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one size only, regular price 50¢ per l

No Smoker. The bishop of-London, at a dinner in The bishop of London, at a dinner in Washington, told a story, as the cigars came on, about one of his predecessors.

"When Dr. Creighton was bishop of London," he said, "he rode on a train one day with a small, meek curate.

"Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigarcase, and, with a smile, he said:

"You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?"

suppose?"
"The meek, pale little curate bowed and answered humbly:
"'Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick.'"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any rase of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protrud-ing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

From Yonkers Statesman.

Patience—Brazil will soon be able to raise all the rice needed for home con-

sumption.
Patrice—What's the matter? Mar-riages falling off over there?

FOR THE TOILET

Not only softens the water, but cleans the skin thoroughly, removes and prevents the odor of perspiration, soothes

trritation and renders the skin fresh, soft and velvety.

Soap clogs the pores-Borax removes the soap and freshens the skin-Try it. All dealers. Sample, Booklet and Parlor Card Game, 10c. PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO., Chicago, III.

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It penetrates and relieves pain very, quickly-needs very little rubbing - and

An antiseptic remedy for thrush.

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does not leave a scar or blemish.

fistula and any abscess.

MILLION

SIOUX CITY P'T'G CO., 1,223-1, 1908

Red Riding Hood to Date. Ready Answers. From the Minneapolis Journal. With Jeff Davis in the role of

wolf and the trust confidingly enacting Little Red Riding Hood, the dialog of the story becomes perfectly perspic-

uous:
"Oh, grandma, how big your eyes "The better to see you, my dear."
"Oh, grandma, how long your ears

"The better to hear you, my dear."
"Oh, grandma, how sharp your teeth

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

the kidney secretions were badly dis-

ordered. I was completely worn out

and discouraged when I began using

Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and

did their work well. I have been feel-ing well ever since."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Atchison Globe Sights.

hospital, I was dis-

charged as incura-

My heart was af-

fected, I had smoth-

I couldn't use my

There were two Irishmen who recently came over to seek employment in America. Pat secured a position here, but because of some misunderstanding between his employer and himself he was to be discharged on the following Monday if he could not answer three

Pat came home with a heavy heart that night, and told his twin brother, Mike, the questions, which were: How much does the moon weigh? How many stars are there? What am I thinking about? As the brothers looked very much alike, Mike said that he would go in Pat's place and answer the three questions for he considered are!"
"The better to eat you up, my dear."
Gobble, gobble, and a crunching of bones. The trusts are annihilated.

the three questions, for he considered himself brighter than Pat. As soon as Mike entered the office Monday morning his brother's employ-er said: "Pat are you ready for the questions?"

"Yes sir" said Mike

questions?"
"Yes, sir," said Mike.
"Very well, how much does the moon
weigh?" "Hundred pounds."
"How d'ye know?" "There's four quarters.

"How many stars are there?"

"How d'ye know?" "Go count 'em."
"What am I thinking about?" "You're
thinkin' that I'm Pat, but I'm not. I'm

Cheering Her Up.

A young lady living in Atlanta visited the home of her fiance in New Orleans. On her return home an old negro "mammy," long in the service of the family and consequently privileged to put the question, asked: "Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

The engagement not having been an-nounced, the Atlanta girl smilingly re-

plied:
"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."
The old woman's jaw fell.
"Ain't dat a pity, now!" she said, and after reflection she added, consolingly, "Dey do say dat ole maids is de happlest critters dey is, once dey quits strugglin'."

Pointed Paragraphs.

From the Chicago News. Among the fatal diseases is old age. Women are as changeable as men monotonous.

When a man has an opinion or a theory that happens to turn out right, how he loves to hear about it!

When a man boasts that his life is an open book, he had better scratch wood: Some one might look into it.

Men are possessed of two great fears; that they will become old, and that they will never live to be old.

If we were sure we could get an It takes a dry goods box philosopher to make a set speech.

A man who is able to keep his face closed saves a lot of time. If we were sure we could get an original love letter in reply, we believe that, as old as we are, we would write closed saves a lot of time.

Learning to be content with what we have read is what joits most of us.

Inability to obtain a seat at the po-

tical ple counter begets reform. How anxious people are to help you hen you are in a position to help

one.

The man who uses a falsehood for policy is like the woman who powders, soon gets into the habit of putting on too much.

When a man is always in a hurry, it is an evidence that he lacks the capacity to dispose of his business in the ordinary way.

The louder a child bawls the less it is hurt. Same way with grown precedence.

Is hurt. Same way with grown people: The more fuss they make the less they have to fuss over.

A girl's idea of the most dreadful impoliteness is to allow her girl company to carry a dress suit case through the depot waiting room.

Hides, Pelts and Wool. To get full value, ship to the old reliable N. W. Hide & Fur Co, Minneapolis, Minn.

Quaker Reflections. From the Philadelphia Record.

Beauty isn't even skin deep. Lots
of it rubs off.

of it rubs off.

Some people would even like to borrow experience.

The puglilst can't complain that a left handed punch isn't right.

Women's troubles can't always be measured by their sighs.

The money stringency doesn't inter-

The money stringency doesn't inter-fere with the wages of sin.

If you want to know how to manage a wife ask a man who never had one. The man who tries to collect his out-

standing bills duns in order not to be The man who is under a cloud takes

little consolation from the silver lining No, Maude, dear, the man with a heavy beard doesn't always have a

strong face.

Tom Ochiltree's Moon After Tom Ochiltree, that able con-

gress raconteur and laugh generator for the afflicted rich, settled in New York as the amuser of the John W. Mackay family, he effervesced in a thousand different directions, and was as good in some ways as Sam Ward. One night he escorted John Mackay's friend, the Count de Biscount, down to the Battery to show the sights of New York. The moon was grand, and the count went into raptures as "her maidreflection rippled over the pearly

He cried: "Eet iss grand! Eet iss grand! Dair iss no such moon in all Italy!" "Count," said Ochiltree, solemnly as befitted the occasion, "you just ought to see the moon in Texas."

When a girl is proud of a photograph of her it's a sign it doesn't look like

THE MARATHON MYSTERY

A STORY OF MANHATTAN.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON Author of "The Holladay Case," "Cadets of Gascony," Etc.

compet Miss Croydon to forge the last rivet."

But in my dreams that night I saw him breaking the chains, trampling upon them, hurling them from him. I tried to hold them fast with all my puny strength, for I fancied that, once free, he would sweep over the earth like a pestilence. Then, suddenly, it was not Tremaine but Cecily I was holding; she turned to look at me with a countenance so terrible that it palsied me; her eyes scorched me with a white heat, burnt me through and through. Then she raised her hand and struck me a heavy blow upon the head—again—again—till, blindly, in agony, I loosed my hold of her and fell, fell.

But it was not Cecily, it was Tremaine himself who opened to me. "Oh, Mr. Lester," he cried, with hand outstretched, "how are you? I wanted to see you—I've been listening for your step. You must join us here this evening."

"I shall be glad to," I said, returning his clasp, all my suspicions melting away, reduced to absurdity, at sight of him. "But why so particularly this evening?"

"Because we've planned a little cele-Levi P. Brockway, S. Second avenue, Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a ble, and given only six months to live. ering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so arms, my eyesight was impaired and

CHAPTER IV.

CECILY SAYS GOODBY.

CECILY SAYS GOODBY.

The cold light of the morning brought with it a profound skepticism. Godfrey's theory no longer seemed so convincing; in fact, it did not seem convincing at all. Many objections occurred to me; I saw that the whole elaborate structure was built upon quicksand—there was no proof that any of the clippings referred to Tremaine or Thompson; there was no truth that Thompson had gathered them with elaborate care and of set purpose, there was no proof.

elaborate care and of set purpose, there was no proof.

Yes—there was one point susceptible of proof; by it the whole structure would stand or fall.

"Mr. Royce," I said to our junior in the course of the morning, "I wonder if I could be spared this afternoon? I've some business of my own which I'd like very much to attend to."

"Why, certainly," he answered in

Central station and bought a ticket to Ossining. Once there, I went to the grey old prison and stated my errand to Mr. Jones, the sub-warden, whom I

found in charge.
"I've come up from New York," I be-

I handed him the photograph of Thompson.

He looked at it long and searchingly, seemingly for a time in doubt, but at last he shook his head.

"No, I don't believe I can," he said.

"There's something familiar about the face, but I can't place it."

"How long have you been connected with the prison, Mr. Jones?" I asked.

"I began thirty years ago as guard. But what made you think I could identify this fellow?"

"We've rather imagined." I answered.

"We've rather imagined," I answered, "that his real name was Johnson and that he served a term here for robbery, beginning in 1885."

He looked at the photograph again, with a sudden flush of excitement in his face.

"I believe you're right," he said.
"Let's look at Johnson's photo."
He consulted the index, then turned

He consulted the index, then turned to one of the wall cases.

"Here he is," he said, opening a compartment and pointing to a photograph.

"It's the same man, sure, only changed a lot. It would be easy to prove it. I suppose they took his Bertillon measurements at the morgue, and we've only to compare them with ours. They'd be the same, no matter how much he'd changed."

And he had changed indeed! The

And he had changed, indeed!

And he had changed, indeed! The Johnson of the prison photograph was, of course, smooth shaven; his face was alert, intelligent; there was no scar upon the temple, nor did the features show the subtle bloating of long continued dissipation. But it was the same—undoubtedly it was the same. There was no need to apply any finer tests.

"I remember him now," said Jones, looking from one photograph to the other," very well. He was a quiet, well behaved chap—had been captain of a little tramp steamer, I believe. Had a perfect mania for cutting pieces out of newspapers and pasting them in a scrap book. He spent all his leisure time that way. Oh, yes; I remember, too, he tried to escape, but his pal went back on him and left him layin' out yonder by the wall. His ral was a had, one ha was: he get as a scan and the proposed in the doorway to throw me a courtesy. Tremaine took her hand and led her to a seat, with a grace worthy of the Grand Monarque.

"See the spoiled child!" he sald, laughing across the table at her, a moment later. "She's been making herself miserable for nothing. In two weeks, we shall be together again at Fond-Corre."

She answered his laugh with a thin smile, and shot me a glance pregnant with meaning. I knew she meant that her prophecy had come true.

"Drink that," he said. "To our meeting in two weeks." she repeated ionically, and drained the glass. out yonder by the wall. His val was a bad one, he was; he got away and I've often wondered what become of him. Here he is.

him. Here he is.

He swung open another compartment and I found myself staring at Tre-

Not until I was quite near New York did I recover sufficiently from the ef-fects of this discovery to heed the cry

somewhere."

Then in a flash I remembered; and in a moment more the whole story of the tragedy of the night before—the murder of Graham and the theft of Mrs. Delroy's necklace—lay before me. With what intensity of interest I read it can be easily imagined; I was shaken, nervous, horror-stricken. That there have a supposition between this sec-

was some connection between this second tragedy and the one in suite four-teen I did not doubt; and I read and re-read the details with the greatest care, in the effort to find where that there last night which made any further say you saw an account of it in the evening papers?"

"Oh, yes: that murder and robbery. The evidence seems to point very onnection lay.

But it was impossible to see how

Tremaine could be implicated in Edgemere mystery even in the ledgeree—his alibi was perfect. On On the other hand, the evidence against young brysdale seemed complete in every link. Certainly, none of the papers doubted his guilt, and they handled his past career and his family history with a minuteness and freedom which must have been most trying to his friends. have been most trying to his friends. Coroner Heffelbower came in for the lion's share of praise—everyone agreed that he had conducted the case with rare skill and acumen. Of course, the Record had his photograph, as well as those of his wife and six children, and as I looked at his round face, I fancied him strutting back and forth in his saloon, inflated with pride, and listening approvingly to the constant ringing of the cash register. It's an ill wind—but certainly there was no denying that he

the cash register. It's an ill wind—but certainly there was no denying that he had handled the case adroitly.

Drysdale, it appeared, had been lodged in the jail at Babylon, and steadfastly refused to make any statement, or to explain his absence from the house. No reporters had been admitted to Edgemere—though that fact did not prevent two or three of them from writing minute descriptions of the condition of affairs there and publish. condition of affairs there, and publish-ing interviews with the members of the family. Marvelous accounts were given of the exquisite beauty and immense value of the missing necklace, and the Record published a drawing of it "from

we pulled into the station, and I took a car down to my start turning this

"We don't need it!" declared God-frey confidently, as he arose to go.
"We've got a chain about Tremaine, trying in vain to discover some fact Lester, that he can't break—and we'll that would implicate Tremaine. At my door I paused a moment; then I rivet."

But in my deceme that night I saw major door. Perhaps Cecily had for major door. Perhaps Cecily had for major door.

"Because we've planned a little cele-bration. Cecily is going away——"

"Going away?"
"Yes—back to St. Pierre to get my house in order—but I'll tell you at dinner—it's to be served here in an hour. You will come?"

"Certainly I will," I assured him, and

"Certainly I will," I assured him, and hastened over to my room to dress.

He was awaiting me when I knocked an hour later; a table had been set with three places.

"Come in," he said. "Dinner will be here directly. I thought it safer to have the celebration here because—well," and he nodded significantly toward the laner room.

inner room.

"Cecily?" I questioned.

"Yes—she takes it to heart more than you'd believe. But she'll get over it in a day or two."

"When does she leave?"

I could be spared this afternoon? I've some business of my own which I'd like very much to attend to."

"Why, certainly," he answered instantly; so when I left the office at noon, I took the elevated to the Grand Central etation and hearth with the course of the morning."

"When does she leave?"

"In the morning early, by the fruit boat. And, by the way, I want you to go down with me to see her off. She'll appreciate it."

"When does she leave?"

"In the morning early, by the fruit boat. And, by the way, I want you to go down with me to see her off. She'll appreciate it."

"Why, certainly—but isn't it rather sudden?"

"When does she leave?"

"In a way, yes. You see, I've ar-ranged for a committee from New York to go down to Martinique and look over the ground, and I want to take them before they have a chance to cool off. I'm got to get my house there in order gan, after giving him my card, "to and engage some servants, for that will see if you can identify this man," and be our headquarters, and if Cecily I handed him the photograph of doesn't leave by the boat tomorrow, she can't go for ten days. Ten days from now I'm going to have the committee ready to sail, and when I get them to

ready to sail, and when I get them to Martinique, I'm going to give them a sample of Creole hospitality. I wish you could come," he added warmly. "I'd ilke to have you."

"There's nothing I'd like better," I said, suddenly conscious of how I had slandered him in my thoughts. "But I fear it isn't possible just now."

"Well, some day I shall have you there, and I warn you I shan't let you go in a hurry. Come in," he added, in response to a knock at the door.

Two waiters entered, and in a mo-

Two waiters entered, and in a mo-ment the dinner was served. "That will do," said Tremaine, press-

ing a coin into the hand of each of them. "We'll attend to ourselves, Send up in an hour for the dishes. I thought that was best," he added, as he closed the door after them. "We can talk freely now."

freely now."

He stepped to the inner door.
"Cecily!" he called.
She appeared in a moment, with eyelids a little puffed and red, but on the whole in much better spirits than I had expected. She was arrayed in all her finery—she had put on every piece of jewelry, I think—and she paused in the doorway to throw me a courtesy. Tremaine took her hand and led her to a seat, with a grace worthy of the Grand

But in a few moments the mood passed and she became quite gay. Not till then did it occur to me that Tre-maine had made no reference to the tragedy at Edgemere. Then I caught myself just in time, for I remembered suddenly that I was not supposed to know he had been there.
"So you have been successful?" I asked finally.

fects of this discovery to heed the cry of the train boy as he went through the coaches with the evening papers.

"All about 'th' Edgemere murder!" he was crying, and the name caught my ear.

"Edgemere," I repeated to myself.

"Edgemere. I've heard that name somewhere."

Then in a flash I remembered; and in a moment more the whole story of the tragedy of the night before—the murder of Graham and the theft of Mrs. Delroy's necklace—lay before me. With what intensity of interest I read it can be easily imagined; I was shaken, added, after the laintest hesitation, an extremely unfortunate event occurred there last night which made any further stay impossible—I dare say you saw an account of it in the evening pa-

strongly toward a young fellow named Drysdale." "Very strongly," he agreed, nodding

with just the right degree of concern, "although I'm hoping that he may be able to prove himself not guilty. An amiable young fellow—somewhat impulsive and headstrong—but let us not talk about it. It's too unpleasant. This evening we must be gay."

by handled his y history with a which must be gay."

There is no need for me to detail what we did talk about, since it in no way concerns this story; but I have never seen Tremaine to better advantage. He was the unexceptionable gentleman, the man of the world who had traveled far and tasted many things, a brilliant and witty talker—a personant list in a children, and face, I fancied orth in his san ability in a word, on the whole so fascinating and impressive that long before and listening ant ringing of ill wind—but mying that he saitly.

d. had been Babylon, and levidence. I knew how a jury looking at treatine, would laugh at it. No lawyer would risk his reputation with such a case, no magistrate would allow it to proceed before him. Why, for all I knew, Tremaine, would laugh at it. No lawyer would risk his reputation with such a case, no magistrate would allow it to proceed before him. Why, for all I knew, Tremaine could prove an allbit of the tas were given and immense klace, and the lang of it "from in the Edgemere mystery. Godfrey and I had been forging a chain of sand, imagining it steel! As for that prison photograph, I had been decived by a chance resemblance.

In the distribution, the distribution of the lady mayories, when he had never seen. The duke how he could describe that ugly little creature as the model of her sex."

Now, the lady happened to be a very lain, wizened little woman, so the then Lord Ellenborough afterward asked the duke how he could describe that ugly little creature as the model of her sex.

"The boat starts from pier fifty-seven, North River, at the foot of West Twentry turning this."

Tremaine's last words to me. shall look for you there."

Is there any virtue in dreams, I wonder? That night, while I slept, the wonder? That night, while I slept, the tragedy in suite fourteen was re-enacted before me. I witnessed its every detail—I saw Tremaine snatch up the pipe and strike a heavy blow—then, suddenly, behind him, appeared a face dark with passion, a hand shot out, a pistol flashed, even as Tremaine tried to knock it aside, and Cecily looked down upon her victim with eyes blazing with hatred!

I was at the pier in good time for

Ing with hatred!

I was at the pier in good time, for, let me confess it. I was curious to see the details of this leave taking. Cecily and Tremaine were there before me, the former leaning sadly against the rail while the latter directed the checking of some baggage.

rail while the latter directed the checking of some baggage.

I went directly to her.

"So here you are," I said, "ready to go back to that St. Pierre you love so much. Aren't you glad?"

"Oh, very glad," she answered, with a single listless glance at me. "I shall never come back to this horrible place."

"And Tremaine will join you in two weeks," I added.

This time she looked at me—a lightning flash!—a glance that brought back vividly my dream.

"Will he?" she asked between her teeth.

"Why," I questioned, in affected sur-price, "don't you think he will?" She drew in her breath with a quick

gasp.
"What does it matter? I'm only a fille-de-couleur. I shall laugh and forget like all the others," and, indeed, a strange unnatural excitement had come

into her face.

I saw her eyes devouring Tremaine as he approached.

"Everything is arranged," he said cheerily, shaking hands with me. "Here are the checks, Cecily. Now take us down to your stateroom and do the honours."

down to your stateroom and do the honours."

"As you please, doudoux," she answered quietly, and 'led the way.

It was a very pleasant cabin, one of the best on board, and I saw that some of her personal belongings were already scattered about. Against the hotwater pipe in one corner was hanging Fe-Fe's cage. A curtain had been tied about it to protect its tender occupant from the cold.

"I see you're taking Fe-Fe with you," I remarked.

"To be sure she is," said Tremaine. "She knows the snake would starve to death if she left it with me. But we must drink to a good voyage."

He rose and touched the electric button. Cecily followed him with eyes gleaming like two coals of fire. Looking at her, I felt a vague uneasiness—did she have concealed in the bosom of her gown that same revolver—was she only waiting a favorable moment.

"The first toast is yours. Mr. Lester."

"Come we must be going," said Tre-maine, rising hastily. "That's the shore

I passed out first, and for an instant held my breath, expecting I knew not what—a dull report—a scream.

But in a moment they came out together. Tremaine and I made a rush for the gang plank, while Cecily again took up her station against the rail. We waved to her and waved again, shouting goodbys, as the last rope was cast loose, and the steamer began to move away from the dock.

She waved back at us and kissed her hands, looking very beautiful.

hands, looking very beautiful.

Then suddenly her face changed; she swayed and caught at the rail for sup-

"She's going to faint, pardieu!" said Tremaine.
But she did not faint; instead she

made a funnel of her hands and shouted a last message back at us. Tremaine nodded as though he under-stood and waved his hand. "Did you catch what she said?" he asked.
"No, not a word of it. That tug over

"No, not a word of it. That tug over there whistled just then,"
"I caught the word 'lit., She prob-ably wants to know how many she'll have to get ready—but no matter," and he turned to me with an expressive lit-

he turned to me with an expressive little shrug.
"Why? Isn't the committee really going to Martinique?"
"Oh, a couple of engineers are going to look over the ground and report."

ing to look over the ground and report."

"And you?"

"I shall stay here." He waved his handkerchief again at the receding boat, then passed it across his forehead. "That takes a big load off my mind, Mr. Lester, I tell you, to get her safely off and be alive to tell the tale. I rather expected her to stick a knife into me last night. I made a great mistake in bringing her with me."

"But I thought you said"—

"Oh, they do laugh and forget in time: but just at first they naturally feel badly. Now, before the voyage is over. I dare say Cecily will have another doudoux—some handsome Creole returning home, perhaps. She's a magnificent woman, just the same," he added.

"That she is." I agreed, and threw a last look dawn the size."

"That she is," I agreed, and threw a last look down the river. (Continued Next Week.)

"Thanks; I'm Off."

A good story is told of a well known British journalist who, while in Berlin, had the misfortune to offend the kalser by publishing information about the emperor of a rather intimate nature.

He was ordered to leave Germany.

He secured a respite control weeks during which he could wind up his affairs; but he was a marked man; the police shadowed him night and day, and he determined to escape the continual he determined to escape the continual es-

pionage.

At last he hit upon the expedient of placing a stuffed dummy of himself before a window, with its back towards the street, and while the police zealously watched the dummy he was daily slipping out by a side door and going unmolested about his business, disguised in a pair of blue goggles and an old slouch hat. old slouch hat.

old slouch hat.

The dummy sat in a chair, with occasional interruptions, from 9 in the morning till 10 at night, and was pulled inside by a string at bed time.

On the morning of the journalist's departure the figure was turned with its wooden face toward the street, displaying a small placard for the edification of the police, reading:

"Thanks: I'm off."

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emedy. Nothing more can be said. Everybody should carry a box in the pocket and have another in the house. Don't forget "they work while you sleep," and "a CASCARET at night makes you feel all right - in the morning." The genuine tablet octagonal, stamped CCC, put up in light blue enameled metal boxes, and never sold in bulk. Sold by all druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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