, earther those Bernbrandene state of a secured all shadows, earther those Bernbrandene streamed of sm. The silent room assemed all shadows, cave where those Rembrandesque strands of sunlight slanted upon the fluor. And there, as though touched by light from another world, the dead man's forchead gicamed out above the black foths of his clock. His gword, a streak or silver, joined him to the surrounding shadows, a last bond between him and the past.

Rather a lugulatious beginning? Not when the context is cansidered. The

when the context is considered. The dead man is first found by his only dead man is first found by his only daughter, Barbara, who discovers that some unknown enemy had killed her father by means of a award thrust through his heart. A hint is given that one maxim of the world is that a man may be gruided the possession of a hand-some wife. In the dead ware foursome wife. In the dead man's fingers was clutched a short chain of gold with a knot of pearls, for a button, like a loop torn from a man's cloak.

One intimate friend of the family was

Lord Stephen Gore, an elegant and fop-pish aristocrat and breaker-of-hearts. Barbara was a changed girl after her father's death. She became strangely silent, and her lady mother complained that she had "the color of sour cream." Lord Gore's son, Captain John Gore the poise that suggests power. The brown, resolute face had the comeliness

of courage Of no great stature, his sturdy, hollow-backed figure betrayed strength to those who could distinguish between fat and muscle." John Gore had newly arrived from a cruise around the Spanish Main, where he and his crew had been engaged in more than one fight but had ended in a Barbary prison. John Gore goes to live with his aristocratic father, and being short of raiment, borrows clothes from his father's ward-

Drunken revellers bent on mockery call a house where Barbara is a guest, and a mock-churchman says:

We are here to save all souls with the We are here to save all souls with the kiss of peace. My children come hither. Have you been haptized? We will baptize those innocents yonder into the one true church, even the church of sack,—and sahes. Let all the heathen refolce for the souls we shall save this day from the pit of prudery. No woman can be saved unless she be kissed. Amen!"

In the crowd of guiffawing visitors were Captain John Gore, his father, and one fire-eater named Lord Philip of Pembroke, The mock-churchman draw back abanhed at the look of scorn on Bar-bara's face, and Lord Philip advanced to size her. The girl looked around for sumeone to take her part, and her glance rested on John Gore's face. That hardened fighter with joy entered into the fray, and Pembroke challenged him to a duel. Now, here, is where an error of tudgment has been committed. The novelist should have given an actual description of the duel, instead of which it is told in a few words by persons who looked out of windows and saw its progress in the wood beyond. John Gors ran Pembroke through one of his should be the word of the should be the should be the word of the should be the word of the should be the sho ers. When Barbara next saw John Gore, she was startled to observe that the clock he were had one loop torn away. Had he, then, killed her father?

Lord Stephen Gore were probably too intimate before Sir Lionel Purcell's death, and becoming permuaded that R was Lord Staphen who killed her father, Barbara fires point blank at him with a pistol, but his life is saved due to the foresight of a waiting woman who saw to it that the bullets in the girl's pistol had previously been removed. All this

time, Barbara and Captain John Gore had only been friends. Her mother and Lord Stephen, fearful that the girl had arrived at some knowledge as to the manner in which her father met his death at the hands of Lord Stephen, enter into a conspiracy to declare Barbara misd, by which plan they imprison her in a lonely, balf ruinous castle under the care of two infamous wretches. As soon as Barbara disappears, John Gora finds out that he loves her. Of course he climbs the by to the iron-barred window, tells her in a very few words that she is dearer to him than all else in the world, comes back with a rope ladder and files with which to cut the hars, kills two bad people, and ultimately rescues his lady All this is told with fire and dramatic energy.

Barbara's mother and Lord Stephen come to terrible ends, in payment for their wickedness. One of the very interesting personages of the book is Samuel Pepys, he of diary fame, and he brightens the tale with wit and epigram. A delightful chapter is where Captain John and his Barbara are married, the toiling of it is like the inhalation of a fresh breath of air after being in a room with all the windows closes.

Anaemic persons are warned off. "Mad time, Barbara and Captain John Gore

room with all the windows closes.

Anaemic persons are warned off, "Mad Barbara" is for those who like a fighting. red-blood, courageous atmosphere, with photores of rural England in the long ago, the England of bedgerows, mosts, castle, distressed damsels and brave knights

The Apprenticeship of Washington and Other Skeiches, By Heorge Hodges, D. D., D. C. L., \$1.25, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

How often, oh! how often does a volume of selected essays or delivered speeches, such as this, have a dry-az-dust flavor or an appearance of learning which fairly bristles. like the quills on the fretful porcupine. But not so in the present

which is a literary surprise in the excel-lence of its portraits and the accuracy displayed in its presentation of facts.

It deals with what are known as the by-paths of American Colonial history, which often escape the notice of the ordinary reader, and its atmosphere of democracy is altogether delightful. Dr. Hodges is by ancestry a descendant of both Pilgrims and Puritans, and is by occupation a minister in the church against which these doughty sects pro-

Five papers in all are contributed: "The Apprenticeship of Washington." "The linging of Mary Dyer," "The Adven-tures of Captain Myles Standish," "The Education of John Harvard' and "The Forefathers of Jamestown." This paragraph contains the founda-

of Dr. Hodges' general histori-

Con Stone of Dr. 1903gcs general materi-cal pictures:

Between 1607 and 1625, 5000 persons land-ed at Jamestewn and it 1625 only 1900 of these semained alive. Such were the tragic conditions under which English civilization was regarded on this continent. There conditions under which English civilization was rounded on this continent. There was counted on this continent. There was civilization here before that; the French were in Canada and the Spaniards wore in Florida, but this was Latin civilization. It differed from English in its theory as to the light residence of power According to the Latin idea, power should be centralized; it cesides properly in the hands of one main. According to the English idea, power should be distributed; it resides properly in the hands of many men. These theories lead in very different directions; the Latin theory toward a monarchy in politics and a pagacy in religion; the English theory towards democracy and protestantism. Upon the success or fallure of the particular experiment, depended the whole constitution of American life. The men who died beside the James River in the maintenance of that colony, died that English civilization, with all that thereunto pertains, might live.

Younger Americans are encouraged to believe that George Washington never told a life. "But," says our historian, Washington had not been the page of the well.

iold a lie. "But," says our historian, "Washington had nothing of the prig about him. I do not applaud him for lying or for swearing; but there is a certain wholesome satisfaction to be derived from the fact that he did oc-casionally tell a He, when it seemed to serve his purpose; especially in his early years, when he dealt with the Indians. He also was able, when the situation appeared to demand unusual emphasis, to use quite vigorous language use quite vigorous language. He was a very human person, with a hot and hasty

The point is also made that it doesn't anywhere appear that the young Wash-ington took kindly to books, or that he was ever at any period of his life given to reading. The contents of sundry black bottles helped him in his treaty-making with the Indians. When Colonel Washngton marched off to make the French better respect boundary claims—this was in 1754—he promptly fired on the enemy, with track effect, and in a letter he with tragic effect, and in a letter he wrote said: "I heard the bullets whistle

here get their illusion shattered. Mrs. Dyer's crime was in refusing to keep away from Boston, when ordered. It is pointed out that the Purlians came to America to establish freedom to worship God, in the sense in which that phrase is understood by us at present, is without foundation in fact. "They came to escape a uniformity which they disliked in order to set up another uniformity of their own construction." When Mary Dyer was on her memorable visit to England, George Fox reckoned that there seidom were fewer than 1000 Quakers in the English Jalis.

the English jalls.

The Quakers refused to address a single person with a plural proboun; disused the conventions of formal courtesy; were their hats in the presence of princes and magistrates; disdained the passing modes of dress, and criticized Puritan preachers sermons. They were, in short, guilty of the enormous folly of disagreeing with the Puritans, and the Puritans hated them for it Quakers coming into the jurisdiction of these "fathers" were either banished, whipped, sold as slaves or made to suffer the loss of ears. They were referred to as "sheet anarchists, subversive of both government and religion." Still, the Quaker "rebels" would not ramain away from the jurisdiction of the Puritan theocracy, and the death penalty was added.

Mary Dyer was solzed as a sort of horrible example, and just before she was hanged she was asked if she would accept no deliverance? "Nay," she arswered, "I camot, for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in his will I abide faithful unto death." So perished an early American martyr, but she helped to win the fight for liberty of conscience and freedom of honest speech. "The Forefathers of Jamestown" sparkles with remantle, tender interest, and is the most finished of the essays Dr. Hodges accounts for the accendency in the American mind of Plymouth over Jamestown, because of the fact that until recently almost all of our historians were Puritans, and of course wrote under the influence of inevitable Puritan prejudices. the English jalls.
The Quakers refused to address a single

Writings of George Washington, edited by Lewrence R. Evans, Ph. D. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Home New York City, and The J K. Gill Company, Portland.

J K Gill Company, Portland.

Fortunate it is for those of us his admirers who lived behind him that General George Washington did not act as did recently a distinguished bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in this country—burn all letters and public documents in his possession to prevent those falling into the possession of hiographers. No, Dr. Evans says: "Few public men have left so complete a record of their lives as has Washington. He began at an early period to keep copies of the letters which he wrote and to preserve all important papers which came into his important papers which came into his hands." Talk of hravery! And in an a , where stenography was little used, and typewriting machines and phono-

graphs unknown.

The author of this volume of a pages is professor of history in Tufts College, and says that in the preparation of what is no presented that the texts are taken with a few exceptions from the edition issued about 20 years are under the editorship of Worthing-

texts are taken with a few exceptions from the edition issued about 20 years ago under the editorship of Worthington C. Ford, also a considerable number of notes are used from the edition issued 70 years ago under the direction of Jared Sparks. The latter's editorial methods have often been objected to by scholars, for the complaint has been made that he omitted many passages in Washington's papers of which he did not approve and failed to warn his readers that the document as he presented it was incomplete.

In the admirably written introduction, the opinion is expressed that Washington was the American revolution, and his patriotic and statesmanlike services are dwelt upon in bringing about the formation and adoption of the United States Constitution. Many are the letters given written by Washington to friends and public officials, along with state papers, all presenting a Washington memory that it is a relief to turn to. The purity of his style and address is also a delight. The volume belongs to the new series of "Writings of American Statesmen," and gives information of incalculable value to the shudent and ordinary citizens. The series opens well.

The Devil in Lendon, By George R. Sims.

The Devil in London. By George R. Sims. Price. \$1. Dedge Publishing Company, New York City. Gutter life in London, England, dardistributed for mettlesome horses to rescue ingly and cleverly portrayed, as exance, Alan Fairfax, 25 years old, and millions of money," but whether dol-lars or pounds sterling are mesnt is not stated. Alan does an act of kindness to an old woman named Bianche D'Artisny, who in return makes him a present of a ring with a red stone. once given to her by an Indian rajah. This ring has occult power, and he who wears it can call the devil to his ald. In a woman's possession, how-

Fairfax, like Faust, summons the devil, and the latter appears as "a tail, dark, slim man of distinguished appearance, and wearing evening dress. His face was of the Spanish type, and his straight, black hair tinged with his straight, black hair tinged with gray." He and Fairfax see London together, and the devil tells his com-panion the secret history of many men and women they meet. Of course, the devil talks cyll, and preaches, unwittingly, sermons showing the iniquities tingly, sermons showing the iniquities of drunkenness, opium smoking, poverty, the demi-monde, the white-slave trade, etc. In short, the book is a sugar-coated pill demanding legidative sction looking toward better and purer living for the masses.

In the end, the devil cleverly steals the faitful long form, Fairful, who

this time has fallen in love with a mission worker. Sister Angela. I always thought that the personal devil was a busy person. If so, he must have had very little to do when he came so often at Fairfax's, "Come here, I want you."

The Death of Lincoln, by Clara E. Laugh-lin, \$1.50. Himstrated Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

To insure the recognition to which it To insure the recognition to which it is entitled, this historical book should have reached the Pacific Coast before the centennial celebration of Abraham Lincoln's birth. But now that it has arrived, probably it is yet in time, for such a clear exposition of the greatest tragedy of American history deserves more than the consideration of the moment. It is year dispassionate contribution to Lincoln. a real dispassionate contribution to Lin-coln biography and should be treasured as such. The story is told from the accounts of eye-witnesses and by inter-viewing survivors, and starts with the inception of the murderous idea in the

viewing survivors, and starts with the inception of the murderous idea in the mind of John Wilkes Booth down to the trials of the different conspirators.

For the first 197 pages, the general atory of the tragedy is told in crisp detail, and then there are 135 pages devoted to appendices. Lincoln's life Just prior to the fateful night in Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., is faithfully sketched, and in speaking of his careworn appearance it is said that "his long, gaunt body was aged by the four years of war more than most men age in a score of years." The description of the shooting of the President thrills in its intensity. Several of Booth's letters are printed, and the pursuit of the assassin is graphically deof the assassin is graphically pleted, especially the scene where he is shot and fatally wounded by Sergeant Boston Corbett, of the 18th New York. The conduct of Dr. Mudd, one of the al-leged conspirators, is defended. A point

alded by the dentist who had filled John Buoth's feeth—the body, in a handsome new saket was sent to Baltimore that night, and the following day was interred in the beneath thick by under the east face of the monument reared to the elder Junius Brutus Booth by his son Edwin, in 1858.

Our Benny. By Mary E. Waller Price, \$1. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Miss Waller recently arose into almost mational prominence by the literary excellence of her great poem. "The Wood Carver of Lympus." and this time in "Our Benny" she gives us another poem in hank verse, of even greater national in proportance which seems because have a village in Vermont, in the hand, her nice: the parson, schoolmaster and miller. The poem, which is in five divisions, begins with a peaceful home picture, and then is read a war letter from the absent Benny, who is a solder in the Frederial Army. Next, a telegran is received xiting that Benny, who is 20 years old, is condemned to be shot because he was found asleep while he was an appeal between the verse and the preach of the received while have been and binportance and inherent with the special polynomic properties. The scene is a village in Vermont, in March to April, 1865, and the characters are Granther, a war veteran, Hannah, his daughter. Henry, her son: Agathaher nicec: the parson, schoolmaster and miller. The poem, which is in five divisions, begins with a peaceful home pieture, and then is read a war letter from the absent Benny, who is a soldier in the Federal Army. Next, a telegram is received stating that Benny, who is a years old, is condemned to be shot because he was found aslesp while he was on sentry duty. The frightened relatives appeal personally to President Lincoln, who pardons Benny, but in a succeeding battle, while in a desperate charge against the enemy. Benny is killed, pierced by seven buileta. Finely told and possessing pootic genius. "Our Benny," is said to be founded on historical fact and is dedicated to the people of Hinois and Kentucky, in memory of Abraham Lincoln.

The Financial Diary, 1909, Proc. 44. The Phancial Calendar Company, New York City.

The Pinancial Diary, 1909, Proc. 44. The Phancial Calendar Company, New York City.

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ments for these and several years, also the record showing the highyears, also the record showing the highyears, also the record showing the highest and lowest prices at which stocks
have ever sold.

But Still a Man. By Margaret L. Knapp
Price, \$1.00. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A new novel of power, depicting
Rev. Gordon Dale and his defeats and
victories as clergyman in his first parish, a country village in the East.
The title is taken from Pope's thoughtful line, "A minister—but still a man.
The novel is not without its humor and
is strongly written and well worth
reading. Its religious tone has an
added charm, the central idea illumined
being that the one attribute needful
to bring what is known as the kingdom of heaven is not wisdom or righteousness, but love.

The Preshus Child. By Belle T. McCahan,
Cochrane Publishing company, New York
City
A romantic story of a little baby girl
found in a railroad train near Louisville,
Ky. a girl who is given the name of
Louise Southern and whose lot falls in
pleasant places, A sentimental tale for
women folks, the only weak feature of
whigh is its weak name.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

which is its weak name.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

Some micked was remarked that Mr. Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera" treats of the whole range of opera from Castle Garden to Mary Garden.

The half-tone shown on this book page represents a scene from David Graham philips' new novel. The Fashionahie Adventures of Joshua Craig. a book recently reviewed in these columns.

Edwin J. Houston's "In Captivity in the Pacific" not only narrates an interesting story of aftenture, but also tells of island vegetation and inhabitants, with much valuable information of practical and immediate use.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, editor and associate author of "The American Nation," recently completed, is spending his subbatical year on a journey round the world. "It is odd, standing on the other side of the globe," he writes from Peking, "and listening to the schoes from you people. I hear this President Eilbt has resigned, and that Governor Hughes has put Satan under his feet. My own mind in Peking is in a maze of camels, Mongols with pink paint streaks. I think there is no such place as Peking—R's a fiction."

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.
Andersen—Knud Sjaellandstar's betragtninger over aaret og dagen.
Blerbaum—Mit der kruft.
Colett—Antimandelis dotte.
Eschstruth—Ber muhlenprins.
Flammarlom—Det ukendte.
Herlenlus—Erik janslamens historis.
James—Urskovens dotte. 3 V.
Pontoppidan—Det forjaettede land.
Verne—Der triumph des 18 Jahrhunderts.
V.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL Howells-Roman holidays, 1998. Lineas-Highways and byways in Sussex. Tompkins-Highways and byways in Herifordshire, 1902.

FICTION. Bowering—Hwa tsien Mi; the flowery scroll: a Chinese novel.
Ellis—The fair moon of Bath.
Ewald—The old room.
Harris—The tents of wickedness.
Morris—A pasteboard crown; a story of the New York Stage.
Rinehart—The circular staircase.
Whole family—A novel by twelve authors.

FINE ARTS. Caffin-A child's guide to pictures. 1908. Hill-Handbook, of Greek and Roman

Hill—Handbook.

olin. 1809.

Hoyle's games. Rev. ed. 1907.

Noves—The gate of appreciation. 1907.

Noves—The gate of appreciation of Wagwagner—Personal recollections of Wager; by Angelo Neumann; ir. by Edith

ivermore. 1908. Livermore. 1968.
Winans—The art of revolver shooting. HISTORY.

Gifford-Germany, her people and their story, 1899. tory 1898.

James What the white race may learn rom the Indian 1998.

Jones The Roman empire. 1998.

Dewey & Tufts-Ethics, 1908, Morso-Fatigue, 1904, Rand, comp.—Modern classical philoso-hers, 1908. LITERATURE.

Chasterton—All things considered, 1908.

Darke—The girlhood of Shakespeare's ternines. 1893.

Fitch—Hean Brummel; a play in four cts. 1908.

Foster—Argumentation and debating. Mackaye-Fenris, the wolf; a tragedy. More—Shelburne essays; afth series, 1908, Pliny, the Younger—Letters; tr. by Mei-

Baker—Following the color line; an account of negro citizenship in the American democracy. 1908.
Clark—Essentials of economic theory as applied to modern problems of industry and public policy. 1907.
Harrison—National and social problems. 1908.

Harrison—National and social problems.

Mero, ed.—American playgrounds, their construction, equipment, maintenance and utility, 1908.

Merrill—Winning the boy, Ed. 3, 1908.

Now—Problems of city government, 1908.

Strauss—The ideas of a plain country woman 1908.

Van Dyke—The money god; chapters of hereay and dissent concerning business methods and mercenary ideals in American life, 1908.

USEFUL ARTS. USEFUL ARTS. g Campbell's 1907 soil culture manual

607. Conn—Practical dairy bacteriology 1968. Fernhach—Glass and gelatine; a practical reatise on the methods of testing and use.

Greener-Everybody's paint book; a complete guide to the art of outdoor and indoor painting. 1908.

Hutchimeon-Instinct and health, 1908.
Shaw-Air currents and the laws of ventilation. 1907.
Spangler-Valve-gears Ed. 2. 1908.
Spangler-Valve-gears ed the milk question. 1908. question 1998.

Thomson—Bridge and structural design 1905.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DE-

Davenport—Cartoons. 1898.
Gardiner and others—Manual of composition and rhetoric. 1807.
Mitton—Poetical works; ed. by David Masson. 3 v. 1903.
Futnam and others—Tabular views of universal history. 1907.
Roberts—Grant and validity of British rates for inventions. 1802. patents for inventions, 1902.

Sweetser & Kent-Key and flora; some of the common flowers of Oregon, 1908. BOOKS ADDED TO JUVENILE DEPART-Field—Little book of profitable tales. Henty—Fighting the Saraceus. Jewett—Town and city. Roulet—Our little Alaska cousin.

Resurgam By Dilhur D'Heshit



Man questions all the silent stars; He ponders on the hollow skies, Whose unreplying darkness bars The further vision of his eyes; Yet year on year the trusting earth Bursts from its Winter winding sheet, And man sees not the wondrous birth Of miracles beneath his feet.

When bare, brown boughs blaze into green, When new life thrills the blade of grass, We scan the stars and leave unseen The little mysteries we pass-

The marvel of the swelling bud, The wonder of the bursting bloom, The blossom gems that quickly stud The ground that once has been their tomb.

The patient trees unquestioning, They live and die and live again, As comes the call of Fall or Spring-They lack the hopes and fears of men. No miser-life the blossoms lead; They spend their perfumes in the breeze; And he who knows of worth may read The lessons written in the trees.

Mas asks his answer of the night, And may not pierce the shrouding dark-The earth looks up against the light That wakens grass, and bud, and bark. The common earth-it has no creed, Save that spelled by each upturned clod, No faith save that of root and seed



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the whole range of opera from Calle in the color, preon the bard-one show from David Creben by the color of the color of

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