

Old People Need A Bowel Stimulant

The Ideal One is a Mild Laxative-Tonic That Will Keep the Bowels Gently Active.

Healthy old age is so absolutely dependent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be taken to see that they act regularly. The fact is that as age advances the stomach muscles become weak and inactive and the liver does not store up the juices that are necessary to prompt digestion.

Some help can be obtained by eating easily digested foods and by plenty of exercise, but this latter is irksome to most elderly people. One thing is certain, that a state of constipation should always be avoided, as it is dangerous to life and health. The best plan is to take a mild laxative as often as is deemed necessary. But with equal certainty it is suggested that cathartics, purgatives, physics, salts and pills be avoided, as they do but temporary good and are so harsh as to be a shock to a delicate system.

A much better plan and one that thousands of elderly people are following, is to take a gentle laxative-remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts as nearly like nature as is possible. In fact, the tendency of this remedy is to strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles and so train them to act naturally again, when medicines of all kinds can usually be dispensed with. This is the opinion of many people of different ages, among them Mrs. Mary A. P. Davidson of University Mound Home, San Francisco, Cal. She is 78 and because of her sedentary habits



MRS. MARY A. P. DAVIDSON

had continual bowel trouble. From the day she began taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin she has had no further inconvenience and naturally she is glad to say kind things of this remedy.

A bottle can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents or one dollar. People usually buy the fifty cent size first, and then, having convinced themselves of its merits, they buy the dollar size, which is more economical. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. Elderly persons of both sexes can follow these suggestions with every assurance of good results. Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 419 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

Many a man gets to be conceited by thinking he isn't.

When a man begins to abuse his own town it is time for him to move.

Great Loss.
"Did that speculator lose anything in the financial flurry?"
"He lost his head."

Something Like.
"Did you ever feel the influence of a starlight night?"
"Humph! All moonshine."

Room.
"How do you like my new skirt?"
"The sweet young thing. 'Isn't it perfect?"
"Well, there isn't much room for improvement," replied the grouch.

The Use of Words.
"Talking about stupid ones, that Smith girl is dumb!"
"Yes, you can tell that as soon as you hear her talk."

Alcoholic Fiction.
"That's a corking good story Scribble is contributing to Filimmer's magazine."
"I should say it's an un-corking good story. The leading character is a dipsomaniac."

Easy Winner.
Senator Key Pittman was talking in Tonopah about two lobbyists who had quarreled.
"But there's no fear," he said, "of their maiming or mutilating each other. They are like Bluff and Stuff."

"Who came out ahead," a man asked, "in that street row between Bluff and Stuff?"
"Stuff did," was the answer, "but he had half a street's start."

Doesn't Speak Well of Him.
"Why did the last man who roomed here leave?" asked the would-be lodger.
"I told him to go," answered the landlady. "And I don't want any more roomers like him. He should be living in a pig pen."

"Careless is altogether too mild a word, sir. I'm not finicky, because I can't afford to be, but I give you my word that I never put but one thing in his room that stayed clean."
"What was that?"
"His towel."

A FOOD DRINK Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:
"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not an irritant like coffee."
"I began to use Postum 3 years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."
"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar.' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."
"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years. I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Postum comes in two forms:
Regular Postum—must be well boiled.
Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.
"There's a reason" for Postum.

The MINISTER OF POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

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Synopsis. "THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Montjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of ferment and great, when the breaking of the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regence was preaching the right to think and when a thousand men in the gutter, some near the throne, were preparing the great revolution.
Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French court, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the life here. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying here, and he surrounds her with spies to discover possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.
The Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet. Rare in that age of animal lust, chilling and embroiled brutality. In fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with the secret articles of the king, the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian lady, who persuades him to give up the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several things to the members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to incriminate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police, who is to be secured by the keeping of De Sartines. De Lussac's cousin. With this contract in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, and the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.
De Lussac goes home, burles the papers he has just received, writes Madame Linden that he is attempting one last mission for the society, and also writes and dates the letter in case of his death. Then he enters Richelle's home and almost succeeds in getting the secret articles. He is surprised and leaves in a drawer which he has unlocked. Before he can make another attempt he is arrested and has told Madame Linden how nearly he succeeded in getting the document. She, realizing how desperate her lover's position is, visits Richelle's home and succeeds where her lover has failed.
Meantime the police have secured strong evidence against her, since De Lussac addressed the letter to her by mistake. This letter the police intercepted and at once identified her with the society. However, with a document in her possession, which, if made public, will disgrace the minister of police, she lets her own name be mentioned by intimidating the minister of police. De Lussac escapes from the bastille and goes with her to Vienna where the story leaves them.

CHAPTER V—(Continued.)
Around her neck, beneath her dress, she was wearing the diamond necklace for which she had sent a messenger to a person. She had also paid Behrens for the hats and gowns which were due now to arrive; everything had been paid for, and all her plans were complete for immediate departure, and as she sat glancing round her at the room which she let so soon to leave, and which she would never see again, she reviewed Paris and its people. Their falsity, and trickery, and coldness, and absolute want of heart; the polished villainy of the court, the brutal misery of the common people, the gliding of the salons and the filth of the streets all rose up before her, visualized themselves, voiced themselves.
She felt as though she were escaping from Gehenna, and a momentary impulse came on her to send a note for a traveling-carriage and, leaving De Sartines unscathed and her dresses to look after themselves, start at once and but the protecting frontier between herself and these people whom she hated. She had scarcely dismissed this thought when Rosine appeared at the door.
"Madame, Monsieur Behrens has arrived."
"Show him up," replied Madame la Baronne, "and have my hats brought here."
Rosine vanished.
Madame Linden looked at the clock. It pointed to fifteen minutes past eight. The guests were late, but late was a fashionable vice, and she felt no fear of their non-arrival, though slightly disturbed by this want of punctuality in the Sartines.
A moment later Behrens, following Rosine through the boudoir, entered, bowing.
Rosine carried three hat-boxes one on top of the other, and after Behrens came his assistant carrying three more.
The boxes were chocolate-colored and powdered with golden bees. An "Madame," said Behrens, bowing again, as Rosine and the assistant, having deposited their burdens on the floor, left the room, "my compliments."
"And my hats, it seems," replied she with a faint tinge of mockery in the way which she returned him. "Ma foi, Monsieur Behrens, your boxes and hats, beautiful that one might wear them for hats."
"They are of my own design, Madame," replied the delighted Behrens.
"Your own design? Why Monsieur Behrens, it seems to me that had you but devoted yourself to canvas instead of chiffon you might have been Monsieur Boucher or Monsieur Fragonard."
"Oh, Madame!" cried Behrens, on whom flattery acted as a powerful light, making him blind to ridicule. "Monsieur Fragonard! Where would he be without my creations! Ma foi, Monsieur Boucher, who dresses the shepherdesses he copies? I, I alone. And do I copy? No, Madame, I create."
At this moment Rosine appeared at the door.
"Madame de Stenlis,"
Madame de Stenlis, wonderful in a robe of lavender and all her diamonds, entered, bowed to Madame Linden and then to Behrens.
"I thought I was early," said Madame de Stenlis, "but I find Monsieur Behrens is before me."
"On the contrary, Madame," replied the baroness, "you are late, and Monsieur Behrens, I am sure, stands behind you as a very faithful tradesman, not as a guest. Come, Madame, you are the first critic in Paris. I leave for Vienna in two hours' time, and I am taking with me some creations of Monsieur Behrens which you may like to give your opinion upon. Monsieur Behrens!"
"Madame!"
"Let us see what those boxes contain."

Behrens, pressing his forehead on his lips, stood for a moment contemplating the boxes, then making up his mind which of them he should open first, he produced a hat of lavender with white ostrich feather plumes.
He stood for a moment looking at it and shaking his head.
"In this light, Madame, this hat is almost impossible; however, I got the effect of contour." He handed it to her, and she put it on.
"Tilted slightly more to the left, Madame."
"So?" asked the baroness.
"Perfectly," replied the hat-artist, "and with the mouth closed, please. It is not a hat of conversation, but designed for occasions of formality when the wearer is isolated, as when driving alone. Madame de Stenlis will perhaps give her opinion."
But before Madame de Stenlis could speak, Rosine appeared at the doorway.
"Monsieur de Sartines."
De Sartines had been delayed by an agent who had stopped his carriage at the gates of Paris and given him the news of De Lussac's escape from the bastille, the loss of the papers of the Society of the Midi, and the fact that Beauregard had been all but slain in a duel with De Lussac.
The news was a terrible blow to De Sartines. With the loss of the papers of the Society of the Midi he had now no hold on Madame Linden, and scarcely any on De Lussac. He came to the house in the Rue Coq Heron very fumed, knowing his antagonist was triply armed, but without the least knowledge of how she was going to use her power.
He entered the arena and found her engaged in trying on a hat!
"Ah!" cried Madame de Stenlis as De Sartines entered the room, "here is a better critic than mine. De Sartines, your opinion on the confection of Monsieur Behrens."
Before De Sartines could reply, a silly laugh sounded from the doorway. They turned and there was Madame d'Harlan-court, who had just entered the room, and who had broken into a laugh before Rosine could announce her.
"Ma foi, Monsieur de Sartines," cried the comtesse, almost ignoring her hostess, "you have changed your trade then?"
"How so, madame?"
"From buying consciences to selling bonnets." She glanced around at three hats which Behrens had taken from the dressing boxes and deposited, one on the table, one on a settee, and one on a chair, all waiting to be tried on. "Or are they for exhibition?"
"Exhibition," cut in Madame de Stenlis. "Here is one, and it asks your criticism. He, beautiful and statuesque, the highest compliment to Behrens' art, stood almost heedless of what they were saying, her whole mind engaged in watching De Sartines and the deep anxiety evident in his face and manner.
"Madame," said Madame d'Harlan-court, turning to the baroness and bowing, "my compliments."
"And your criticism," madame," replied the baroness.
"Monsieur de Sartines," said Madame d'Harlan-court, "your criticism first."
"It leaves me dumb," said De Sartines, looking at the hat.
"It has that effect, monsieur; it has that effect," replied the baroness, Behrens, walking round the baroness so as to view her from all sides.
"Dumb? Yes, it has that effect."
"Then I shall always wear it in the presence of my guests," she said. "Well, Madame d'Harlan-court, now that Monsieur de Sartines has given his opinion, what have you to say?"
"Nothing, madame."
"Monsieur Behrens."
"Madame."
"You were right."
"In what way, madame?"
"It renders them dumb."
De Sartines, sure that all this was a prelude to tragedy and feeling as a man might feel who is being murdered amid millinery, drew close to the beautiful and poisonous-tongued creature who was now gazing at herself in the glass, and murmured, "A truce!"
"My hat has lost its magic; it no longer makes them dumb."
She glanced at the clock as she spoke; it pointed to a quarter to nine. The others, who felt sure that something was going forward behind the scenes, that some mystery lay behind the foolery, stood by watching De Sartines and the woman who was playing this curious game.
She was standing opposite to Behrens, who was holding her in his right hand a plumed and funeral structure, a nocturne, to use his own expression, in his left hand a delicate creation in pearl-gray.
She seemed undecided as to which she should try on, nor had she made up her mind when, like a thunderclap to De Sartines, came the announcement from the doorway: "Monsieur de Maupeou."

CHAPTER VI.
COMEDY OR TRAGEDY?
The vice chancellor, seated in the guard room of the toll gate beside the sleeping Galliard, had been released by a miracle. Monsieur de Beaurtreillis, the captain of the guards, making a tour of the toll gates of Paris that evening and going into the guard room to sign his report, had instantly recognized and released him. Furious, like a hawk held from his prey and suddenly set free, sure, now, from the trick that had been played him that the game was desperate and that to seize the man he hated and break him he had only to close his hand, De Maupeou commanded not only the carriage of Captain Beaurtreillis, but the services of the captain himself.
"Grim, yellow, commanding himself to appear calm the vice chancellor bowed

to Madame la Baronne and to the guests.
Then he turned slightly, disclosing a form behind him.
"Madame, I have taken the liberty of bringing a friend with me," said De Maupeou. "Monsieur de Beaurtreillis, of the guards, Madame la Baronne Linden."
Beaurtreillis, a magnificent man of the type of Monsieur Beauregard, looked round him, saw De Sartines and bowed.
He did not know in the least what was going to happen. De Maupeou had told him something about a conspiracy. If so, where were the people were of the court. He saw Madame de Stenlis, and bowed; he had danced with her only two nights ago. What in the name of wonder was she doing here? He bowed to Madame d'Harlan-court, nodded to De Joyeuse, and then turned his eyes to his hostess.
"Rosine," said the baroness to the maid, who had not yet left the room, "has Placide returned yet?"
"No, madame."
The baroness glanced at the clock; it was after 9. De Maupeou, seeing her anxiety and guessed that Placide—whoever he might be—was an intruder in her design. He forced himself to be patient, and drawing up to Madame de Stenlis began to talk on indifferent topics, while Madame Linden turned her attention again to Behrens, speaking also to Monsieur de Beaurtreillis and Monsieur de Sartines, who were standing near by.
"Gentlemen, you must excuse the presence of so many hats, but a comedy ill-dressed is a comedy ill-acted. Monsieur de Maupeou," raising her voice, "are you a judge of hats?"
"No, madame," replied De Maupeou, breaking off his conversation with Madame de Stenlis. "My business in life is to judge men."
"Your business is a tragedy, not a comedy, then. Well, at all events, you can give an opinion of an actress' qualification for the tragic role. I told you this morning I was about to stage a little play of mine, and upon my heart, Monsieur de Maupeou, I have not yet fixed in my mind whether it will have a comic or a tragic ending. That is, as though I were an indifferent playwright. I am, and it seems to me that nowadays it is the indifferent playwrights who please. They study their public, not their art. So do I, Monsieur de Beaurtreillis, what would you advise as an ending for my little play, comedy or tragedy?"
"Oh, ma foi!" cried the simple-minded Beaurtreillis, "I prefer to laugh. Comedy, madame, by all means. One leaves the theater with a better taste in the mouth and able to eat one's supper."
"Monsieur de Sartines, what do you say?"
"Madame," said De Sartines, who began to see a gleam of light, "in my mind Monsieur de Beaurtreillis is right."
He bowed profoundly.
"Madame de Stenlis? Madame d'Harlan-court?"
"Tragedy!" cried the two women, laughing.
The baroness, ignoring De Maupeou and De Joyeuse, turned to Behrens. "Monsieur Behrens, you who dress the actresses of the Comedie Francaise, give me your opinion. Could I act tragedy under that hat of pearl gray which you are holding for me to try on?"
"If madame is desirous of ruining the effect of the hat and the play, why, yes," replied Behrens. Then, bursting out: "Heavens, madame! no, 1,000 times no! But if madame requires for her play a hat of tragedy—why, here is tragedy itself." He held up the black hat on the point of his finger, and as he did so a knock came to the door. It opened, disclosing Placide.
"Ah, Placide," said the baroness. "So you have returned. Have you got what I sent you for?"
"Yes, madame," replied Placide, producing a paper.
"Good," said the baroness, putting on the gray hat. "Monsieur Behrens, be so good to pack it with the others. I will travel in this. Monsieur de Sartines, the play of which I spoke to you this morning shall have a happy ending. I retain the manuscript, however. Placide, bring me that parcel!"
But before Placide could move, De Maupeou, who had been whispering to Monsieur de Beaurtreillis, took a paper from his pocket and presented it to the baroness. Monsieur de Beaurtreillis, the vice chancellor, calmly walking up to Placide, took the paper from his hand.
Madame Linden glanced at the paper that had been handed to her. De Sartines, who was by her side, glanced at it too.
It was the order of the king.

CHAPTER VII.
THE GENIUS OF PLACIDE.
The whole thing had been done with such beautiful simplicity and absence of fuss that the guests perceived nothing of the tragedy at the bottom of it. The woman on whom the tables had been so completely turned stood by the man on whom she had brought destruction, yet neither of them allowed their emotions to be seen.
(Continued next week.)

Suffrage Reduces Crime.
From the San Francisco Call.
The extension of suffrage to women has resulted in a reduction of crime. That is the opinion of a speech made by Chief of Police Sebastian, of Los Angeles, before the National Association of Police Chiefs in Washington.
Chief Sebastian is an excellent authority upon the practical relation of women's suffrage to the crime problems of the American city. He is a first hand knowledge based on actual experience.
Among the interesting things said by Chief Sebastian was that the enfranchisement of women had helped to break down a wall of false reticence that had prevented public discussion and public understanding of one of the most vital crime problems—the vice question.
"It has worked and is working other great good. Every principal city in California, if not every city in every suffrage state, has felt the beneficent effects of the enfranchisement of women's influence.
Her influence is making for new standards of governmental efficiency. She has stopped waste. Her vote has given San Francisco and other western cities the right and the opportunity to enjoy the practical application of modern governmental ideas.
Most of her influence, as suggested by Chief Sebastian, has been exercised through educational channels. And in her home, apart from every civic or political organization, enfranchisement of woman is carrying on her greatest educational work.
By her direct participation and her home discussion of the human interest problems of government, she is unconsciously equipping her sons and daughters with a practical knowledge and an interest in governmental affairs which are the foundations of good citizenship.
Bad government and bad public officers are the penalties of a community's political ignorance. The enfranchisement of woman proved herself to be the nation's best political educator by the work she is doing to train her boys and girls up to a majority with every civic and social sense, the performance of the duties involved in their citizenship.
She has broken down the wall of political ignorance, behind which bad government is entrenched.
The Wisconsin senate has passed the eugenics marriage bill.

As to Sunday Baseball.
From the St. Louis Republic.
The pastors of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, representing the St. Louis churches of that faith, passed a resolution on Monday condemning Sunday baseball. The Republic goes to suggest to these gentlemen that they are attacking this problem for the wrong end. It is not discussing theories for the moment, only tactics and results. These pastors want to put an end to Sunday baseball. Why don't they agitate for a Saturday half holiday in the industrial world? This solution of the difficulty has worked well in other countries. If there is anywhere a nation that can afford to give its workers a respite from the grind of toil at the end of the week, it is this, the richest country in the world.
"People's bodies have rights in this world as well as their souls. Is society properly respecting the physical rights of the young workman who labors 10 hours a week in the shop if it denies him all opportunity for games that fill the lungs with fresh air and the soul with the joy of healthy play? And if society is to defend this fundamental right, ought not the church to assert it in no uncertain voice? Ought not it to hand the Saturday ball just as vigorously as it stands against Sunday baseball? If not, why not?"

GERMAN HAS UNIQUE SCHEME TO PROTECT WESTERN REPUBLICS
Europe Should Have Free Rein in South America, He Thinks—Wants Let the United States Boss North of Canal.
Berlin, Special: A novel interpretation of how the Monroe doctrine should be applied after the completion of the Panama Canal has just been voiced by a German diplomat of authority and high position. In substance it is to give the United States full control as far south as the Isthmian waterway, but to let the countries of Europe, including Germany, have a free field from Panama to Tierra del Fuego.
The high standing of this diplomat may reasonably be expected to influence the standpoint of Germany in any future controversy involving the famous doctrine of American foreign relations; consequently his views are not without a certain interest. He would cut the American continent in two at the Panama Canal and allow to the United States full and free hand as far south as that waterway, but exclude from the sphere of any Washington supervision or control the relations of Germany, and the other European powers, with the states of South America. He believes Germany should refrain from any interference whatsoever in Mexico, and that the same rule should apply to the Central American states. This would involve a virtual extension of the southern boundary of the United States to the Canal, so far as the relations of these states to the European powers is concerned. It is probable will be seen, is the Monroe doctrine for Central America in an even stronger form than is at present enforced.
But the European states must and should, this diplomat believes, be allowed to settle their disputes with the countries south of this line in their own way and without reference to Washington. The role of the United States as guardian and protector to the whole continent is, he believes, a thing of the past. The South American states have reached years of discretion; they are out of the legitimate sphere of control of the American department of state; the countries of Europe are entitled to insist on a free hand in their relations with them.

Signatures on Paintings.
Experts rarely rely on signatures alone to determine the authenticity of an old painting, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technique. Sometimes the painter's name is found in a conspicuous place, as, for instance, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan.
Proud of having surpassed his master the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas, Raphael Urbina.
Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Sure.
"This story says a man raised an umbrella," said the Boob. "Where do they raise umbrellas?"
"In wet climates," replied the Cheerful Idiot.

Puzzle.
"Is your business a matrimonial bureau?"
"Of course it isn't!"
"Then why do you advertise for sealed proposals?"

In a Hot Place.
Bix—A man can't take his money with him when he dies; and even if he could, what good would it do him?
Dix—Well, he might get some comfort out of a cool million.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchur* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Too Much Reform.
Mayor Cheney of Hartford said of a reformer who desired to revive some of the most intolerable of the Sunday blue laws:
"The man would stop us from reading our Sunday newspaper, from taking our Sunday auto ride."
He frowned.
"A reformer of this type," he said, "may be defined as one who believes in the divine right of interference."

Foley Kidney Pills Relieve
promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature *W. D. Wood*

SIoux CITY Ptg. Co., No. 42-1913.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
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