

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story. 6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

POETRY.

Bedtime Stories. Our mother tells us stories at night, When the room is gloomy outside the lamp-light; When the corners great shadows fall And look like spectres against the wall.

Who uddle about dear Mother's knee— Peggy, Polly, Billy and me— And she has a story for each to tell, About strange things of mountain and dell.

The story called Peggy's is all about Van Winkle, a wonderful hunter Who up on a cold, high mountain top Slept twenty years without making a stop.

And he snored so loudly he fright- away All the beasts that up on that mount- Even spoke and goblins did fear old Rip And from their mountain homes did skip.

The story called Polly's is very queer: Flagg, Cinderella, a poor little dear, And of a glass slipper, tiny and sweet, And a prince who found she had little feet.

And Billy's story is awfully good— Of a little maid named Red-Riding- Hood; And a wolf that passed himself as her friend And acted so wickedly at the end.

My story I'd love to tell if I could, 'Tis about two lost little babes in the wood. I always cry when my story I hear, Till mamma smiles and says: "My dear.

"These stories are only stories, you know; They're just make-believe and never are true." Then I dry my eyes, and smile also, And Mother says, "Off to bed you go."

So, the stories over, we toddle away And jump into bed and sleep till day And sometimes we dream of our stories, you see— Peggy, Polly, Billy and me.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

It is a good idea for young people to watch their talk as it is for old people to watch their steps. We are all likely to make observations and the passing remark is more frequently what it shouldn't than what it should be.

Here is a little conversation which took place between grown folks, and you mark the confused character of it:

"It looks like rain!" "I beg your pardon." "I say, it looks like rain."

ROXY'S LUCK

"Oh, dear," sighed Roxy, a little girl of eight, as she began to splash one side after another into the dish pan with a vigorous splash. "Here, look out you don't break any of my nice china," explained grandma, as she made her appearance.

"Why Roxy, what are you getting an apron on? I declare if you don't keep me in hot water all the time. When that dress is spotted goodness knows where you'll get another."

Roxy soon finished the dishes and started for school thinking as she went, grandma is very good to me I know, but when she calls me by my whole name, and oh, such a homely old name, too, I just can't stand it. Then those old dishes, how I wish they never would be another dish to wash, so I do.

As Roxy turned the corner she met her Aunt Emily, who invited her to visit her home, but finally she was very repulsed. "Is that you Roxanna Abigail?" "Well, I'm real glad you happened to run home, forgot something, I suppose. Come right in here, someone wants to see you."

"Well, is this my own little Roxy?" "No, it's not my own little Roxy," cried Roxy, "and I thought grandma was wiping a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron. Why, what is all this fuss about?" "Why, what is his own little Roxy?" "He is your own dear papa, whom we have mourned as lost, but he's been very sick a long time and now he has come to take us with him to his home, out in California. Would you like to go?"

"Oh, I think it would be fine. How glad I am to have a really and truly papa." "Well, your papa is glad to have his little girl, and when we get out west you'll have a new home, and such a nice time, for there's lots of birds and flowers and many little pet animals."

"Won't that be just splendid," exclaimed Roxy, as she danced about. "What do you wish for most of all just now?" asked her papa. "My little girl would like to have a single dish, but there's a little fortune awaiting a Miss Roxanna Abigail 'twaddle, and only a little girl by that name can claim it."

"Oh, dear me," cried Roxy, "why that is my name, isn't it?" "Oh, no," Roxy quickly replied, "I'll own the name, and then I'll have money enough to always hire the dishes washed."

This speech caused the others to laugh heartily. As they talked of their future plans, Roxy declared "she was the happiest girl in this whole wide world."

"What does?" "The weather," "The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike!"

"What I meant was that the sky looked like rain." "Equally impossible. The sky is the blue vault above us—the seeming arch or dome that we call the heavens. It does not resemble falling water in the least."

"Well, then, if you are so thunderingly particular, it looks as if it would rain." "As if what would rain?" "The weather, of course!" "The weather, as before stated, being a condition, cannot rain."

"The clouds, then, confound you! I may not know as much about it as you do, but I've got enough sense to get out of it, and you haven't," said the man, as he raised his umbrella and walked away in a huff.

Such conversations as these are common, and in future when you overhear one it will make you laugh. There are signs of rain in the sky and clouds. Sometimes the atmosphere and the wind bear the indications of rain.

People do not always say what they mean, but we readily understand what they are trying to tell us.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Marian Royce of Norwich: I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read it through and like it very much.

Lillian M. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y.: I wish to thank you for the prize book you sent me entitled Tom Fairfield's School Days. I have read it and I think it is an exceptionally interesting series.

Edith B. Baker of Pomfret Center: I received your prize book last night and thank you very much for it. I have read it half through and it is so interesting that I can hardly leave it.

George Bienenstock of Rockville: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled Tom Fairfield's School Days and Luck. I find it very interesting.

Alice Palmer of Norwich: I received the prize book which I won and think it very nice. I have only read part of it.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Alice Palmer of Norwich, Uncle Sam's Boys on Field Duty.

2—Marion C. Sherman of South Connort, Tom Swift and His Giant Cannon.

3—Lucy A. Carter of Hampton, On Track and Field.

4—Richard B. Wheeler of Stonington, Peter Rabbit.

5—Rose Eagan of Willimantic, Favorite Rhymes.

6—Bertha Burrill of Stafford Springs, Dave Darrin at Vera Cruz.

7—Alice Gorman of Versailles, Uncle Sam's Boys as Sergeants.

8—Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs, The Pony Riders in the Alkali.

Winners of prize books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin Business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Friend in Need. Once there was a very thoughtful boy who was very fond of play. When he was not at school he was always at

old dishes to wash everywhere I go." "Why, Roxy, where is your apron, didn't you bring one? Well, never check here is one, as she tied a large check apron about Roxy, much to her dismay.

After that, there was not much time for play. When Roxy went to bed that night she said most decidedly, "I'm not going to stay here another day—no more old dishes for me."

When Roxy surprised Aunt Emily was when Roxy packed up the flowered carpet bag and started for home early the next morning. "Spouse she was homely, thought Aunt Emily. Roxy's feet fairly flew home, but she did feel kind of ashamed, so stole in softly by the side door.

"Is that you Roxanna Abigail?" "Yes, grandma. "Well, I'm real glad you happened to run home, forgot something, I suppose. Come right in here, someone wants to see you."

"Well, is this my own little Roxy?" "No, it's not my own little Roxy," cried Roxy, "and I thought grandma was wiping a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron. Why, what is all this fuss about?" "Why, what is his own little Roxy?" "He is your own dear papa, whom we have mourned as lost, but he's been very sick a long time and now he has come to take us with him to his home, out in California. Would you like to go?"

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his games. Whenever his mother asked him to do anything that took him away from his games, it made him very cross and hateful. One night his mother asked him to take a basket of food and some wood to a poor old woman. It was winter and there was the skating on the pond. He got to the pond and his playmates wanted him to come and play with them, so he went. They had a nice time, and before he knew it the town clock struck 10. It was too late to go to Mrs. White's house that night. So he ran home and went to bed.

"Well, John, how did you find Mrs. White last night?" "His face began to glow. I shall never forget the look of pain in his mother's face. Once more I started for Mrs. White's house. I found the house an old hut. I rapped but no one came to the door. I opened the door and went in and there on the bed lay the old woman with no food and no fire to keep her warm."

"Mrs. White, here are some things mother sent you. I am that you have come. Last night as I lay here, so cold, without food, I thought I should not live to see another day." "Then the boy seized the fire for her. The sight of the poor woman in need and pain made a change come over my feelings. The poor woman called me to her bedside and thanked me for her help. He told the other boys about Mrs. White and it was not long before all the boys helped the poor old woman. LILLIAN M. BREHAUT, Age 12, South Canterbury.

What We Found in Our Stove. One afternoon I was surprised to hear a great scratching in the sitting room. After looking about a while, I found it came from the stove. Scratch, scratch, scratch, as if some creature were trying hard to get out. I called my sister. For a few moments all was still and we thought that the poor thing had got out as it had come in, but we were mistaken. Soon came that same clattering noise again. After listening, we decided that the creature was between the lining and outside.

But how were we to get at it? My sister went into the kitchen and got a poker. We took out the damper and looked out all the holes and saw that it had come from the front—what do you think? Why, a little bird, a chimney swallow, chirping and fluttering with its wings. One wing seemed to droop a little, so we took it up and put it in a box. Soon it began to recover and with a little help from me it got out of the box, looking with its big bright eyes all about, as if on the alert for any new danger.

A tree was the best and safest place and I carried it out and set it gently down. It rose, feebly at first, then soared away over the tops of the trees and into the sky. ALICE M. GORMAN, Age 12, Versailles.

The False Alarm. It was a cold winter's eve when out on the still night air resounded from the creek, the hoarse cry: "Ding! ding! ding!" And it took less time to tell when rushing up the street, fairly flew the fire engine behind those furious steeds.

From every street and corner rushed people, some running, some riding, so eager were they to get to the place where some had no coats without hats and some looked as though they were walking in their sleep. When the chief arrived on the scene he expected to see a house crumbling under a blaze of shooting flames. To his great surprise, he found nothing except the smothering rags on an old rabbit hutch. Knowing that he had been fooled, he quickly sounded the recall.

Then, climbing up into the high seat, he pulled his heavy coat collar about his neck, and putting on the brakes he slowly dismounted the steep hill he had but a little while ago mounted in haste. MILTON ROGERS, Age 14, Willimantic.

Catching a Pony. Willie was out riding one afternoon and left his pony tied to a tree while he went into a neighbor's house. When he came out he found the pony had got loose and gone prancing away. After hunting for some time, Willie saw him at a distance, quietly feeding on the grass.

He ran up to him, but just as he put one of his hands to catch hold of the bridle Coca turned around suddenly, kicked up his heels and galloped away. Willie thought himself lucky not to have been killed when he was kicked when he kicked up. But how was he to catch Coca?

At last he remembered that his father put a little corn in a peck measure and held it out to the pony till he could put a halter over his neck. Now it was true that Willie had neither measure, corn, nor halter, but he thought he would try to catch Coca with what he had.

Willie told him it was to catch his pony. "Then," said the man, "you need not take so much trouble. If you hold out your hat empty, it will do just as well for the pony cannot see that the hat is empty till he has taken it. Then you can catch hold of the bridle while he is looking into the hat."

"But that would be cheating him," cried Willie, "and I will not cheat anybody; no, not even a pony." "Well, said I, my good boy," replied the man. "Besides," added Willie, "if I cheat my pony once he will not believe me another time."

He went up to Coca and held up his hat to him. The pony came up and began to eat the grass. While he was eating Willie patted him and took hold of the bridle. Soon he was cantering home on Coca's back then. GEORGE BIENENSTOCK, Age 14, Rockville.

A Tricycle Ride. Tim never could leave things alone. That was his great failing. It was on this account that he had come by his nickname. His real name was Tim—Tim Good-child; but the boys in the parish, with one accord, had declared that his name suited him so ill, that they called him Tim, the Terrible, and by and by he was called Tim.

He had a merry little face, with bright mischievous eyes, that seemed always dancing with fun, and his nose, which he would stick out like the best boy in all the world if only he could have left things alone. But this Tim could not do.

The result was that he was always in trouble, and many a caning at school fell to his lot, simply because he could not keep his restless hands still; but it seemed as if nothing would cure him.

One hot summer's day when the boys were all writing copies, the poor tired schoolmaster ventured to close his eyes for a moment, and in a few seconds he had fallen fast asleep. Master Tim's bright eyes spied this out at once, and, stealing behind him, he fastened a piece of thread to the back of his master's hair and tied it to the back of his chair.

Very soon the master awoke, lifted his head, and lo! a very strange thing happened—the whole of his hair slipped off of course. It turned out that the master wore a wig; but he had always supposed that the boys did not know this, and when he had found out who had played the trick on him, Master Tim spent a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour.

This sight to have taught him a lesson, but it did not, for on coming out of school one day he saw the postman's tricycle standing in the road. Tim, I must tell you, lived in a little village four long miles from the nearest town, so that the postman often rode over on his tricycle when he brought the letters.

Tim called to a school-fellow to "come and have a ride," and having persuaded his friend to mount, he jumped up behind. "Go on!" cried Tim; and when they went for the very good reason that they could not start themselves. He had started downhill, and the machine simply ran away with them.

When they reached the bottom there were two tricycles, and two small boys were picked up, presently, with torn clothes and cut faces, but fortunately more frightened than hurt. The boys had been so much excited and damaged that it took all Tim's savings to pay for it, it was only fair that he should have it mended.

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Saved By a Sister's Love. A Christian mother died and left two children with a father, who was a drunkard. They were taken to a children's home and were adopted by Katherine by Mrs. Avery and Horace by Mr. Du Priest, a rich and wealthy-minded man. They were devoted to each other and it nearly broke their hearts to be separated.

Though Katherine was now rich, she grew to be a sweet, lovable woman, and did much to help the poor children of her city. She often thought of her poor brother and what she could do for him. Horace was given a good education and all the money he wanted, but no religious training. He got with a fast set, gambled, drank, etc.

Katherine lived, he met an acquaintance, who took him to a party that night. One dreary evening in December Katherine was waiting for the carriage to take her to a friend's to a party. She looked very attractive and dressed in white, with a cluster of roses at her waist. As she entered the house of her friend, she was surprised by a crowd of admirers, but though she laughed and talked her thoughts were far away. This was the day, years ago, when she parted with her brother.

As she entered the parlor after supper, a young man was leaning on the mantel, gazing into the fire, but as she entered he looked up. Katherine gave one cry, "Brother!" and threw her arms about his neck. She had found him at last, nor did she lose track of him again. NANCY TETRAULT, Age 12, Versailles.

How Hens Lay Out Doors. We have about 140 hens and we get from four to five dozen eggs a day. On Sunday we look for eggs, but on eggs and we found 83 eggs on five doors; and last Sunday we found five dozens.

We decided about how to get them, but because of the lice. They get covered with lice. SUSAN HATTIN, Age 9, Mansfield Center.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. A Ten Days' Visit to New York. Dear Uncle Jed:—The prospects of a ten days' visit to New York in the beautiful city of New York filled me with joy, as I think it would do to any young girl who was extremely fond of traveling. It was decided about how to get them, but because of the lice. They get covered with lice. SUSAN HATTIN, Age 9, Mansfield Center.

The day on which we went to get downed fair and bright, and we all hurried and said our last farewells as the time that we were to leave the house drew near. On arriving in New York, the first thing we did was to go to the Hotel Park and prepare ourselves for lunch. The day on which we went to get downed fair and bright, and we all hurried and said our last farewells as the time that we were to leave the house drew near.

Here we saw one of the most beautiful plants in our country. These plants were brought from the tropics. We then went to the menagerie, where we saw large white peacocks, white turkeys, and other beautiful birds. The next day we went shopping in the morning and in the afternoon to the beautiful motion picture of "The Birth of a Nation." This was one of the most noted motion pictures ever produced.

The next day a few friends of my father's and our family, took an automobile to the city. Although it was very dirty and disagreeable, there were very many beautiful and interesting things, such as handsomely embroidered robes, and other things. The following day these friends of my father invited us to go and see a Greek play in the new stadium of New York. The stadium was a magnificent place, made after the plan of the one of Harvard college.

The following days we went to see various other plays and other places of amusement. ELSIE INA LANG, Age 14, Norwich.

Birds and Berries. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you what I am doing this summer. I am spending a part of my vacation at my grandfather's. I had a very pleasant ride from my home, coming back in the afternoon. I saw many pretty things on my way down. It is a distance of about 30 or 35 miles.

Grandma has a flower-bed. There are several large oak and chestnut trees. One oak is larger than the rest and we like to swing on its long boughs. My young brother made two seats and a low table for us to eat on when we take our luncheon there. While he was out he had the rest of us picked up the sticks.

One day we took a large basketful of good things to eat and some lemonade. We had a picnic. After we four, my sister and two young brothers and myself had eaten, we rested awhile, then we swung on the boughs of the oak tree. This was a great fun. After that we played games and ran races.

We go up there as often as we can. I wish some of the other Wide-Awakes would write about the places where they have good times. MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

While to Save Money. I hope the Wide-Awakes will save their nickels and put them in the savings bank. Pennies make nickels, and nickels saved become dollars. Dollars saved my become hundreds when bearing interest in the savings bank.

The money ought not to be withdrawn only at the age of 21. This is the time when you know what to do with it. Many of the girls and boys spend their nickels for candy or other things; but if they put them in the bank, when they get grown to be women and men you will be glad you saved your money in your younger days.

I have two dollars and I am going to put it in the bank. ELSIE MATHIEU, Age 14, Willimantic.

Our Little Dog Dick. We have a new little dog. His name is Dick. We have three dogs and three cats now. My mother and father gave the little dog to my brother Pierre for his birthday.

Dick is very cunning. He likes to play with the other cats and dogs. He is very fond of teasing the cats. Dick often plays with the smallest dog. When you make a noise Dick picks up his ears for a moment, and in a few seconds he had fallen fast asleep.

Master Tim's bright eyes spied this out at once, and, stealing behind him, he fastened a piece of thread to the back of his master's hair and tied it to the back of his chair. Very soon the master awoke, lifted his head, and lo! a very strange thing happened—the whole of his hair slipped off of course. It turned out that the master wore a wig; but he had always supposed that the boys did not know this, and when he had found out who had played the trick on him, Master Tim spent a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour.

How to Make Pinecho. Dear Uncle Jed: I am sending you a candy recipe which I thought some of the Wide-Awakes would like to try, and I am sure that all who try it will like it. Take two cups of brown sugar, one-half a cup of milk, one and one-half teaspoons of butter, one-half a cup of walnuts, one-half a cup of raisins, and put on the stove to boil, until, when tried in water, a soft ball forms.

When done beat well before pouring into a buttered pan. After it has set awhile mark in squares. I hope all the Wide-Awakes who try this recipe will have good luck. ALICE BURRILL, Stafford Springs.

Swallows' Nests. Dear Uncle Jed: Two birds came and built a nest on the side of a beam in the eave of our barn. They made it of mud and straw or hay here and there.

When I first saw the nest being built I could not think it would stay there, but it did. After a while there were four eggs in the nest. While the mother bird sat on the nest I would go down to the barn and look up at her. She would peck over the edge of the nest at me, and then seemed contented.

Four tiny birds hatched out and then the mother and father bird had to feed them. When the baby birds were big enough to fly, they were all satisfied they all droop their heads and go to sleep. Now they have learned to fly, but come to the nest to stay at night.

When the cats are around the birds squawk down and seem to cry out as if they were afraid they might get too near the nest. The birds like to catch the flies in the nest of a flower that I would like to see. Another nest is being built under the eaves of our other barn and it looks to me if the little birds were hatched and ready to fly, they might fall out as the opening is near the bottom of the nest.

The birds in these two nests are born swallows. ALICE PALMER, Age 10, Norwich.

Lucy Wants the Name of a Wild Flower. Uncle Jed: When I was out whort-herrying the other day I found in the woods a flower that I would like to know the name of, and so I thought I would ask the Wide-Awakes if they knew what it was. It has a leaf something like the wood-nettle, and grows close to the ground, and the stalk that has the blossom is about three inches tall and is covered the whole length with little bell-shaped white blossoms, something like the lily of the valley, only its petals are more open. If Uncle Jed or any of the Wide-Awakes can tell me I should be pleased to know its name, as it is a very pretty flower, and also, if it is poisonous to handle.

Have any of the Wide-Awakes been hunting for the blue flower Uncle Jed spoke about? I have found a pale blue flower, but I do not know as it was the flower he meant. This flower has a small peaked leaf and it has a stalk with little pale blue blossoms, but this has three petals, and it near the woods in a damp place. LUCY A. CARTER, Age 12, Hampton.

A Mortifying Mistake. Dear Uncle Jed: Dorcy rushed into the house with a very ugly expression on her face. She was rather tall and slim, with long black curls and large, snapping black eyes. Her face was flushed and I thought at once something was wrong with Dorothy.

I asked her why she seemed to be so different from her usual self in the morning, before going to school, for she seemed very happy. She said she had played with her best doll and had called her "Fifty-four," which was a horrid name for such a lovely doll, so that she could remember the answer to six times nine. MAY DANAHY, Age 13, Norwich.

Rose's Flower Garden. Dear Uncle Jed:—I should like to tell you what I am doing this summer. In the first two rows I have lovely sweet-peas, in bloom. In the second row there are little yellow flowers with brown centers. They are called Coreopsis. These flowers were free government seeds and are southern flowers.

In the third row I have red, white, and pink poppies. In the fourth row, I have yellow marigolds. I have three gladiolus bulbs planted. One is blossomed purple. The last row is candy-tufta. The colors are red, white and purple.

I sent some of my flowers by parcel post to my aunt. I was very proud to have such pretty flowers. ROSE EAGAN, Age 8, Willimantic.

Dick's Pets. Dear Uncle Jed:—I thought I would write you a letter and tell you about my cats and their kittens. I have nine. Seven of them are little kittens, and the other two are the mother cats. Three of the kittens were born on April Fool's day, and the others were born on June third. The kittens are very cunning and they play merrily all of the time.

Their names are as follows: Fuz, Dinkey, Smutty, Mischief, Tige, Tinkle, and Tigger. The mother cat names are Dorothy and Tony. Most of them are gray and white, but one is maltese. She hasn't a speck of white on her. That is why I named her Teaser. RICHARD B. WHEELER, Age 10, Stonington.

A Medicine Chest for 25c. In this chest you have an excellent remedy for toothache, bruises, sprains, stiff neck, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism and for most emergencies. One bottle of Sloan's Liniment does it all—this because these ailments are symptoms, not diseases, and are caused by congestion and inflammation. If you doubt, ask those who use Sloan's Liniment, better, still, buy a 25c bottle and prove it. All druggists.

Constipation Causes Most Ills. Accumulated wastes in your thirty feet of bowels causes absorption of poisons that produce fever, upset digestion. You belch gas, feel stuffy, irritable, almost cranky. It isn't your "ill's" your condition. Eliminate this trouble by Sloan's Liniment. Dr. King's New Life Pills tonight. Enjoy a full, free bowel movement in the morning—you feel so grateful. Get an original bottle, containing 24 pills, from your druggist today for 25c.

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