At the Union Today

Men's Fancy Tweed Suits

Regular $10 and $12 values,

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"A Good Name at Home"

"Is a tower of strength abroad"—and the excellent reputation of C. I. Hood Co. and their remedies in the city of Lowell, where they are best known, inspires confidence the world over, not only in the medicines but in anything their proprietors say about them. "If Made by Hood It's Good."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

FREE

Send us your name and address for 18 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.80 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.

STAR MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

The task of rearing banana trees and raising the fruit has been successfully accomplished by Edward B. Beals, in his greenhouse in Springfield.

In the Cause of Freedom,

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued.)

I understood that day how men are made murderers. I brooded over my wrongs and nursed my rage against the bully who was responsible for this treatment, until if we had stood face to face I know I should have found delight in dragging him down and choking the life out of him. A fierce desire to fight him and punish him took possession of me; and for an hour or two hunger, thirst, injustice, everything was forgotten in that all but insane craving for revenge.

But rage cannot last for ever and when some rough prison food—gruel, black bread and a pannikin of water—was thrust into my cell an hour or two later, the sight of it re-roused my hunger and blanketed my passion. So famished was I by that time that I had to clamp down the desperate impulse to cram it into my mouth with the unbridled voracity of a starving beast.

It was excellent self-discipline to eat it slowly. But I succeeded. I took it, just a mouthful at a time, with long intervals between, thus spreading out the meal over perhaps two hours or more. And at the end of the time I was myself once more, had regained my self-restraint, and was able to think.

What they meant to do with me, I could not see; but what I would do was clear enough. I would conform to every rule of the prison life and wait for the chance of communicating with my friend or with the British Consul. Let that bully break down my resolve, I would not, if I had to stay in the prison till I was grey. And when my time came, I would have a reckoning with him, even if the immediate result was only to bring me back to the prison with a real crime for the reason.

On entering the gaol I had been searched, and my watch and money, everything, indeed, taken from me. I could not, therefore, try the bribery trick again, even if the chance had offered. So I made the best of a very bad job, arranged my torn clothes in such fashion as I could, rubbed the bruises where the brutes had kicked or struck me, and got all the sleep that was possible.

The attempt to starve me was abandoned, and later in the day another meal, black bread and water this time, was served. I was left to myself that day and the whole of the next, except when the food was brought, or when I was ordered roughly to clean the cell, or when a warder in the corridor would open the grill in the door and after grinning at me would utter some vile epithet. They were a genial, pleasant set of men.

On the third day, however, a fresh course was attempted. A man I had not seen before entered my cell, and after very little preface hinted that if I would pay him, he would carry some communication to my friends. Suspicious that it was a trick, I declined; and then he urged me to make a full confession of all I knew and submit to the authorities.

"What do you call this but submitting?" I retorted. "I don't see what other course is left to me. But I have done nothing, and have no confession to make therefore."

"By submission I mean answer the questions of Colonel Bremenhof."

"Is that the man who interrogated me?"

"Yes. Will you not confess to——"

"I have no confession to make'" I cut in. "But I'm glad to know his name. I shan't forget it."

He tried to work on my fears, then. This was not England, the times were troubled, military laws prevailed, and suspects who would not account for themselves might be treated very harshly.

"I have had ample proof of that myself, thank you," said I, drily; "and as soon as I am free, I shall see that some others learn to spell the word."

He gave me up then and left with a curt warning. "You will not be free until you have submitted."

It began to look as though it was to be trial of staying power; and I had all that day and half the next to ponder his warning.

Then something happened.

I had had my midday meal and was trying to sleep when I heard the shuffling of steps and the murmur of voices in the corridor.

There was a pause, the key was thrust into the lock, the door thrown open and two warders entered, followed by the bully and, of all people in the world, the least expected—Volna.

CHAPTER XVI.

I GET A BIT OF MY OWN BACK.

At the sight of the man who had used his official power to give me the lie and then have me treated like a felon my rage flashed at once into a flame.

But for that, my astonishment at seeing Volna would have drawn some sign of recognition before my instinctive caution could have prevented it. As it was, however, my gaze fastened on Colonel Bremenhof.

"It's you, is it?" I said, and I jumped up and stepped toward him.

He retreated, and the two warders interposed quickly and pushed me back. But the incident had served a purpose. It prevented the bully's noticing Volna's start of dismay on recognising me.

"That's right," I sneered. "Keep your bulldogs about you. It's not safe to come near me without some one to take care of you."

His anger and chagrin were intense. I knew afterwards what he had hoped to gain by bringing Volna to my cell; and the failure of the plan galled him.

"This is the fellow, Volna, who was fcund with your uncle—" he began, when I broke in

"Have you communicated with my friend General von Eckerstein?'

"Silence, prisoner," he cried, angrily. "Now, Volna, I want you—"

"Am I a show for all Warsaw to see? I have suffered your brutality—"

"Silence, I say. Disobedient scoundrels get the lash here."

I sneered and shrugged my shoulders. "You miserable coward; a mere cur in office, barking only when you think it safe."

This had the infuriating effect I wished. He lost control of himself, and, pushing the two warders aside, he rushed forward with hand raised to strike me.

I let him come quite close, and then hit him full on his insolent mouth, putting all my weight and strength behind the blow. He went down like a ninepin, and so far as he was concerned, the interview was over.

A pretty considerable row followed. The two warders threw themselves on me and shouted lustily for help. Others rushed to the cell in a ferment of excitement and clustered between me and the bully, much as though I were a wild beast. He was carried off, and Volna, in a maze of distress and consternation, was taken away at the same time.

I was now considered to be a desperate and dangerous prisoner. Handcuffs were placed on my wrists and irons on my legs, neither of the operations being gently performed:

But I did not care. I had got back a little of my own from the brute, and they might do what they pleased with me now. What that would be, I was soon to learn.

I was huddled up on my pallet in the exceedingly uncomfortable position which the irons permitted when the governor of the gaol and a couple of other officials entered with some warders.

He read me a short lecture upon the heinousness of my awful offence, told me that men had been killed who had done less, and then announced that my punishment would be the knout. Three hundred lashes to be administered at intervals of a week, a hundred lashes each time.

"I am an Englishman, and claim the right to communicate with the British Consul, and also my friend, General von Eckerstein."

"You don't dare to deny that you struck Colonel Bremenhof?"

"My quarrel is personal with him. He sent me here in the first instance without any cause and was going to strike me just when I hit him."

"Enough," was the stern reply. "You have admitted your infamous act. The first portion of your punishment will be administered tomorrow;" and with that he turned on his heel and left me to my own reflections.

They were gloomy enough. I had once seen a man knouted, and had winced as the lash tore the flesh from the poor devil's back. I would rather have been sentenced to be shot at once; and for a few mad moments I indulged in wild thoughts of self-destruction or of attempting a fierce attack on some one in the prison which would bring a capital sentence.

Sanity returned presently, however, and after a time the extraordinary circumstances of Volna's visit began to claim my thoughts.

What baffled me as much as anything was that Colonel Bremenhof had addressed her by her Christian name. What could he be to her or she to him? He had evidently brought her to the prison to identify me; but what could be his motive? Could she have fallen under suspicion? What did he know, and how had he guessed that she and I had been together? Had she been confronted with the police agent of the Devil's Staircase incident? Was she to be charged? That did not seem possible in view of the fact that she was apparently free and he had spoken to her as to a friend.

I raked my wits over and over again in repeated attempts to answer theses questions, only to give up the puzzle as hopeless.

No one came near me again all that afternoon and evening, and as the hours passed, the thought of what was in store for me on the morrow became more and more oppresive. And when, at length, I heard the warders going their night rounds, I am free to confess I was very close to despair.

I deaded the lash as fully as any poor devil who was ever sentenced to it deservedly; and I found myself speculating, with a coward's fear, upon the gruesome ordeal.

I could not sleep for the shuddering horror of the thing. In vain I told myself that men had gone through it before, and that what they had endured, I could probably endure. There was no consolation in that. The one thought that did afford me a gleam of grim comfort was that if I did get through it and was ever free, Colonel Bremenhof should taste something of the horrors he had caused me to endure before I would call my account with him square.

There was a great deal of the brute in me in those lingering hours of despair.

I was still in this mood of self-torturing apprehension, trying vainly to get sleep and shake off the horrors of it when my cell door was opened and two warders entered. By the lantern which one carried I saw two other figures in the gloom beyond, and I jumped to the conclusion that the time for my knouting had been put forward.

"This is the prisoner." I recognized the governor's voice.

The warder's lantern flashed to my face, and out of the gloom came a sonorous "Good God!" Then some one rushed forward and took my hands. "My dear boy, what in the name of heaven and earth does all this mean?"

It was my old friend, General von Eckerstein; and as I felt the grasp of his hands I closed my eyes with a deep, deep sigh of intense thankfulness.

"There has been a bad mistake, that's all," I said, scarcely knowing what I said or did for the moment. The sense of relief was so intense as to be almost overpowering. I found myself laughing fatuously.

"This is your friend, General?" asked the governor.

"Why, of course it is. It's the most extraordinary thing i nthe world. Why on earth didn't you send for me before?"

"I tried to, but—I had better explain everything."

"He has proved himself a very dangerouse and desperate man, general," said the governor. "Will you answer for him?"

"Answer for him? Yes; with my life, man. Can you let me see him privately? I'm lost in amazement."

"Take off his irons," ordered the governor.

"Fettered, too. Heavens! what would your father have said?"

The irons were taken off and I was allowed to go with the General to one of the governor's rooms where we were left alone. This gave me time to regain my self-control.

"Now perhaps you'll tell me all about it," said my friend.

"Two things first. Give me a cigar, and tell me how you have come from Petersburg just in the nick of time."

(To be continued.)

How Pale, Tired Girls Become Strong and Ruddy

The pallid girl always lacks appetite. What little she eats is badly digested. At night she is restless, she dozes but doesn't sleep soundly. Vital force must be increased, new blood must be supplied and a general rebuilding take place before she will feel like she ought. Dr. Hamilton had invaluable experience in these cases and found nothing so prompt in building up the young woman as his vegetable pills of Mandrake and Butter nut.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills begin by cleansing the system and purifying the blood; they also improve digestion and render food ready for absorption. Additional nourishment is quickly supplied and the patient is fast strengthened and invigorated. Full of spirit, ruddy and strong is the girl that assists her system by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

The following recent letter from Miss Etta McEwen, of Haliburton, speaks for itself: "In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills I find my system is wonderfully built up. It is certainly the most effective remedy I ever used. I have now a good appetite, sleep more soundly and awaken in the morning feeling quite refreshed. Formerly I felt tired and depressed. I looked as if a severe illness was hanging over my head. Nothing could give quicker results than Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I strongly advise every young woman to use them." All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00 at all dealers.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

SPRING HAT FOR DRESSY WEAR.

Small white hats with trimmings of soft laces and nets, beautifully tinted flowers and exquisite plumes and aigrettes, will accompany street gowns for spring. The pictured model is one of the most becoming of the new types. The narrow brim is slightly bent in front to poke lines, while the back is straight. The crown is swathed with white malinette, and at the right side is posed a thick white paradise aigrette based with a large pink rose and its foliage.

THE GOVERNMENT PARTY OPENS THE CITY CAMPAIGN

Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Attorney General McKeown and the Local Candidates Address Largely Attended Meeting at the Opera House.

Hon. William Pugsley, minister of public works, Attorney-General McKeown and the four city candidates of the local government addressed a large public meeting in the Opera House last evening. The house was well filled and at times considerable enthusiasm was manifest. The local candidates, with the exception of Mayor Sears, spoke very briefly and Dr. Pugsley occupied most of the time. It was noticeable that while the minister of public works referred at length to the Central Railway he made no definite announcement concerning the transfer of the road to the G. T. P., although he expressed confidence that ultimately, it would be used by the transcontinental railway to reach St. John. While the minister spoke fluently and at length his address was devoid of new campaign material, such as many had expected.

On motion of Thomas McAvity, Thomas Gorman was unanimously voted to the chair. Referring briefly to the object of the meeting the chairman introduced Hon. D. J. Purdy as the first speaker.

Mr. Purdy, after expressing the pleasure he felt at belonging to a government which had done so much especially for the agricultural interests, referred to the assistance given the farmers in wheat growing and the cheese industry during the last twenty years. He spoke of efforts made recently to extend apple culture and claimed the government had done everything they could to build up agriculture. He predicted that the government candidates in St. John would be elected.

Mr. Lantalum, who was introduced by the chairman as the old war horse, said the provincial government was a credit to the province. The city would not suffer at the hands of Premier Robinson, who had called two St. John men to his cabinet and had promised that the government would assist in taking soundings in Courtenay Bay. He paid a tribute to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had taken Mr. Blair and more recently Mr. Pugsley into his cabinet and referred to the extensive harbor improvements which the minister of public works had agreed to carry out. He commended the attitude of Premier Robinson in deciding to call in experts in preference to meeting Mr. Flemming on the public platform, which would have turned the whole thing, he said, into a "bear garden." He hoped Liberals would stand or fall by the party and use every effort to send the four candidates to Fredericton.

Mr. Skinner, after complimenting Mr. Lantalum on his speech turned his attention to the statements of the opposition on the financial and school book questions. He contended that they had made a tissue of misstatements. He charged that the Conservative government had sold the Harris properties and driven the industry from the city; also refused to pay the guarantee on the Carleton branch. He urged the citizens to look at the record of the two parties in the light of what each had done for the city. He claimed a large part of the provincial debt was created by the Conservatives, who did nothing but put up a few perishable bridges. The policy of the present local government was progressive. They had expanded the industries and advanced the salaries of the school teachers. If the debt had been increased they had assets to show for it. He claimed that through the minister of public works $600,000 had been spent on the harbor here and $600,000 more would be spent on a new wharf. It was very desirable that St. John should strengthen the minister's hands by returning the four candidates from the city and the two from the county.

Mr. Sears said he was on the platform as a Liberal. He said that in 1903 when he voted against the Tweedie government he did so because he felt Mr. Tweedie was indifferent to the city's interests. In the present contest no inducement was offered him, but the premier asked him as a Liberal to give his support and he had consented. As regards the post office he had no promise in his pocket. Six months ago there was a rumor that the position might be vacant and he wrote Sir Wilfrid Laurier referring to his years of service as a Liberal and as deserving of consideration. He had taken the course he did only in view of there being a possible vacancy.

Mr. Sears ridiculed the idea of the opposition going round with a 15 cent primer when there were larger issues above the narrow lines of provincialism. Referring to the Central Railway, he said no one could blame Hon. William Pugsley and his confreres for their liberal policy. The railway had greatly added to the value of land. The speaker closed with a plea for all, including Conservatives, to do their utmost for the government which was building up the province.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley on arising was greeted with applause. Referring to the speech of O. S. Crocket, M. P., in Ottawa, he said advantage had been taken of his absence to make some remarks not complimentary to himself on the provincial government. An attempt had been made to discredit the local government through him by a reference to Hon. Mr. McKeown being associated with a memorial charging him with three acts of misfeasance. Mr. McKeown at that time, seventeen years ago, was on the opposition and when the government called on the opposition to formulate the charges nothing more was heard of them. No one felt more strongly than Mr. McKeown that he had been misled.

Mr. Pugsley spoke of the opposition charges against himself of having plundered the provincial exchequer of $48,000 and to his having answered them again and again. Dealing with the finances of the province he said not one word of the opposition statements was true. The report of the auditor general as to the public debt meant exactly what it said. The public debt was a little over $4,000,000 and he charged the opposition with a wilful and deliberate intention to deceive the people. After reference to W. F. Hatheway, whom he described as his old friend of 1896, who, after joining the independent ticket, crawled back to the Conservative party while he (the speaker) moved on and took his proper place, Mr. Pugsley spoke of the advantages St. John would have from the cold storage warehouse, which had cost $159,000.

He then turned his attention to the Central Railway and in this connection said he had been charged with stating that the G. T. P. would take the road over in a few months. He had said so, but had qualified it by saying there might be delays. He made the statement in good faith and was confident the road would be taken over. Mr. Pugsley then read the following extracts from a letter from Mr. Hayes, the president, with a report from Mr. Morse, general manager:

"While the line (referring to the New Brunswick Coal and Railway line) is in good shape for the purposes for which it was originally intended, the handling of local traffic, it would need strengthening to fit it for the large volume of through traffic when the road (referring to the Transcontinental) was completed, and having in view the necessities in connection with the port, it should also be extended by the most direct route feasible into St. John, and since an investigation of its possibilities points to the development of the shore flats on Courtenay Bay, I would suggest the ascertaining of the character of the flats, whether rock or mud bottom, with a view to laying out a plan for the development of this port along similar lines to what has been done at Montreal and what is contemplated at Quebec. With this completed, and the New Brunswick line (meaning the New Brunswick Coal and Railway line) strengthened and extended into St. John, the Grand Trunk Pacific would be in a position to give the port that service and development its importance demands."

Mr. Pugsley spoke of the advantage a terminal in St. John would be to the city and the policy of the government to transport Canadian trade through Canadian ports.

He contended that if the government were defeated it would be regarded as a great Conservative victory and that he had been defeated. He went on to speak of the efforts he had made in the interests of St. John and compared the present policy of the federal government with the attitude of the Conservative government in 1895. He paid a tribute to the candidates and to the ability of Premier Robinson and urged the government should be supported by every citizen who desired an honest, prudent and progressive administration of affairs.

Hon. Mr. McKeown contrasted the eloquent speech of the minister of public works, dealing with large issues, with what he termed the pettiness of the discussions of the opposition, whom he discredited as "primer politicians." They were appealing for support on the pettiest details, and had not a single plank which they had not abstracted from what the government was doing today.

Mr. McKeown referred to the willingness of the government to bear half the cost of the soundings in Courtenay Bay as an indication of a policy of progress. Dealing with criticisms on the funded debt, he said since the government came into power, twenty-five years ago, it had increased $2,600,000, of which $1,900,000 had been spent in bridges and the balance in railway subsidies. Against that $529,000 was on deposit at 5 per cent in Ottawa, and $165,000 in the sinking fund.

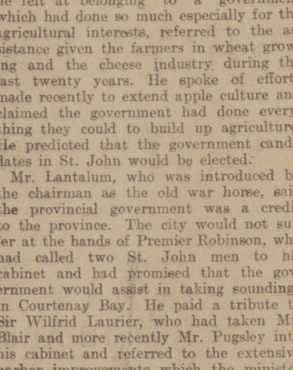
He appealed in closing for a good old time election fight. The spirit of Liberalism was as strong as ever and could best be realized in electing the four candidates by a victory of which the city would be proud.

The meeting closed with cheers for Hon. Mr. Pugsley and the candidates.

Battle line steamer Tanagra, Capt. Kehoe, arrived at New York last Wednesday from Savona via St. Michaels.

Manifests for fifty cars of United States products were received at the customs house yesterday.

Allan line steamer Tunisian, Capt. Murray, sailed yesterday for Liverpool via Halifax.



$500.00 In Cash Prizes

to the 128 persons composing the best last lines for the

St. George's Baking Powder Limerick

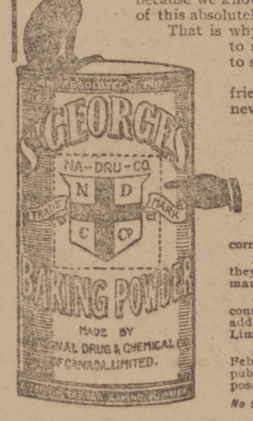
$200.00 will be given to the person sending in the best line.
50.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " " " 3rd. "
5.00 each to the next twenty-five best.
1.00 " " " " one hundred best.

One year ago, St. George's Baking Powder was introduced to the Canadian people.

Now, thousands of housewives use it for Cakes, Pies, Rolls and Biscuits. But there are still many more who do not; we want them to try just one can of St. George's—because we know that one can will make them firm friends of this absolutely pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

That is why we are taking this means of getting YOU to see how good it is—by giving you a chance to share in the $500.00 prizes.

Everyone may compete—those who are now friends of St. George's as well as those who have never used it.



Conditions:

1st. Your line with your name and address must be plainly written on the coupon below.

2nd. Carefully remove the trade mark from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (note—be careful not to get the powder in the tin damp.) Paste or pin the trade mark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.

3rd. Competitors may send in as many lines as they like providing each is accompanied by a trade mark cut from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder.

4th. The Editor of the Montreal Star has kindly consented to act as judge and all answers must be addressed to the Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.

5th. All answers must be posted not later than Feb. 28th, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.

No trademark cut from our sample package will be accepted.

Limerick

For Cakes, just as light as a feather—
And Biscuits and Pies, the best ever—
You can easily bake them
St. George's will make them

Paste or pin the trade mark from the label of a tin of St. George's Baking Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of Montreal Star as final, and enter the competition with that understanding

Signature .....

2 3 Address .....

Address this coupon with our trade mark attached, and your line and signature plainly written, to 52

The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, Que.

Plain Facts About The Hair.

IT IS THE DUTY of every one who is interested in hair preservation to learn enough about the subject to tell whether an advertisement for a hair remedy is reasonable or unreasonable. In this connection, the United States Post Office Department has begun a much needed campaign against false and misleading statements in advertisements in general. While this work is highly commendable and should be greatly extended, still at the same time it tends to paternalism rather than to personal self-reliance. IF YOU know that the claims for a hair remedy are unreasonable and untrue, that knowledge will save you money and prevent disappointment.

THE TROUBLE LIES in the fact that certain over ambitious Proprietors employ advertising writers who do not know the composition of the remedies they write about, and even if they did, they are not expected to know the therapeutic action of the various ingredients. Two very familiar and oft-repeated statements are, that the hair must be watered and fed just like a plant, and that the color of the hair, once destroyed, can be restored, by natural process. While both of these statements are false in every particular, it requires some little knowledge of the hair follicle to understand why the statements are false.

THE HAIR FOLLICLE is a pear-shaped sack in the scalp that holds the hair root. At the bottom of the hair follicle and extending up into it for a short distance, is a nipple shaped projection that remains in the scalp when a hair root is forcibly pulled out. This projection is the hair papilla from which the hair "root" grows. The continuous addition to the bottom of the hair root, forces the hair proper out through the scalp.

THE HAIR PAPILLA is surrounded by the hair root, which thus takes a bulbous form, Above the hair root or bulb—which occupies about three-fourths of the entire follicle—is the neck of the hair follicle, below which the most penetrating fluids known to Medical Science cannot penetrate. Therefore, the story of feeding the starved and impoverished hair roots with an external application is all a myth.

THE SHORT PORTION of the hair follicle above its neck opens somewhat like a funnel, and is filled with the outer scalp skin. Opening into this outer portion are the highly important oil or sebaceous glands which, from their location, are most exposed to disease. When these oil glands become infected with a certain microbic growth (the cause of dandruff) there is hair disease and finally hair death. Fortunately this outer portion of the hair follicle can be treated by carefully rubbing into the scalp a suitable remedy. What remedy should be used? Manifestly one that will destroy the growth that causes dandruff, itching scalp, and falling hair.

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE is the first remedy that was prepared for the particular purpose of destroying this invisible vegetable growth. In fact, it is called the "ORIGINAL remedy that kills the dandruff germ." Newbro's Herpicide was not made until after Prof. Unna, of Hamburg, Germany (ask your Doctor about him) discovered that dandruff is a highly contagious disease cause by a microbe. The almost marvelous success of Newbro's Herpicide has caused advertising writers to claim germicidal properties for other hair remedies, many of which were on the market years before Prof. Unna's discovery. DO YOU THINK that this new claim for old remedies is a reasonable one? Remember that the hair gets its life, color, and strength direct from the blood, and that good blood, deep breathing, and sun-light, favor hair development. Out-door exercise, to insure free circulation in the scalp, also scalp massaging for the same purpose, are very helpful. Worry, indigestion, and sedentary habits oppose hair growth, while the dandruff germ will actually destroy the hair, unless it is eradicated and kept out of the scalp with Newbro's Herpicide.

HERPICIDE is delightfully cooling and refreshing to the scalp, and almost marvelous results sometimes follow its continued use. It stops itching of the scalp almost instantly.

Two Sizes--50c and $1.00—At Drug Stores---Send 10c in Stamps to The Herpicide Company, Department N, Detroit, Mich., for a sample. Guaranteed Under The Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 915.

E. CLINTON BROWN, - - - - - - - - - SPECIAL AGENT.

Insist Upon Herpicide. Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.