"Dearest, we're going to have at of luck next week," confided fill-girl to Jack, as they luxuriated in the living room one evening. What makes you think that? I'm always lucky-to have such a won-

der-wife, honey You're sweet as bonbons, big boy. But this is really going to be a won-derful, great bonanza of some sort!" "Bonanzas, or bananas, duckie dear-they're both welcome. I like 'em all. Where did you get this new hunch? Is it that famous feminine intuition we read about in the novels and never see in real life?"

he inquired with a chuckle. 'No, dear, I went to the gipsies down at the village today, with Clara Graydon, and we had our palms read. The old woman was marvel-

"Huh! Fortunes told? My goodness, what superstition! Girls are the funniest things!"

Jack was reading some small pamphlet and dropped his eyes to the type again as he made this

"You're a mean thing Of course, one can't believe all they say, but these old gipsies do have some strange power, dear." What else did she

said I was going on a long of another few and that I would be acpanied by a dark, handsome

ack preened his feathers a bit at she saw your wedding and that you are very young that your husband was lark haired!"

Jill looked up demurely, asked, dimpling. "Or was she wrong there, too?" "Oh, shucks," said Jack, with

superiority. "I'm not a prize beauty. But what else did she tell you?" "She said next week would be a

about them why doesn't she invest and swiftly, and there was a silent inthe money she makes fortune-tell- terval, as if pondering, before the ing, and then she wouldn't have to other replied. around in a dirty cld wagon and tell fortunes.

"I don't care what you say, I be-

Then Jill devoted herself to her but in reality we do not even know sewing, while Jack continued read- how we fulfill our most ordinary ing his pamphlet and jotting down desires." names on slips of paper until bed

cious glint in her eye. dear?" she asked him.

you were reading last night. I found with lapdogs." Jack reddened and looked a bit feeling of self-defense.

\$20 today!" "Why, Jack, I don't understand," ness." a list of winners, as predicted by a ley, Peter Gurney; offered whatso-race expert, and I followed his ad- ever they ask, even to freedom itself

You wicked man, Gambling! And . . Jack, do you mean to say tones that came through the mist, as that you were superstitious enough if the speaker were wearied of littleto follow some gambler's advice with ness. From off amongst the oaks real money? \$200 doing it this last week."

tune tellers. If this gambler knew so rected at him. much why didn't he save the cost of printing this booklet and bet on the horses himself—and become rich—the way you suggested for the old gipsy."

"They asked for what they believed in," he argued, still vaguely on the defensive. "There are few surer tests of a man's faith than to offer him whatever he may ask.

embarrassment.

"I guess you're right, honey. You should have paid that old woman a curse on your dark handsome husband this week. I wonder what will happen next week?"

"You're going to be lucky-for I'll

#### Have You a Cold? Listen

London, Jan. 21—"When you sniff, always smile whether you are sniffling or net," said Sir James Dundas-Grant, nose and throat specialist, at the Y. M. C. A. if those words were just the echo of his own, thrown back to him by the his own, thrown back to him by the his own, thrown back to him by the So they had been watching for Don't use nasal douches too often. been, there was withdrawal in them. Gargle the throat as often as you and finality as well, as though this

Cough as silently and as little as Keep away from cold when the of a physical departure.

throat is sore. "When you're a cold in your head," added Sir James, "stand in hot water and sponge with cold water."

#### Cleveland Woman Will

Enter Race for Senator | coming amusedly back. Cleveland, Jan. 21.-The first lington Green, senior member of the lington Green, senior member of the las you came."

"But can't I go with you?" Mayhas announced her candidacy.

Mrs. Green will run as an inde-

#### Body of Chinaman Will

Pocatello, idaho, Jan. 21.—Funeral services for Hong Kee, the pioneer cumstance were playing strange he would find nothing but a few tricks on Maynard. For a moment acres of rocks and dripping oaks, Chinese business man of Pocatelo, were conducted from the Presby-terian church, with Rev. R. J. Phipps presiding. The body lay in state until Monday, when it was taken to San Francisco. It will be taken to Hoagkoug, China, for burial.

Tricks on Maynard. For a moment acres of rocks and dripping oaks, woman. Looking at her carven calm, as he stood there, listening to those footsteps retreating in the same surprising sureness with which they had an uncomfortable conviction of having made an ass of himself in his servitor. The grim lords of Poverty, and inexorable Decay, the line stranger. There were so many other things he only flame of appeasement left on lamost to infinitude, he seemed, and might have said; his brain filled with

# TWENTY-FOUR LESSONS IN PIANO PLAYING---ELEVENTH LESSON: B MAJOR

(GROVE'S MUSIC SIMPLIFIER.)

### (Copyright, 1920, by W. Scott Grove, Scranton, Pa.)

Lesson No. 11 The key of B Major has five sharps, a terrilying number, but with this chart you can learn the rhythmic chords as easily as you did those of the key of C, which has neither sharps nor flats.

to melodies in the key of B Major. INSTRUCTION-Place the chart upon the keyboard of piano or organ so that the small letter D with a dash above it, at the bottom of the chart, is directly over the key D on the keyboard. The white and black spaces will then correspond to the white and black keys. Each of the three horizontal series of letters repre-

sents a chord. Beginning with the upper row,

play the white letter with the left hand and

making the first chord. Then, in the same way, play the notes indicated in the second horizontal series, then those in the third and back to the first, forming a complement of chords in the

letters as well as the keys, you should have no difficulty in playing simple accompaniments to songs song in the key of B. Patience and prac-

key of B Major. If you will play this chord over and over until you know it perfectly, remembering the any endeavor and thes two qualities are the firm foundation in the mastery of a musical

The avenue to the easy understanding of modulation from one key to another is opened, and the difficulties more easily surmounted by the knowledge obtained through the aid of

music knows, or should know, that modulation

Grove's easy home lessons. Every teacher and advanced scholar in

edge of chords, their inversions and triads, with their positions.

Every triad in black letter is marked 1, 3, 5, Always read it so, no matter in what vertical order the notes may be written. Note that the small letter D with a dash above it must not

be played. NEXT LESSON-G Sharp Minor, which is the relative of B major.



#### THE FULFILLER

By CHARLES SAXBY

again and, the only sound between into unsuspecting depths within unuttered and too late. their sentences was that drip-drip of the moisture distilling in the alchemy he huddled over the fire, striving if only to escape the mane stare of I that you're a blonde, and it's of the oaks. An eeric place, and it again for that "grip on himself" as those purple china spanicls on the vacation time, and she struck again into Maynard's veins with a slight chill. In all this amorthings that its official guardian of all hidden in the gray wrack that the arts was capable of feeling. As "But you admit it was mind- which he sat seemed the only solidi- he warmed his cold hands there reading to say 'handsome?' " she use; even the other man might have came a comforting sense of ordinarishe ties; even the other man might have came a comforting sense of ordinari- day throng, repelled him, so perforce

been but a wraith. they should so comprehend each predicament.

"And after all, we know so little "All we know is that those two got prophecy of clearing weather. Well, that is the limit!" declared what they claim to have asked."

ck. "If she knows so much "Asked of what " demanded Mayn-

"Who knows? As you said-it poultices one. Perhaps of an imaginaton of some principle of fullieve we will have luck anyway, so fillment that may lie within each or us. We think that we know so much,

"Our deales," the stranger went on, his voice coming somberly Next afternoon when he came through a fresh access of vapor, come Jill greeted him with a suspi- "those thorny crowns of our youth; those pursuing hounds of "What's this funny pamphlet, heaven which is said to lie within us ear?" she asked him. "It's what all. And most of us seem content

"Exactly," came the cool, response "That's just a 'dope sheet for the "But this legend of the Giver or the Fulfiller, one meets it in so many "What on earth do you mean by lands, told in so many tongues; but Something to do with one never meets any mention of one who asked it for anything really ing above the yellow light in gro-'Worse than that! It cost me worth having. The stories always tesque cagerness. "Did you see un?"

end in a tragedy of their own meager-"Well, one of the fellows bought it yesterday and let me have it. It's "For what they want! Elias Tol-

vise today-and not a single horse -and the one demands his mother's rent, the other a girl, for the beating answer on that single point of agree-Jill pursed her lips and shook her of whom he was sent to jail last There was a touch of scorn in the

the hoot of an owl followed it like Well. Jim Harkins said he'd won an echo of derision. Maynard had an uncomfortable impression that "Dear, I thought you were a busi-ness man and didn't believe in for-the place itself, were somehow di-

After all-how do we know that we Jack scowled and then laughed in would do any better ourselves?"

"Just for instance, now; what would you ask for if you met this mysterious stranger?" the other little bit more-for she put the gipsy laughed, and Maynard, to his sur-

rise, found the answer rushing to his "For the Tolley chair."

It had come out apparently withtear up any more of these race out his own volition, and following charts-and just think of the money it came a laugh, at his own expense, that startled him by its harshness. "You see, we are all of little faith," rent prated. "But then, that chair, to duchy. he grated. to the Advice of Sir James me, would be the gateway to so

much, much more.' "Ah, yes-to so much, much

Maynard could not be sure if it young stranger were completely through with him, almost already gone, in fact, without the formality

He sprang to his feet with a shout. leave me here."

So strong had been the impression of crying to empty air that it was with relief that he heard an answer

"I'm still here, the mist hid me Ohio woman to come forward as for a moment, that was all. If you candidate for election as United wait a while longer it will clear and States senator is Mrs. Virginia Dar- you can find your way back as easily

"Wait a little while and you will ous rent. pendent, with no party affiliation find it all right. I go a way that and will conduct her own campaign. you could not follow. Goodby." smother of the rain-swept road, last "Au revoir." Maynard called, and night seemed irretrievably gone, al-

on his way.

But such things would not do, and "It certainly poultices one," he at this cool young denizen of the of Dart.

A rather theatric young man, with great time to invest in stocks and of what may lie within us to be metaphysics. The most hopeful that you would make your fortune poulticed out," the other went on thing about him had been his his entrances, his exits, and his

Whoever he might be, the fellow was at least acquainted with the imports of those fickle skies. It was but a dew mist, after all; a blanket which the moor pulled over itself against the first chill of night. As earth and air equalized their temperature there came rents in that luminous opaqueness all about. Glimpses of more distant oaks, interminable aisles shot through with dropping veils, the mist wreathed from the branches, sinking away into the holes between the rocks. Stamping out the remnants of his fire, Maynard started back on his un-

safe way. It was with relief that he at last left the heather, feeling his feet once it, all marked up with a pencil, in "We take what we can get," more upon the narrow confines of the pocket of your dressing gown." Maynard interjected, almost with a the lane to Hanger-Down, A will-o'the-wisp of a light bobbed at the even if Mrs. Tolley were within, gate, and as he came abreast of it how would he explain his coming he saw it was a lantern carried by

Elias Tolley. "I was awaiting for you to come back along," the boy babbled, loom-"I met a gentleman," Maynard

"Just like me, he looks." Elias

pursued. And Maynard, with amused chagrin, realized that he, too, must ment of all those who had been be-

sighted in the wood. "It cannot have been the same pretty much like myself."

Maynard slept late the next morn ing; so late that in Mrs. Stook's demeanor as she brought his break-

"Perhaps you will parding it's not being quite as good as might be, sir," she said, with elaborate civility,

'seeing how it's stood." It was with indefinable depression that Maynard sat down at the table, irritated that on this, his last day there, Dartmoor should turn a frowning face. The witcheries of the night had fled and the moor was grimly

material under a smother of gray Yet there was a sense of stir upon the road outside as, one after another, the farm carts went by in the direction of Princestown. Stolidly padding as they went, their drivers bent against the storm, and Maynard remembered that this was the day of rent paying to that overshadowing

Catching his glance, Mrs. Stook answered it with an almost uncanny

"Mrs. Tolley is late today, sir. But then, well she might be, poor soul,

Mrs. Tolley to pass on that road without. Probably the whole moor was watching, in that hidden sense of the dramatic of which the young stranger had spoken. Maynard could visualize the throng about the inn, taciturn amongst their steaming po-"Here-wait for me-don't go and nies, speaking stolidly of other things while their eyes strained furtively down the road for a sight of that

solitary woman, "Aye, good and late, se is," Mrs. Stook nodded, not without a certain relish. "Most usual it's she as is the

first, but today-" Her pause had the effect of drama, too, reminding him of the things she was not saying; that, to the whole, watching Moor, today was to be "the test" for Mrs. Tolley's mysteri-

And last night-against this dreary

the laugh of farewell that rang back most to be ashamed of under the Be Taken to Native Land told him that the other was already light of day. That spectral wood, with its mysteries of mist, was wiped

he wondered what collegiate Rock- mantel. Except the road, all sense vision. Princestown, with its rent by bringing me all this way? ness, together with a touch of anger he turned downhill towards the Vale

Dart Bridge, its elm trees looming through the obscuring rain; beyond them, the tane to Hanger-Down. he turned into it Maynard could hardly say; it was certainly in no intention of renewing his attack upon the Tolley chair. That also seemed to be gone; like all the time he had spent here on the Moor. swallowed up by that swift pursuit of the past which devours each moment almost before one can grasp It was more a certain inertia, the push of an idea that had bealmost a habit, which propelled him to the door of the farm. Rain lashed, crouched against the lee of the down, the place looked the mystery of the moon. Like dow a more hopeless than ever, and he wondered that any could be found willing to wrest a living from those fields. That was the pride of these moorland people, he knew; that desperate clinging to the position of landholder, lacking which they must sink to the ignominy of service to

His rap on the door echoed back here again-when he could not explain it even to himself. The extraordinary circles of life and their the Benbrook gallery, Mrs. Ira and on the door of this isolated Dart-

moor cottage. It was Elias who opened to him, the sterile childishness of his face underlaid by a glow of excitement, which faded at sight of Maynard. "Eh, it's you. Us thought as 't was Squire Bragdon come down from

mounted again in recovered confidence. "But he'll come, you'll see. "You spoke about the chair, Mr. one, then; the man I met looked In little while he'll be a-grummaging down so fast as un's mare can trot. Come you in.' It was the same room in which

Maynard had first seen the Tolley fast there lurked a certain adamant chair, even as he saw it now, lording it over the threadbare neatness of its surroundings. The sight of it awoke again in him the desire to carry it off and enshrine it in some more worthy place. Then, as he looked at the woman, even the chair faded, for it was she who was the real presence. As she sat there, black clad, bleakly immobile, she was like some priestess at a temple which, its altars already flickering to extinction, mutely for the touch of the waited vandal. For her that touch had already come, he felt; she was merely as a mourner who waits the removal of the body. He could imagine her and Elias, with their meager baggage piled on a neighbor's cart, passing dispossessed out into the rain, the poignancy of their going slimed by

the grin of that tragedy of pigs. Yet he realized, too, something of what that young stranger had meant when he spoke of the moor people's sense of the art of a situation. The barrenness of it made this drama of the Tolleys a perfect thing, rooted in soil and tradition old as that ageless moor and the centuries of the crown. He had been viewing it from his own angle of the chair, but he saw now that to these people of the waste the crux of it was that quarterly miracle of the Tolley rent, with its suggestion of something older even than the soil, more potent than the crown itself. A false touch would marred the classic severity of its outlines; even death would have been too final, for the harrow of this was the going on.

It was Elias who saved the moment from becoming intolerable, gazing out through the rain drenched panes, he gave a cry of triumph. "I told you so-it's him. I'd swear to Squire Bragdon's mare if 't was so dark as the Pit 'isself. Now us'll

The rattle of wheels down the lane, a splash of hoofs in its pools; the feeling of an overbearing persenality about to descend on them, a grating voice with a sort of jovial

"Hah-so that's you, Elias, is it? What's all this-hey? Mrs. Tolley not got her rent-what?"

woman. Looking at her carven calm,

(Continued from Page One.)

Up the slope the ponies were quiet steps might have been going down marked with the dismal sign of the was almost a relief when the agent

"What this, Mrs. Tolley?" railed at her, in a savage humor. he wondered what collegiate Rock-ledge would say if it knew the things that its official guardian of the arts was capable of iceling. As permitted only a narrow circle of burned as a witch. What d'ye mean weren't you at Princestown?'

As he listened Maynard half forgave, seeing that the man was secretly ill at ease, blustering against those superstitions which his position forbade him to recognize, but none the less ingrained in him by a lifetime of the Moor. Looking at the three figures against the background of that room, he wondered again how he himself came to be there. Bragdon, like a high-colored print of the conventional, fox-hunt- "Twenty pounds is my limit, and you ing squire, bellowing himself to a could sell it for much more.' conviction of his proper estate; Elias, with a pallor almost luminous in its expectancy, as though he looked for a shower of fairy gold from the cracked ceiling; Mrs. Tolley— would lie across the chair, even though it stood gloriously in the as the woman rose Maynard almost shrank from the desolation of her

"There is nothing in the lease that compels us to come to Princestown. Mr. Bragdon," she was saying. "It reads that the rent shall be paid each quarter day, upon demand. It has not been demanded of me yet."

"What's this, a female lawyer-a woman Daniel in judgment, what?" | Bragdon bullied back. "Not demand -hey? Well, I demand it. Have you got it? Tell me that, woman."

"One moment," she said. Maynard never forgot the coldness of the fingers that closed about his unseen connections. Elsie Lathrop, wrist, nor the sights and smells of the little hallway into which they himself, 7,000 miles away, knocking drew him. The drive and lash of the rain outside, the chill drafts, the odor of boiling cabbage, mingling with the pervading scent of drenched

heather and peat. "Mrs. Tolley-" he began, fum bling in his pockets, but she stayed him with a gesture, her speech coming with the grating clearness of a City, Mo.

Maynard. If you are still willing-

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muttered and too late.

Was almost a relief when the agent bestled in, shedding his overcoat, the plump floridness of his face heightim; better the driving wet outside.

Was almost a relief when the agent the one to whom her life was given. The last token of Elias' descent—in placabilities. It burned into Maying better the driving wet outside. Maynard found himself wondering whatever she said would be so. how much of this niight be the out-come of Elias' babble of the evening all. They would each give thembefore and that extraordinary inter- selves what they wanted; she, her view in the wood.

There came to him an unavailing regret as he remembered his outburst of demand for possession of "Twenty pounds I will take for the chair. He could almost hear it the chair. No other way—the Tolnow, breaking out into that fire-red- leys have not yet come to charity." ened circle of mist with a certain ir-

science which was now speaking.

He had an extraordinary distaste at seeming to advantage himself by the necessities of this woman. He though it stood gloriously in the Benbrook memorial. He felt that shadow falling, like a sort of slime, athwart the path to Elsie Lathrop, the path that, above all, he would tread with feet unstained. It was such a meager tragedy, after all, so unworthy of the forces he seemed to sense looming behind it. A chair, a thing of wood only, and yet to this woman it was the symbol of all that

she had ever hoped "Meanwhile, as a loan—here's a helplessness: revolting at nauseating bank note for £10," he went rapidly drugs, afraid of violent exercise, firead-

# "O, never mind the loan," he

burst out in a recklessness of selfdisgust. "For heaven's sake, take it." It was more than a pound of flesh those grim lords of her life were debeing shaken. manding of her. It was her very last flare of that half insane pride of hope itself, not for herself, but for the solitary which she was even then

> manner of their giving almost proved that the gift was in each case really from themselves.

revocableness. It came upon him the clutching eagerness of her grasp with added dismay that, in all their upon that slip of cracking paper. conversation together, that young stranger had told him nothing that he had not already known.

Then she entered "But I cannot pay you half of the room again, and through the clos-what the chair is worth," he heard ing panels came Bragdon's roar, its himself saying to the woman, aware discomfiture tinctured by his half de-that it was his own pride of con-light that the moorland legend had

once more been upheld. "Good God-she's done it. Mrs. Tolley has her rent." Then Elias' voice, high pitched,

bubbling with undefeated faith. "Yes fay, I told you so. I asked un for it and what he gives you've got to get." And Maynard, listening amidst the drafts and those whiffs of boiling

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cabbage, felt for an instant as though all his cool pride of knowledge were

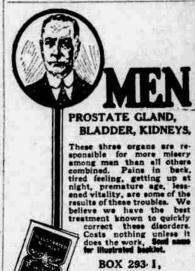
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