DECISIVE REDUCTIONS

Entire Remaining Stock Women's and Misses' Suits

Here is the most sensational Suit news of the season—tremendous reductions, embracing virtually our entire stock, and offering savings that are phenomenal.

Your opportunity is here NOW—select your Suit immediately—if you wait until the season's end you cannot secure better values and the assortment will be greatly depleted.

SPLENDID SELECTION OF

CHOICE SUITS

$24.50

Were formerly $30 to $40

ALL OUR HIGHER COST

MODEL SUITS

$34.50

Were formerly $45 to $75

It is well to bear in mind that these Suits are all from our regular stock and not the class of merchandise one ordinarily finds in sales—but high class suits—perfectly tailored and fashioned in materials that are now in demand and styles that are up to the minute.

These prices would ordinarily prevail in July. However, we are already receiving our Summer stocks and need the room.

The Manhattan

121-125 MAIN STREET.

"THE FASHION STORE OF NORWICH"

REPUBLICANS NAME THEIR CITY TICKET

Robert McNeeley at the Head For Mayor—John E. Vaughn and Arthur C. Brown For Aldermen—Edward Crooks, Martin Rozycki, Frank R. Denison and William R. Frisbie For Councilmen—Frank I. Royce For City Treasurer.

In a caucus in the Town hall on Wednesday evening, lasting about 20 minutes with an attendance of about 50, the republicans nominated the following ticket for the city election in June, every nomination being unanimously endorsed and applauded:

For Mayor
ROBERT M'NEELEY.
For Aldermen.
JOHN E. VAUGHN.
ARTHUR C. BROWN.
For Councilmen.
EDWARD CROOKS.
MARTIN ROZYCKI.
FRANK R. DENISON.
WILLIAM R. FRISBIE.
For City Treasurer
FRANK I. ROYCE.
For City Sheriffs.
GEORGE W. ROUSE.
JAMES D'ATRI.

Attorney Henry H. Pettis, chariman of the republican town committee, called the caucus to order and Judge John H. Barnes was chosen caucus chairman with Arthur G. Crowell clerk.

Judge Barnes introduced the subject of the meeting in the following words:

I thank you for the honor of being selected to preside over your doings this evening. Some little while ago the Boston Globe in response to the request of one of its readers, gave the origin of the word "Caucus." According to the paper in question, one of the pre-Revolutionary organizations of Boston was called the Caulkers' Union, and was composed of the ship carpenters of that town. It was their custom to hold meetings before the Boston town meetings and elections, at which all matters of concern to be acted upon at the public gatherings, and the merits of various candidates were discussed, and action taken. The approval of the "Caulkers" was anxiously sought by many candidates and projectors of various plans. From this finally came the word, "caucus," as we now use it.

That is the story as told by the Boston Globe. The true meaning of the word, "caucus," however, is this, "it is a place where the republicans meet to select the winning ticket (just as you are doing tonight.) It is a "truism," that the world cares not for the past, the wherefore, or how. It simply inquires of you, what are you doing now? Now and at the present time, every man of us must acknowledge that the republican party for the past two years, has given to the city an honest and clean administration.

All may not have been satisfied; but if an angel came down from heaven, to this or any other town, some folks would think one of the wings was a trifle lower than the other, or that the feathers on the edges of the wings were a little frayed; but that is the way of poor, old, frail human nature. You know, and I know, that it is the duty of citizens to exercise their voting franchise in local elections, as well as in state and national elections. In my opinion, it is more important that they exercise their voting franchise in local elections, as well as in state and national elections. In my opinion, it is more important that they exercise that right especially in local matters, as they are the more interested in what is happening at home, and directly under their eyes. I make no doubt but what you will, as in the past, nominate a clean, wholesome ticket, tonight, and if the republicans will only do their duty on the first Monday in June, there can be but one result—the election of the entire republican ticket.

Rev. C. H. Ricketts made the first nomination, naming Robert McNeeley for mayor. The gentleman who is retiring from that office, said Mr. Ricketts, has left a record of which the city may well be proud. It will be the wisest policy to continue in office a man who will follow along lines so well laid down. In naming Mr. McNeeley, he felt certain he was putting in nomination a man who would give the city a strong, clean and progressive administration.

For first alderman, Tyler D. Guy nominated John E. Vaughn, speaking of the very creditable record Mr. Vaughn has made as councilman.

Attorney Charles L. Stewart presented the name of Arthur C. Brown for second alderman. In these days, said Mr. Stewart, capable and efficient men are demanded for public office. He had such a man in mind, one who 22 years ago entered the Falls mill as an office boy and was now general superintendent at that plant. Mr. Stewart predicted an equally successful political experience for the nominee.

Edward Crooks, who is now in the common council, was nominated for councilman by Hugh Blackledge, who referred to the two years that the nominee had already served in that capacity.

Martin Rozycki was nominated for councilman by Attorney A. F. Libby, who said that the nominee had been successful in his own business affairs and would be successful in the conduct of public business. He is thoroughly American and highly thought of among people of his own nationality.

First Selectman Casper K. Bailey nominated Frank R. Denison for councilman and Eben Learned brought forward the name of William R. Frisbie, each with commendatory words for the nominees.

Frank I. Royce was nominated for city treasurer by Alderman William H. Allen, Mayor Allyn L. Brown named George W. Rouse for city sheriff. Louis H. Geer named James D'Atri for city sheriff, and Charles W. Burton named the present incumbent, Hugh Blackledge, for water commissioner.

The usual motion to empower the town committee to fill any vacancies occurring was made and the caucus adjourned.

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oftener. I haven't received a letter from you direct as yet; that is, one that wasn't sent to the last camp we were in over there. The last one was dated Feb. 14th, if I remember right.

We just landed from a little ride on the train. We saw some fine country, too, believe me. You know this country is noted for its vineyards, and they have some vineyards, too; acres and acres. Everything is green now and the whole country is beautiful where we are. This is a great experience for us all, I think.

We are in a fine camp now. Everything here looks as it did in the states.

The farmers are plowing here now and it looks just as you see the pictures in the movies. They use oxen and sometimes they have one hitched to a wagon just like you hitch a horse to a wagon. They don't have wagons like you do, either. They are two-wheeled carts only. The railroads would make you smile. They are only about half as large as yours over there.

Of course, you know the French are great people for wines. It is good wine, too, much like grape juice that you buy in the stores at home.

I guess you could tell me more about the war than I can tell you, so will close, hoping I'll receive a letter from you in the next mail. Don't be afraid to write as often as you can as a letter is precious as gold over here.

Goodbye till the next.

Your ever loving son,
HENRY.

Private Henry Lewis Duerr, Co. 9, 1st Reg., M. M. S. C., A. E. F., via New York P. O. 705.

Bob Fletcher's Watch Broken.

Somewhere in France,
April 22, 1918.

My Dear Folks:

I hope you have received my previous letters, and this one also. I have not as yet received any mail from home, and I wonder if the mail has been lost. I broke my wrist watch yesterday and I do not think it can be fixed in this country. I have been wondering whether it would be advisable to mail it home. It is the one the boys at The Bulletin office gave me, and I think the world of it. I wrote a line to Capt. William R. Denison at Fort Wright, as he wished me to write to him, and I must write to Miss Elizabeth Pullen thanking her for those socks. The weather has cleared up here a bit yesterday, and today the sun has been shining and has dried up the mud considerably. I visited an old cathedral which is twelve hundred years old and another which is six hundred years old. That is the nearest I have been able to go to church since I have been here. The other night I met a girl from Washington, D. C., who was a school teacher before the war in a high school at Washington, D. C. She speaks very good English and speaks better in French. Where is brother Leslie? He sure has the pluck after being turned from the army; but I can see where, and am afraid that he would not be able to stand it. Did he join the tank service finally? Pa, send me some tobacco, if you've got any loose change. There is none here to buy, if I had the money. Well, I must close and get to work, and Pa realizes how much I like to work. Has Pa planted his garden yet? I will be home to weed it! Wish I could. Send some papers to read. I wrote to the boys at The Bulletin office and they are going to send The Bulletin. You can send the Record and New York World.

Your loving son,
ROBERT O. FLETCHER.

Regimental Supply Sergeant, Supply Co., 56th Artillery Regiment, C. A. C., American Expeditionary Forces, via New York, N. Y.

Must Beat the Boches.

Mrs. Henry J. Kendall of Lisbon has received a letter from her son in France, one of the first to go over. The letter reached here Wednesday, May 1.

Somewhere at the Front.
April 10th, 1918.

My Very Dear Mother:

Mother, I have received several letters from you, and you wonder why I don't write. It is because I am in the trenches and get very little chance to write. I am always thinking and praying for you all.

There is many things of great interest going on here, and some day I hope to be able to tell you all about it. I am sure in good health and hope I come back to the dear old U. S. the same, and all the boys. This is not much like Mexico, mother; no such a picnic. I rather serve ten years at the border than wo months in the trenches, but those Boches must be beat, and Uncle Sam and his boys can do it with the allies, I am sure.

It may take a long while yet, but sooner or later they must give up. We are having pretty good weather and not at all cold, so that makes it much nicer. I suppose you hear from Lou now and then and received my telegram O. K. I sure wish you all the luck in the world and hope I see you in the near future. Received Ed's cigarettes O. K. and thank him, and hope you are all in very good health.

Remember me to all the people of the church and Lucy Baldwin.

I am,
Your ever loving son,
JOHNNIE KENDALL.

THE PORTEOUS & MITCHELL CO.

Thrift Stamp Campaign

TODAY is Thrift Stamp Day in Norwich. Today the retail merchants of the city will urge their customers to take part of the change which is due them on purchases in Thrift Stamps.

This is one of the things which this organization is doing, at the request of the Government, to help win the war.

DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKE—YOU ARE NOT GIVING ANYTHING AWAY WHEN YOU BUY THRIFT STAMPS. YOU ARE LOANING YOUR MONEY TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND IF YOU FOLLOW THE RULES OF THE SAVING GAME YOU WILL GET FOUR PER CENT. FOR YOUR PATRIOTISM.

Lend a hand today and show Uncle Sam you believe in him. Show the frightful Hun that he can never more visit his horrors upon peace-loving people; that he can never again turn into a shambles a Belgium, a Poland, a Serbia, an Armenia; that he cannot segregate families, outrage women and butcher infants; that his perfidious nature cannot send to watery graves innocent women and babes as food for sharks.

When you shop in this store today buy at least one Thrift Stamp in each department you visit and do likewise in all the other stores your shopping takes you to.

THE 25-CENT THRIFT STAMPS ARE ISSUED TO HELP YOU SAVE AND EXCHANGE FOR A $5.00 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE STAMP. WHEN SIXTEEN 25-CENT THRIFT STAMPS, REPRESENTING A TOTAL OF FOUR DOLLARS ARE AFFIXED TO A THRIFT CARD, AND A CASH PAYMENT OF SIXTEEN CENTS (DURING THE MONTH OF MAY) IS MADE, THIS CARD SHOULD BE EXCHANGED FOR A WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE STAMP FOR WHICH YOU WILL BE PAID ON JANUARY 1st, 1923—FIVE DOLLARS.

THE PORTEOUS & MITCHELL CO.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

What Eastern Connecticut Boys Are Doing In Various Branches of the Service.

Central Villager in Italy.

Mrs. Charley Williams of Central Village has received the following letter from her husband, who is in Italy in active service with the British expeditionary force:

British Expeditionary Force,
Italy, April 4, 1918.

Well, here we are again in "rest camp" in sunny Italy, but, believe me, it is not always sunny; some of the days and swift changes would be a credit to our New England for pure cussedness; but it is a great country and interesting as seen from trains and boats. They call them "rest camps" because you parade, drill or work 16 hours a day, and if you are lucky you sleep the rest. We used to speak of getting into bed, but there is no such thing as getting into bed here. It is getting onto bed, for the beds are sacks about six feet long and two feet wide, filled with threshed vegetables and feathers, and at first they have the general contour and subsistency of a drain pipe. You have to be an expert equilibrist to stay on them at first, but next day you jump in the case of the fleas and children on them, especially on the place where the broadest part of your pants fit, and then you can get a hold on the blamed thing and catch a nap or two between contortions. The best way is to get another fellow to put his close by you and then roll down between them, unless the other fellow beats you to it. Then you cuss and juggle. The best part of the rest camps are the huts. They are made of corrugated iron in a semi-circular shape and remind you of a section of the New York subway cut in half, very comfortable, especially in rainy weather, but rather drafty in cold, windy weather, as there is a door at both ends, and a lot of profanity every time one leaves them open a minute. We get lots of fresh air in large doses. One day it blew so hard that several roofs "went west," and one killed a young fellow just going home on leave. It was one wild day and night. A bald-headed man was in luck for once he couldn't lose any hair!

This is a great country for hills, olives, figs, fleas and children, and they all go to work as soon as weaned, and the weaning is somewhat curtailed. The children carry earth in baskets as in the time of Nero and the fleas in bills as they did then, no doubt. I used to wonder why Nero fiddled when he is alleged to have arsoned Rome. I know now. He committed both crimes after being bitten by an Italian flea. I felt like arson, murder or any other crime in the calendar, even fiddling, the first and every time I met one at close quarters, very close, up under my shirt, and I know exactly how Nero felt when he thought that he could singe the nippers and jumpers of 'em. They have a common Irish flea tied to the mast for making a fellow struggle and they are if anything a trifle more agile than the famous one of Paddy. They must have acquired all the energy and swiftness of Italy, for the human kind are pretty slow on the jump, but great on physical culture as applied to the arms and shoulders and jaws. If ever an Italian should lose both arms, he would be tongue-tied. I am learning to talk Italian, and will, too, if my breath, patience and supply of vowels hold out. Great language. You say it in English first, then add a mess of vowels, put on the fina Italian finish and a few folderols sandwiched in and there you are.

It may interest you to know that the boat we crossed over into France on was torpedoed next trip. That makes the second time they have missed yours truly.

French Children Eager for Nickels.

Mrs. William L. Cummings of Fitchville has received the following letter from her husband, Sergt. William Cummings, of the 56th Art., American expeditionary force:

Battery F, 56th Art., A. E. F.
France, April 11, 1918.

My Dear Wife:

I am over here and still safe and sound, and hope to be when it is all over. Rose, this is a pretty country over here. It is just like summer; the grass is nice and green and the trees are all blossomed. I am in a place now where very few people have ever been in from the states. They use us well wherever we go, and I guess they need us all right enough. You don't want to worry about anything because everything will be all right and I'll come back to you after the war is over.

The little children along the street were wearing wooden shoes. They knew enough to ask for a nickel, though, and, believe me, they got a lot of them from the soldiers. There were lots of places out through the country that made me think of Fitchville.

I wish you would send me The Bulletin, also a box of Madden's cigars, as I sure do like Madden's cigars, as it is hard to get smokes over here.

We are quartered pretty good, especially five or six others and myself.

Now, Rose, don't worry; by what I hear, I'll be home by Christmas.

With love to all the folks, hoping to hear from you soon.

Your loving husband,
BILL.

Saw Acres of Vineyards.

Mrs. Fred Duerr of Bozrah has received the following letter from her son Henry in France:

Somewhere in France.
March 23, 1918.

Dear Mother:

As it is Sunday, thought I would write another letter. I hope you are writing as often as I do, or perhaps oftener. I haven't received a letter from you direct as yet; that is, one that wasn't sent to the last camp we were in over there. The last one was dated Feb. 14th, if I remember right.

We just landed from a little ride on the train. We saw some fine country, too, believe me. You know this country is noted for its vineyards, and they have some vineyards, too; acres and acres. Everything is green now and the whole country is beautiful where we are. This is a great experience for us all, I think.

We are in a fine camp now. Everything here looks as it did in the states.

The farmers are plowing here now and it looks just as you see the pictures in the movies. They use oxen and sometimes they have one hitched to a wagon just like you hitch a horse to a wagon. They don't have wagons like you do, either. They are two-wheeled carts only. The railroads would make you smile. They are only about half as large as yours over there.

Of course, you know the French are great people for wines. It is good wine, too, much like grape juice that you buy in the stores at home.

I guess you could tell me more about the war than I can tell you, so will close, hoping I'll receive a letter from you in the next mail. Don't be afraid to write as often as you can as a letter is precious as gold over here.

Goodbye till the next.

Your ever loving son,
HENRY.

Private Henry Lewis Duerr, Co. 9, 1st Reg., M. M. S. C., A. E. F., via New York P. O. 705.

Rub Youngsters' Colds Away With "Outside" Vapor Treatment

Local Druggists Have Imported the Invention of a North Carolina Druggist That Relieves Croup and Cold Troubles by External Application.

You can Try a 25c Jar on 30 Days' Trial and Your Druggist Will Refund the Purchase Price if You Are Not Delighted with the Test.

Every mother breathes a sigh of relief when she first tries the North Carolina treatment Vick's VapoRub, and finds that it is no longer necessary to "dose" the children with nauseous medicines for croup or cold troubles. VapoRub comes in salve form and when applied over the throat and chest the body heat releases the ingredients in the form of vapors. These vapors, inhaled with each breath, all night long, carry the medication direct to the air passages and lungs. At the same time VapoRub is absorbed through and stimulates the skin taking out that tightness and soreness in the chest.

VapoRub has a hundred uses in the home—for deep chest colds, sore throat, bronchitis or incipient pneumonia just apply well over the throat and chest and cover with a warm, flannel cloth. For head colds, hay fever, asthma or catarrhal troubles VapoRub can either be applied up the nostrils or a little melted in a spoon and the vapors inhaled. Croup is usually relieved in fifteen minutes and an application at bedtime prevents a night attack.

All mothers are urged to take advantage of the 30-day trial offer now being made by the local druggist and see for themselves just what VapoRub will do.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE—25c., 50c., $1.00

THRIFT STAMP SALES TOTAL $62,721.49 HERE

At Post Office Up to May 1—Amount is Below Expectation.

The total sales of war savings certificates and thrift stamps in the Norwich post office since the beginning, December 6, 1917, to May 1, 1918 have amounted to $62,721.49. This includes a credit of 2983 thrift cards with the 16 stamps on each, amounting to $11,932. The third assistant postmaster general who has charge of this branch of the business informed the postmaster that the sales were not as large as should be, as it is expected it would average for the year $16 for each inhabitant of the town. That would require Norwich with a population of 30,000 to purchase during the year $480,000. While Taftville and Yantic are not included in this office, the number served by the R. F. D. carriers would offset these places as to population so that the expected quota should be raised here.

Postmaster John P. Murphy stated on Wednesday that at the beginning the impression prevailed that this plan was only for children, and a great many will say their $4.16 for a certificate or their 25 cents for a stamp will not purchase much for the year. That is true if confined to one individual and as an illustration of what the many could do the following is submitted as what could be expected of a population of 30,000 by lending their savings to the government:

If 1,000 purchase a war certificate each week at $4.16, $4160. if 5,000 purchase 4 thrift stamps each week at 25 cents, $5,000; if 10,000 purchase 1 thrift stamp each week at 25 cents, $2,500; total $11,660.

If all who desire to be honest with themselves and the government will select one of these grades according to their circumstances the amount realized will aid materially in winning the war. The government is cautioning banks as to loaning money for purposes other than that connected with war work. It is of direct interest to business men of all branches and the working people to lend at least their savings to the government and avoid the necessity of being obliged to call on banks and other financial institutions to subscribe largely for bonds, as their funds are necessary to loan to the industrial and business concerns which are engaged in the filling of war orders.

The less a man knows the easier it is to convince him that he knows it all.

PATRIOTIC PROGRAM AT NORTH STONINGTON.

Parents-Teachers Meeting Held at the West Ashwillett School.

The Parents-Teachers association of the West Ashwillett school held its regular monthly meeting on the evening of May 4. This is the fifth and last meeting of the association until the reopening of the school in September, at which meeting officers will be chosen for the new year.

There was a fine attendance of members and many visitors, the total attendance being 51.

The following program was arranged by the teacher, Miss Mary Bailey, and members of the association and was greatly enjoyed by all present:

Song, school, Star Spangled Banner; recitation, America in Arms, Sherwood Swan; recitation, The American Flag, Perry Swan; recitation, The Quest, Fred Zavattoni; dialogue, Clear the Way, Fred Zavattoni, John Foley, Wilfred Linderson; song, We Thank Thee; essay, four-minute speaker, A Liberty Bond, Sherwood Swan; recitation, Too Much for a Whistle, or Benny Franklin's Folly, John Foley; recitation, Herbie Hoover, Wilfred Linderson; dialogue, In Want of a Place, Sherwood Swan, Silvey Zavattoni, Fred Zavattoni; music, Victrola, Death of Custer; recitation, Once I Saw a Little Bird, Roberta Vergason; hist drill, Facts; recitation, Woodman, Spare That Tree, Fred Zavattoni; recitation, My Shadow; song, Home, Sweet Home; recitation, Sheridan's Ride, Sherwood Swan; essays, Thrift Stamps, fourth grade; recitation, Incident of a French Camp; recitation, Little Birdie, Perry Swan; recitation, A Quotation, Jeremiah Foley; music, Victrola, Forest Whispers; recitation, A Boy's Song, Jeremiah Foley; recitation, Jim Bloodso, Mr. Eccleston; play, Who's the Head of the Family? Mrs. Irving Ecclestone, Frank Button, Oliver Young; reading, Mrs. Irving Ecclestone; duet, song, 'Mid the Clover Blooms of Hampshire, Miss Bailey, Irviny Ecclestone.

A pay followed the above program entitled Betsey, the Horse, and Betty. The characters were as follows: Mr. Stone, Irving Ecclestone; Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Frank Button; Betty Stone, Miss Mary Bailey; Mr. Brooks, Oliver Young. A song and marching flag drill, O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, completed the enjoyable program.

A short business meeting was held and it was voted to hold a community picnic on the closing day of school. A basket lunch was decided upon. A committee was appointed to take charge of the arrangemnts for the picnic.

Light refreshments were served and an enjoyable social hour spent in the playing of games.

NORWICH TOWN

Meeting of Home Missionary Society—Tennis Court on the Green in Use—Wood Thrash and Orioles Arrive.

The clear sweet song of the brown thrasher is now heard on the New London turnpike and in other localities. Cat birds are about in numbers. Freshly plowed land and swampy places attracting them. White crowned sparrows, migrants, were seen last week scratching among leaves for seeds. This week the rich notes of the wood thrush are heard for the first time on the Harland road and the Baltimore orioles are about a home there. These birds use a great deal of string in building their nests and bits of yarn and string thrown out will be quickly used.

Met at Chapel.

A devotional meeting of the First Congregational Home Missionary Society was held Wednesday afternoon in the chapel. The president, Miss M. E. Wattles was in charge and read a most interesting paper concerning conditions abroad. Then followed a discussion of the conquest campaign, a movement inaugurated by the Congregational Woman's Home Missionary Federation. The topics of prayer, intelligence, influence and money were considered.

Will Sew For Belgians.

The Home Missionary Society, of the First Congregational church meets Friday with Mrs. John L. Browning of East Town street to sew for the Belgians. Later in the afternoon the Church Improvement Society will hold a short meeting at the same place.

Tennis Court in Use.

The tennis court on the Norwich Town green has been put in order for the season, the first game being played Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Alice Larkham of Plain Hill is taking a course in stenography in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson and son Charles of East Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson of Willimantic, William Bell of West Main street and Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Ladd and daughter Dorothy of Central avenue spent a day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bushnell, of Old Canterbury turnpike.

Found Old Cannonball.

Lawrence B. Jerome of Jerome farm on the Norwich road, while plowing Saturday afternoon, found an old cannonball of the type commonly called 12 pounders. The ball was perfectly smooth.

OH! THAT AWFUL BACKACHE IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

An unhealthy body, and the unhappiness and misery which follow, may be prevented by ordinary judgment and care. Keep your stomach and kidneys in shape and you will have good health. The kidneys' work is to throw off the poisonous matters which enter the body. If they perform this work regularly and automatically the other organs will take care of themselves.

Diseased conditions of the bladder or kidneys are indicated by nervousness, sleeplessness, that tired, worn-out feeling, dizziness, nausea, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, pain in the lower abdomen, many so-called "female troubles," severe pain and discomfort when urinating, bloody, cloudy and stringy urine, too frequent or suppressed passages. All these are nature's signals to warn you of diseased kidneys or bladder, which may lead to fatal Bright's disease.

Don't wait until the danger is upon you. Go to your druggist at once. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are made of the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil, the kind your great-grandfather used. About two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Money refunded if they do not help you. But remember to ask for the imported GOLD MEDAL brand. In sealed packages.