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 To the Old Reliable Evening house with a record of 45 years of Square Dealings, and be assured of TOP MARKET PRICES.
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Every Night For Constipation Headache, Indigestion, etc.
BRANDRETH PILLS
 Safe and Sure

Not at All Likely.
 "Do you think the widow of the man who was lynched will win her damage suit against the mob?"
 "I reckon not," replied Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "When a lady loses the kind of a husband that a mob would nacherly lynch she hasn't lost anything. And when a gang of prominent citizens take time from their own business to lynch a cuss just 'cuz he needs it, it ain't reasonable to expect 'em to pay for the privilege of doing the community a favor. That's the general sentiment of the voters in this neck of the woods, and I reckon the jury, being mostly our business men, something now or in the future, will promptly decide to make it unanimous."—Kansas City Star.

A Man of Letters.
 "Nearly everybody has some distinguishing designation that permits him to attach a series of letters to his name."
 "Yes," replied Farmer Courtesel. "I must say I approve of it. I never got any regular degree, but it's a heap of satisfaction to me to see 'R. F. D.' on the mail sent to my address."—Washington Star.

Smartness.
 "Boys are a great deal smarter than when I was young," said Mr. Grovcher.
 "What makes you think so?"
 "They manage to get away with so many things that would have earned my brothers and me a fine whipping."—Washington Star.

Not Free.
 "Is this a free translation?" asked a customer in the book store.
 "No sir," replied the clerk. "It will cost you a dollar fifty."—Boston Transcript.

Mutual Dread.
 She—I am so afraid of bats getting in my head.
 He—Yes; that's the worst of going on one.—Baltimore American.

LOYALTY TO YOUR STOMACH
 is the first essential to continued good health when help is needed for

THE APPETITE
 THE STOMACH
 THE LIVER OR
 THE BOWELS

TRY — — —
HOSTETTER'S
 Stomach Bitters

Under Fire
 Copyright, 1910, By The Macaulay Company

By Richard Parker
 Based on the drama of
 Roi Cooper Meigrue
 Author of
 "UNDER COVER"
 and Co-Author of
 "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

SYNOPSIS.

The chief characters are Ethel Wiloughby, Henry Streetman and Capt. Larry Redmond. The minor characters are Sir George Wagstaff, of the British admiralty and Charles Brown, a New York newspaper correspondent. Ethel, a resident of Sir George's household, secretly married to Streetman, a German spy, though she did not know him as such. Captain Redmond, her old lover, returns to England after long absence. From him she learns the truth about Streetman; furthermore, that he has betrayed her simply to learn naval secrets. The European war breaks out. Ethel prepares to accompany Streetman to Brussels as a German spy in order to get revenge and serve England. Captain Redmond, Ethel and Charles Brown turn up at a Belgian inn as the German army comes. She is Madame de Lorie. She begins to work with a French spy. The Germans appear at the inn. Madame de Lorie shows a German secret service medal and convinces the invaders that she is a German spy. Charles Brown barely escapes execution.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Quite so," the major agreed, "par-ticularly as I like Americans. . . . And I would not wish to see any of them come to harm," he added significantly.

In his reply there was more than a hint that behind his urbanity and seeming good nature there lay an immense capacity for the stern duties of a German patriot, who would unhesitatingly kill any who might stand in the path of victory.

"Again I get you," Mr. Brown said. "But what are you going to do with me?"

"I shall give you a pass through our lines that will take you safely back to Brussels."

Charlie heard him with dismay. "But I want to go to the front," he protested.

"You have surprised a certain movement of the German army," the major pointed out to him. "It is best you go to Brussels."

Some objection had already leaped to Charlie's lips when the door from the street was thrown open and a uniformed man—an officer—pushed across the threshold. Advancing into the room he exclaimed as he saluted:

"Ah, my dear major!"

Both officers clicked their heels together. And as he returned the salute Major von Brengig told the other that he had been expecting him.

Charlie Brown had started at the sight of the new arrival. And now he moved nearer to the man.

"By George, it's old Streetman!" he cried.

"I beg your pardon—who is this man?" the arrogant Streetman (he was now Strassman) asked the major.

"Charles Brown, a journalist from the United States," Major von Brengig explained.

Henry Streetman remembered Charlie then.

"Oh, yes! I recall him," he said disagreeably. "What is he doing with us?"

"We found him staying here," the major told him. "My men nearly shot him as an English spy."

"It seems almost a pity they didn't," Streetman observed, with a dark look at the newspaper man. "He may be in our way," he said.

Mr. Brown thought it about time to resent Streetman's insolence.

"Really, didn't I meet you in Russia some years ago?" he inquired.

Streetman eyed him coolly.

"No, never!" he snapped. "I have never been in Russia."

"Haven't you?" Charlie exclaimed.

here?" Henry Streetman remembered that the American had shown plainly enough—that afternoon at the house of Sir George Wagstaff—that he was in sympathy with the enemies of Germany. And now had come an opportunity to make the fellow pay for his animosity.

"He is quite safe," von Brengig said. And turning to the sergeant he ordered him to remove the American to an adjoining room.

Sergeant Schmidt at once proceeded to carry out instructions. And seizing one of Mr. Brown's ears in a firm grip he started him out of the room.

"You will remain here temporarily as my guest," the major explained. "But I should not advise you to attempt to leave."

"Listen, bloody—" Mr. Brown adjured his evil genius—for so the enthusiastic sergeant appeared to him—"confidentially, because I know you won't repeat it, if the French army misses you I'll never forgive them."

CHAPTER XVII.

A Wall—and a Firing Squad.
 As the door closed behind the sergeant and his prey, Streetman turned to Major von Brengig.

"The damned Americans, we shall have trouble with them yet," he asserted.

"I hope not. They are not a bad people," the more moderate major replied.

"Oh, major—have my English clothes—my civilian clothes—arrived from Berlin?" Streetman asked.

"Yes. They are upstairs with my kit."

"Good! Then I can start tonight for the British trenches," the spy exclaimed.

The older man looked at him somewhat dubiously.

"You think then that your plan to be captured by the English will succeed?"

"It must succeed. This is a map of their positions." He drew a paper from his breast pocket and unfolded it. "The very keystone to their entrenchments!" he exclaimed. "It will be here at trench 27!"—Streetman made a mark upon the map—"It will be here that I shall be found," he said.

"Trench 27!" von Brengig repeated.

"Yes! I shall be skulking around—and be taken prisoner. Then I shall give the English false information about a surprise attack that will enable you to break through their lines and smash them!"

"Splendid! Splendid!" von Brengig cried. "By the way—" he added, as an important detail came into his mind—"a man arrived here this afternoon from the Wilhelmstrasse on a special mission."

"Yes? Who is he?"

"A Captain Karl!" Major von Brengig said. "You know him?"

"No! And I must meet him."

"You don't suspect—?"

"No, no!" Streetman assured him.

"At the Wilhelmstrasse few of us know one another; still we cannot be too careful."

"He dines with us," the major explained.

"And then we shall look him over," Streetman said with satisfaction.

"Auf wiedersehen!" And Major von Brengig went to his room, congratulating himself the while upon the fact that he had so resourceful an assistant in that able young officer from the Wilhelmstrasse.

Henry Streetman lit a cigarette, tossing the still blazing match into the fireplace. And he had not waited long before Henri Christophe appeared.

"Major von Brengig wishes to dine at once," the spy told him. "How soon can you be ready?"

"In fifteen minutes, m'sieu."

"Good! There will be three of us—Major von Brengig, myself and Captain Karl."

"Yes, m'sieu." Henri had already turned to hurry back to the kitchen when a bright blaze in the fireplace met his astonished eyes. It was entirely too warm an afternoon for a fire. Only a madman would have built one.

"Why, what is that?" he exclaimed.

"I lit a cigarette," Streetman said. "I threw my match there." And to one of the soldiers he added, "Put it out at once!"

The man Otto hurried to the fireplace.

"Yes, yes, m'sieu! It is nothing! Only some tree branches—it can do no harm," the innkeeper protested.

In the meantime Otto had extinguished the blaze. He had crawled bodily inside the great opening of the fireplace, to make sure that he did his work thoroughly. And now he emerged, sooty but triumphant, bearing some contrivance in his arms.

"Here is a telephone," he announced proudly.

"What?" Streetman exclaimed. And he hastened to examine the find. "Oh, ho! What's this?" he asked.

Henri Christophe was no less surprised than the others. He took the instrument from Otto and turned it over curiously.

"Why, m'sieu—it is a telephone," he said with an air of the utmost mystification.

"I know, I know—but what is it doing there?" Streetman asked imperiously.

"I do not know, m'sieu," Christophe stammered. In a flash he saw that things looked very black for himself.

"Why did you hide it?" Already Streetman had found him guilty.

"I did not hide it, m'sieu!"

An inspiration seized Streetman then. And he took the telephone into his own hands.

"Who are you?" he asked in French, speaking directly into the transmitter. The fellow received an immediate reply. And he said to his men in the next breath, "It was a Frenchman who spoke! That telephone leads to the

French. It is the work of a spy." And then Streetman ordered Otto's comrade Hans to ask Major von Brengig to return.

Poor Henri Christophe forgot all about his simple menu. He stood there crestfallen. The whole affair was too much for his befogged brain.

"You were warned against any attempt to communicate with the enemy," Streetman said.

"I never said that telephone before," Christophe declared.

"Don't lie to me! You put it there!"

"I swear to you—" The innkeeper held both his hands aloft as he proclaimed his innocence. But his protestations had no effect upon the indignant Streetman. The man seemed absolutely relentless, inhuman.

"You are either a French spy or harboring a spy under your roof," he told Christophe. "It is an act of enmity to us. You must pay the penalty at once!"

"Oh, my honor! I have done nothing—absolutely nothing!" Henri Christophe cried. Even in that moment his thoughts were upon his daughter Jeanne rather than upon himself. He was afraid—for her.

"Our proclamations have told you what to expect," Streetman snarled. "It will be a good warning to the others," he added grimly.

The Belgian innkeeper stared at him as if in a trance.

"Before God, I am innocent!" he asserted.

The calm Streetman paid not the slightest heed to his denials. In a most brisk and businesslike manner he commanded the corporal to call in the guard and make ready a firing squad—"against the wall outside," he said.

Then little Jeanne Christophe opened one of the doors timidly. Some errand had necessitated her entering the room. And when she saw her father's ashen face it needed little intuition to tell her that there was some tragedy impending. With a low cry she sprang to her father's side.

"My father—my father—what is it?" she asked him.

"It is a spy," Streetman said contemptuously.

"Non, non, m'sieu!" she cried.

"Wait! . . . Come here!" he ordered her roughly. And Henri Christophe whispered to her to obey. "You have seen that telephone before?" Streetman inquired. Already the corporal had returned with four men, bearing rifles.

"No, no! Never in all my life!" the girl wailed.

"Your father hid it there," he insisted.

"Non, non, m'sieu!" she said with all the vehemence she could muster.

"Enough of talking!" Streetman said with a cruel glance at her white face. "Take him out!" he ordered the corporal.

For one brief moment father and daughter clasped each other in a last embrace.

"It is the end, my little Jeanne! Good-bye! Pray for me!" Henri Christophe said brokenly. And in that instant a new dignity came to him—a dignity such as must have clothed the ancient martyrs, or that later tragic figure, for whom his own daughter was named—Jeanne d'Arc—when the supreme summons overtook them. "It is all over, ma petite," he repeated. And then he drew himself up to his fullest height and looked at his unyielding judge unflinchingly. "I am innocent, m'sieu!" he said.

Those were the last words that Henri Christophe spoke.

Henry Streetman made a gesture of impatience. The scene bored him.

Jeanne Christophe burst into a wild torrent of words. Alternately she addressed Streetman and her father.

"No, no, no!" she shrieked, as if she could not have that frightful thing—that monstrosity—happen. "Oh, m'sieu! For the love of God! . . . My father . . . I pray you. . . . I love thee, I love thee!" she sobbed. . . . "Oh, m'sieu—I beg you—"

"Take him out!" That was Streetman's only answer.

Little Jeanne would not leave her father's side. As they dragged Henri Christophe from the room she still clung to him. And still she shrieked: "For the love of God! No, no! Oh, papa, oh, papa! I love thee. . . ."

Major von Brengig looked inquiringly at his colleague from the Wilhelmstrasse.

"You wanted me, captain?" he asked.

"The proprietor here is a spy," Streetman said.

"Christophe—a spy? Are you sure?"

"Absolutely sure!" Streetman replied. "This telephone leads to the French. And I have settled the affair." Even as he spoke a scream from outside reached their ears—a woman's scream. And immediately there followed the sound of a volley.

Major von Brengig turned his head and listened.

"Ah, mon pere!" It was Jeanne Christophe sobbing.

Already she had flung herself upon her father's riddled body.

Major von Brengig cast a reproving glance at his haughty fellow officer.

"Good God—so soon? Without investigation?" he exclaimed. "What if he were innocent?"

But Streetman had no misgivings.

"Ah! It will be a lesson to these others," he said carelessly.

In the adjoining room Charlie Brown and the German sergeant had heard those shots. And now they burst upon the two officers in great excitement.

"What happened? Is it the French?" Charlie called.

"It is finished—the damned spy!" Streetman rejoined.

"What's happened?" Charlie asked again.

"A matter of war," the major told

him briefly—that is not on my conscience." He was far from approving of Streetman's hasty action.

"The execution of a spy?" Streetman interposed. And the words were hardly out of his mouth before several privates squeezed through the entrance to the keepers' line. There were two files; and between them they bore a stretcher, upon which there lay something covered with a sheet. A little distance behind the gruesome procession Jeanne Christophe followed sobbing.

One glance told Charlie Brown what rested upon that stretcher—that it was the body of someone who but a few moments before had stood there in the glaring sunlight of the summer afternoon and faced the firing squad. Out of respect he removed his hat. He did not know who the unfortunate might have been. But nevertheless he was profoundly shocked.

"Poor devil, I'm sorry for him— whoever he was!" he said.

Major von Brengig drew a paper from a pocket of his coat.

"Here is your pass," he told the American as he handed him the document. "We have decided that you shall go to Brussels," he added. The major appeared to be in something of a

Mexican Army Promotions.
 For three hours the American consul in a Mexican town had been sitting in the hotel dining room. At length the proprietor came to him.

"Pardon, sir," he said, with a low bow, "were you waiting for anything?"

"Yes," replied the consul. "Yesterday I told Ferdinand, your head waiter, that I would dine here at 6 o'clock. It's 9 o'clock and he hasn't appeared yet."

"Ferdinand joined the army early today," the proprietor informed him. "If the honor—"

"Gone, has he. The scoundrel! Why didn't he let me know he was going?"

"More respect, please, signor," protested the Mexican, with dignity. "Ferdinand has won steady promotion and is now a general."—Philadelphia Press.

Pensions for Re-married Widows.
 The re-married widow (if now a widow) of Civil War Union soldiers, sailors and marines may now receive pension on the service of the first (Civil War) husband. See fixed by law and contingent upon success. Over 35 years experience. Taber & Whitman Co., Washington, D. C.

Tell-Tale Parrot.
 They were sitting close together in the parlor.

He—I gave you that parrot as a birthday present, did I not, Mattie?

She—Yes, but surely, Albert, you are not going to speak of your gifts as if—

He—It was young and could not speak at the time?

She—Yes, and it has never been out of this parlor.

He—There are no other young ladies in this house?

She—No, there are not.

He—Then why—why, when I kissed your photograph in the album while waiting for you did that wretched bird imitate your voice and say: "Don't do that, Charlie; please don't!"—Baltimore American.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.

Flattery.
 "Hello, George! I was just talking about you with Miss Van Peach. She said some very flattering things about you."

"She's a dear, sweet girl, and she thinks a lot of me—more than I really deserve. I'm sure. What did she say?"

"I hate to tell you. I'm afraid it will make you awfully conceited."

"Oh, come on. Be a good fellow."

"Well, if you insist. She said she thought you were half-witted."

As the Colonel Sees It.
 Hot weather notes from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"Physicians say the present hot spell is not causing many prostrations because persons have become acclimated. It is said that the only real objection to the infernal regions is that life there is painful until one gets acclimated."

Persian Easy to Learn.
 A new interest in Persian which the war has awakened may tempt some of us to become acquainted with the language of the country. We need not be afraid of making the attempt, for Persian shares with English the reputation of being a singularly easy language to learn, the chief trouble being that it is written in the Arabic characters.

It had, however, at one time three numbers chief cases, and the Avesta, the chief book of the Zoroastrian priests, is only to be understood by the tribe scholar. But modern Persian has no cases, no declensions and no genders, and may therefore, be mastered without tears and without the application of wet towels to the head.

Sympathy With Nature.
 'Tis an evidence of how directly we are related to Nature, that we more or less sympathize with the weather and take on the color of the day. Goethe said he worked easiest on a high barometer. One is like a chimney that draws well some days and won't draw at all on others, and the secret is mainly in the condition of the atmosphere. Anything positive and decided with the weather is a good omen. A pouring rain may be more auspicious than a sleeping sunshine. When the stove draws well the fogs and fumes will leave your mind.—John Burroughs.

Guaranteed Harmless.
 The old bachelor was dining at the home of a newly married friend.

"Have a piece of this cake, Mr. Old-bach?" said the fair hostess. "I made it myself."

"No, thank you," rejoined the guest. "I—er—seldom eat cake."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of it, old man," said his friend the host. "I tried a piece of it on a tramp this morning and it never even made him sick."

War's Inconveniences.
 New Zealand is experiencing a shortage of drugs, some of which have advanced in price 1,000 per cent.

Another example of unpreparedness is a woman with a baby and a single safety pin.

W. L. DOUGLAS
 "THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
 \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

Boys' Shoes Best in the World \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00

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TREES SHIPPED ANYWHERE--FREIGHT PAID
 Small orders as well as big. Ornamentals, Fruit Trees, Etc. Hardy and guaranteed. Largest Nursery between Rockies and Cascades, 14th Year. 13,000 Orders Last Year.

Shippers Everywhere: West Coast, East Coast, South, Gulf Free.

WASHINGTON NURSERY CO., Tappahannock, Va.

Resinol
 heals babies' skin troubles

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap have been recommended by physicians and nurses for many years in the treatment of infantile eczema, teething rash, chafing, etc. They contain nothing which could possibly injure or irritate the tenderest of skin, and are sold by all druggists. Resinol Soap for baby's bath tends to prevent skin-troubles.

Its Likeness.
 "I suppose you couldn't tell me why a banana is like a wedding guest?"
 "Oh, yes, I can. It is always ready to throw the slipper when the paring comes off."—Baltimore American.

A Painless Argument.
 "Why do you insist on reviving the Shakespearean-Bacon controversy?"
 "It retrieves my present cares. Neither of them is running for office."—Washington Star.

The Latest.
 Will Wilson take that cottage at Long Branch next season? No. At least we hear he is after a Villa in Mexico.
 —Boston Transcript.

SUDDEN DEATH
 Caused by Disease of the Kidneys.

The close connection which exists between the heart and the kidneys is well known nowadays. As soon as kidneys are diseased, arterial tension is increased and the heart functions are attacked. When the kidneys no longer pour forth waste, uremic poisoning occurs and the person dies, and the cause is often given as heart disease, or disease of brain or lungs.

It is a good insurance against such a risk to send 10 cents for a sample package of "Auric"—the latest discovery of Dr. Pierce. Also send a sample of your water. This will be examined without charge by expert chemists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. When you suffer from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, it's time to write Dr. Pierce, describe your symptoms and get his medical opinion without charge—absolutely free. This "Auric" of Doctor Pierce's is found to be 37 times more active than lithium, for it dissolves uric acid in the system as hot water does sugar.

Simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Auric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Auric" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for blood and stomach.

WORRY, DEPONDENCY.
 Kidney Disease is suspected by medical men when patients complain of backache or suffer with irregular urination, disturbed, too frequent, scanty or painful passages. The general symptoms are rheumatic pains or neuralgia, headaches, dizzy spells, irritability, drowsiness, weakness and general misery. Worry is a frequent cause and sometimes a symptom of kidney disease. Thousands have testified to immediate relief from these symptoms after using Dr. Pierce's Auric Tablets.

P. N. U. No. 48, 1913

DISTRESSING RHEUMATISM
 How many people, crippled and lame from rheumatism, owe their condition to neglected or incorrect treatment!

It is the exact combination of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil with glycerine and hypophosphites as contained in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

that has made Scott's famous for relieving rheumatism when other treatments have utterly failed.

If you are a rheumatism sufferer, or feel its first symptoms, start on Scott's Emulsion at once. IT MAY BE EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Colds Coughs Catarrh
 A trinity of evils, closely allied, that afflict most people, and which follow one on the other, in the order named, until the last one is spread through the system, leading to many evils. But their course can be checked.

PERUNA CONQUERS

It is of great value when used promptly for a cold, usually checking it and overcoming it in a few days. Ample evidence has proved that it is even of more value in overcoming chronic catarrh, dispelling the inflammatory conditions, enabling the diseased membranes to perform their natural functions, and toning up the entire system.

The experience of thousands is a safe guide to what it may be expected to do for you.

Liquid or tablets—both tested by the public and approved.

THE PERUNA COMPANY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

SCOTT'S EMULSION
 that has made Scott's famous for relieving rheumatism when other treatments have utterly failed.

If you are a rheumatism sufferer, or feel its first symptoms, start on Scott's Emulsion at once. IT MAY BE EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED.

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