

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Cross-State Railroad

OREGON is greatly interested in the suit which got under way in federal court at Portland yesterday in which the Union Pacific railway seeks to enjoin the interstate commerce commission from enforcing its order requiring the railroad to construct a line of road over 100 miles in length from Crane to Crescent. This is known as the cross-state line, whose construction has been zealously pushed by the Oregon public service commission. At Crane the line would connect with the Vale-Ontario branch of the U. P., giving, at Ontario, connection with the main line eastward to Omaha. At Crescent the line would connect with the Southern Pacific Cascade division of the main north and south line. The cost of the line is estimated at \$11,000,000.

The Union Pacific objects to the construction because of the cost and because it claims the benefits in traffic will not justify the expenditure. The line crosses the jack-rabbit country of central Oregon. Some timber is tributary to it, some sheep and cattle would be shipped over the line, and some agriculture may be developed which would provide freight tonnage. So far as through tonnage is concerned, from the railroad standpoint this seems problematical. The freight originating in western Oregon on Southern Pacific lines would be hauled by that road over the Alturas cut-off to Ogden, rather than turned over to the Union Pacific at Crescent, because the originating line wants the long haul. Similarly the Union Pacific would be inclined to haul its eastern freight clear to Portland before delivery to the Southern Pacific for western Oregon points.

Oregon's view as developed by the public service commission, is that the state's progress has been held back through lack of railroad development. Washington to the north is criss-crossed with transcontinental lines of railroad whose construction has been followed by the expansion of industry, agriculture and population in that state. Here the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific touching chiefly the edges of the state, held up railway building for years, so that Oregon's progress has been retarded. Since the war the Southern Pacific and the Hill lines have done much construction work in this state, chiefly in the Klamath Falls area.

The court however must look at the matter not only from the practical side as to whether the interstate commerce commission was justified in its order, but also from the legal side, as to whether the interstate commerce commission has power under the transportation act to require a road to make such an investment. The railroad contends that the law should extend only to authority to require short connections, service tracks and such, rather than major lines of road whose cost runs into the millions.

With the case now joined in the courts, comment on the merits of the case may be improper. But the issue is of such vital concern not only to the state of Oregon but to the entire railroad world in settling an important legal question, that the decision of the courts will be awaited with much interest. It seems altogether probable that, regardless of the findings of the lower court, the case will go to the supreme court for final adjudication.

Taxing the Utilities

THE Oregon Journal, discovering that the utility companies pay a license fee of only two cents per horsepower year, thinks this rate monstrously low compared with the gas tax for instance, and regards this as some strange process of reasoning as an argument why Phil Metschan should not be elected governor. Says the Journal:

Power companies develop power from the streams of the state of Oregon. They sell some of that power in the state. They sell a lot of it in other states. They sell it at a price ranging from \$25 to \$100 per horsepower year. They pay the state for the privilege of developing the power from the streams of the state the miserable remuneration of about 2 cents per horsepower year.

We presume this is true, although the Journal ignores the fact that the power companies pay taxes on the lands they own, the power plants and the transmission lines. While it looks bad that Oregon power is shipped across to California for consumption, the Journal fails to bring out the point that the Northwestern Electric company, serving Portland, generates much of its power at its White Salmon plant in Washington, and is building another power plant on Lewis river in Clark county. If an export tax on power is justified for Oregon, so it should be for Washington.

Really the power-baiting newspapers of Portland should get together on this utility tax business. Here is the Journal tearing its hair because the power companies pay only two cents per horsepower year, but here is the Telegram saying that all this talk about the high taxes the utilities pay is hokey, because they merely collect it from the people. Says the Telegram:

"We collect taxes from whom?
From the utility company.
Where does the utility company get the money?
From fares, rates and other charges paid by its patrons.
Who are these patrons?
We are.
Whose money, then, pays the taxes?
Our money."
And that is also true; no different from the taxes paid by the Telegram and the Journal, which are derived from their customers.

The simple truth is that taxes, no matter how much they amount to, are reflected in rates. The laws of arithmetic are real even if seldom recognized by political demagogues. What so many of the demagogues want to do is to gouge the utilities with high taxes and starve them with low rates. Under public ownership the utility pays no taxes; so its rates ought to be lower than under private ownership. And any comparison of rates must take into account taxes which the private utility is required to pay.

Raising Letter Postage

POSTMASTER General Brown will not win any friends by moving the rate on first-class mail from two cents to two and a half cents an ounce. The three-cent rate was in effect during the war, and there was a chorus of acclaim from the people when the rate was set back to the old two-cent rate. The people have always felt that the elimination of the franking privilege or its rigid curtailment would go a long way toward wiping out the reported deficits in postal operations.

A boost of a half cent in the letter postage rate would prove as an irritant, and we doubt if congress would pass such a law because the members would fear the railing of

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

We never think about exercise of the jaws as important, yet exercise used in feeding is about the most fundamental and essential form of exercise there is. Vigorous chewing on both sides of the mouth develops the jaws and teeth properly, and tends to prevent tooth decay and overcrowding.



DR. COPELAND

Indeed, in this connection there are even more far-reaching effects that made for good health. When the jaws are doing natural, honest, hard work, the whole digestive tract feels it. There is increased activity in the formation of gastric juices. The heart pumps faster and stronger, the pressure of the blood in the arteries rises, the circulation of the blood is stimulated to quicker flow.

Digestion begins in the mouth. As soon as you begin vigorous chewing, the secretions of the mouth begin to flow. The secretions of the stomach and bowels are stimulated to action through the action of the nerve centers which send their message from the mouth to the brain and back to the stomach.

It is most important to teach every young child to chew his food thoroughly, and to chew on both sides of the mouth. If he doesn't one side of his face may be more developed than the other. And most children, being reasonable beings, would best be told the reasons why they should chew properly.

It is not easy to bring up a child in the way he should go. Watch your child carefully and see what his habits are in this respect. Appeal to his intelligence and tell him why he should mend his ways.

Don't allow a child to bolt his food. It is a habit difficult to break. He is certain to have bad digestion, if he persists, and this may lead to much worse things.

Chewing hard and tough foods strengthens the teeth and jaws, and helps to keep them strong. Eating raw, ripe apples, and all the firm, fibrous fruits and vegetables is invaluable for cleansing the teeth and promoting digestion. Soft foods cling to the teeth and permit tartar to form. That is one reason why eating cake, candy, chocolate and like things at bedtime is bad for you—say nothing of causing indigestion.

Adults, as well as children, should take heed of this matter, chewing thoroughly and on both sides of the mouth. Long life and a happy one depends upon good teeth. Keep them in perfect condition, and teach the children to begin early. Proper habits formed in early life, will prevent much misery in later life.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

September 30, 1905

Disruption in the high school system is eminent, with the high school principal, Mariette, and three of his teachers facing possible court action over refusal to take the examinations of the district board.

A. W. Prescott left for Eugene to report the proceedings of the Willamette valley development league convention for the Oregonian.

M. Burnham of Watska, Ill., was a visitor in the city yesterday, this being the first time he has been here since 1851. His first trip here was from Chicago on a mule.

Scissored Squibs Edit Page—Salem was to have some free electricity too and now it is to be free in the usual way—thru a \$5,000,000 bond issue—if the people are foolish enough to vote it. The council fortunately stopped it.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

At six he loses faith in Santa Claus; at 16 he decides women are faithless; at 20 he becomes a Socialist; at 40 he thinks it a pretty good idea except for the income tax.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

A positive belief that all things are good, no matter how wrong they may appear at times, is a much greater force for progress than mere hope, which at best is but a temporary support, even though it springs eternal in the human breast. So pick yourself a conviction that all things work together for the ultimate good, and hang on if a small group of men succeed in controlling all the money in the world the rest of the world will abolish money and give them the laugh.—The Dallas Chronicle.

Teutsch appeared before him some time ago. I wish to assure the judge he is in error. Silverton grange with a membership of 54 unanimously voted to hire two agents. Last Friday I visited Silverton Hills grange. They also voted unanimously for two agents.

There is agitation all over the county in and out of the grange on the subject. Two reasons why we indorsed county agents, are first, this law was sponsored by the National Grange for the reason the county agent would fill the gap between the U. S. department of agriculture and the farmer secretary. There are 29 counties out of 36 in Oregon now employing an agent.

Third. We have found where counties are employing county agents, they are well pleased with results, we say this, because we have met and talked with many from other counties. Fourth. We understand the government has withdrawn their support of the boys and girls club work in Marion county, except \$600. Where should we have an agent their support would be \$5100. I think this sufficient grounds for us all to boost for a county agent.

Yours truly,
J. L. STALKER,
Master, Silverton Grange, 748.

the people. Brown states that the two cents of 1885 is the equivalent of seven cents today. But this does not allow for the greater volume of business and the greater economy in handling the business over 1885, so that the per piece cost today is probably little higher than in 1885. Postal deficits are not new and the country will probably wobble through in spite of them.

APARTMENT HUNTING



GIRL UNAFRAID

BY GLADYS JOHNSON

Ardeh works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and a sniping girl cousin. Neil is all right until she spies a "swell" kid, Parker, who chides Ardeh jealously. The next day Ardeh sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the rotogravure section and her heart thumps. But Ardeh comes to earth with the usual bickering with Bet about stockings. Jeanette Parker calls at the store where Ardeh works and offers the latter a job in the "swell" shop she is starting. Ardeh accepts. Neil objects to Ardeh's plans and they have a row. Ardeh meets Ken when he visits the shop. Shortly after, knowing that Jeanette has left for the day, Ken calls at the shop, feeling that he had planned to drive Jeanette home. He asks Ardeh to go instead.

CHAPTER 9
Inside the dark hallway Ardeh stood tense, straining to the sound of Ken's car starting up the street.

There—he was at the corner... he was turning the corner... he was gone.

Hot despair raged in the girl's heart. Gone—back to that bright, comfortable world where he belonged. That world which held girls like Cecile Parker who could give jolly little dances—dinners—supper parties. If she, Ardeh, had such a background...

She interrupted her own thoughts with an angry little laugh. Only too vividly she was remembering a painful night three years before.

A shy young fellow she had known at school had called on her. That evening! Even now she could go red at the humiliating memory.

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The shabby living room under the glare of the chandelier. Tom, stretched on the couch, coat and shoes off, grunting a surly greeting behind his newspaper. Bet flouncing through the room on flimsy pretexs. The smothered snickers and painfully audible comments of Pam and Paul in the adjoining room.

The agonized embarrassment which had kept the unfortunate young man from making a break for liberty.

Paul slept on the couch at night—it was not until Aunt Steil's muttered undertones at nine-thirty broke the spell that the victim had mustered up the courage to escape.

Ask Ken Gleason to face such an ordeal? Ardeh's heart was heavy as she went up the stairs. Oh well—it was all over now. Embarrassment had made her awkward when she said good night. He was probably laughing at her now in his mind.

Her depression lasted until the following noon when Ken walked into the store.

At the sight of the tall figure in the grey suit her heart started racing. She had to struggle to keep the joyous note from her voice as she tried to sell a rhinestone butterfly to a vacillating lady.

Under the covert gaze of Ken, the sale went badly. The vacillating lady would not make up her mind; she would think about it and come in later. She vacillated herself clear out to the pavement, leaving the shop to two radiant young people who had forgotten her very existence before she had quite passed from their view.

"It was passing. I couldn't resist coming in to say hello, Ken explained.

Ardeh struggled to hide her delight. "You made me lose that sale!" she smiled with mock severity. "I should make you buy this animal!" She shook the rhinestone butterfly at him before returning it to the case.

He leaned over the case until his laughing face was close to her own. "Thanks for nothing! I only collect moths!"

On the echo of their laughter Jeanette entered. Her quick black eyes drank in the scene... vivid color in Ardeh's face. Something almost lover-like in Ken's attitude. A strange little malice-tinged smile curled Jeanette's lips.

The expression was gone, however as she hurried forward with an air of cordiality.

"Surprised to see you, Ken. I didn't expect to be so long." "I had a bright idea this morning, Jennie," he returned easily. "Tom Corbett and I were over at the duck shack—you know, our houseboat in the salt marshes—getting it into shape, and it struck me what a jolly place it would be for a foursome some Sunday. We could cook dinner and all that sort of thing, you know. Can't I persuade you and this young lady here to have a primitive dinner with us—maybe this Sunday? Ah, Jennie—be a good egg!"

A breathless moment, when Jeanette did not know whether or not to be insulted. Tom Corbett and Ken Gleason—she would have been delighted to accept such an invitation from either one. But to have this girl who worked for her included in the party!

However, there was more than one excellent reason why Jeanette did not choose to take offense. She had never been pop-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The "1830" immigration again: A friend has mailed to the Bits man an advertising circular he has received—advertising Indian and pioneer pictures, etc., with bargain rates for a period.

Among the offers is a picture of the Old Oregon Trail, by Am-lick, representing covered wagons drawn by oxen across the plains, which is very good. But a feature of the circular is the following paragraph:

"By proclamation of President Hoover the period of April 10 to December 29, 1830, has been set aside for celebrating the centennial of this great trail. The first pioneers left St. Louis April 10 and arrived at their destination December 29, 1830."

That is more definite than any claims the Bits man has seen before; that is, the date of the completion of the journey, viz: "Arrived at their destination December 29, 1830."

The 10 wagons, two Dearborn buggies, four head of cattle and a milk cow that William Sublette, of Smith, Jackson & Sublette, Rocky Mountain trapping concern, set out with from St. Louis April 10, 1830, are identified by the date of the circular. That was the party of "first pioneers," undoubtedly, about which the president's proclamation was made "for celebrating the centennial of the great trail."

But the inference is that these "first pioneers" reached some point in the Oregon country December 29, 1830.

ular with men. And here was an invitation from two of the best. Moreover, if Ken became interested in Ardeh, what a joke on Cecile—Cecile who had always been crazy about Ken! Cecile, whose complacency had always grated on her older sister, Pleasant to see Cecile's vanity hurt.

Sunday, sang Ardeh's heart. Four eternities to Sunday! She delighted in the small preparations of the day—washing out her best pair of stockings. Pressing the blouse of her sports suit. Polishing her new tan pumps and buying gloves in her noon hour.

But viewed these preparations with suspicion. "Must have a heavy date!" she said, sourly, on Saturday night, her pale green eyes glancing across the room to the other girl.

Wrapped in a cotton crepe kimona faded to shell pink by numerous tubbings, Ardeh sat tiling her nails. She had just shampooed her hair; not quite dry, it hung about her head in a shock of dark gold.

She looked up at Bet's acrimonious remark and burst into a peal of joyous laughter which completely baffled her cousin.

"I'm going out with King George, Bet," she teased, "but we don't want it known!" "Oh, it was easy to laugh those days! Ken's laughing, blue eyes—his white smile always in her mind.

She awoke to a sense of joyous expectancy. Sunday morning! The far sound of church bells ringing over the city! A glorious day! A day made for order! The faded wooden houses of Fell street were bathed in early sunshine when she walked up the street to meet Ken.

She would not let him come to the house. There was always the chance of a jealous scene with Neil.

He was waiting at the corner, slouched down in the front seat of the blue car which was already so thrillingly familiar.

She saw his face light up at the sight of her. They were on their way plunging down the hill through the sunshine.

And the girl found herself listening with painful intensity, her heart turning to lead.

Ken was saying: "I couldn't bring myself to tell you before—Jeanette phoned last night... a house party at Burlington she'd forgotten. On top of Tom being called out of town, it looked as though a jinks were working for us. But I thought—I hoped—"

he tore his eyes from the street to fix them leadingly on her face: "Here, why can't we go on through with the thing by ourselves. Ah, please—Moth!" (To be continued.)

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center 29, 1830. And the fact is that they went only to the rendezvous of that trapper concern in the Wind river section of the Yellowstone, in the country of the Yellowfeet—and that is where they started to go. And there were no "first pioneers" along at all. Not one. And no pioneer settlers in the Oregon country came until 12 years later, with the Dr. Elijah White party, and only a few over 100 that year, and not one of them with wagons, beyond Fort Hall. It was 13 years later when the Applegate covered wagon train of 1843, bringing their wagons clear through, with about 1000 pioneer settlers.

The 10 wagons that went from St. Louis to the rendezvous in the Yellowstone country turned around and went back after the rendezvous was over, around August 6th, with their loads of furs, as was intended, and they returned to St. Louis Dec. 29 to get back to St. Louis. Probably not so long, for they had made the outward trip in 90 days.

Some readers would no doubt like to know how many "first pioneers" did come to Oregon in 1830. Not any at all, as such. The money man, who took the 1920 centennial celebration of the Old Oregon Trail hit on a bad year. That is, if they were looking for fact instead of fiction.

But two people did start for the Oregon country in 1830. Two only. Not one arrived that year. It was about the only blank year of that particular period, when no white person was added to the population of the Oregon country. No such another year followed; though there had been several blank ones after the Lewis and Clark party of 1805 and the Astor sea and land parties of 1811 and 1812.

The two who started in 1830 were John Dunn and George B. Roberts, young men apprenticed to the naval service of the Hudson's Bay company, who sailed from London Nov. 11, 1830, on the bark Canyema. They arrived in the Columbia after calling at the Sandwich Islands, about August 1, 1831. They were transferred to the Cadboro, belonging to the Hudson's Bay company, in Baker's Bay.

They were both likely young fellows; but they did not come to the Oregon country as settlers. Dunn wrote a book on Oregon from his observations and what he got from others. He was for a time in charge of Fort McLoughlin, on Willbank sound, but later he was at Fort George (Astoria), where he remained until about 1840.

Roberts went to Fort Vancouver, where he worked for many years as clerk for the Hudson's Bay company, and became acquainted and had dealings with nearly all the early Oregon pioneers. He arrived there in February, 1832, and assisted James (afterwards Sir James) Douglas, who was then a clerk at 100 pounds a year. He taught the school at Fort Vancouver in 1835, after Solomon Smith ran off with the old baker's Clatsop Indian wife and went to the house of Joseph Galen, 12 miles below where Salem is now. Roberts was overseer of the men, sometimes 200 of them, employed in the industries of the old Fort Vancouver. He had charge of matters at times at the Cowlick (Washington) farm of the H. B. Co., and the operations of that company at Oregon City, Cham-paog and various other points.

Roberts made a trip home to England, in one of the company's vessels, in 1843. He thought he had had enough of the wilderness. What he wrote about that is interesting. He said: "I was soon tired of home (in London), where (Continued on page 7)"

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PILES PAIN

OLD PEOPLE Must watch bowels Constantly!

As we grow older the bowels become more sluggish. They don't get rid of all the waste. Some days they do not move at all. So older people need to watch their bowels constantly. Only by doing this can they hope to avoid the many forms of sickness caused by constipation.

When your bowels need help remember a doctor should know what is best for them, and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist. Syrup Pepsin is a doctor's prescription for lagging bowels, good for all ages.

No restriction of habits or diet is necessary while taking Syrup Pepsin. Made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients, it is absolutely safe. It will not grip, sicken or weaken you.

Take a spoonful next time your tongue is coated, or you have a bad taste in your mouth. It clears up a bilious, headachy, full, weak, gassy condition every time. When you see how good it tastes and how safe it acts, you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative for every member of the family.

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

No More Gas In Stomach and Bowels

If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in stomach and bowels, take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is prepared especially for stomach and bowels, and all the bad effects resulting from gas.

This empty, gnawing feeling at the junction, stomach and bowels, which is accompanied by flatulence, and which is able to take a deep breath without discomfort.

That drowsy, sleep feeling after dinner will be relieved by a dose for you. Your bowels, arms and legs will no longer be stiff and heavy. You will be able to take a deep breath without discomfort.

Always on hand at DANIEL J. FRY'S