#### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Mother of All."

TEXT: "As one whom his mother comfort-eth, so will I comfort you."—Isaiah lxvi., 13 The Bible is a warm letter of affection

from a parent to a child, and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may be fifty or sixty nights of genas much remark as one hallstorm of half au hour, so there are those who are more struck by those passages of the Bible that announce the indignation of God than by those that announce His affection. There may come to a household twenty or fifty letters of affection during the year, and they will not make as much excitement in that home as one sheriff's writ, and so there are people who are more attentive to face passages which approunds the judgment of God than to those which announce His mercy and His

God is a lion, John says in the book of Revelation. God is a breaker, Micah announces in his prophecy. God is a rock. God is a king. But hear also that God is love. A father and his child are walking out in the fields on a summer's day and there comes up a thunderstorm, and there is a flash of lightning that startles the child, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's eye."
There comes a peal of thunder, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's voice."
But the clouds go off the sky, and the storm is gone, and light floods the heavens and floods the landscape, and the father forgets

to say, "That is God's smile."
The text of this morning bends with great gentleness and love over all who are prot-trate in sin and trouble. It lights up with compassion. It melts with tenderness. It breathes upon us the bush of an eternal lullaby, for it announces that God is our mother. "As one whom his mother com-

forteth, so will I comfort you."

I remark, in the first place, that Gol has a mother's simplicity of instruction. A father does not know how to teach a child the A B C. Men are not skillful in the primary department, but a mother has so much patience that she will tell a child for the hundredth time the difference between F and G and between I and J. Sometimes it is by blocks; sometimes by the worsted work; sometimes by the slate; sometimes by the book. She thus teaches the child and has no awkwardness of confescension in so doing. So God, our Mother, stoops down to

doing. So God, our Mother, stoops down to our infantile minds.

Though we are told a thing a thousand times and we do not understand it, our heavenly Mother goes on, line upon line. precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. God has been teaching some of us thirty years and some of us sixty years one word of one syllable, and we do not know it

word of one syllable, and we do not know it yet—faith, faith. When we come to that word we stumble, we halt, we loss our place, we pronounce it wrong.

Still God's patience is not exhausted. God, our Mother, puts us in the school of prosperity, and the letters are in sunshine, and we cannot spell them. God puts us into the school of adversity, and the letters are black and we cannot spell them. If God were merely a king He would punish us; if He weze simply a father He would whip us; but God is a mother, and so we are born

but God is a mother, and so we are born with and helped all the way through.

A mother teaches her child chiefly by pictures. If she wants to set forth to her child the hideousness of a quarrelsome spirit, instead of giving a lecture upon that subject she turns over a leaf and shows the calld two boys in a wrangle, and savs, "Does not that look horrible?" If she wants to teach her child the awfulness of war she turns over the picture book and shows the war ing under lids of flame, and she says, "That is war!" The child understands it.

In agreat many books the best parts are the pictures. The style may be insipid, the the pictures. The style may be insipid, the type poor, but a picture always attracts a child's attention. Now God, our Mother, teaches us almost everything by pictures. Is the divine goodness to be set forth? How does God, our Mother, teach us? By an autumnal picture. The barns are full. The wheat stacks are rounded. The cattle are chewing the cud lazily in the sun. The orchards are dropping the ripe p.ppins into the lap of the farmer. The natural world that has been busy all summer seems now to be resting in great abundance.

that has been outy an summer seems how to be resting in great abundance. We look at the picture and say, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness." Our family comes around the breakfast table. It has been a very cold night, but the children are all bright because they slept un fer thick cover-lets, and they are now in the warm blast of the open register, and their appetites makes luxuries out of the plainest fare, and we look at the picture and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul?"

O my soul?"

God wishes to set forth the fact that in the judgment the good will be divide! from the wicked. How is it done? By a picture; by a parable—a fishing scene. A group of hardy men, long bearsed, geared for standing to the waist in water; sleeves rolled up. Long oar, sun gilt; boat cattered as though it had been a playmate of the storm. A full net thumping about with the fish, which have just discovered their captivity, the worthless mossbunkers and the useful flounders all in the same net. The fisherman puts his hand down amid the squirming fins, takes out the mosebunkers and throws them into the water and gathers the good fish into the pail. So, says Christ, it shall be at the end of the world. The bad He will cast away, and the good H; will keep. Another picture.

away, and the good H; will keep. Another picture.

God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the duty of neighborly love, and it is done by a pleture. A beap of wounds on the road to Jericho, A traveler has been fighting a robber. The robber stabbed him and knocked him down. Two ministers come along. They look at the poor fellow, but do not help him. A traveler comes along—a Samaritan. He says "Whoa!" to the beast he is riding and dismounts. He examines the wounds, he take out some wine, and with it washes the wounds, and then he takes some oil and puts that in to make the wounds stop smarting, and then he takes some oil and puts that in to make the wounds stop smarting, and then he takes some oil and puts that in to make the wounds at part of a bandage. Then he helps the wounded man upon the beast and walks by the side, holding him on until they come to a tavern. He says to the landlord, "Here is money to pay the man's board for two days; take care of him; if it costs anything more charge it to me, and will pay it." Picture—"The Gool Samaritan, or Who Is Your Neighbor?"

Does tiod, our Mother, want to set forth what a foolish thing it is to go away from the right, and how glad diving mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done the sight, and how glad diving mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done the sight, and how glad diving mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done the sight wardrobe. Discontented boy. Goes away, Sharpers fleece him. Feeds bogs, Gets home. ck. Starts back. Sees an oil man running. It is father! The hand, torn of the husks, gets a ring. The foot in famed and bleeding, gets a sandal. The bare shoulder, showing through the tatters, gets a robe. The stomace, gnawing itself with lunger, gets a full platter smoking with meat. The father cannot eat for looking a the mild of the proposed and manuel and m God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the

No work on the farm that day, for when a bad boy repents an i comes back promising to do better, God knows that is enough for one day, "And they began to be merry." Picture—"Prodigal Bon Returned From the Wilderness." Bo God, our Mother, teaches us exerything by pictures. The sinner is a lost sacep. Jesus is the bridegroom. The useless man a barrer fig tree. The Gospel is a great supper. Fatau, a sower of tares. Truth, a mustar's seed. That which we could not have understood in the abstract statement God, our Mother, presents to us in this Bible album of pictures, God en-

thus teaching us?

I remark again that God has a mother's I remark again that God has a mother's favoritism. A father sometimes shows a sort of favoritism. Here is a boy—stronz, well, of high forehead and quick intellect. The father says, "I will take that boy into my firm yet," or, "I will give him the very best possible education." There are instances where, for the culture of the one boy, all the others have been robbe i. A sad favoritism, but that is not the mother's favorite.

tism, but that is not carried will tell you her favorite.

There is a child who at two years of age.

There is a child who at two years of age. There is a calld who at two years of age had a fall. He has never got over it. The scarlet fever muffled his hearing. He is not what he once was. That child has caused the mother more anxious nights than all the other children. If he cours in the night she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to him. The last thing she does when going out of the house is to give a charge in regard to him. The first thing on coming in is to ask in regard to him.

Why, the children of the family all know that he is the favorite and say: "Mother, you thing the children of the say in a charge and you give

et him do just as he pleases, and you give him a great many things which you do not give us. He is your favorite." The mother smiles; she knows it is so. So he ought to be, for if there is any one in the world that needs sympathy more than another it is an invalid child, weary on the first mile of life's journey—carrying an aching head, a weak side, an irritated lung. So the mother ought to make him a favorite. God, our Mother, has favorite. "Whom the Lord loveth He favorite: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"—that is, one whom He especial-

ly loves He chasteneth. God loves us all, but there is one weak and sick and sore and wounded and suffering and faint? That is the one who lies nearest and more perpetually on the great loving heart of God. Why, it never coughs but our Mother—God—hears it. It never stirs a weary limb in the bed but our Mother God—ways of it. -God-knows of it. There is no such a watcher as God. The best nurse may be overborne by fatigue and fall asleep in the chair; but God, our Mother, after being up year of nights with a suffering child, never

slumbers or sleeps.
"Oh," says one, "I cannot understand all
that about affliction!" A refiner of silver "Oh." says one, "I cannot understand and that about affliction." A refiner of silver once explained it to a Christain lady: "I put the silver in the fire, and I keep refining it and trying it till I can see my face in it, and I then take it out." Just so it is that God I then take it out." Just so it is that God I when a man falls! Quit your sarcasm when a man falls! Quit your irony, quit your tittle tattle, and try forgiveness. God, Mother, tries it all the time. A man's keeps His dear children in the furnace till the divine image may be seen in them: then they are taken out of the fire. "Well," says some one, "if that is the way that God treats His favorites, I do not want to be a favorite.

There is a barren field on an autumn day just wanting to be let alone. There is a bang at the bar and a rattle of whiff strees and clevises. The field says, "What is the farmer going to do with me now?" The farmer puts the plow in the ground, shouts to the horses, the colter goes tearing through the sod, and the furrow reaches from fence to fenc. Next day there is a bang at the bars and a rattle of wniffletrees again. The field says, "I wonder what the farmer is going to do now?" The farmer hitches the horses to the harrow, and it goes bounding and tearing across the field.

Next day there is a rattle at the bars again, and the field says, "What is the farmer going to do now?" He walks heavily across the field, scattering seed as he walks. After awhile a court comes. The field says, After awhile a c.ou1 comes. The field says. "Wnat, more trouble." It begins to rain. After awhile the wind changes to the north-east and it begins to snow. Says the field: "Is it not enough that I have been torn and trampled upon and drowned? Must I now be snowed under?" After awhile spring comes out of the gates of the south, and warmth and gadness come with it. A green scarl bandages the gash of the wheat field, and the July morning drops a crown of gold on the head of the grain. "Oh," says the field "now I know the use

of the plow, of the harrow, of the heavy foot, of the shower and of the snowstores. It is well enough to be troiden and trampled and drowned and snoved under if charger, the headless trunks of butchered in the end I can yield such a glorious harmen, the wild, bloodshot eye of battle rolling under lids of flame, an i she says, "That bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come to many". The child understands it. again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves

with him."

When I see God especially busy in Coubling and trying a Christian, I know that out of that Caristian's character there is to come some especial good. A quarryman goes down into the excavation, and with strong handed machinery bores into the rock. The rock says, "What do you do that for?" He puts powder in; he lights a fuse. There is a thundering rash. The rock says, "Why, the whole mountain is going to pieces." The crowbar is plunged; the rock is dragged out. After awhile it is taken into the artist's studio. It says, "Well, now I have got a good, when, comfortable place at last."

But the sculptor takes the chisel and mallet, and he digs for the eyes, and he cuts for the mouth, and he bores for the ear, and he rubs it with sandpaper, until the rock says,

rubs it with sandpaper, until the rock says, "When will this torture be ended!" A sheet is thrown over it. It stands in darkness.

After awhile it is taken out. The covering is removed. It stands in the sunlight, in the presence of ten thousand applauding people, as they greet the statute of the poet, or the

presence of ten thousand applauding people, as they greet the statute of the post, or the prince, or the conqueror.

"Ah," says the stone, "now I understand it. I am a great deal better off now standing as a statue of a conqueror than I would have been down in the quarry." So God finds a man down in the quarry of ignorance and sin. How to get him up? He must be bored and blaste I and chiseled and scoured and stand sometimes in the daraness.

But after awhile the mantle of affliction will fall off, and his soul will be greeted by the one hundred and torty-four thousand and the thousands of thousands as more than conqueror. O.i. my friends, God. our Motuer, is just as kind in our afflictions as in our prosperities. God never touches us but for our good. If a field clean and cutured is better off than a barren field, and if a stone that has become a statue is better off than the marole in the quarry, then that soul that God chastens may be His favorite.

Ob, the rocking of the soul is not the rocking of an earthquake, but the rocking of God's cradle. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I have been told that the pearl in an oyster is merely the result of a wound or a sickness inflicted upon it, and I do not know but that the brightest gems of heaven will be found to have been the wounds of earth kindled into the jeweled brightness of eternal glory.

I segment that God has a mother's capaci-

graved. Is not the divine maternity ever divine sympathy. "As one whom his mother

divine sympathy. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

I remark further that God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one Goes wrong first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes in the wrong way his business partner casts him off, if he goes on his best friends cast him off.—his father casts him off. But cast him off—his father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who sits by the murderer's counsel all through the long trial? Who tarries the longest at the windows of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him! It is his mother. God bless her grav hairs if she be still alive, and bless her grave if she be gone! And bless bless her grave it she be gone! And bless the rocking chair in which she used to sit,

the rocking chair in which she used to sit, and bless the cradle that she used to rock, and bless the Bible she used to read!

So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everyoody else has cast a man off God, our Mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a ball case. After all the other doctors have got through the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh and bitter treatment on the part of those who pro-fesse i faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm and billingsgate and caricature, and they tried tittle tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was

A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "oringing the man here again! We colone!, "oringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sargeant; "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" says the colonel. Said the man, "Forgiveness." The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said: "Well. young man, you have done so and so. What is your accesses." "I have no excuse but I am

man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse." "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man.

"We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been secosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was

your tittle tattle, and try forgiveness. God, your Mother, tries it all the time. A man's sin may be like a continent, but God's forgiveness is like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, bounding it on both sides.

The Bible often talks about God's hand. I wonder how it looks. You remember distinctly how your mother's hand looked, though thirty years ago it withered away. It was different from your father's hand. When you were to be chastised you had rather have mother punish you than father. It did not hurt so much. And father's hand was different from mother's, partly because was different from mother's, partly because it had outdoor toil, and partly because God intended it to be different. The knuckles were more firmly set, and the paim was cal-

But mother's hand was more delicate. But mother's hand was more dedicate.

There were bue veins running through the back of it. Though the fingers, some of them, were picked with a needle, the palm them, were picket with a needle, the palm of it was soft. Oh, it was very soft! Was there ever any poultice like that to take pain out of a wound? So God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smite you it does not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh, you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a bailiff's hand that seizes you to-day! It is not a hard hand. It is not an unsympathetic hand. It is no. a cold hand. It is not an enemy's hand. No. It is a centle hand, a loving hand, a sympais a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympa-thetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand. "As one whom his mote comforteth, so will I comfort you."

will I comfort you."

I want to say finally that God has a mother's way of putting a child to sleep. You know there is no cradle song like a mother's. After the excitement of the evening it is almost impossible to get the child to sleep. If the rocking chair stop a moment the eyes are wile open; but the mother's patience and the mother's soothing manner keep on until after a while the area. manner keep on until after a while the angel of slumber puts his wing over the pillow, Well, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, to be put to sleep. The day of our life will be done, and the shadows of the night of death will be gathering around us. Then we want God to soothe us, to hush us to sleep.

Let the music at our going not be the dirge of the organ, or the knell of the church tower, or the drumming of a "lead march," but let it be the hush of a mother's lullaby. On the cradle of the grave will be soft with the pillow of all the promises! When we are being rocked into that last slumber I want this to be the cradle song, "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee Thy gindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a bicesed sicep. From which none ever wake to weep.

A Scotchman was dying. His daughter Nellie sat by the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the church was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river, and as the evening bell struck up in his dying dream he thought it was the call

to cource.

He said, "Aark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered, and then said: "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there, Nellie; we will soon be there." And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to churca. Not the old country church, but the temples in the skies. Just across the river. How comfortably aid God husa the old man to sleep! As one whom his mother comforteth, so God As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforted him.

#### Coffee Cultivation.

H. W. L. Couperus, a coffee planter from Java and Japan, recently delivered a lecture in the Academy of Science upon the subject with which he might well be presumed to be most familiar. He traced the spread of the coffee plant from Java to Sumatra, Ceylon, Pedang, Brazil and the United States and then afforded some information about the plant itself. It is a delicate plant, which, like the human being, cannot stand too much stimulant. If fertilizers, which are necessary to its growth, are used in too large quantity or are placed too close to its roots it displays a sort of vegetable exhiltration and dies off soon from exhaustion. It thrives best at an altitude of from 3000 to 4000 feet and is grown from the seed, not the bean as we receive it, but with the "parchment" or hull on it. In the plantations the trees are set in rows nine feet apart and eight feet between the trees in the row. The fertilizer used consists of ashes of leaves and weeds which grow on the plantations and are burned together and mixed with cow dung.

The treatment of the bean after it has been gathered, the removal of the parchment, the roasting and other details were touched upon in an interesting manner, and the speaker expressed the opinion that coffee could be grown in California.

Hans C. Behr, who took part in the subsequent discussion, coincided in Mr. Couperus's view of the possibility of raising coffee in this State, and electred the information from the lecturer that much work which the Java planters de by hand could be done here by machine -San Francisco Chronicle.

Do You Know That-

The trouble in love affairs is, that

the parties to it love too much to How polite and gallant a man is to the women of the world who are

not related to him. Most babies cry in church because

they are frightened by the boisterous talk of the preacher. There is nothing more profound than pride, and, strange cosay, noth-

ing more ridiculous. A woman's greatest rival in a man's heart is the pleasure he enjoys in

having his own way. A man's best friend to-day is often the skeleton in his closet that torments him the most to-morrow.

The best loved man is he who gives the most; he is also the one least regarded when he stops giving. One very good reason why a man should tell the truth is that it is not the tax on his memory that a lie

would be. Men judge a man's religion by his actions outside the church, and the women judge it by the brilliancy of his prayers within.

It is all well enough to tell a man when he is in trouble to look on the bright side; the rub is to find the bright side to look on.

Some men will not stop doing a foolish thing, because if they did, it would be an admission on their part that it was foolish. A woman who has everything to

lose and nothing to gain, is always nore reckless than a man who has everything to gain and nothing to If people in Bible times were like

they are now, Christ found it easier to die for sinners than to find any man afterward who would admit that he was one. Men are brutes. They have better

times occasionally without their wives, and tell them so. Women are hypocrites. They enjoy life without their husbands once in a while, but they will never admit that they are not miserable without them.

We have noticed that the more lodges and clubs a man belongs to, the more often his neighbors see his wife splitting wood before breakfast. Joining too many lodges seems to have the same effect on a man's family as if he were given to the drinking habit. - Atchison Globe.

White Bread.

To the exclusive use of white bread Sir James Critchton-Brown attributes the prevailing decay in teeth. As flourine is necessary to good teeth, and as this is a characteristic feature of the discarded portions of the wheat not used in making white flour, the learned gentleman sees no hope in the way of teeth for the future generations except by a return to the general consumption of bread made from whole wheat flour.

Valuable Postage Stamp. A postage stamp worth \$5,000 has been discovered in New York.

A second is the smallest division of time in general use, and when we consider that in one year there are about 31,558,000 of these periods it would certainly seem as if it was small enough for all practical purposes. But after all a good deal can happen even in a fraction of a sec-

A light wave, for instance, passes through a distance of about 185,000 miles in this length of time. A current of electricity has probably an even greater speed. The earth itself moves in its orbit at a rate of about twenty miles a second, thus far exceeding the fastest railroad trains on its surface.

A tuning fork of the French standard vibrates 870 times per second to staff.-Popular Science News.

Go twice as far as liver pills and cure officaer The shortest cut to nappines + to try

to give it. Restore the Complexion by cleansing the entire system, Small Bile Beans, Whenever a sin can hide its head it

Small Bile Beans will cure U. The shark is worshiped by some of the dwellers along the Airican coasts.

Nantahala.—\$100 per share. Every 2 shares secures a town lot. Fortunes in the South. Send. C. for prospectus. A. J. McBride, Atlanta, Ga.

Fame is a bright robe; but it soon wear

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it 'ncurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer 100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for checklars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, C.

Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.

Cleanliness, exercise and diet are the cardinal virtues of good health. Take care of the first two and if you know what and how to eat you need never be ill. It is claimed that Garneld Tea, a simple nerb remedy, overcomes the esults of wrong living.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard- o led egg.

Feet BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMON-ARY COMPLAINTS, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have realarkable cutative properties. Sold only interes.

The indispensible servant is master or

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The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. (Bulletin 13, Ag. Dep., p. 599.)

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"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. "EDWARD G. LOVE, PH. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest

and most reliable baking powder offered to the public. "HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., PH. D." "The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and high

est in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge "WM. MCMURTRIE, PH. D."

The Government Report shows all other baking powders tested to contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid.

### Money in Chickens.

KNOW HOW

To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maisdies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the





ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant produce the note A on the treble and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50e and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-gists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will pro cure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL, LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, M.V.

# German Syrup

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.



### Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies Other Chemicals

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It has morethan three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASLE DICESTED. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.







