Prizes for stories printed on this page are awarded as indicated.

For the coming week The Journal again offers $5, first prize; $3 second prize, and $2 third prize, for "the best story you ever heard."

It is not required that stories be original, but new and good stories, retold in the writer's own words, will be considered in the competition. Write only on one side of the paper, giving name and address with each story. Specify if you want your initials used as signature. Do not send clippings or enclose stamps, as manuscripts will not be returned. Stories should not exceed 300 words, and should be of a humorous nature. Omit introductions and be brief. Checks will be sent to prize winners.

Write name and address plainly on each story you send.

Address, Best Story Editor, Journal, Minneapolis.

FIRST PRIZE
This Story Gets $5.

Pie as a Stimulant.

Billy McTevish, the Scottish golf player, was staying as the guest of an elderly lady at a summer home near Fond du Lac. While they were out driving one afternoon they had the misfortune to meet the omnipresent automobile at a sharp turn in the road. The horses being spirited, shied, dashing the carriage against a tree and throwing the occupants in the road.

The Scotchman picked himself up uninjured, but was horrified to see his aged hostess lying on the ground unconscious. Running to a nearby farm he kocked at the door for some time before he finally succeeded in bringing a sunbonneted woman to the door.

"A lady has been hurt—thrown from a carriage. She is lying down there in the road. Can you give me some whisky for her?" cried the visitor in breathless anxiety.

"Well, no, we don't never keep no whisky," said the native born, after some deliberation. "Would the lady like a piece o' pie?" —R. D. C.

Jamestown, N. D.

SECOND PRIZE.
This Story Gets $3.

Didn't Expect Too Much.

Little Nellie had been very naughty and her mama said, "Don't you know you will never go to heaven if you are so naughty?" After thinking a moment the little girl said, "Oh, well, one can't expect to go everywhere. I've been to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' once and to the circus twice." —L. L. M.

Duluth, Minn.

THIRD PRIZE
This Story Gets $2.

Ornithology vs. High Finance.

A certain Pittsburg millionaire was visiting Philadelphia not long ago, and his business leading to the splendid Academy of Natural Sciences, he found himself walking in and out among the cases of stuffed birds. There are thousands of lifelike feathered creatures gathered there, and the collection is one of the finest in America. The custodian could not help praising it all with excusable warmth.

"I've never figured it out," said he, at last, "but it is safe to say, at a guess, that these stuffed birds are worth not less than $200,000."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man of money, "is it possible? What are they stuffed with?" —H. M.

Austin, Minn.

Good Judgment.

A farmer went into a hardware store and while purchasing some tools was asked by the proprietor if he did not want to buy a bicycle.

"A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the man, "and you can ride around your farm on it. They're cheap now and I can let you have one for $35."

"I'd rather put the $35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"Oh, well," said the hardware man, sarcastically, "you'd look mighty foolish riding around your farm on a cow, now wouldn't you?"

"No more foolish, perhaps," said the farmer, "than I would milking a bicycle." —A. T.

Iowa City, Iowa.

No Bovine Mail.

Mike Howe, originally of the emerald isle, had recently moved to the little village of Lynn. One afternoon he wandered into the diminutive postoffice and inquired for his mail. The postal clerk was new, young and inclined to have a little fun.

"Any mail for Mike Howe?" asked the Irishman.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I don't understand," replied the clerk.

"Faith and can't yez understand English? Any mail for Mike Howe?"

The clerk looked disgusted as he answered pertly: "No! We haven't any mail for anybody's cow." —H. R.

A Woman's Tears.

"My wife used to get nervous every time she heard a noise at night, and I thought she would get over it after I explained to her that burglars don't make any noise when they break into a house."

"Well, didn't she?"

"No, indeed. Now she gets nervous every time she doesn't hear a noise."

Spring Park, Minn. —R. R. H.

Another Irish Bull.

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind." —E. M. D.

Seeing the Point.

In a village on the eastern coast of Massachusetts it is the custom for the minister to read in church the requests of members for the prayers of the congregation on special occasions. On Sunday the regular clergyman had exchanged pulpits with a minister from the interior of the state to whom the custom was new.

The deacon, at the usual time in the service, ascended the pulpit stairs and gave the minister the written requests for prayers, explaining what was to be done with them. A few minutes later the congregation was puzzled and not a little amused to hear in a clear and deliberate voice: "A man going to see his wife requests the prayers of the congregation for his safe return."

The notice was: "A man going to sea, his wife requests the prayers of the congregation for his safe return."

Hastings, Minn. —C. H.

His Address.

Harry Furniss tells a good story of a distinguished but irritable Scotch lecturer. The gentleman had occasion to speak in a small town in one of the lowland counties, and it chanced that he met with a more than usually loquacious chairman. This genius actually spoke for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer.

He wound up by saying, "It is unnecessary for me to say more, but call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address tonight."

The lecturer came forward. "You want my address? I'll give it to you: 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh—and I'm just off for there now. Good night." —M. R.

La Crosse, Wis.

The Absent-Minded Professor.

A professor of sciences, well known for his absent-mindedness, was engaged in a deep controversy with a fellow student when his wife hurriedly entered the room. "Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I've swallowed a pin."

The professor smiled. "Don't worry about it, dear," he said in a soothing tone. "It is of no consequence. Here"—he fumbled at his lapel—"Here is another pin." —D. A. T.

Milbank, N. D.

Where He Wore His Crown.

The late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, once addressed a Sunday school and towards the close of his remarks said:

"And, my little friends, if you do all these things some day you will wear a gold crown, yes, each of you some day will wear a gold crown."

A little chap on the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped:

"My favver wears one now."

"No," said the poet, "that can't be."

"Yes, he does too, right on his toof," said the little chap. —F. A. N.

Litchfield, Minn.

A Safe Deduction.

The editor of a note and query column received the following:

"Every morning when I go out I find two or three of my hens lying on their backs. They never get up again. What is the matter?"

The editor replied: "Your hens are dead." —F. D.

Columbia, S. D.

Taking No Chances.

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the house surgeon that this is just a case of pure fit; not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice." —J. E. S.

The Lesson Stopped.

The teacher was taking a class in the infant Sabbath school room and was making her pupils finish each sentence to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it could not—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it could not—"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, "but it could not —"

"Speak," once more replied the children.

"It had a nose, but it could not —"

"Wipe it," shouted the children; and the lesson had to stop a moment.

—Adelaide Swinburne.

Farming in New York.

While traveling thru New York state, where the soil is very rocky, Mr. H. met an Englishman. The Englishman showed Mr. H. a field of which he was very proud, but in crossing the field they stepped from one stone to the other. After commenting on the overproduction of stones Mr. H. asked him what he would do if he had a 100-acre field to plow without seeing a stone.

He looked at Mr. H. in amazement and finally said: "And what would I throw at me 'oss?" —M.

Chatfield, Minn.

The Irish Ahead, as Usual.

Pat was having an argument with a friend who was well posted in ancient history.

"How foolish of you to contend that the ancient Irish were more advanced than the ancient Egyptians," said his friend. "Why, the Egyptians must have even understood electricity, as wires corresponding to our own telegraph wires have been found in Egypt."

"That may be," answered Pat, "but the fact that no wires have been found in Ireland proves beyond a doubt that the Irish were in the habit of using wireless telegraphy." —L. L. M.

Duluth, Minn.

Perfectly Safe.

Two Irishmen were moving some kegs of powder when one noticed the other was smoking, and the following conversation ensued:

"Look here," said one, "ain't ye got any better since than to be smoking whilst we're handling these here kegs of powder? Don't ye know that yesterday there was an explosion that blew up a dozen men?"

"Faith, but that could never happen here," replied the other.

"Why not?"

"Because there is only two of us on this job." —H. H.

Sanborn, N. D.

Boardin' the Teacher.

A prominent educator of North Dakota tells the following story on himself: In his early schooldays he had a position in a country schoolhouse in New England. The people of the district worked out their taxes by giving him board and when there was no vacancy in the farmhouses he took a small room, while his neighbors supplied him with food. One day a young boy came running breathlessly toward him.

"Say, teacher," he gasped; "my paw wants to know if you like pork?"

"Indeed, I do," the teacher replied, concluding that the very stingy father of the boy had determined to donate some pork to him. "You tell your father if there is anything in the world I do like, its pork."

Some time passed and there was no pork forthcoming. One day he met the boy alone in the schoolyard.

"Look here, John;" he said, "how about that pork?" "Oh," replied the boy, "the pig got well."

Jamestown, N. D. —R. C. D.

He Studied Fractions.

Mother—Harry, how many sisters has your new schoolfellow?

Harry—He has one, mama. He tried to stuff me by saying that he had two half sisters; but he doesn't know that I studied fractions.

St. Hilaire, Minn. —M. A. E.

He Gave Cheerfully.

Johnnie's father had given him a 10-cent piece and a quarter of a dollar, telling him he might put either of them on the collection plate.

"Which did you give, Johnnie?" asked his father when the boy came home from church.

"Well, father, I thought at first I'd put on the quarter," said Johnnie, "but then I remembered just in time that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give the 10-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in." —H.

Drayton, N. D.

Nothing Unusual.

"What became of the Cromwell relics you had on exhibition here?" asked a gentleman of the museum attendant.

"Let me see," replied the resourceful worthy. "Oh, yes, they were returned to Mr. Cromwell last week."

Dawson, Minn. —E. R.

Not Clever Enough.

The late Paul Kruger was not an eloquent man, but he excelled in brief and pithy sayings. To a nephew who wanted an office he said:

"My dear boy, you are not clever enough for a subordinate position, and all the higher offices are filled." —Mrs. M. J. Bailey.

Custer, S. D.

Objections Removed.

Last summer a well-known professor, with his family, went to a small seaside resort and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking guests. This year he wrote to the farmer and in his letter said:

"There are several matters I should like changed, if I board at your home again. We do not like the maid, Mary, and we think a sty so near the house is not sanitary."

The farmer replied: "Mary is went, and we ain't 'ad no hogs since you went last August." —L. P. C.

Boston, Mass.

Her Morning Toilet.

Two ladies exchanging notes on the method in which they spend the day:

"You see I always get up at 10 and ring for my maid and get dressed."

"How long does that take?"

"Oh, ever so long. You see the girl takes a full hour to do my hair."

"A full hour? Mercy! What do you do while she is fixing it?"

"I go out in the garden and take my morning walk." —M. L.

Jamestown, N. D.

No Accounting for Taste.

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"Queer taste; stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

Jamestown, N. D. W. L.

No Difference of Opinion.

There is a difference of opinion between a conductor and a brakeman on a certain line in Montana as to the pronunciation of the station's name, "Eurelia."

Passengers are considerably startled on arrival at this particular station to hear the conductor yell:

"You're a liar; you're a liar!"

This statement is then confirmed by the brakeman, who roars:

"You really are; you really are!"

Willmar, Minn. —L. M. Y.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE SENT THRU THE MAIL

Paris Bomb Outrage—Turning a Key Caused the Explosion.

Paris, Aug. 11.—M. Haegeli, a partner in a firm of menders of antique porcelain and china, was terribly injured by a bomb explosion at his workshop in the Rue de Bondy this morning, which took place while he was opening a parcel delivered to him in the ordinary way.

He had opened an outer basket, and found an envelope with a key and a wooden box. He had no sooner attempted to turn the key in the lock of the box than a tremendous explosion occurred, which shook the whole neighborhood and shattered the windows of the workshop. A lady who was sitting at a fourth-story window sewing, was seriously injured.

M. Haegeli was found horribly wounded, standing in the courtyard, but apparently perfectly calm. His face was bleeding, nearly the whole of his hair and beard had been blown off, and his left arm hung in a shapeless mass by his side, his hand and wrist having been blown off.

Inside the box, attached to the sides by wire, was a revolver containing a spent cartridge. It had been so placed that on the key being turned it pressed against the trigger of the revolver by means of an ingenious arrangement of thread. The box was filled with black powder and with numerous pieces of old iron, nails, iron nuts, etc.

A portion of Haegeli's arm had been blown against the wall and fragments of flesh were found on a window-sill on the first floor. On arriving at the hospital he fell into a state of coma, and the surgeons found it necessary to amputate the stump. It is impossible to attribute any motive for the outrage, but there is a theory that someone to whom he had refused money may have taken this means of revenge.

Curiously enough, either last night or this morning, some unknown person entered the courtyard and roughly drew on the ground-glass window of M. Haegeli's workshop a sketch of a revolver and a dagger. The pane on which this drawing was made was the only one left intact after the explosion.

Art Aids for Busy People

By MARTHA C. WELLS,
Chairman of the Art Committee of the State Federation.
(Copyright 1906.)

XXVIII.—Pictures of Famous Battles and Commanders, in Minneapolis.

VETERANS and visitors of the Grand Army will find many famous military scenes among the pictures of the Minneapolis collections. The fine new gallery at the public library with its perfect light and ventilation, its admirably arranged pictures, to which many loans have just been added and the splendid art treasures in the gallery of T. B. Walker contain more than a dozen paintings of famous military events by the most celebrated artists of the world. They are freely open to the public, and will doubtless be viewed by thousands, recalling similar patriotic struggles, as in different periods and countries, men have responded to the call of duty and love of "freedom and their native land."

The "Death of Nelson," by the Parisian artist Jazet, has been copied and engraved until it has become universally famous and familiar. It represents Great Britain's greatest admiral in his last battle at Trafalgar Bay, Oct. 21, 1805, where he not only annihilated the French navy but defeated their plan of invading England. After stupendous victories on the Nile, at Copenhagen and other places the illustrious hero received his mortal wound and expired, surrounded by his officers on board the Victory. The calamities of this marine warfare are terribly realistic, the dying sailors, wounded surgeon, the gunners in a hand-to-hand conflict with sailors of the enemy attempting to invade the vessel, on a spar, the masts and rigging swarming with men, everything shows how fierce the struggle. The attention is riveted upon the central figure, near the capstan, that of the great soldier, whose greatest victory was his last.

The "Battle Between the Moors and Saracens" is by Parrocel, the French artist, and portrays an event which was important to all Europe, as in the early centuries the Arab invasions in Spain threatened the entire continent. This picture was purchased by Mr. Walker from the collection of Comte de Bressier.

"Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," by De Neville. This battle occurred in 1884, when the British, commanded by General Garnet Wolseley, won the victory over the Egyptians and for his valor there he was raised to the peerage. The celebrated artist, De Neville (1835-87), belonged to the "artists' brigade" doing the Franco-Prussian war and was extremely successful in portraying realistic battle scenes. The painting was presented to the Minneapolis library board by James J. Hill of St. Paul. A diagram which accompanies the picture gives the correct location of officers and troops, which are easily distinguished by the color of the uniforms. Many of the faces have the correctness of portraiture, and the carnage shows how determined the Egyptians were in their resistance. British soldiers who were in the engagement have traveled long distances to see this canvas.

"Scene in the Franco-Prussian War" by James Walker, also a French artist. The location is a French village, in 1870. Thru the narrow streets the Prussian White Cuirassiers gallop at a mad pace, while French soldiers, at close range, fire at them from windows, roofs and balcony. Horseless riders and riderless horses dead, dying, in smoke and confusion, all shows what a wild charge they made. France, with its centuries of dark war clouds and gory battlefields, has produced the most famous military artists.

"Episode of the Thirty Years' War," by Gustav Schuch, a Prussian artist, largely self-taught. This period of the seventeenth century represents Germany's darkest days, when the long continued religious strife involved all central Europe and the terrors and ravages of war devastated and blighted it. The picture shows a detached body of troops crossing a wild waste, depicting only too well the ruin of invaders. A cumbrous baggage wagon, outriders urging the weary horses over a muddy road, an armored captain attended by mounted troopers, musicians and a motley crowd in costumes characteristic of the times, suggest the changes and chaos of the period.

"General Jackson Before Judge Hall," by Schusselle (painted in 1859) a Philadelphia artist, and for many years art director of the Pennsylvania academy. After General Jackson had saved Louisiana from the British, he maintained martial law in New Orleans, even after peace was declared. Civil authorities declared this unnecessary and a faction arose, Jackson was fined for contempt of court (1815) $1,000, but it ended in a great ovation to the patriot and while he insisted upon paying the fine it was refunded thirty years later with interest by congress. The scene is in the old Spanish-built courthouse, New Orleans.

"Portrait of General Washington" by Rembrandt Peale (1778-1860). Competent judges consider this the best portrait of Washington ever painted. The artist was very young, but the three sittings which Washington gave resulted in many copies, but finally the image which was so strongly impressed on the artist's mind was fixed in this life-like and natural portrait.

Marble "Bust of James A. Garfield" by the sculptor, J. A. Acton, member of the Royal Academy of England. This was the gift of Philip Shufeldt of New Brighton, Aug. 2, 1892. James A. Garfield (1831-1881) left the Ohio senate to enter, in 1861, the army as colonel of the Forty-second Ohio volunteers. In 1863 he was appointed chief of staff to General Rosecrans, and the same year promoted to major general of volunteers. After the civil war he served congress from Ohio until his election in 1880 as the twentieth president of the United States. His martyr death in 1881, plunged the nation in universal sorrow.

"Napoleon in His Coronation Robes" by David. This artist (1748-1825) is one of the most eminent of modern times and called the "founder of modern French painting." He devoted himself especially to historical scenes, was appointed by Napoleon as court painter and many pictures by David of Napoleon and his times hang in the Louvre. In rich crimson robes of state Napoleon bears on his forehead a wreath of golden laurels. He is surrounded by symbols of his power. The famous Napoleon "bees" are on the rich frame. The picture was painted by the emperor's order in 1805, only two years after his negotiation and sale of Louisiana to the United States. It was given to Field Marshal Davout and hung in the old family chateau until 1889, when the estate was sold. By courtesy of Mr. Walker it has hung in the Minneapolis public library since 1891. This great French commander is also represented in half length portrait by Lefevre (1756-1831), his court painter.

"Portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte" was painted at the age of 41—in 1810, six years after he was crowned emperor. From his private rooms at Fontainebleau it passed, when he went into exile, to Field Marshal Mortier, and later, by the laws of France, sold. When intended as the center of a collection of great pictures at the "Tomb of Napoleon," it was purchased by the Minneapolis art connoisseur and brought to his gallery. A famous group in the library gallery is Napoleon and on either side, by Lefevre, is Empress Josephine and the Austrian, Empress Maria Louisa.

"King Charles I., After the Battle of Marston Moor," by Jean Rosier, a Belgium artist, director of the academy of Malines, a suburb of Brussels, is one of the most realistic pictures. The scene shows Charles I after supposedly defeating Cromwell at Marston Moor, in a nearby castle. His officers outline further routes and plans at a table near the king, when the announcement of defeat is made. Completely overwhelmed, paralyzed by the news, the king pays no attention to any one, not even to the faithful dog who caresses his hand in mute sympathy. The king and officers are portrait pictures, the castle interior and colorings are grandly done. Besides many medals the artist received the Grand Prix de Rome. Two English gentlemen, in seeing this picture lately, said, "There was nothing better in the London National gallery."

PACKING HOUSE "HANDS" WEAR WHITE

WHITE WINGS AT SWIFT'S, SOUTH OMAHA.

Special to The Journal.

South Omaha, Neb., Aug. 11.—The great packing houses at this point are following out with a vengeance the government order to "clean up," and so eager are they to adopt the suggestions of the government inspectors that beginning Aug. 1 every employee of the different houses has been clothed in white duck at the expense of the packers. Every person who comes in contact in any way with the products of the plant is now wearing a suit of duck and even down in the fertilizing department, when the men report for duty each morning they are dressed in immaculate white.

These clothes are changed in the dressing rooms at the packing houses, and each morning a fresh suit is given each employee. During the night laundries in the plants wash the soiled suits at the expense of the packers, not the employees.

A remarkable showing was made by the workmen on the first day, and the girls were as careful of their new gowns as they were of their own Sunday dresses. It was noticed that in their desire to keep the clothes clean, they were much more careful of the handling of the meats.

The packers are well pleased at the result of clothing their 7,000 working people as "white wings."

Open at 8 A. M. Close at 6 P. M. during G. A. R. week only.

POWERS

Nicollet Ave....First Ave. So....Fifth Street....Minneapolis.

Open at 8 A. M. Close at 6 P. M. during G. A. R. week only.

Welcome, G. A. R. and friends!

May your visit to our city be one you will remember with much pleasure.

While you are in Minneapolis we want you to feel that the many advantages and conveniences of our great store are at your service. We cordially invite you to make free use of our resting and retiring rooms, reading and writing parlors, the nursery (trained nurse in attendance), local telephone service, free checking of parcels, free information bureau, etc. We have a U. S. Post Box within our doors. Pure artesian drinking water on every floor. The handsomest soda fountain in the city is here.

We especially call your attention to the Nicollet Avenue Arcade — — the most beautiful merchandising room in the country. It's one of the most interesting sights in the city. Don't fail to see it.

Showing advance fashions in fall wear.

IT WILL BE OF MUCH INTEREST to you when visiting our store, to see the many early styles we are now showing for fall and winter, in Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Millinery, Waists, Skirts and Coats, Dress Trimmings, Corsets, Novelties in Silverware and Jewelry, Leather Goods and Belts, Neckwear and Veilings, Shoes, Infants' Wear, etc. And we would remind you that in men's and boys' wearing apparel our departments for clothing, furnishings and hats offer unsurpassed assortments to select from. In housefurnishing goods you will find we are fully prepared to outfit your home from attic to basement—furniture, carpets, rugs, draperies, crockery, glassware, kitchenware, tableware, linens, silverware, etc., etc.

And remember—year in and year out we sell more good merchandise at lower prices than any other store in the Northwest.

Kodak dept.

WE CARRY a full line of Kodaks and kodak supplies at all times. We do expert developing and printing at very reasonable prices. Come in and have your kodaks loaded.

G. A. R. week

will furnish rare opportunities. Get your supplies early.

Basement, foot of 5th St. Stairway.

SOUVENIRS!

Thousands and thousands of souvenirs comprising the biggest and broadest assortments in the Twin Cities.

WE HAVE made special preparations for G. A. R. week visitors, and our efforts have resulted in a variety so comprehensive everyone is bound to find something that will just fit the need. One of the handsomest is the Minneapolis souvenir sofa pillow, in the Art Embroidery Department, second floor.

Our prices are uniformly the lowest.

PHOTO *special!*

All G. A. R. week we offer our "New York" photos, Regular $4.50 kind, at **$2.50 dozen.**

Special sewing machine demonstration G. A. R. week.

MRS. A. E. REEVES, the famous sewing machine operator and expert in Mexican drawn work and embroidery, will be at our Sewing Machine Dept., 3rd Floor, all of this week.

These exhibitions are entirely free to everyone and you are specially invited to come and see her marvelous work.

We are exclusive Minneapolis agents for the "Standard"—"Domestic"—"New Griffin" and "New Sterling" machines, and to call special attention to our Sewing Machine Dept. during Madam Reeves' demonstration we will make the following very remarkable offer:

OUR "NEW STERLNG" MACHINE; three-drawer drop-head case, with full set of attachments and a written guarantee; a machine house-furnishers and agents ask $25 for —during this week's sale .. **$10.95**

Optical dept.

Bifocal, or double-sight glasses.

UNTIL LATELY the objectionable feature about these glasses has been the strongly marked line between the distance and reading glass. We now make double-sight, or bi-focal lenses, that look like single lenses. Glad to show them to you any time.

Eyes tested free by our expert opticians.

Drug dept. special.

First Avenue South Aisle.

During Encampment week we will give to every adult person calling at our Drug department a sample of

"Liver-Fix" *the great liver remedy FREE.*

"Liver-Fix" is a purely vegetable, chocolate coated tablet, free from calomel or any other irritating substance. On sale

at POWERS drug dept.

Defective Page