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SPECIAL STENCIL OFFER

We will supply cut stencils to any user of Alabastine—one stencil for each room requiring not less than two packages, if you will send the large words ALABASTINE cut from the face of the packages over the cross and circle, accompanied by 15c in stamps or silver for each stencil desired, covering postage and packing. Write for free booklet, "Nature's Beautiful Tints."

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY 1845 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan

HAIR NETS AND ARMENIANS

Interesting Comparison Between Cost of the Former and the Clothing of the Latter.

The hair net or phony wig wears well for several months in Armenia. In fact, it is the cost of them. Even Armenian orphans are sometimes more modest than milady.

Experts have figured that \$1.50 would completely attire in unbleached muslin a child of the Far East. Relief orphanages of the Transcaucasian famine zones for six months. And experts also figure that milady's bill for hair nets during a like period would be in considerable excess of that amount, depending upon—well, upon several things. Hair nets are of uncertain durability under any circumstances. And milady is not always over cautious. Even an expert hesitates to hazard some guesses.

The Near East relief has just purchased 300,000 yards of unbleached muslin for summer garments for its wards in Transcaucasia. Where is there a bill-maddened household head ungrateful enough to remark that a country full of orphans is not the greatest liability in the world?—Chicago Evening Post.

Is It Progress?

"It may be progress or it may be another form of motion," said Old Man Double, "but it is apparent that nowadays the less of a reputation for probity and virtue is not so much of a handicap as it was a few years ago. In fact, I have heard some handclapping on the technical acquittal of self-confessed crooks."—Chicago Daily News.

Poets Laureate.

There is no poet laureate of America and no such appointment has ever been made. The first and only state to appoint a poet laureate is Nebraska, which in 1871 declared John G. Neihardt, a native of that state, entitled to that honor.

When Will There Be A Disarmament of Dining Tables?

Suppose everybody would recognize the fact that there's no gain but much loss in keeping up hostilities with the stomach!

Suppose the ancient aggravation of improper food on indignant digestive organs should be settled with guarantees of sensible diet and tranquil digestion!

The saving would be beyond all possibility of counting.

Yet millions go on declaring war on the stomach and accepting war in return—loading up on starchy, heavy, unbalanced and highly-seasoned food at breakfast or lunch—and wondering why comfort, happiness and efficiency are out of reach.



Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts makes a friend of the taste and an ally of the stomach.

There's a charm and satisfaction to this delicious food which prompts appetite to say, "There's a meal!" and digestion to answer, "Thank goodness, here's peace at last!"

Grape-Nuts is the perfected nutriment of wheat and malted barley—sweet, crisp, and wonderfully nourishing. It digests quickly, and provides the necessary elements, including the vital mineral salts, for body, nerve and brain.

Order Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, and let a delighted taste pass a treaty of peace along to an enthusiastic digestion and assimilation.

FINDS HER BROTHER AND SISTERS

Kidnaped in Her Infancy Woman Is Reunited to Family After Twenty Years.

Wilmington, Del.—Kidnaped in this city when she was barely four years old and taken to Washington, Pa., where she was adopted by the family of an undertaker after having been deserted by her kidnapers, Mrs. Helen Smith was the other day reunited with her brother and sisters here after more than twenty years.

LAZZARONI OF NAPLES

CREDIT ACCORDED LUTHER

One story ascribes the first Christmas tree to Martin Luther, who conceived the rather pretty idea that the dark branches of the young spruce, gaily illuminated with colored candles and hung with its bright ornaments and gifts, would suggest to the children the dome of heaven with its innumerable stars, and, perhaps, thoughts of praise and gratitude to Him who is the Giver of all good gifts around them.

Placing Inevitable Gossip

The invertebrate gossip is a victim of the morbid longing for excitement. Sensation is the breath of life to many persons having a few interests and an insatiable craving for thrills, and the language they employ in weaving romances about their neighbors and acquaintances is extraordinary. Parents and teachers should strive to direct the valuable instinct of curiosity towards useful and social ends, and in this way combat the mischievous sensation-mongering tendency and the development of doctoredness. Through education the bias for creating scares and sensations may be diverted to a useful goal.—Exchange.

GOOD FOR SUCH A KING

Birthdays of King George III & in the year 1794, Mr. Arden watchmaker, presented with a repeating watch for him. The king and family were filled with admiration for this wonderful work, as this repeating watch was a silver time in contained 120 parts, and contained 120 parts, and contained 120 parts, and contained 120 parts.

ANY SIZE FILM 1/2 or 6 negatives with 20 and 35 mm. or 35 mm. from glossy. Rollers & 10 mounted. Only 40c. PHOTO SERVICE WE CINCINNATI O.

FORD STARTERS \$20

Agents wanted, American-Simplic Co., Anderson, Ind.

HEALTH For \$5 to \$15 a year, according to frequency desired, a reliable, convenient, periodic physical check-up by chemical analysis and microscopic examination of urine specimens. We furnish mailing equipment, postage. Doctors: Herbert Bright's Disease, etc. Approved by Mod. Profession, relied upon by insurance companies; used by 500,000 thoughtful persons. Write for FREE booklet. You should B.S.W.V. No medicine or treatment for sale. Standard Laboratories, Toledo, O.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Restores Color and Brings the Hair to its Natural Condition. Hindercorns, Remove Corns, Calluses, etc., stop all pain, remove corns from the feet, heal all sores, itching, etc. Hindercorns, Calluses, etc., stop all pain, remove corns from the feet, heal all sores, itching, etc.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT, Licensed, bonded, former U.S. Marshal, N.Y. City. Highest creditable. Mrs. J. L. Lane, 1400 Broadway, N.Y. City. I CAN MAKE MONEY AT HOME with \$1000.00. No DAME. Lot us have your address, and we will explain. Write to: HARKPATRICK, Cleveland, Ohio.

MADE POOR RENT COLLECTOR

Indianapolis Man Evidently Too Good-Natured to Succeed in That Line of Business.

Bachelor Joe Stokes, the druggist, never gets peace from his story-telling friends. Joe owns some rental property in one of the industrial districts. Things have been a bit slow in industry lately and Joe has had trouble collecting his rents. His real estate broker constantly returning word that he could not collect.

"I'll go out and collect it myself," Mr. Stokes said, a bit peevishly—that is, if Joe ever gets that way. Anyhow, a day or two later Joe started out on a rental collection tour. Late that afternoon he returned to his drug store. An unusual little smile was working at the corners of Joe's mouth.

"Any luck?" one of the clerks inquired. "Any luck? Boy, you're crazy! Instead of paying me, they borrowed money from me everywhere I went."—Indianapolis News.

Cucumber's History.

A strange recipe was once given for the use of cucumbers. It stated, peel off the cucumber, slice it, pepper it, put vinegar to it, and then throw it out of the window. It is, of course, difficult to account for tastes; but this rather suggests advice prompted by an enfeebled digestion. The cucumber has for centuries had a place in the world's dietary table. We have biblical authority for the statement that when the Israelites complained to Moses, they said: "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt; the cucumber and the melons." There may be imaginative minds who will see here a link with that popular English dish of today, salmon and cucumber.—Chicago Journal.

Not a Debatable Point.

The woman was calling on her next-door neighbor, and while seated in the living room the front doorbell gave a sharp ring. As it happened to be the maid's day out, the small daughter of the house answered the ring.

A penetrating voice reached us from the open door: "Is your mother engaged?"

Mary Ellen's shrill treble was a mingling of astonishment and indignation. "My mother engaged! No, ma'am; she's been married for years."

Man's Troubles.

Andy—"Every man has his troubles." Bess—"Yes; and most of them wear skirts."

Thoughts of what might have been

are an injustice to today.

HAD TO HAVE CONSERVATORY

Most Parents of Six Marriageable Daughters Will Sympathize With This Home Seeker.

Charles M. Schwab said at a reception in New York: "This world is hankering after disarmament and universal peace as the househunter hankers after a conservatory. And on the next the boats from the cutter took off the pirates from the cave. We did not see them again. Through the courtesy of Santa Marina, the cutter was herded along with the rest, although he might prefer, if hypocritically, have pleaded that he had completed with the will of a landlady under duress. Aunt Jane went very much into the details of the conservatory with the request that she might never see it again.

We parted from Santa Marina without regrets. It was an impressive leave-taking—indeed, Santa Marina in his least word and gesture was impressive. Also, he managed subtly and unobtrusively to impart to the knowledge that he shared Titan's tastes in the matter of hair. On his departure he made a pretty little speech, full of compliments and floral specimens, and bestowed upon me—as being mine by right, he earnestly protested—the two bags of Spanish doubloons.

Since the above was written, Mr. Shaw has run across Tony. The latter is a water-front. Tony tells him that they got off to a good start. The American consul interested himself in the matter, and Tony's father and hence did not proceed. Before the discharge of Santa Marina, the Captain Magnus was stabbed over a card game. Tony's father, the owner of a wealthy half-caste woman, the owner of a fine plantation, but a perfect gentleman. Tony's father, the owner of a wealthy half-caste woman, the owner of a fine plantation, but a perfect gentleman. Tony's father, the owner of a wealthy half-caste woman, the owner of a fine plantation, but a perfect gentleman.

CHAPTER XX. The Bishop's Chest. We waited nine days for the coming of the Rufus Smith. During that time an episode occurred as a result of which I sat one morning by myself on the beach along the rocks, without such ardent hopes had been entertained, only like the derelict itself to be wrecked at last. It was a lonely spot and I wanted to be alone. I sat abused, and sad, and sore. I realized that I was destined to do nothing but harm in the world, and to hurt people and I was fond of, and misunderstood by everyone, and to live on. I wasn't lucky enough to meet with a premature and sad death, but I was sour, lonely, crippled and I had no one to help me. I had no one to help me. I had no one to help me. I had no one to help me.

"I take it you are not wanting company, you have come so far out of the way of it," said Dugald Shaw.

"Nobody seemed to want me," I remarked sulkily, after a pause. "I had marked no reply, but seated himself upon the rocks. For a little there was silence.

"Virginia," he said abruptly, "I'm thinking you have hurt the lad."

"Oh," I burst out, "that is all you think of—the lad, the lad! How about me? Don't you suppose it hurt me, too?"

"No," he made deliberate answer. "I was not sure of that. I thought maybe you liked having men at your feet."

"Liked it? Liked to wound Cutbert? Oh, if only it had not happened, if we could have gone on being friends! It was all my fault for going with him into the cave. It was after you had buried the skeleton, and I wanted to see poor Peter's resting place. And see spoke of Helen, and it was all frightfully melancholy and tender, and all at once he—he said it. And I meant he never should!"

In the soreness of my heart I began to weep.

"There, lassie, there, don't cry!" he said gently. "The boy didn't speak of it, of course. But I knew how it must be. It has hit him hard, I am afraid."

"I suppose," I wept, "you would have had me marry him whether I wanted to or not, just to keep from hurting him?"

"No," he answered quickly. "I did not say that—I did not say that I would have had you marry him. No, lass, I did not say that."

"Then why are you scolding me?" I asked in a choked whisper.

"Scolding you? I am not. It was only that—that I love the lad—and I wish you both so well—I thought perhaps there was some mistake, and it would not matter about me, if I could see you both happy."

"It is a great mistake," I said clearly. "It is a great mistake, Dugald Shaw, that you should come to me and court me—for some one else."

There was silence for a while, the kind of silence when you hear your heartbeats.

When he spoke his voice was unsteady.

Rest Needed. Doc—"There's absolutely nothing the matter with you, madam. You should seek quiet for a while."

She—"But, doctor, look at my tongue. Doc—"The same applies to your tongue."

Dead Europe in Towns. Europe is full of dead towns—trailing glories from the age before the Turks captured Constantinople. Many of them lie on small rivers, as Bruges does. For in the days when an ocean ship was only an enlarged rowboat a river harbor was preferable to the best ocean port. Such was Seville, such was Pisa, such was Florence. But when the Turks cut the Indian

PANISH DOUBLOONS By CAMILLA KENYON

(CHAPTER XIX—Continued.)

"Plans were discussed for transferring the pirates from the cave to the cutter, for they were to be taken to Santa Marina, whatever punishment was thought fit for their rath- or indefinite. They had not murdered us, they had robbed us of nothing but the provisions they had eaten; they had, after all, as much right on the island as ourselves. Yet there remained that high-handed conduct in invading our camp and treating us as prisoners, with the threat of death if we refused to do as Santa Marina's justice was mainly by rule of thumb, and that the courts do not embarrass themselves much with precedents. Gily I hope they did not shoot the picturesque Tony against a wall."

The power-saw named by a crew from the cutter was to be taken to Santa Marina, also. Santa Marina remained with us for the day as our guest, and on the next the boats from the cutter took off the pirates from the cave. We did not see them again. Through the courtesy of Santa Marina, the cutter was herded along with the rest, although he might prefer, if hypocritically, have pleaded that he had completed with the will of a landlady under duress. Aunt Jane went very much into the details of the conservatory with the request that she might never see it again.

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"But the boy has everything to offer you, his ancient name, his splendid unstained youth, a heart that is all loyalty. He is strong and brave and beautiful. Virginia, why couldn't you love him?"

"I could not love him," I replied, very low, "because my love was not mine any more to give. It belongs to someone else. Is his name ancient? I don't know. It is his, and he embodies it. Cutbert has youth, but youth is only promise. In the man I love I find fulfillment. And he is loyal and brave and honest—I am afraid he isn't beautiful, but I love him the better for his scars."

After that I sat quite still, and I knew it depended on the next half minute whether I went all the days of my life crowned and glorious with happiness, or buried my shame and heartbreak under the waters of the cave.

And then Dugald Shaw took me in his arms.

By and by he said huskily: "Beloved, I had no right to ask you to give such a life as mine must be—the life of a poor sailor."

At this I raised my head from its nestling-place and laughed.

"Ask me? Silly, I asked you! Of course you could have refused me, but I depended on your not having the courage."

"And indeed that is a charge I'll not allow—that I am so little of a man as to let my courting be done for me. No, no, it was my love compelling you that made you speak the words you tell me now, and I am proud to have thought you of shielding you from the hardships of such a wandering, homeless life as mine."

"Well, Heaven reward you for your selfishness," I said earnestly. "I am thankful you were not so noble as to let me throw myself at your head in vain. I have been doing it for ever so long, in fact, but it is such a thick Scotch head that I dare say I made no impression."

"Sweet imp! You'll pay for that—oh, Virginia, if I had only something to offer you!"

"You can offer me something that I want very much, if you will, and at no cost but your strong right arm."

"It is an arm which is at your service for life—but what am I to do with it?"

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Under the pressure of Dugald's fingers the floor of the chest was swinging upward on an invisible hinge. Between it and the true bottom was a space of about three inches in depth. It seemed to be filled with a layer of yellowed cotton-wool.

For a long moment we held our breath, gazing at each other with eyes which asked the same question. Then Dugald lifted a corner of the sheet of cotton and plucked it away.

At once all the hues of the rainbow seemed to be flashing and sparkling before us. Rubies were there like great drops of the blood that the chest and its treasure had worn; diamonds like hearts of moss; sapphires, mirroring the blue of the tropic sky; emeralds, green as the island verdure; pearls, white as the milk of the coconuts and softly luminous as the phosphorescent foam which broke on the beach in the distance. And there were diamonds that caught gleams of all the others' beauty, and then mocked them with a matchless splendor.

There were nine heavy bracelets, all jewel-set; twenty-three rings, eight of them for the hand of a man. Some of these rings contained the finest of diamonds, except for three splendid uncut stones. There were numbers of elaborate old-fashioned earrings, two rope-like chains of gold adorned with jewels at intervals, and several jeweled lockets. There was a solid gold snuff-box, engraved with a coat of arms and ornamented with seventeen fine emeralds. There were, besides the three diamonds, eighty-two uncut stones, among them, wrapped by itself in cotton, a ruby of extraordinary size and luster. And there was a sort of coronet of pearls, seven all over with clear white brilliant-cut diamonds.

Oh, yes, for whether or not there were an infection of piracy in the very air of the island, so that to seize with the high hand, to hold with the iron grasp, seemed the law of life, we detected without a quail against the surrender of our treasure-trove to its technical owners. Technical only; for one felt that, in essence, all talk of ownership by this man or that had long ago become idle. Fate had held the treasure in fee to give or to withhold. Santa Marina had had his secret of the hidden hoard, had left it to be forgotten under the sand until in some tropic storm it should be engulfed by the waters of the cave. More than this, had he not most specifically made over to me the Island Queen and all that it contained? This was a title clear enough to satisfy the most exacting formalist. And we were not formalists, nor inclined in any quibbling spirit to question the decrees of Fortune. As treasure-hunters, we had been her devotees too long.

So after all it was not my scornful skepticism but the high faith of Miss Higgleby-Browne which was justified by the event, and the Harding Browne expedition left the island well repaid for its toils and perils. Plus the two bags of doubloons, which were added to the spoils, the treasure brought us a sum so goodly that I dare not name it, for fear of the apparition of Santa Marina looming up to demand restitution. Like true comrades, we divided share and share alike, and he sure that no one grudged Cooke the percentage which each was taxed for his benefit.

And now I come to the purpose of this story—for though well concealed it has had one from the beginning. It is to let Helen, wherever and wherever she may be, if still of this world, know of the fate of Peter, and to let her that when she asks for them she is to have my most cherished relics of the island, Peter's Journal and the silver shoe-buckle which he found in the sand of the treasure-cave and was taking home to her.

Only she must let me keep Crusoe, please.

(THE END.)

SAINT OF EIGHTH CENTURY

To Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, Is Traced Tradition Concerning Forty Days' Rain.

St. Swithin or Swithun was Bishop of Winchester from 852 to 862. According to the Eleventh century "Life," attributed to Gotzlin, he was tutor to Edward the King, Ethelwulf, under whom he was made bishop. He was a devoted builder of churches, and a man of unusual piety and humility. He also built the bridge at the east side of Winchester. He died in 862 and was buried in the churchyard of Winchester, having asked, says William Malmsbury, to be laid where "passers-by might see his grave, and where the rain from the eaves might fall on it." It was fabled that he performed many miraculous cures after his death, and although never regularly canonized, he was translated with great ceremony on July 15, 971, and received his title of saint on his translation, when his remains were deposited in the cathedral. It is said, though unfortunately not by contemporary chroniclers, that this translation was delayed in consequence of violent rains. Hence, the still current belief that if it rains on July 15, St. Swithin's day, it will continue to rain for 40 days.

Through Life's Pilgrimage. And thus ever, by day and night under the sun and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills and tolling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely—to meet, and react on one another, move restlessly travelers through the pilgrimage on the shores of the Mediterranean, not far from Jerusalem, in "Little Dorrit."

Part of the site of ancient Antioch occupied by the modern Antioch, known as Antakieh, having a population of 250,000, which is the population of ancient Antioch at the time of St. Paul. The second and smaller Antioch was situated to the northwest in a small province known as Pisidia. It was near Colosse and Lystra and several other well-known places in which St. Paul preached. Today only a few ruins of Antioch of Pisidia remain to mark the site. It was also called Caesarea, although the greater Caesarea stood on the shores of the Mediterranean, not far from Jerusalem, and was the political capital of Palestine.

"---and we are a healthy, happy family now"



TINGLING with abundant energy, appetites hearty, nerves strong and steady and their faces radiant with the glow of perfect health, the entire family of Louis Gingras, 9 Harrison Ave., Providence, R. I., are an eloquent tribute to the powers of Taniae, the greatest family medicine the world has ever known.

"I've put Taniae to the test four times right in my own family and it hasn't failed me once," declared Mr. Gingras. "My wife, my son and my daughter, as well as myself, have all been built up from a half-sick, run-down, worn-out set of people into a healthy, happy family brimful of new life and energy."

And the experience of this family is only typical of thousands of others whose statements are on file in the Taniae office. Hardly a day passes that does not bring scores of such messages of praise from every part of the United States and Canada from families where mother, father, son and daughter have all found health, contentment and the joys of living through simply taking a course of Taniae.

Take, for instance, the case of John Widner, 1571 Roosevelt Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., who says