SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."—Mrs. M. Riessinger, 10004 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness?

Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

City populations eat immense quantities of fruit—unripe. That is the way it is sent to them.

COLDS

CHECKED IN 24 HOURS

Take HILL'S for quick, thorough results. Pains and fever stop. The system is cleansed and toned. The Cold is checked. You'll feel better in a few hours.

Be Sure It's HILL'S Price 30c

CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Get Red Box with portrait

Double Service

"I hope you got my check?"

"Yes, twice—once from you and once from the bank!"

GIRLS, GOOD HEALTH MAKES YOU ATTRACTIVE TO MEN

Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks Make a Woman Beautiful

Take a bottle or two of that well-known herbal Tonic, Dr. Pierce's

Golden Medical Discovery

To Improve Your Health Generally

All Druggists

Natural Result

Edith—Tom looked awfully silly when he proposed to me.

Elsie—No wonder. Look at the silly thing he was doing.—Stray Stories.

For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Preventive, take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. 30c.—Adv.

One Not Enough

"My wife never utters a word of complaint," remarked Brown.

"Yes," sighed Smith, "mine also needs about a million to voice hers."

TODAY'S WINNERS

Are you getting "yours," or are bodily infirmities holding you back? The sprightliness of youth, health, strength, success may be yours if you keep your system in order.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

and plenty of fresh water will work wonders for you. All druggists; three sizes. Accept no substitutes.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

WANTED—Women and Girls who are lovers of color to send for FREE 4-color publication entitled "COLOR NEWS." $5,000 In Prize Contest for those who are willing to use a little energy in this connection—No selling, just recommending. If you feel you can recommend SUNSET DYES and DYFINE, the new lie Tint, write and we will enter you in this Contest. Address Dept. R. North American Dye Corporation, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE

for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness

PRICE $1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE

Ask for Sample

KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1045 N. WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Idle Island

By ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." On an exploration of the island Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man, which she nerves herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore, they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attack of "nerves." Gay, unable to convince her neighbors of the truth, draws a picture of the face of the dead man, intending to send it to the authorities. She meets a stranger, to whom she tells the story and shows the picture. He asks her to let him take it, but Gay refuses. Next day Gay finds the picture has been taken from the cottage. "Rand" Wallace, wanderer, and considered something of a "black sheep" by the islanders, surprises Gay at household tasks. Gay's acquaintance with Rand ripens into affection. Rand leaves the island on business. Gay determines to stay for the winter. The stranger whom Guy had met the day of her discovery of the body introduces himself as Ronald Ingram. "Auntalmiry" tells Gay of her son, "Buddy," who has been missing for years. Rand is suspicious of Ronald Ingram.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—9—

"I was nervous that night—anybody would be! At dusk I was all jumpy nerves, hearing noises, seeing shadows. So I went down and stayed all night with Auntalmiry.—Rand, I was in bed, and when she raised the blinds on this side of the house, toward the hill, you know, she said, 'Oh, you left the lights on.' I didn't, because I went down before dark. So I went over and looked, and there was a light in the window; now it showed, now it faded, pale and misty, not bright. And, Rand, I swear on my word of honor, that we saw—we both saw—a hand reach out from the darkness into the light, a hand long and slim, like his.—And then the light went out, and the hand was gone."

Rand tapped his fingers thoughtfully upon her arm, his eyes dark, brows contracted. His lips were curiously pursed and rigid.

"And this is the strangest thing of all. When I came back the blinds were all down, though I was sure I had left them up. And, Rand, the sketch I had made of the body in the cove was gone."

Rand stared at her a moment, incredulous.

"You innocent! You gullible! You New Yorkl" he shouted. "All that laid right out before you like two and two, and you couldn't piece it together, and see what was going on."

Gay's lips parted wonderingly. It was curious of course, but she remained as she had been before, entirely puzzled.

Then his mood changed. He pulled her arm roughly. "What do you mean," he demanded hotly, "keeping all this from me? What do you mean staying in this house alone, with that gang of murderers hanging around watching your every move, spying on you—"

"Rand!"

"Get your hat," he commanded, "get your hat and come with me. You'll have to stay with us. What do you mean, doing such things?"

Gay fell into his arms with choking laughter. "You darling," she said "How adorable to have you order me about like that. But of course I shall do no such thing. I don't hold to obedience!"

Rand's implicit and troubled acceptance of her somewhat lurid story was sweet solace to Gay's sensitive nature, which had long grieved at the misunderstanding, levity and flagrant suspicions with which she was surrounded. But while she was pleased she laughed at his serious view of the matter. Whatever of intrigue, cause for fear, had been on the island, it was now buried in the past. The self-conscious flush that rose to her cheeks when Rand wondered at Ronald Ingram's repeated appearance was sufficient explanation.

You must keep out of the forest, Gay. I don't like that Chink prowling about, and I'm going to find out what he is up to. You keep out of the forest, and keep your doors locked. Keep the Baby in good shape. Don't be afraid to shoot. If you hear a noise, grab it and fire into the air. He opened the drawer, and took out the pistol, to emphasize what he said. "No man expects a woman to hit what she shoots at, but a nervous woman is apt to shoot anywhere. So shoot, every chance you get, at every shadow, at every sound.—For heaven's sake, Gay, this is no protection to you if you don't keep it loaded."

"It is loaded," she said indignantly. "I always keep it loaded. I know an empty gun is—"

Rand broke open the barrel, and disclosed its empty chambers. Gay's lips parted, closed firmly, parted again.

Rand took cartridges from the box and filled it grimly. "I'll keep an eye on it for you," he said. "You shot them out weeks ago, the last time we went to the shore. And bragging about the protection of the Baby!"

Gay closed her lips firmly and said nothing. But she knew she had not emptied that pistol at target practice. On the afternoon of the day just previous, she had affectionately cleaned and polished the Baby, and loaded every chamber. Some other hand, not hers, had emptied that barrel.

CHAPTER VII

One day, toward the end of the month, when Rand had gone to the city by the early boat and was not present to witness the abjectness of her surrender to his love, Gay went bravely up to the Captain's door and told him she was still too ill and weak to return to the stress of the city; she felt it the part of wisdom to remain in the Lone Pine through October.

The Captain scratched the thin line of gray hair that outlined his furrowed brow.

"I allus put up the storm windows on the summer houses come October first," he said vaguely.

"Not the Lone Pine, not this year," she cried gayly. "You will have to wait until November. You wouldn't shut me up behind storm windows would you?"

"But I allus do put them up come first of October," he persisted.

Then Alice Andover breezed in, smiling good cheer, a little out of breath.

"I saw you coming up the hill," she said. "I suppose you are off to Broadway, like all our summer Birds of Paradise. It is only we drab and somber native sparrows who brave the island winters."

When Gay explained that she wished to continue another month Alice Andover fairly radiated satisfaction. "You will love the island in October, my dear. The summer colony is nice, yes, but the island without them is a different place, a dearer

"At Dusk I Was All Jumpy Nerves."

place—not so gay, but finer. A little heaven, a little paradise. We settle down. We have time for things. We talk, we live, we have leisure for thought, for feeling; after the hectic summer we draw a deep breath." And suiting the action to the word, she breathed so deeply she quite choked upon her sentiment, and the Captain chuckled slyly before he took advantage of the moment to interpolate plaintively:

"But I allus do put up the storm windows on the summer houses come October first."

And on the morning of October first, Gay, wakening early, was conscious of a confusion of sounds upon her hilltop, a sound of trundling, a sound of thudding, muffled swearing in a high-pitched, gentle, unprofane little voice. She wrapped herself in a heavy robe and ran down. The Captain stood by the piazza carefully unloading from his rickety wheelbarrow the huge wooden frames to protect the windows from the winter storms, a difficult matter for the little frail old man, so that he accompanied his efforts with panting gusts of breathlessness, and much gentle profanity.

"Captain— Why—what in the world—"

"First of October, Gay. I allus put the storm windows up come October first. Looks some like a big nor'easter headin' in. Think?"

He looked persistently away from her, down the peaceful smiling little valley, its profusion of harvest apples festooned with silver cobwebs. A nor'easter!

She flew into her clothes, down the hill and up the lane to Mrs. Andover's.

"See here," she shouted; "come quickly. He's putting up the storm windows."

"My dear! He's not! He wouldn't dare!"

"You just tell him I said—"

"I shall tell him nothing. You're the administrator. You must come yourself."

Alice Andover sighed resignedly. "Well, I'll come then. If anybody thinks it's any pleasure to be the administrator for an old fool that tries to run good tenants out of his own houses— Well, come on, then."

Not one word passed between them as they made their way swiftly down the lane and up the hill slope.

"John," Alice Andover began with icy coldness, "will you kindly tell me who is the administrator of this estate?"

John removed a rusty nail from his mouth. "You are, Alice," he said, fitting it carefully into a hole in the frame, "but I'm the one that puts up the storm windows." Bang, bang, went the hammer as he spoke.

Alice Andover wavered uncertainly, flushed with anger, but clung to the shreds of her dignity. "John—John Christian Wallace—do you hear me?"

John banged another nail into the frame. "Yes, Alice, God help me, I hear you," he answered gently.

Gay looked around her, far and wide—at the shivery little forest of spruce and birch, whispering hope, at the orchard in its autumn gold below, at the little cottage on its rocky perch a lookout over land and sea. She looked, and thought of Rand. A little thrill tugged at her heart. She could not go away.

"Isn't the cottage for sale? How much do you want for it? Perhaps I'll buy it."

"My dear! How lovely that is. The dear little cottage. How happy you are going to be.—John," severely, "do you hear? She is going to buy the cottage."

The Captain smiled amiably, dropping his nails back into the bag. "Reckon you won't want these storm windows up then, will ye? Shall I store 'em in the cellar for ye?"

When Gay swung up the hill slope that afternoon, joyous in complete ownership, she saw Rand sitting on the piazza step. Her eyes were shining as she told him of her acquirement.

"You do love me," he said in a low voice, and kissed her.

Gay in her triumph, she led him, proudly, all over the cottage, exulting in its charms. It was hers, the home of her love, her cleft in the rocks, her bit of bare ocean, her rift of forest. Hers, all hers, and for love. She belonged to it, it belonged to her, and both alike for Rand.

"But don't you realize, Gay," he said soberly, when they sat quiet, side by side, at last, "that you will not be happy here for long? It is because it is temporary that it is dear to you. You love me, and you love this place, because you can get away from us whenever you like. Tying you down to it will be the end of everything."

"That is the beauty of it, Rand. I shall not be tied down. This is my home, but I shall lock my door and run away to the city whenever my mood, or my work, suggests it. I shall stay away as long as I like, and then come home again with joy."

"But when you cease to love me, you will cease to love this."

"But as long as I am free in my love, I shall never cease. It is only when love ties people down, restricts them, rules them, that they chafe at the chains.—Leave me free, Rand, as I shall leave you, and we shall go on and on all our lives, in love and happy."

Auntalmiry's pleasure in Gay's remaining was unalloyed, for she loved the girl, and Alice Andover had already asked her to remain in the Apple Tree during the winter, so she felt no disappointment on that score.

"It will be nice to have my little neighbor on top of the hill," she said pleasantly. "I like the Apple Tree better anyway. It was only for the Christmas party that I came up here.—I always have a Christmas party for the island," she explained to Gay.

Gay offered the use of the Lone Pine for the event, but Aunt Almiry shook her head. She said it would not seem like her party, if she had it anywhere else. She wanted it all hers. It was her only festivity during the year. "Who knows but this may be my last," she finished cheerfully.

When she had gone, Alice Andover asked Gay why she had not, as she requested, told her she could have no Christmas party.

"Why didn't you tell her yourself?" Gay retorted.

"Well," said the administrator cravenly, "I'd rather have you tell her. I think she would take it better from a stranger. I know her too well. You tell her, first chance you get. But tell her when I'm not there."

Every day after that, Auntalmiry talked of her Christmas party, made her plans, and it was not in Gay's kind heart to crush her hope with the sad word. So at last Alice Andover herself was driven to it, as they sat, all three, in Gay's living room before her cheery fire.

"Auntalmiry, John and I decided that you can't have any Christmas party this year."

Auntalmiry did not understand, answered with a vaguely troubled smile.

"What say, Alice? What say?"

"Auntalmiry, you hear what I say. You can't have a Christmas party. It costs too much, and it's too much work. Last year you nearly worked yourself into pneumonia, and nearly died, giving that Christmas party. And those little rascals don't need a party; they—"

"But I need it," the small voice was suddenly protesting, plaintive. "Alice, I need it. Seems like I just live for that Christmas party, from year to year. It's the only recreation I have—"

"Recreation, nonsense. Call it recreation working yourself to skin and bone to give half the island indigestion eating candy and nuts! Recreation to make bags, make presents, clutter up the house with trash.—You hear me now, you can't have it."

Auntalmiry was silenced. The little frozen smile settled more grimly upon her face, her little birdlike fingers twisted nervously together. Very soon she said she must go now, and went out, stumbling a little. She was very old. Gay and Alice Andover watched in silence as she made her way down the slope to the Apple Tree.

"Afford it," Alice Andover repeated bitterly, when the door closed behind her. "Afford it. Who do you suppose pays for her Christmas party? John does, I do, both of us pay, but mostly me, for I am the administrator. She hasn't any money. She hasn't had any money for twenty-five years. Afford it.—But it's not the money. It's the work. She begins three months ahead— Oh, she's at it already, working her fingers to the raw bone, getting ready for Christmas—I know her. Sewing. Making things. Planning jokes, and presents.—And last year she was in bed three weeks afterward, and nearly died with pneumonia. She's too old. She works like a slave for it, gets thin, gets pale.—Why, the way she works for that Christmas party, she could almost earn her own living.—If she had to," she added apologetically. "Nobody wants her to earn a living, of course."

* * * * * * *

Much to Gay's surprise, she found that Rand was not always available. For one so indolent, on an island so idle, he found an inconceivable number of things with which to busy himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"If you want to live in a kind of a town,
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town;
It isn't the town—it's you."

WINTER DISHES

This is the time of the year when we enjoy steamed puddings and richer sauces.

Steamed Plum Pudding.—Take one-half cupful of mixed fruit such as dates, figs and citron, one and one-half cupfuls of raisins cut into bits, dredge with a spoonful of flour. Take one cupful of suet finely chopped, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. Mix all together and place in buttered molds, filling two-thirds full. Steam three hours and serve with:

Lemon Hard Sauce.—Cream four tablespoonfuls of butter with two cupfuls of confectioners' sugar. As soon as it is smooth and well blended add strained lemon juice in small quantities. Beat until fluffy, pile on a dish and set to harden.

Graham Pudding.—Take two cupfuls of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of molasses, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one cupful each of raisins and nuts. Mix well and steam in a mold three hours.

Queen of Puddings.—Put into a double boiler one quart of milk and one-half box of gelatin. When dissolved add the beaten yolks of four eggs. Let it come to a boil, then add whites beaten stiff with one-half cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Remove at once from the heat and pour into an oblong pan rinsed in cold water. When molded turn onto a platter and serve with cream. This pudding is best made the day before serving. Serve sliced, as ice cream, as it will be in two layers.

Common Foods.

Careful seasoning and cooking with nice serving makes an ordinary dish, though plain, attractive.

Mutton should be more often on our tables. When it is properly handled it is a most tasty meat. The woolly flavor will be unnoticed if the skin is carefully removed.

Mock Venison.—Hang a leg of mutton in a cool place to ripen as long as possible; this adds to its tenderness as well as flavor. Take off the skin and place in a deep kettle; cover with the following: Three heads of garlic, one-half ounce of peppercorns, one-fourth ounce of crushed allspice, six bay leaves, a dozen sprigs of thyme, the same of parsley, all brought to boil in three cupfuls of vinegar. Allow the meat to remain in this pickle, covering the meat with thinly sliced onions until the next day. Rub the meat well with this when it is first put over it and again the next day; turn over and cover the other side with the sliced onions. Continue this for four days, then drain and wipe the meat dry. Rub for half an hour with a pint of hot molasses. Now hang the meat in a cool place until the following day. Roast as a leg of mutton. Serve with currant jelly or spiced grape jelly.

Beef and Corn Pudding.—Take a can of corn and one pound of lean beef; put through the meat grinder. In a saucepan brown one tablespoonful of fat with one tablespoonful of minced onion; cook for two minutes, then add one tablespoonful of browned flour. Add one cupful of soup stock, salt and pepper to taste and cook until smooth. Into a buttered baking dish put layers of corn and beef, season with salt and pepper and add the thickened sauce. Cover and bake in a moderate oven. Uncover, sprinkle with cheese and serve when the cheese is melted.

Fruit Salad.—Fresh pears cut into quarters with orange and grapefruit in sections arranged between the pear quarters is a most delicious combination. Serve with:

Golden Dressing.—Take three tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, a few grains of salt, place in a double boiler and add one slightly beaten egg. Cook until smooth and thick. Cool, and just before serving add one-half cupful of cream beaten stiff.

Almond Torte.—Take one cupful of granulated sugar, beat with the yolks of six eggs and the juice of half a lemon for fifteen minutes. Mix one-half teaspoonful of baking powder with one-half pound of finely ground almonds. Now add the stiffly beaten whites of the six eggs, grated lemon rinds and bake one hour in a very slow oven.

Nellie Maxwell

United States Leads

The United States has become the largest and most important silk-manufacturing and silk-consuming country in the world. It takes approximately three-fourths of the world's production. The raw material is all imported.

Nickname Has Lasted

During the early years of its history the streets of Paris were so quaggy that the French court in derision called the inhabitants "frogs."

Word "Incurable" Hit

Dr. Ernst P. Boas, director of the Montefiore hospital, New York, declares that the word "incurable" should be removed from the dictionary. In the present state of medical knowledge, he claims, the pronouncement of the sentence "incurable" on a patient places a serious responsibility on the physician and implies a greater knowledge than he possesses. The acceptance of the verdict by the patient and the community not only cruelly quenches all hope, he says, but checks every further effort at physical rehabilitation. Such diagnosis is often mistaken and frequently an "incurable" can be restored to comparative health and economic usefulness.—The Pathfinder.

If Back Hurts Begin on Salts

Flush Your Kidneys Occasionally by Drinking Quarts of Good Water

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Too much rich food creates acids which clog the kidney pores so that they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood. Then you get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin to drink soft water in quantities; also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone can take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby often preventing serious kidney complications.

No Amateur

The Husband—You misjudge me, dear. Lying is not one of my failings.

His Wife—No, it certainly isn't.

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR FOR COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS!

Healing and soothing. Used internally and externally, gives quick relief.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York

For Old Sores

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Lightening the Burden

Tom—Do you understand how she carries her years so lightly?

Dora—Yes. She drops so many.

Even the prima donna finds it advisable to employ a press agent to sing her praises.

The BABY

No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

CARBUNCLES

Carboil draws out the core and gives quick relief

CARBOIL

GENEROUS 50¢ BOX

At All Druggists — Money back Guarantee

Food Secrets, Magic Book, Worth $100, only $1.00. Over 1000 secret recipes. Make, bake, buy and save 250% on eats. Agents wanted, 75% commission. C. E. Oliver, Warsaw, Ind.

THOUSANDS WITH WEALTH WITHIN GRASP NEVER KNOW. Many valuable minerals look like ordinary rock. Give yourself a chance! Know how to make tests at home. "Amateur Prospectors' Guide" sent postpaid for $1. Oakfield Distributing Co., 1095 Market St., San Francisco, California.

EYES HURT?

For burning or sore lids, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Mitchell Eye Salve, according to directions. Soothing, healing.

HALL & RUCKEL 167 Waverly Place New York

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 5—1928.

Sagacious Silence

"What did you say to the traffic cop who arrested you?"

"Nothing," answered Mr. Chuggins.

"What did you say to the judge?"

"Nothing. If you try to put up a defense you get the worst of it for being a time-waster."

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid