

Why Liquid Kidney Remedies Fail.

Alcohol Neutralizes All Effects of Drugs.

Kidney-Wort Tablets Cure—Contain No Alcohol.

Plenty of people know that alcohol is the worst thing they can take when their kidneys are disordered, yet they swallow large quantities of the cheapest possible alcohol without being aware of it when they take liquid kidney remedies.

Alcohol is used in large proportion in liquid kidney remedies to enable them to keep.

Besides the direct harm to the kidneys from alcohol, any good effect the remedy may have is neutralized, making the liquid kidney remedy useless and harmful.

The following letter from E. M. Montague, who had tried two of these liquid kidney remedies and received no benefit, and who then took Kidney-Wort Tablets, a specific for the kidneys that contain no alcohol, shows the inestimable superiority of a kidney remedy that requires no alcohol over those that will not keep without it:

Lowell, Fla., April 8, 1903.

Wells & Richardson Co.,

Gentlemen:—I have used four bottles of Dr. Pettigill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, and can positively say that the Tablets have been a decided help to me. Mine is an old case that two physicians prescribed for without any good results, and two popular remedies failed entirely to relieve. The tablets have diminished the quantity of urine one-half, and there is no sediment, or very little that I can see. Formerly I had to be up from six to eight times at night, but now I enjoy undisturbed sleep.

Very truly yours,

E. M. Montague.

Many a business man sitting at his desk is seized with a sharp pain that nearly doubles him up. He has to break off conversation and rush to the urinal for relief. Only a few trickling drops with some red sandy sediment rewards his efforts, and that scalds him as it passes. The remedy that exactly fits such a case is Dr. Pettigill's Kidney-Wort Tablets. The specific will cure the worst cases of "gravel" or "stone" and put the kidneys into a healthy, normal condition, so that there will be no recurrence of the trouble.

Dr. Pettigill's Kidney-Wort Tablets will cure every form of kidney disease.

This test tells:—

Let your morning urine stand for twenty-four hours in a glass. Then if it is milky or cloudy or contains a reddish, brick-dust sediment or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased, and you need Kidney-Wort Tablets.

BRICK.

Red Building Brick,
Fire Brick,
Fire Clay.

GAS AND ELECTRIC FITTINGS AND FIXTURES

For sale by
The Brattleboro Gas Light Company

OFFICE, 6 CROSBY BLOCK.

HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF
Fine New Woolens

For SPRING OVERCOATS, SUITS, TROUSERS and FANCY VESTS. Also a large line of samples from a thoroughly reliable New York Custom Tailoring House that makes suits to order from \$15.00 up.

W. H. HAIGH'S.

Custom Tailor. Elliot Street.

RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE CENTRAL VERMONT RY.
Effective Oct. 12, '02.

Trains leave Brattleboro as follows:

5:23 a. m., Daily for Springfield, week days for New York.	7:50 a. m., Week days for New London; connects at Millers Falls for Troy; at Palmer for Boston.	7:50 a. m., Week days for South Londonderry.	9:10 a. m., Week days for Springfield and New York.
10:15 a. m., Week days for Millers Falls, connecting for Boston.	2:27 p. m., Week days for Springfield and New York.	4:25 p. m., Week days for New London and New York via Norwich Line Steamer; connects at Palmer for Boston.	4:55 p. m., Daily for Springfield and New York.
5:45 p. m., Week days for South Londonderry.	Subject to change without notice.		E. H. FITZGERALD, P. and G. M., St. Albans.
J. E. BENTLEY, G. P. A., St. Albans.			

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.
Winter Arrangement. In effect Oct. 13, 1902.
Conn. and Passumpsic Division.

TRAINS BOUND SOUTH.

Lv. Bellows Falls.	8.40 a. m.	1.25 p. m.
Arr. Brattleboro.	9.38 a. m.	2.22 p. m.
Arr. Vernon.	9.45 a. m.	2.43 p. m.
Greenfield.	9.52 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
Arr. Springfield.	10.25 a. m.	4.10 p. m.

TRAINS BOUND NORTH.

Leave Bellows Falls 6.30 a. m.	12.05, 3.10, 7.00, 11.50 p. m.
Arr. Brattleboro 8.35 a. m.	1.05, 3.55, 7.50, 11.50 p. m.

TRAINS BOUND SOUTH.

Lv. Springfield.	10.55 a. m.	2.50 p. m.
Greenfield.	11.55 a. m.	3.50 p. m.
Arr. Brattleboro.	12.45 p. m.	4.50 p. m.
Arr. Bellows Falls.	1.45 p. m.	5.50 p. m.

TRAINS BOUND NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro 7.50 a. m.	12.25, 12.16, 3.10 (mixed), 7.00 p. m.
Arr. Bellows Falls 9.25, 11.50 a. m.	1.18, 3.51, 7.30 (mixed), 11.50 p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

When Knighthood Was In Flower

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of the August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Re-written and Rendered into Modern English from Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir

By Edwin Caskoden (Charles Major)

Copyright, 1910 as 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

(CHAPTER VII. Continued.)

Was this the sum total of all his wise determinations made at the cost of so much pain and effort? Was this the answer to all his prayer, "Lead me not into temptation?" He had done his part, for he had done all he could. Heaven had not helped him, since here was temptation thrust upon him when least expected and when the way was so narrow he could not escape, but must meet it face to face.

Mary soon recovered her self possession—women are better skilled in this art than men—and continued:

"I am not intending to say one word about your treatment of me that day over in the forest, although it was very bad and you have acted abominably ever since. Now is not that kind in me?" And she softly laughed as she peeped up at the poor fellow from beneath those sweeping lashes, with the premeditated purpose of tantalizing him, I suppose. She was beginning to know her power over him, and it was never greater than at this moment. Her beauty had its sweetest quality, for the princess was sunk and the woman was dominant, with flushed face and flashing eyes that caught a double luster from the glowing love that made her heart beat so fast.

With the mood that was upon her I wonder Brandon maintained his self restraint even for a moment. He felt that his only hope lay in silence, so he sat beside her and said nothing. He told me long afterward that while sitting there in the intervals between her speech, the oddest, wildest thoughts ran through his brain. He wondered how he could escape. He thought of the window and that possibly he might break away through it, and then he thought of feigning illness, and a hundred other absurd schemes, but they all came to nothing, and he sat there to let events take their own course, as they seemed determined to do in spite of him.

After a short silence Mary continued half banteringly: "Answer me, sir! I will have no more of this. You shall treat me at least with the courtesy you would show a bourgeois girl."

"Oh, that you were only a burgher's daughter!"

"Yes, I know all that; but I am not. It can't be helped, and you shall answer me."

"There is no answer, dear lady. I beg you—oh, do you not see?"

"Yes, yes; but answer my question. Am I not kind, more than you deserve?"

"Indeed, yes; a thousand times. You have always been so kind, so gracious and so condescending to me that I can only thank you, thank you, thank you," answered Brandon almost shyly, not daring to lift his eyes to hers.

Mary saw the manner quickly enough—what woman ever missed it, much less so keen-eyed a girl as she—and it gave her confidence and brought back the easy banter of her old time manner.

"How modest we have become! Where is the boldness of which we used to have so much? Kind? Have I always been so? How about the first time I met you? Was I kind then? And as to condescension, don't—don't use that word between us."

"No," returned Brandon, who in his turn was recovering himself; "no, I can't say that you were very kind at first. How you did fly out at me and surprise me! It was so unexpected it almost took me off my feet." And they both laughed in remembering the scene of their first meeting. "No, I can't say your kindness showed itself very strongly in that first interview, but it was there nevertheless, and when Lady Jane led me back your real nature asserted itself, as it always does, and you were kind to me—kind as only you can be."

That was getting very near to the sentimental—dangerously near, he thought, and he said to himself, "If this does not end quickly, I shall have to escape."

"You are easily satisfied if you call that good," laughingly returned Mary. "I can be ever so much better than that if I try."

"Let me see you try," said Brandon.

"Why, I'm trying now," answered Mary, with a distracting little pout. "Don't you know genuine out and out goodness when you see it? I'm doing my very best now. Can't you tell?"

"Yes, I think I recognize it, but—bad again."

"No, I won't! I will not be bad even to please you. I have determined not to be bad, and I will not—not even to be good. This," placing her hand over her heart, "is just full of 'good' today." And her lips parted as she laughed at her own insanity.

"I am afraid you had better be bad. I give you fair warning," said Brandon huskily. He felt her eyes upon him all the time, and his strength and good resolves were oozing out like wine from an ill-coopered cask. After a short silence Mary continued, regardless of the warning:

"But the position is reversed with us. At first I was unkind to you, and you were kind to me, but now I am kind to you, and you are unkind to me."

"I can come back at you with your own words," responded Brandon. "You don't know when I am kind to you. I should be kinder, to myself at least, were I to leave you and take myself to the other side of the world."

"Oh, that is one thing I wanted to ask you about. Jane tells me you are going to New Spain."

She was anxious to know, but asked the question partly to turn the conversation, which was fast becoming perilous. As a girl she loved Brandon and

knew it only too well, but she knew also that she was a princess, standing next to the throne of the greatest kingdom on earth—in fact, at that time the heir apparent, Henry having no children, for the people would not have the Scotch king's imp, and the possibility of such a thing as a union with Brandon had never entered her head, however passionate her feelings toward him. It was not to be thought of between people so far apart as they.

Brandon answered her question: "I do not know about going. I think I shall. I have volunteered with a ship that sails in two or three weeks from Bristol, and I suppose I shall go."

"Oh, no! Do you really mean it?" It gave her a pang to hear that he was actually going, and her love pulsed higher, but she also felt a sense of relief, somewhat as a conscientious housebreaker might feel upon finding the door securely locked against him. It would take away a temptation which she could not resist and yet dared not yield to much longer.

"I think there is no doubt that I mean it," replied Brandon. "I should like to remain in England until I can save money enough out of the king's allowance to pay the debt against my father's estate, so that I may be able to go away and feel that my brother and sisters are secure in their home—my brother is not strong—but I know it is better for me to go now, and I hope to find the money out there. I could have paid it with what I lost to Judson before I discovered him cheating." This was the first time he had ever alluded to the duel, and the thought of it, in Mary's mind, added a faint touch of fear to her feeling toward him.

She looked up with a light in her eyes and asked: "What is the debt? How



"Heaven help me!" he cried.

much? So much more than I need. Let me pay it. Please tell me how much it is, and I will hand it to you. You can come to my rooms and get it, or I will send it to you. Now tell me that I may. Quickly!" And she was alive with enthusiastic interest.

"There, now, you are kind again, as kind as ever you can be. Be sure, I thank you, though I say it only once, and he looked into her eyes with a gaze she could not stand even for an instant. This was growing dangerous again; so, catching himself, he turned the conversation back into the bantering vein.

"Ah, you want to pay the debt that I may have no excuse to remain? Is that it? Perhaps you are not so kind after all!"

"No, no; you know better. But let me pay the debt. How much is it, and to whom is it owing? Tell me at once, I command you."

"No, no, Lady Mary; I cannot."

"Please do. I beg, if I cannot command. Now I know you will. You would not make me beg twice for anything?" She drew closer to him as she spoke and put her hand coaxingly upon his arm. With an irresistible impulse he took the hand in his and lifted it to his lips in a lingering caress that could not be mistaken. It was all so quick and so full of fire and meaning that Mary took fright, and the princess for the moment came uppermost.

"Master Brandon!" she exclaimed sharply and drew away her hand. Brandon dropped the hand and moved over on the seat. He did not speak, but turned his face from her and looked out of the window toward the river. Thus they sat in silence, Brandon's hand resting listlessly upon the cushion between them. Mary saw the eloquent movement away from her and his speaking attitude with averted face; then the princess went into eclipse, and the imperial woman was ascendant once more. She looked at him for a brief space with softening eyes and, lifting her hand, put it back in his, saying:

"There it is again—if you want it."

"Want it? Ah, this was too much! The hand would not satisfy now. It must be all, all! And he caught her in his arms with a violence that frightened her.

"Please don't; please! Not this time! Ah, have mercy, Charles! Well! There! There! Mary mother, forgive me!" Then her woman spirit fell before the whirlwind of his passion, and she was on his breast, with her white arms around his neck, paying the same tribute to the little blind god that he would have exacted from the lowliest maiden of the land.

Brandon held the girl for a moment or two, then fell upon his knees and buried his face in her lap.

"Heaven help me!" he cried.

She pushed the hair back from his forehead with her hand and as she fondled the curls leaned over him and softly whispered:

"Heaven help us both, for I love you!"

He sprang to his feet. "Don't! Don't! I pray you," he said wildly, and almost ran from her.

Mary followed him nearly to the door of the room, but when he turned he saw that she had stopped and was standing with her hands over her face, as if in tears.

He went back to her and said, "I tried to avoid this, and if you had helped me it would never— But he remembered how he had always despised Adam for throwing the blame upon Eve, no matter how much she may have deserved it, and continued:

"No, I do not mean that. It is all my fault. I should have gone away long ago. I could not help it. I tried, oh, I tried!"

Mary's eyes were bent upon the floor, and tears were falling over her flushed cheeks unheeded and uncheeked.

"There is no fault in any one. Neither could I help it," she murmured.

"No, no; it is not that there is any fault in the ordinary sense. It is like suicide or any other great self-inflicted injury with me. I am different from other men. I shall never recover."

"I know only too well that you are different from other men, and—and I, too, am different from other women. Am I not?"

"Ah, different! There is no other woman in all this wide, long world." And they were in each other's arms again. She turned her shoulder to him and rested with the support of his arms about her. Her eyes were cast down in silence, and she was evidently thinking as she toyed with the lace of his doublet. Brandon knew her varying expressions so well that he saw there was something wanting, so he asked:

"Is there something you wish to say?"

"Not I," she responded with emphasis on the pronoun.

"Then it is something you wish me to say?"

She nodded her head slowly. "Yes."

"What is it? Tell me, and I will say it."

She shook her head slowly. "No."

"What is it? I cannot guess."

"Did you not like to hear me say that—that I—loved you?"

"Ah, yes! You know it. But—oh!—do you wish to hear me say it?"

The head nodded rapidly two or three times. "Yes." And the black curling lashes were lifted for a fleeting, luminous instant.

"It is surely not necessary. You have known it so long already, but I am only too glad to say it. I love you."

She nestled closer to him and hid her face on his breast.

"Now that I have said it, what is my reward?" he asked, and the fair face came up, red and rosy, with "rewards," any one of which was worth a king's ransom.

"But this is worse than insanity," cried Brandon as he almost pushed her from him. "We can never belong to each other. Never!"

"No," said Mary, with a despairing shake of the head, as the tears began to flow again. "No, never!" And falling upon his knees he caught both her hands in his, sprang to his feet and ran from the room.

Her words showed him the chasm anew. She saw the distance between them even better than he. Evidently it seemed farther looking down than looking up. There was nothing left now but flight.

He sought refuge in his own apartments and wildly walked the floor, exclaiming: "Fool, fool that I am to lay up this store of agony to last me all my days! Why did I ever come to this court? God pity me—pity me!"

He fell upon his knees at the bed, burying his face in his arms, his mighty man's frame shaking as with a palsy.

That same night Brandon told me how he had committed suicide, as he put it, and of his intention to go to Bristol and there await the sailing of the ship and perhaps find a partial resurrection in New Spain.

Unfortunately, he could not start for Bristol at once, as he had given some challenges for a tournament at Richmond and could furnish no good excuse to withdraw them, but he would not leave his room or again see "that girl who was driving him mad."

It was better, he thought, and wisely, too, that there be no leave taking, but that he should go without meeting her.

"If I see her again," he said, "I shall have to kill some one, even if it is only myself!"

I heard him tossing in his bed all night, and when morning came he arose looking haggard enough, but with his determination to run away and see Mary no more stronger than ever upon him.

But Providence or fate or some one ordered it differently, and there was plenty of trouble ahead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Monarch and Other Poems is the title of a volume of verse, most beautifully printed and bound in New York but whose contents are the inspiration of local scenes and memories. The author is John H. Flagg, a native of Wilmington, the son of Gen. Stephen J. Flagg and formerly clerk of the Vermont legislature, secretary of the senate and since until his health failed, counsel for the Standard Oil company. Some of the poems are tributes to Vermont and her noted sons and show a deep loyalty and admiration for the old Green Mountain state. "Clark and the Oregon" and "To Justin B. Morrill" are notable among those tributes. The volume contains as a frontispiece a fine portrait of the author.

The Atlantic for May has a most interesting table of contents. Emerson as a Religious Influence by George A. Gordon is the opening paper and it is followed by The Evolution of the Trained Nurse by Mary Moss; The Book and the Place by Martha Baker Dunn; The Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem, by Alfred Holt Stone and The St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences by Hugo Munsterberg. Poems are contributed by Frank Dempster Sherman, Madison Cawein and Anna Hempstead Branch. Fiction is represented by Harriet Prescott Spofford's A Sacrifice; The Bee Sermons by Arthur E. McFarlane; The Two Apples by James Edmund Dunning and by an instalment of Arthur Turnbull Hardy's novel, His Daughter First.

Ainslee's opens with a novel by Edward S. Van Zile, entitled Midsunder Madness. Justice Miles Forman, the author of "Journey's End," has contributed in "A bit of grease paint" a picture of a woman's devotion. Talbot Smith contributes "A perfect disappearance." "In her canoe," by Minna C. Smith, and "The April man" by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, are two love stories. The woman question and the labor question are united in a play, "Union and Mr. Thomson," by Caroline Duer and Henry Wise Miller. In "The Case of Private Rafferty," by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, there is an interesting account of a soldier's victory not won in war. James Hunker's story, "The hall of the missing footsteps," will appeal to lovers of oriental mysteries, and two fine bits of humor are "My neighbor's pride," by Charles Battell Loomis, and "While the auto waits," by James L. Bliss. Herman Bernstein, E. Nesbit, Bliss Carman, Arthur Stringer, Edgar Saltus and several other writers contribute to the 160 pages of this month's issue.

The leading article in the April-June Forum is a review of American politics by Henry Litchfield West. A. Maurice Low discusses foreign affairs with special reference to the revival of the Eastern Question and to the internal and external politics of Germany. Alexander D. Noyes treats of the events and tendencies in the world of finance, recent progress in applied science, especially in engineering, is described by Henry Harrison Suplee. Literature is represented by a review of Sidney Lee's Life of Queen Victoria by Prof. W. B. Trent. Joseph Sobin sets forth the Lessons of the Operatic Season. A paper on the Educational Outlook is contributed by Ossian H. Lang and Dr. J. M. Rice offers a discussion based on his investigations in public schools, of the respective importance of talent and training in teaching. Special articles are "The Present Estimate of the Value of Human Life," by Prof. Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, "The Scope of a Permanent Tariff Commission," by Albert H. Washburn, and "A Rambling Discourse on Submarine Navigation," by Comdr. F. M. Barber, U. S. N., retired.

The May McClure's is printed in a new type, and is notable for the quantity and number of its illustrations. Jules Guerin's two full page views of Pittsburg by night and by day, admirably illustrate Lincoln Steffens' paper on "Pittsburg: A City Ashamed," a companion piece of his St. Louis and Minneapolis papers. Then there are some very telling drawings by Henri Lanos, reproduced in tint to illustrate Prof. Simon Newcomb's capital story, "The End of the World." Ernest Poole's "Waifs of the Street," is lavishly illustrated by many types of street arching, drawn by Shoover. George Varian illustrates Miss Tarbell's "Standard Oil" paper, and Corwin K. Linton a story by Mary E. Wilkins, The Happy Day, a story of a French peasant family who went up to Paris one dismal, rainy Ascension Day to view the great exposition. Garth Jones, the English artist, gives an excellent specimen of his hand work in line of his illustrations for Hermine Templeton's Irish Story, the Banshee's Hallow'en. This is by far the best appearing number of McClure's ever issued.

Nineteen stories and articles and 112 illustrations form the contents of the May Cosmopolitan. J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., contributes an article on the British Parcel Post—timely, in view of the plan to introduce into this country the system of carrying parcels in the mail. The possibilities of scientific corn culture are explained in an instructive paper, by A. D. Shamel, of the Illinois Experiment Station. Sir Edwin Arnold has an entertaining essay on the tying of knots, with many practical illustrations. John Brisben Walker, who has made a 20 years' study of taxation, offers "A Method of Equitable Taxation." Three interesting characters—Gustavus Franklin Swift, Clement Acton Griscom and George Gould—are sketched as "Captains of Industry." Among other features appear "Romances of the World's Great Mines," by Samuel E. Moffett; "Teaching: its Hardships and Rewards," by Rev. James C. Mackenzie, Ph. D.; "The Food Laboratory," by John Brisben Walker; "Society's Amateur Circus," by Helmet Stag Archer; and a philosophical essay by H. G. Wells on "Accepted Institutions as Educational Agencies."

The Presbyterian Convention. In connection with the meeting of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Los Angeles on May 21 the Southern Pacific Co. announces a reduced special rate from New York to New Orleans by the Southern Pacific new passenger steamships, and thence by the Southern Pacific R. R. to Los Angeles and return to New York by any direct rail route. The steamship "Excelsior" will leave New York May 9 at 3 p. m., and passengers will be landed in Los Angeles at 11:30 a. m., on May 20. There will be a ten-day limit on tickets from the date of sale East of the first California point, and West thereof, the final date of the direct rail route will be July 10. Returning passengers must reach the original starting point by July 15. Stop over privileges will be allowed at prominent points both going and coming.

Respectfully yours,
George E. Greene.

IS ALL SOAP

Don't need the addition of chemicals or concoctions to make it wash easy and quick. It's the soap in Sunlight that does it all, and that it does well.

USE

Sunlight

Soap Perfection—Big Cake—Little Price—5 cts.

VERY SPECIAL!

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF

Carriages, Two-Seaters, Buggies and Farm Wagons

Finest made and prices right.

Full Line of Harness, both Hand and Factory-Made

NOTE—In exchange, I have for sale several serviceable second-hand carriages in excellent condition at low figures.

H. R. BROWN

MAIN STREET, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

QUAKER RANGES.

The Quaker Range has large flues. Will take a twenty-four inch stick of wood, full size of fire box.

SOLD BY
EMERSON & SON,
BRATTLEBORO.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

... SUCCEEDS ...

CALIFORNIA.

Owing to the demand created in the past seasons by this world-renowned train,

"SUNSET LIMITED"

Will be operated every day in the week, commencing November 15th, with Compartment Car, Standard Sleeper, through Dining Car and all the exclusive features which have caused it to be known as

"THE FAMOUS HOTEL ON WHEELS."

The "PACIFIC COAST EXPRESS" will also be operated daily between New Orleans and California.

PASSENGER STEAMERS BETWEEN NEW YORK & NEW ORLEANS
Fast Time. Superb Service. Excellent Cuisine.

ADDRESS ANY SOUTHERN PACIFIC AGENT.

E. E. CURRIER, N. E. A., 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

L. N. NUTTING, G. E. P. A., 349 Broadway, or 1 Battery Place, New York City.

E. O. MCCORMICK, P. T. M., S. F. B. MORSE, A. P. T. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. HOUSTON, TEXAS.

As an Advertising Medium The Reformer is undoubtedly the very best in Southern Vermont. If you have anything to advertise try The Reformer.

TRY HYOMEL AT GEORGE E. GREENE'S RISK.

If it Fails to Cure Asthma He Will Pay for the Treatment.

To the Editor of the Reformer:

Since I have been advertising the Hyomel treatment for the cure of catarrh under my guarantee to refund the money if it did not give satisfaction, many of my customers have told me of remarkable cures of asthma Hyomel has made.

A letter from the laboratory tells me that Hyomel is undoubtedly the only treatment known that will cure all forms of asthma, except cardiac asthma and I have decided to offer to refund the money in all cases of this disease, where Hyomel is used, and does not give relief and cure.

The Hyomel outfit consists of a neat inhaler, that can be carried in the purse or vest pocket, a medicine dropper and a bottle of Hyomel, the complete outfit costing but \$1.00.

My guarantee to refund the money to any dissatisfied purchaser who simply states that Hyomel has been used according to directions without benefit will hold good for asthma as well as in the treatment of catarrh. I do not, however, recommend Hyomel in cardiac asthma, but in all other forms of that disease my faith is so strong, that I gladly offer to pay for the treatment in case it does not effect a cure.

Respectfully yours,
George E. Greene.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets
Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind

The 2-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them. 2-17