

Trial Bottle Free By Mail

# FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial of 25 Cents of Dr. May's Epileptoid Cure.

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory Under Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free 25 Cents Trial and give AGE and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

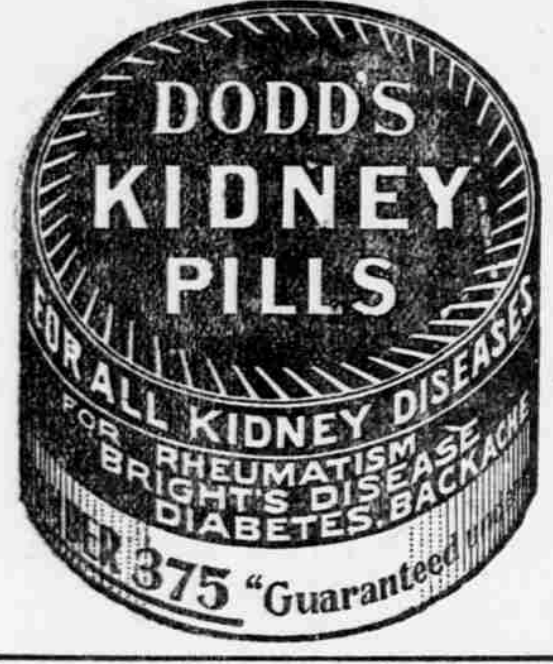
## She Didn't Care.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes:

"If they keep on, their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a décolleté gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix, regarded the pretty little lady indulgently, and said with a sigh:

"You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money."

"You dear old boy," she cried, "what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?"



## Literary Visuality.

"Did you see the great actress in repertoire?"

"Nope. Saw her in New York."—Baltimore American.

## Pettit's Eye Salve.

No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured, restores normal conditions. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

When you land in a strange city do not judge its hospitality by the eagerness with which chauffeurs and cab drivers invite you to take a ride.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

## Women Construct Sidewalks.

A novel town improvement has been started in the Glen Park district in California, in which the women of that section take a prominent part. The women are engaged in a successful sidewalk crusade, having for its object the laying of cement sidewalks throughout the district. They have contracted with a rock dealer, a member of the local improvement club, for the necessary material for the purpose at half the usual price. A teamster, also a member of the association, hauls their material at a little over half the usual price, and a sidewalk builder is engaged to supervise the work and see that it is done properly.

The labor itself is done by the women and children of the neighborhood, who crush and pound the rock into place, pull up the forms, relay them, ride with the teamsters and assist in loading and unloading the wagons. Their method of procedure brings the cost of their sidewalks considerably below the regular price.

## The Matter Explained.

"Why do they say as smart as a steel trap?" asked the talkative boarder.

"I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

More might have been said, but in the circumstances it would have seemed unfitting.—London Tit-Bits.

## A Taste A Smile

And satisfaction to the last mouthful—

# Post Toasties

There's pleasure in every package. A trial will show the fascinating flavour.

Served right from the package with cream or milk and sometimes fruit—fresh or stewed.

## "The Memory Lingers"

Page 10c. and 15c.  
Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

# Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Who's afraid?" she said, and laughed again.

"I'll be back in a moment," he said, and he went up stairs, returning presently, carrying a small basket filled with keys.

"These are yours, my daughter," he said, and waved his hand with a little touch of manner. She poured the keys upon the table. There were half a hundred of them, of many kinds and sizes; and they were all tagged with little bits of ivory, on which their several uses were written clearly in ink.

"Your mother was very methodical—very painstaking—"

He shook his head and turned to the fire, as though to hide any shiver of feeling.

Zelda was turning the keys over in her hand, and she did not look at him. A mist had come into her eyes. She remembered the dark woman who had been so gentle and patient with her childhood. They used to walk together in the old pasture; and they carried their books to a seat that had been built under a great beech where her mother read the quaint tales and old ballads that were her delight. These were the only happy memories she had kept of her mother—the times under the beech, with which her father was not associated.

"I'm sure it's your time to go to bed, father. You mustn't let me break in on your ways." Zelda walked over to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "I want to be very good to you, father; and I know well I live here very happily. You won't mind me much—when you get used to me!"

She touched his forehead with her lips.

"Thank you, thank you"—and there was a helpless note in his voice.

She turned away from him quickly, restored the keys to the basket and ran with it to her room.

The next morning she was down to his 7 o'clock breakfast in the cold, forbidding dining-room. She was very gay and made him talk a great deal to her. He had been up for an hour at work in the barn, where he cared for his own horse. He carried the morning newspaper to the table, as he had done for years.

"This will never do, father! You must talk to me and help me to learn the American breakfast habit. I'll be lonesome if you read at the table."

His thoughts seemed far away; he had long been out of practice in the amenities and graces, and the morning had brought him once more face to face with this change in his life. The place across the table had been empty for so many years that he resented the appearance there of this slender dark girl, pouring his coffee with an ease that puzzled and even touched him. There had been another girl like her, in the long ago, and this was her child. The resemblance between mother and daughter was so marked that he grew uneasy as he pondered it; he made a pretense of holding up his newspaper to shut out the girl, and when he dropped it Zelda was waiting for him, her elbows on the table, her hands clasped under her chin.

"Oh, pardon me!" he exclaimed, rising hastily.

As she helped him into his overcoat her hand touched a hammer he carried in his pocket with a miscellaneous assortment of nails, for use in repairing the small properties he owned in many parts of town, and she drew the implement forth and inspected it at arm's length.

"Why, father! What on earth is this?"

The nails jingled, and she made a dive into the pocket and drew forth a handful.

"Why, you've forgotten to empty your pockets! You mustn't go about with this hardware in your clothes."

He reached for the things, a little shamefacedly.

"You don't understand. I need them to make trifling repairs, you know." He smiled, and she put the things back into his pockets, still laughing at him.

"I must go about with you. I can carry the hammer. Maybe you will let me drive a nail once in a while, if I am good."

He drew out a faded silk handkerchief and began twisting it about his throat, but Zelda took it from him and adjusted it carefully under his coat collar; and she brushed his old brown derby hat with a whisk broom that lay on the hall table.

He suffered her ministrations with his patient smile, into which he tried to throw something of a look of pride; and when she had set the hat squarely on his head, she drew back and regarded him critically and then kissed him on the cheek.

"Now be sure to come home to luncheon always. You didn't come yesterday and it was lonely. I must get Polly to show me the way to the grocery. I don't intend to let her be the boss. I'm sure she's been abusing you all these years."

"Oh, in time you will come to it, Polly will be very well, and you oughtn't to be bothered with such things. I—I usually buy the groceries myself. One of my tenants is a grocer and—he does a little better for me!"

"Oh, to be sure. You must do it in your own way, father." There was a note of disappointment in her voice, and he would have liked to concede something to her, but he did not know how.

She roamed idly about the house, going finally to the kitchen, where the colored woman told her that orders for the remaining meals of the day had been given by her father. Polly viewed Zelda with admiration, but she did not ask advice, and Zelda continued her wanderings, going finally to the attic with the key-basket.

The place was pitch dark when she threw open the door, and as there was no way of lighting it, she went down

and brought several old candlesticks from the parlor. The attic was a low room extending over the whole of the house. It was unplastered. Boxes and barrels abounded. Bunches of herbs, long dried, and garden tools hung here and there; in a corner an old saddle was suspended by one stirrup. Pieces of furniture covered with cloths were distributed under the eaves, their draperies heavy with dust, and the light of the candles gave them a spectral appearance.

There were several trunks of her mother's clothing and Zelda peered into these bravely. Her mother had arranged them thus shortly before her death. The girl was touched by their nice order; they were folded many times in tissue paper and were sweet with lavender. One flat packet had been crowded into the top, and the lid had crushed it, so that the paper wrapping had fallen aside. It held a small address book, bound in red leather, and Zelda ran the leaves through her fingers, noting the names of persons who were her mother's friends. "Margaret Dameron" was written on one of the fly leaves. The book had been intended as a register of visits, begun at the threshold of her married life; but, from appearances, it had been abandoned soon as an address book. At the back, where the ink was fresher and of a different kind, some of the pages were filled. The girl carried the book close to the shrouded table where her candles stood and opened it.

"This is to you, Julia or Rodney. They have told me to-day that I am going to die; but I have known it for a long time. The end is nearer than they think it is; and I am going to set down here an appeal that I can not bring myself to make to either of you directly. It is about Zelda. I think she will be like us. God grant it may be so. I know what I hope her future may be; but I dare not plan it. My own—your—know that I planned my own."

"Save her, as you tried to save me from myself, if it should be necessary. She is very dear and gentle; but she has no pride. I can see it crowding day by day. They say that we Merriams are hard and proud; but she will never be hard. Do for her what you would have done for me. Do not let him kill the sweetness and gentleness in her. Keep her away from him if you can; but do not let her know what I have suffered from him. I have arranged for him to care for the property I have to leave her, so that she may never feel that I did not trust him. He will surely guard what belongs to her safely."

"Perhaps I was unjust to him; it may have been my fault; but if she can respect or love him I wish it to be so."

Zelda read on. There were only a few pages of this appeal, but the words sank into her consciousness with the weight of lead. She was to be saved from her father, if need be, by her aunt and uncle; but she must not know what this dead woman, her mother, had suffered at his hands. There was the heartache of years in the lines; they had not been written to her, but fate had brought them under her eyes. She closed the book, clasping it in her hands, and stared into the dark area beyond the candlelight. Her mind was busily reconstructing the life of her mother, of whom she knew so little. The book that she held, with its pitiful plea for her own security and happiness, opened a new world to her; her mother's words brought the past before her vividly and sent her thoughts into the future with a fierce haste of transition.

This was her, home-coming and this was home! She forgot for the moment that she had friends anywhere; she felt herself a stranger in her native city, in the house where she was born. Her heart went out to her mother, across a distance that was vaster than any gulf of time, for there was added the greater void that sympathy and love would have filled if mother and child might have touched hands to-day.

Her fingers came upon the broken wrapper that had fallen from the little book. She lifted it to the light and read:

"Private. For brother Rodney or sister Julia."

## CHAPTER III.

The front door-bell rang—it was an old-fashioned contrivance, on a wire, and pealed conspicuously—and Zelda thrust the book back into the trunk and ran to the second-floor landing to listen. Polly, the colored maid-of-all-work, admitted Mrs. Forrest warily.

"Good morning, Aunt Julia! Welcome to your ancestral home! Come on up!" Zelda called from the top of the stairs.

"What on earth are you doing, Zee?" demanded Mrs. Forrest, gathering up her skirts and beginning the ascent.

"I'm cleaning house a little."

"My dear Zee, this will never do!" And Mrs. Forrest, having reached the second floor, surveyed her niece with disapproval.

"Do you mean the clothes?" asked Zelda, putting her hand to her turban. "I flattered myself that I looked rather well. I'm exploring the garret. I'm not really doing anything but poke about; and it's great fun, raking in the dust of the past—a very remote past, too!"

"This is a horrible hole, Zee. You must go right down." Mrs. Forrest was staring about frowningly.

A trunk stood within the arc of the candle's flame. It was filled with old papers and letters, and Zelda flung up the lid to pique her aunt's curiosity.

"You must burn all these old things. Your grandfather never destroyed anything, and your mother kept all he left. Old letters ought never to be kept; they're dangerous. I'm about settled myself. I came in to see how you're getting on, Zee."

"I'm going to see what I can do with this old furniture."

"You'd better buy what you need now. I never had any patience with this idea of gathering up old rubbish just because it's old. And then there's the microbe theory; it sounds reasonable and there's probably a good deal in it."

"Horrors! The garret's probably full. Perhaps there are some in those love-letters." Zelda laughed; her mirth was seemingly spontaneous, and bubbled up irrelevantly.

"If there's anything of mine up here, for heaven's sake burn it right away. And now clean yourself up and come out with me. You must show yourself or people won't know you're in town. And come home to luncheon with me afterward."

"I'd like to, Aunt Julia, but I really mustn't. Father comes home to luncheon."

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, he has had a good many meals alone and the shock wouldn't kill him."

"He's perfectly splendid! He's just as kind and thoughtful as can be. I didn't know that anybody's father could be so nice."

Mrs. Forrest rose and swept the garret disapprovingly with her longnetting; and there may have been an excess of disapproval that was meant for something else. Julia Forrest was a woman without sentiment, for there are such in the world. The lumber-room did not interest her, and she was anxious to get out into the sunlight. She was too indolent by nature to have much curiosity; she was not a woman who spent all her rainy days poring over lavender-scented trifles and weeping over old letters. She was born in this old house, and she had played as a girl in the wooded pasture that once lay east of it. Her father's fields were now forty-foot lots, through which streets had been cut, and the houses that had been built up thickly all about were of a formal urban type. The Merriam homestead was to Julia Forrest merely an old, shabby and uncomfortable house, whose plumbing was doubtless highly unsanitary. She had been married there; her father and mother had died there; but the place meant nothing to her beyond the fact that it was her home. It occurred to her that she ought to see Zelda's room, to be sure the girl was comfortable; but Zelda did not invite her in when they reached the second floor.

"The letters were beautiful; they wrote lovely letters in those days," Zelda persisted ironically. "I wish I could have some half as nice."

"Do get your things, Zee; it's fine outdoors and the outing will do you good."

"I'm very sorry, but I can't go this morning. I have a lot to do. I'll be freer after a little."

"You're foolish, very foolish. When shall I see you, then?"

"I'll be along late in the afternoon some time."

"And then step to dinner—"

"Very sorry; but father will expect me. It doesn't seem quite kind to forsake him—when he's so nice to me."

"I suppose not, but bring him along. We're all an unsociable lot. They say the Merriams and their connections are queer—I don't like the word. Your uncle and I want you to raise the fallen reputation of the family. Do be conventional, whatever you do."

"Oh, I shall be that—commonplace even."

"Don't come down in those clothes!" Mrs. Forrest was descending the stairs.

"All right, Aunt Julia. Good-by!"

When the front door had closed, Zelda sat down on the stairs and laughed softly to herself.

"Oh, Polly," she called.

The black woman shuffled slowly into the hall and looked up gravely at the girl.

"Polly, I wish to see the footman the moment he returns to the house. And the butler's work is very unsatisfactory; I shall have to let him go. And please say to the cook that there will be pie for dinner until further notice—apple-pie with cheese. And the peasants—they will be received by My Majesty on the lawn at 5 as usual, and largesse will be distributed. Will you execute these commissions at once, Polly? Stand not on the order of your going!"

She laughed down at the amazed colored woman and then ran swiftly up stairs.

She did not pause until she reached the candle-lighted table in the garret and knelt before it, with her face against her mother's little book, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

(To be continued.)

## Loomis' Face Again.

Hank Johnson had long enjoyed the distinction of being the homeliest man in Canyonville, so it was somewhat of a shock to him when Steve Billings came into the Tourist's Retreat and announced: "Boys, there's a homelier man than Hank over at the depot. Feller by the name of Charles Battel Loomis that gives lectures."

Without a word Hank started across the road and was gone some time.

"Waal," Steve said when Hank returned, "d'ye give up?"

"Heck!" Hank replied with supreme disgust. "He's a professional."—Success Magazine.

## Enough as Good as a Feast.

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man by having his fortune increased increase also his appetite, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.—Goldsmith.

## An Honest Horse Trade.

"I'll have you arrested for making false representations. I bought that horse of you only because you told me he had a record."

"Very true, but the record is a bad one. You didn't ask me what kind of a record he had."

George Reucker, who worked his way to America as a coal shifter and accumulated a large fortune in the hotel business in Brooklyn, died at his beautiful villa, in his native place, Brankensen, Germany.

Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn.—Charles Dickens.

# COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

## CHICAGO.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of Chicago trade says:

"The smallest comparative gain of this year appears in the bank clearings, and high trading defaults continue to affect credits. These features in part may be attributed to special causes of a temporary nature, there being no clear evidence of a reaction in business aside from that due to the unseasonable weather, which has hindered operations to some extent recently."

"A more favorable development is seen in an increasing distribution of necessities and crude materials, indicating that the purchasing power has not diminished, although the discount rate remains discouraging to extended enterprise."

"Railroad plans indicate that improvements through the coming financial year will be extensive and the successful flotation of bonds under negotiation will provide for much investment in extensions, trackage, power and rolling stock."

"The wholesale markets for general merchandise were strengthened by a satisfactory attendance of visiting merchants, and the buying compared favorably with this time last year in dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, furniture, men's furnishings and food products."

"Bank clearings, \$273,398,740, exceed those of the corresponding week in 1909 by 0.6 per cent, and compare with \$274,320,132 in 1908."

"Failures reported in the Chicago district numbered 31, as against 36 last week, 24 in 1909 and 28 in 1908. Those with liabilities over \$5,000 numbered 8, as against 16 last week, 10 in 1909 and 7 in 1908."

## NEW YORK.

Trade reports, except in the Northwest and on the North Pacific coast, are of little gain in activity, and, indeed, in some lines, such as textile manufacturing, quiet or further curtailment is still the subject of discussion. Some lines of industry, it is true, are still active, prominent in these being the building trades, with hardware and other kindred lines. There is still evidence, however, that anticipations as to spring trade were keyed too high. Collections are little, if any, better than fair.

Business failures for the week ending with May 19 were 225, as against 216 last week, 219 in the like week of 1909, 284 in 1908, 165 in 1907, and 170 in 1906. Business failures in Canada for the week numbered nineteen, which compares with twenty-four for last week and twenty-five in the corresponding week of last year.—Bradstreet's Report.

# MARKET OF THE WEEK

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$4.00 to \$8.75; hogs, prime heavy, \$7.00 to \$9.80; sheep, fair to choice, \$4.50 to \$5.80; wheat, No. 2, \$1.09 to \$1.10; corn, No. 2, 59c to 60c; oats, standard, 40c to 42c; rye, No. 2, 76c to 77c; hay, timothy, \$9.00 to \$15.50; prairie, \$8.90 to \$14.50; butter, choice creamery, 24c to 27c; eggs, fresh, 17c to 20c; potatoes, new, per bushel, 90c to \$1.20.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$3.00; hogs, good to choice heavy, \$7.00 to \$9.70; sheep, good to choice, \$3.00 to \$5.50; wheat, No. 2, \$1.03 to \$1.04; corn, No. 2, white, 62c to 63c; oats, No. 2 white, 41c to 42c.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$8.50; hogs, \$7.00 to \$9.75; sheep, \$4.50 to \$6.25; wheat, No. 2, \$1.11 to \$1.14; corn, No. 2, 60c to 61c; oats, No. 2, 37c to 38c; rye, No. 2, 79c to 80c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$7.00 to \$9.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.50; wheat, No. 2, \$1.16 to \$1.18; corn, No. 2 mixed, 63c to 65c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 43c to 44c; rye, No. 2, 82c to 84c.

Detroit—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.00; hogs, \$7.00 to \$9.70; sheep, \$3.50 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2, \$1.10 to \$1.11; corn, No. 3 yellow, 64c to 65c; oats, standard, 43c to 45c; rye, No. 1, 80c to 82c.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, \$1.05 to \$1.07; corn, No. 3, 59c to 60c; oats, standard, 39c to 40c; rye, No. 1, 78c to 79c; barley standard, 65c to 67c; pork, mess \$23.00.

New York—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$9.00; hogs, \$7.00 to \$10.00; sheep, \$4.00 to \$6.00; wheat, No. 2 red, \$1.08 to \$1.09; corn, No. 2, 65c to 67c; oats, natural, white, 45c to 47c; butter, creamery, 25c to 28c; eggs, western, 18c to 21c.

Buffalo—Cattle, choice shipping steers, \$4.00 to \$8.60; hogs, fair to choice, \$7.00 to \$10.35; sheep, common to good mixed, \$4.00 to \$7.50; lambs, fair to choice, \$6.00 to \$8.90.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2, mixed, \$1.09 to \$1.10; corn, No. 2 mixed, 59c to 60c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 41c to 42c; rye, No. 2, 78c to 79c; clover seed, \$6.00.

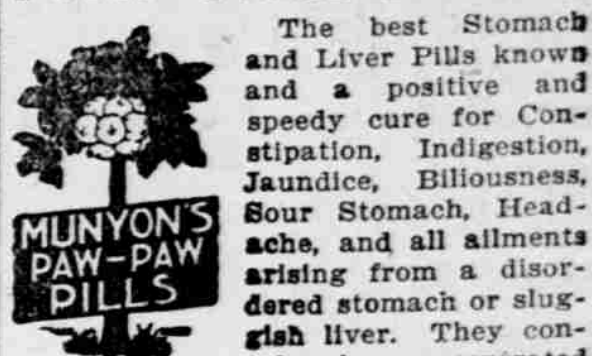
## TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES

The large Buckwood Brewery located in the center of Winnipeg, Man., was destroyed by fire, loss, \$100,000.

The National Meat Cutters' Association formally organized in convention in Louisville. Over 100 delegates were present.

A PACKAGE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST OF

# MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS



The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us a postal or letter requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Flowers at Funerals.

The custom of having flowers at funerals is very ancient. The Greeks, centuries before the Christian era, crowned the dead body with flowers and also placed flowers on the tomb. The Romans decked the funeral couch with leaves and flowers and spread flowers, wreaths and fillets on the tomb of friends. Most of our funeral customs are derived from the Romans, such as dressing in black, walking or riding in procession, raising a mound over the graves, etc., and among the rest is that of using flowers at funerals.

## DANGER SIGNALS.

Sick kidneys give unmistakable signals of distress. Too frequent or scanty urinary passages, backache, headache and dizzy spells tell of disordered kidneys. Neglect of these warnings may prove fatal. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure sick kidneys.

Mrs. H. R. Peebles, 39 N. Walnut St., Akron, O., says: "I had such severe pains in the small of my back that I thought I would die. Headaches and dizzy spells clung to me and the kidney action was irregular. My feet and ankles were so badly swollen I could not wear my shoes. The doctor told me I had Bright's disease, but his medicine failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills quickly relieved me and ere long I was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Flowers Bloom in Darkness.

After two years of experimenting with nearly every spring flower of this section of the country, Dr. Marion Mackenzie of the department of biology at Temple University has established the fact that every kind will blossom as quickly and as beautifully in the darkness as in the light, says the Philadelphia North American.

The experiments were conducted in the greenhouses of the botanical garden at the University of Pennsylvania and extended over two years. The flowering plants were studied comparatively under conditions of high and low temperature, in the darkness and in the sunlight.

Among the varieties that flowered in the darkness were the violet, all varieties of the maple and poplar trees, the wild azalea, sassafras, the jack-in-the-pulpit and the skunk cabbage. The observation that darkness does not retard the blossoming was so generally true that Dr. Mackenzie thinks it justifiable to state as a result of her experimental work that all flowers of our climate will bloom under these remarkably unnatural conditions.

It was a matter of some surprise to Dr. Mackenzie that the skunk cabbage, thought by even the most admiring naturalists to be a worthless perennial plant, burst forth into a rich bloom when brought indoors. The flowers, too, noted the experimenter, are more gorgeous than those of many plants that the housewives of to-day are harboring in their homes.

## FEED CHILDREN

On Properly Selected Food—It Pays Big Dividends.

If parents will give just a little intelligent thought to the feeding of their children the difference in the health of the little folks will pay, many times over, for the small trouble.

A mother writes saying: "Our children are all so much better and stronger than they ever were before we made a change in the character of the food. We have quit using potatoes three times a day with coffee and so much meat."

"Now we give the little folks some fruit, either fresh, stewed, or canned, some Grape-Nuts with cream, occasionally some soft boiled eggs, and some Postum for breakfast and supper. Then for dinner they have some meat and vegetables."

"It would be hard to realize the change in the children, they have grown so sturdy and strong, and we attribute this change to the food elements that, I understand, exist in Grape-Nuts and Postum."

"A short time ago my baby was teething and had a great deal of stomach and bowel trouble. Nothing seemed to agree with him until I tried Grape-Nuts softened and mixed with rich milk and he improved rapidly and got sturdy and well."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."