For Griddle Cakes of All Makes

Karo

CORN SYRUP

It's the crowning joy that makes a feast of a flapjack.

It spurs the lazy appetite; it surprises by its exquisite flavor.

Fine for baking—best for any use from griddle cakes to candy.

In 10c, 25c and 50c air-tight tins.

CORN PRODUCTS MFG. CO.

Sharps and Flats

[Copyright, 1907, by T. C. McClure.]

Sam Croy was the butt of Yorkville and had been since he was a stuttering boy of ten. Had there been a medical examination in his case it would have been discovered that there was nothing wrong about Sam except that his brain worked more slowly than the average.

There came a day when a man of sense sat down to talk to Sam Croy in a sensible manner, and he dug up a lot of sensible things from that slow brain and laid the foundation for an earthquake. He was a man named Boyden. He took Sam aside and talked to him for a long half day, and he discovered what others might have dug up years before. Sam could see through a hole in a grindstone if given a fair show and time enough.

Mr. Boyden didn't take Sam into his confidence until after several interviews had been held and until sure of his man. The town of Yorkville was in the dumps just then. Business was slow, real estate stagnant and little doing in any direction. One afternoon in front of the town hall and just after a joke had been played on the town fool Sam turned to a citizen and drawlingly inquired what he would take in spot cash for his house and lot. His inquiry was answered by a roar of laughter. Sam had been known to have as much as a whole dollar in his possession at once, but never more. The property referred to was valued at $3,000.

The owner finally replied that he would take two-thirds of that amount. Before he could laugh again he had $50 in his hand to bind the bargain, and next day the papers were made out and he was handed the balance of his money. That was the clown's thunderbolt. Of course he was questioned by a hundred different people. That he should have $2,000 in his possession was an amazing thing. It was so amazing that the local papers dwelt on it to the extent of half a column and a constable walked him to the town lockup on suspicion. He might have walked him into a cell if Sam hadn't paralysed him by threatening a suit for false imprisonment and assuming a dignity no one had ever seen him carrying before. He would not tell where he got the money, and it was the general opinion that he had found a treasure somewhere.

In the course of a fortnight Sam bought three more houses and lots and a farm in the suburbs. Then he was fairly mobbed by inquirers, and the two constables in town went looking for clews. Both local papers had something to say—much to say. They had so much to say that scores of people went down and tore the abandoned sawmill to pieces in their hunt for treasure. They also searched through woods and fields and missed no stumps or hollow logs. The town fool went on whistling "Yankee Doodle" and buying all property offered him. The town had so long carried the idea that Sam Croy always told all he knew without any coaxing that it felt hurt to the quick by his reticence. Now and then "our reporter" had interviewed him to make a column of sarcasm. The sarcasm was now left out, and our reporter very solemnly inquired of his readers if they had a murderer among them.

If any one else than a town fool had started in to buy real estate there would have been a boom on in no time. There were plenty willing to sell because they could get their price and because in a way they felt that they were doing the buyer up. It was not much he had laid out $30,000 in silky greenbacks and announced that he had some left that one of "our reporters" put on to the story. He wouldn't have had it then but for a tin peddler that came along and gave things away. He called "our reporter" a dough head for not having seen through the scheme at the very start. He called the constables asses for thinking there was any crime connected with it. Under his ground the town for a distance of ten miles secure was an oil basin from which millions of gallons would be pumped. The man who had loved the gift several years before must have discovered this, but waited until they could enter capital. Capital had been raised and Sam Croy put forward as a shrinker. He would make a million dollars out of it, and the men who had taken him for a fool would get hot.

It was now as plain as day to the Hugs and the Clarons, and they did their best to make up for lost time. They dressed pages in the new oil king. They based poems. They published Sam Croy's picture and a history of his life and spoke of him as the Croy, the intelligent and farseeing citizen. They published accounts of drilling machines and derricks and spouting oil wells, and in two weeks they jumped the price of real estate 200 per cent. It wasn't a boom that set in. It was a mad scramble to buy at any price. People came from points a thousand miles away and left their good cash. There were leases and options and sales until the county clerk almost went crazy. This lasted six weeks. Then the bottom dropped out of things. No oil, no natural gas, no nothing except that Sam Croy had bought at the lowest notch and sold at the highest. He was the only one who had. How much he and the sharper divided or how they divided it will never be known. Mr. Croy has established a business in Yorkville. He has also got married. Further, he has money to lend on good security, and the other eminent citizens who meet him at the postoffice bow in the most cordial manner and say:

"Morning, judge. Fine day, isn't it?"

M. QUAD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

"Isle of Spice."

Frank Woods, one of the comedians in the "Isle of Spice" company which comes to the opera house Friday night is not in the heavyweight class by any means, nevertheless he has a quick temper and is very liable to be heard from should anyone affront him. During rehearsals an awkward chorus man stepped on Mr. Wood's foot. He immediately bristled up to him and shaking his fist under his nose exclaimed "you chump"; I'll give you just 30 seconds to apologize for that. "No need to wait so long Mr. Wood," drawled the party addressed in a good-natured voice, "I'll apologize right now." The incident occasioned a slight interruption in the rehearsal and Mr. Sohlke, who was directing, and who, by the way has a keen sense of humor, called Mr. Wood to one side and enquired, "Frank, did you size up the man you made that crack at?" "No," replied Mr. Wood. "He was on my pet corn and I was so angry that I couldn't see him. Why?" "Just take a look at him, said Sohlke, indicating a man fully six feet two with arms and shoulders like deffenies. There was an awed silence for a few moments and Sohlke continued: "Now what would you have done Frank if he had refused to apologize in 30 seconds." "In that event," said Woods "I would probably have extended the time.

A WITCH CHILD
In "The Isle of Spice," at Barre Opera House, Friday, February 28.

An Interpolation.

The old time revivalist often possessed a gift of gentle satire which stood him in good stead. At a Maine camp meeting long ago a young man made himself so obnoxious during a prayer that the old preacher reminded off one of his sentences rather abruptly.

"Now, Lord," he then continued without a trace of irritation, "we pray that thou wilt in the mightiness of thy power take that young man in the fourth seat and make his heart as free from sin as his head is from sense."—

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient) "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York

PLOTTING IN HIGH PLACES

Led to King Carlos' Murder It is Claimed

THE POLITICAL LEADERS

Wished to Kill Carlos—Both Sides Agree In Smothering the Investigation at Lisbon, But Only Betrayal Stopped Uprising.

Lisbon, Feb. 27.—The mystery behind the murder of King Carlos and Prince Luiz is not likely ever to be completely lifted. The new Portuguese government prefers that the crime should be regarded both at home and abroad as the deed of individuals carried away by the political passions of the moment, and inasmuch as the Republicans are also anxious to clear their skirts of responsibility for regicide, both sides are glad to see an investigation smothered.

Yet there is undoubtedly much that could be cleared up. It is a matter of common knowledge that there were intrigues in high places as well as low before the tragedy and the rage of the leaders and lieutenants of the two "rotative" parties against which Premier Franco and King Carlos were warring exceeded all bounds.

There is no suggestion that there was a repetition of the Belgrade plot aimed at the king's person, but that some of the desperate political leaders were involved in the series of abortive plots against Franco's life which preceded the murder is believed here in well-informed circles. Franco himself told a friend the day before he left Lisbon (virtually on the order of the government) that it was impossible to reveal to the world what he had learned about the intrigues of the enemies of the king and himself, and it was, therefore, better for him to retire forever from the political arena.

The connection between the Republicans and the regicides is equally difficult to establish. The disclaimers of leaders like Bernardino Machado must be accepted, so far as the "peaceful wing" is concerned, but this cannot be said of the advanced or radical wing, as there is plenty of evidence that they had planned a rising on the night of the crime.

Signals to the ships in the harbor and the barracks on the slope of St. George's hill were shown toward midnight from the roof of the national library and bands of men went to the barracks of an artillery and infantry regiment which was to join in the proclamation of a republic. The signals brought no response and the doors of the barracks were found locked.

The entire conspiracy fell through, it is related, because of the treason of a young lieutenant who after the assassination of the king confessed to his father, an officer, the role he was to play. The young man asserted that he had been deceived; that he did not know regicide was contemplated, having been led to believe that only the life of the dictator was to be taken.

His advance warning enabled the military authorities to take the necessary precautions and thus frustrate the military support which was counted upon to give success to the plot. Notwithstanding the betrayal, some of the advanced Republicans assert that if the active leaders confined in the Baxia fortress had been free that night in Lisbon, history would have told a different tale.

Although the official view attempts to make it appear that the crown prince was killed by mistake, everything goes to prove that the plot was to kill the entire royal family, thus obliterate the Braganza dynasty, and precipitate a change in the regime.

BALLOONING.

With an Experienced Pilot In Charge It Is Not Dangerous.

The uninitiated are prone to look upon the balloon as a sort of country fair attraction, whose principal interest lies in the risk the aeronaut takes. This is a mistake.

Like the automobile, the balloon requires an experienced pilot, and when such a one is in charge serious or fatal accidents are never recorded. Most balloon clubs require all ascensions to be made under a regularly licensed pilot, who receives his certificate from the club only after having demonstrated his fitness. The pilot who is willing to go up only in favorable weather and to come down at the proper time need never endanger lives. He knows he has only to open the valve and he can descend. He has only to throw out a handful of sand, and he can prevent his balloon from coming down or can send it up. When he is ready to land he picks out a favorable spot ahead of him, lets his balloon come gradually down near the ground, cuts loose the anchor which stops his progress, then opens the valve again if necessary. When the car touches the ground he tears out the ripping strip, and the balloon stretches out on the ground, a flat and empty bag.—F. P. Lehne, U. S. A., in Outing Magazine.

Changing Pork to Fish.

How does a Buddhist fisherman justify his trade? By arguing, says Mr. Young, that he does not kill his fish, but only drowns it out of the water, after which the fish dies a quite natural death. We know a better story than that of Mohammedan casuists on the eastern unsuitably time. No good Mohammedan eats pork, but pray Moslem lawyer has acquired a belief in the transubstantiating virtues of sea water, so he hooks his chunk of pork to a line, throws it overboard and, after a convenient pause, begins to haul in, hand over hand, to his great, slow chant, "Ho, ho, ho! Allah is another!" which being interpreted means: "Away pig! Come along, fish!" Experience has proved the efficacy of this rite.—London News.

WOMAN'S WORLD

MRS. HESTER D. RICHARDSON

Genealogical Research the Vocation of This Clever Maryland Woman.

Mrs. Richardson is a Baltimore woman and a member of the Maryland Society of the Colonial Dames of America, for years the historian of the Baltimore chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and honorary vice regent of the Pocahontas Memorial association. Of the learned societies she is a member of the American Historical association, of the National Geographic society, a vice president of the Maryland Original Research society and the founder of the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, which includes many well known writers.

To use Mrs. Richardson's own words, she has now emancipated herself from office in all organizations of women to concentrate her time and interest upon her chosen vocation of genealogical research.

A desire for the preservation of family history in permanent and elegant form has resulted in an edition de luxe

MRS. HESTER DORSEY RICHARDSON.

designed by her and executed under her direction which has been favorably compared by New York millionaire connoisseurs with the illuminated missals in the British museum and those of the Vatican. This unique feature of her professional work has added reputation to this talented Baltimore woman, who is also a contributor to various leading periodicals.

The College of Arms having accepted American pedigrees established by her, according to the intricate exactions of that conservative institution, Mrs. Richardson is now making a collection of the emblazoned arms of hundreds of colonial families from original sources, especially the early families of note in the thirteen colonies, her research being by no means limited to Maryland.

The Well Groomed Girl.

She never has a missing button.

Gloves are unripped and immaculately clean.

Shoes are polished and never run down at the heels.

Clothes are brushed when taken off; then there is no temptation to wear them unbrushed the next time because of hurry.

Ribbons, laces, ruching, always look as if new. If they are not, they are made to appear so by careful renovating.

Her clothes never miss connection. Belts are fastened securely in place; hooks and eyes do not gap; collars are not pinned awry or with pins that do not match.

Her underclothing is suitable for the occasion on which it is to be worn. She is never guilty of wearing a bedraggled white petticoat under a cloth suit.

Rugged theory is an utter impossibility to the well groomed girl. In fact, theory at all, except in its appropriate place in the house or at more or less formal entertainments, is avoided.

Sauce For Ice Cream.

Suppose that the family cook or the enterprising daughter of the family can make a good ice cream. It may be well frozen and known to be of the best materials, yet it lacks a little style. A sauce will aid this and is not difficult to prepare. Henrietta Sowle, the Boston epicure and sprightly writer, says to use an orange marmalade sauce upon a chocolate ice cream. To make the sauce the foreign marmalade is simply to be thinned with white wine in the proportion of a wineglassful to a half cupful of the marmalade. Heat the marmalade before trying to blend the wine with it, then chill well.

Another sauce may be made from cherries boiled in claret, a little sugar and sifted and used over a lemon ice. Sift out the seeds.

If fresh raspberries are stewed, it is well to thicken the juice with a little arrowroot or cornstarch. Then add a few whole berries. Canned raspberries may be used in winter for this purpose.

Be sure to have these sauces as cold as possible when served.

Wash brass ornaments with strong ammonia, using a brush dipped in ammonia for the fancy parts. Rinse in hot water, dry and polish while still hot with a leather. The polishing is done equally well when the brass is cold, but less rapidly.

This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death.

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured.

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Leap Year.

When a maiden all kisses and loverlike wishes
Pleads passion in tones soft and low
And begs a young fellow in voice sweet and mellow
With her to the altar to go,
When she begs he'll not tarry to promise to marry,
But say "Yes" without more ado,
So dearly she loves him, so noble fate proves him—
Why, what is a poor man to do?

In other years basking, the man does the asking,
The maiden must wait till he please;
The man may be violent, the maid must be silent,
Concerning the loves which hearts seize.
He can say "No" thereto, but he does not dare to,
So she asks him without more ado,
And when she coos, "Won't you? You love me, now, don't you?"
What is a poor fellow to do?

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

Professional Ethics.

"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called after a glance at the patient.

"Am I so sick as that?" gasped the sufferer.

"I don't know just how sick you are," replied the man of medicine, "but I know you're the lawyer who cross examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good day."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wreck Etiquette.

When the old lady appeared at the big door of the life saving station, the New York Tribune says, she regarded the rough waters of the bay with frightened eyes.

"Isn't something being done for that ship in distress?" she anxiously demanded, pointing seaward.

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am," replied a man in oilskins. "We've sent 'em a line to come ashore."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the lady. "Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

Maudie Again.

Maud Muller on an autumn day
Was raking the fallen leaves away.

The judge meandered down the walk
And stopped to make a little talk.

"Maud," said he, and his bosom heaves,
"What are you doing—raking leaves?"

"No, sir," said Maud, in accents low,
"Just at present I'm shoveling snow."

Whereupon the judge moved his feet
And meandered onward down the street.

Then Maud winked at the cat, did she,
And said with forced solemnity,

"Of all foul things from tongue or pen
The limit is the foul remarks of men."

—Detroit Tribune.

A Wireless Age.

Hewitt—A piano contains about one mile of wire.

Jewett—But some day, I suppose, we shall have wireless pianos.—New York Press.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

For Coughs, Colds and Throat Troubles

YOU MAY NEED IT TO-NIGHT

Sold by Druggists

Hale's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute

JUSTIFIES RUSSIAN RULE

Too Lenient, Not Too Severe, Says Englishman

GREAT HAVOC IN BALTIC

Provinces by Revolutionists—Destruction Greater Than in French Revolution —Czar Visited by the Douma Government Supporters.

London, Feb. 27.—The Russian government finds an ardent apologist for its treatment of revolutionists in Rt. Rev. Thomas E. Wilkinson, Angelican bishop for north and central Europe. Writing from Riga under date of Feb. 22, he says:

"It is necessary to travel through the three great provinces of Courtland, Esthonia and Livonia and see the overwhelming devastation wrought by the revolutionists to measure the full extent of the reckless havoc and savage cruelty they have practiced throughout this unhappy land. That martial law was absolutely necessary nobody who sees and hears what I see and hear in this part of Russia can possibly doubt If it had been introduced sooner and stringent measures taken earlier murder and outrages of the most brutal kind would have been prevented and an enormous amount of valuable property saved The government's fault has not been overseverity, but too great lenience and forbearance. In those three provinces 192 properties have been looted, wrecked or burned. The country is a desolate wilderness. The owners of these properties were not murdered. They have had to flee for their lives and hide themselves in the forests, to suffer there terrible hardships from exposure to the Russian winter. Bands headed by red flags have marched through the country carrying death and destruction in every direction, and all this is by no means at an end. Whatever may have been the destruction of life in the French revolution I doubt if the destruction of homes and property was as great in France as in Russia."

DOUMA MEMBERS VISIT CZAR.

Constitutional Democrats, Radicals and Poles, However, Are Excluded.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 27.—Emperor Nicholas received at the Tsarskoe-Selo yesterday a deputation from the Douma numbering 320 and representing all parties excepting the Constitutional Democrats, the Radicals and the Poles. His majesty said that the adoption of measures for the speedy solution of the Agrarian problem on the basis of the observance of the rights of private property was the most important task before Parliament. The presence of the Constitutional Democrats was prevented only by their delay in satisfying the ministry of the court of their desire to attend the audience.

Railroad traffic in central Russia is almost completely paralized by a succession of heavy snowstorms, which will continue. Many towns are cut off from all communication, and such an important railroad as the Moscow-Kazan has not moved a train for five days.

News has been received here from Vladivostok of the suicide of Captain Gleazn, commander of the Russian cruiser Askold, who was about to face a trial by court martial on the charge of not having acted with energy in suppressing the naval mutiny at Vladivostock the last of October, 1907.

Lost Her Prestige.

A New York woman, not being content with the reputation she enjoys of being one of the most beautiful women in her state, has literary aspirations. Recently she was a guest at luncheon when the conversation drifted to books and plays. Various discussions followed. The beauty took part and expressed herself freely. But when she asked her listeners whether they considered Ibsen a psychological and pathological writer she handed out a stunner.

A graveyard silence reigned until one girl, who was bolder than the rest, asked what pathological meant.

Here is where the beauty lost literary prestige.

"I looked it up a few days ago," she replied, "but I cannot remember just now what it means."—New York Times.

An Artemus Ward Story.

When Artemus Ward was at the height of his fame he received a telegram from Tom Maguire, then the leading amusement manager of the Pacific slope. It asked Artemus, who was then delivering his funny lecture to New York, what he would take for fifty nights in California. The prompt and laconic response was "Brandy and water." Maguire somehow failed to see the point, and he wired Ward for an explanation. He got it in the shape of a thirty word message costing $96.90, for rates were high in those days, which stated that a diagram would be sent by the following mail.

Franklin's Kite.

In 1752 Benjamin Franklin flew a kite during a thunderstorm, tied a door key to the string and let an end of the string into a common glass bottle. He thus made an electric battery. This was one of the beginnings of the electrical age.

Beef and Potatoes.

Nietzsche said that no man need ask for better food than plain roast beef and baked potatoes.

The Limit.

Mrs. Wiggs—Cook has only broken one plate today, dear. Mr. Wiggs—That's better. How did that happen? Mrs. Wiggs—It was the last one.—Louisville Courier.

A man must make his opportunity as well as find it.—Bacon.

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery" was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical experts, teachers and writers on Materia Medica who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompained with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It *will* cure the affections that lead up to consumption, *if taken in time.*

A SEAT IN THE COMMONS

Going to Parliament a Costly Honor For Englishmen.

Every Englishman who is not fortunate enough to be a peer wants to become an M. P. Every man who has succeeded in business or professional life feels that a coveted seat in the commons is necessary to round out his career. But many men of moderate means are deterred from pampering their ambitions by the big expense entailed. No salaries are paid, and, besides supporting himself, an M. P. is called upon to meet heavy drains upon his pocketbook during his entire term.

At the most moderate estimate the expenses of a campaign are $5,000. Once elected, the member must "nurse" his constituents. Clubs and charities are the greatest beneficiaries of this nursing, but many individuals come in for assistance also. Not less than $3,000 a year is required for this item, which for a term of five years represents an outlay of $15,000.

All told, then, a prospective member faces an outlay of $20,000 in addition to his living expenses, which in London are far from moderate when he maintains himself in keeping with the dignity of his position.

Many of the commoners of course spend far more than the above amount. And, in addition to the cash outlay, some of them find their lives embittered by the worries and exactions of their positions.

NEW YORK CITY.

New York city's law department will cost the taxpayers $2,149 a day during 1908.

It is estimated that in New York city there are 12,300 men who were educated for the bar who are in various employments outside of law offices.

An aged man familiar with the people of the metropolis says that nothing seems to astonish a New York man as much as to find some desired purpose which cannot be accomplished by money.

"Post No Bills" is a familiar sign in New York city, and one man who finds it necessary to post it says, "Its presence is a sad commentary on the sense of right and decency, for why should any one think of posting bills on another's property without first getting consent?"—New York Herald.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS FOR Headache

FOR NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS

TAKE ONE of the Little Tablets AND THE PAIN IS GONE

If you have Headache Try One

They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects

25 Doses 25 Cents

Never Sold in Bulk