Wine Hauled in Tanks.

The railroad tank is introduced in France for the conveyance and distri-bution of wine from the vineyards, after the manner in which petroleum has in this country bean conveyed from the wells to market. The vintagers would be lucky if the could likewise adopt a system of pipe line . as the oil producers have done, and so diffuse their cheering product with the maximum of celerity and at a mini-mum of cost.—New York Tribune.

A MAN is just as sorry that his wife s sick as her sickness affects his com-

Never Idle.

"A million people out of work," says a newspaper writing of these hard times, A lifed to this misfortune are the physical infirmities with which thousands have to hear. But there is one thing that is never idle; always at work, unconsingly in search of those thus deterred, it seeks to cure such of those thus deterred, it seeks to cure and and help them to grasp a chance when it comes. This is the mission of St. Jacobs Oil. Among the millions there are thousands suffering with neuralgia. For this it is a positive cure. Use it and there will be a thousand sufferers less and a thousand chances more to get work and hold it. Better times may come agon, and there is nother ter times may come soon, and there is nothing like the great remedy for pain to help you out of painful troubles and into place

The infant sea otter, when removed from parental care, dies of either grief or starvation. So far it has been impossible to raise it to maturity by human hand.

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } 88.

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes onth that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., do.ng business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Cuarrh that cannot be cur d by the use of HALL'S CATAGES.

Worn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for test montals, free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo. O.

12 "Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Missouri frog farmer contends that frogs have a language.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Scholars, generally, agree that the tale of William Tell is a myth.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. \$1 New Orleans once attempted to light its

streets with cotton seed oil. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduce inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Hollow glass building bricks are in use.

Whole Family Helped



troubled with Rheumetters so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him. Our son was all grun down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 15

De Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of Arysipries, which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system. Since

Hood's Sarsa Cures

taking Hood's I am better in every way. Mrs. H. K. Jourson, Lyme Centre, N. H. Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25 cents.

1 N U 43 CARRIAGES Buggies & Harness. esale prices. Result: up-ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, O.



WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID "MEDITATION " exchange for 18 Large Lion ads, cut from Lion Coffee prappers, and a 2-cent stamp to my postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, includ-ing books, a knife, game, etc. Woolson Spice Co., 450 Huron St., Tolebo, Olio.

* WORLD'S-FAIR * :HIGHEST AWARD!



MEDICINAL Has justly acquired the reputation of being

The Salvator for INVALIDS

The-Aged. AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and

CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases : often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—
And as a FOOD it would be difficult to

conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot,
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

TEXT: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."—Jonah

Navigation in the Meditteranean Sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canves or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side of the vessel. "You would not venture outside your barbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast. God tad told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. have seen them, when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened.

whisting as though nothing has happened, but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" has become a blinding, deatening, swamping that the world have will a sea. The world have wind an extent the sailors are the search of the sailors and the wind are the sailors are the sailors are the sailors and the wind are the sailors are t fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canyas was all that was leit of the largest sail of the ship Greeca, that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this suppose it was in some such storm as this

f Jonah was caught. He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the saliors to throw him overboard. Saliors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their es-cape, it possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The satis are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they lay back into the oars! But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river, and as the vesel hoists the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my fusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lor!."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from Nouth American ter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought why not now take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that Goi who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women who

people who shair read. Such and workers know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty, and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in his sermon, in the midst of his argument, and say. "Now, I will teil you a table," and and say, "Now, I will tell you a lable," and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important re-ligious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet or the Rock of Ages. You have a father or mother or nushand or wife or child or near friend who is not a Christian. There have been times when you

have been in agony about their salvation.

A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hops in Jesus, waiked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there, may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrathized the rathers and falt the prise, and tinized the patient and felt the pulse, and you followed him into the next room and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doc-tor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great inture. Ob, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no, I do not advise that, but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the Gol who could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port! I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ.

Ab, it is an awful thing to have half a house hold on one side the line and the other part of the houshold on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the other side of the finity, one going to the right and the other to the left—farther apart and farther apart—until the signals cease to be recognized and there are only two specks on the horizon, and them they are lost to signt forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many tempta-tions for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influences seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is sick? Ob, I hear some parent saying tonight: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue, braced myselt against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue, but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightly unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said, "O God, take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ," and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fied unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal weifare of his children I He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discour-There are parents who are almost discount and about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wondered off perhaps to the ends of the earth. It seems as if he eaunot get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow, about the quick whitening of the hair, about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the testing. When would not care much if burdens? Why, he would not care much if he heard you were dead! The black-edge! letter that brought the tidings he would put

letter that brought the tidings he would put in the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one our now with which I believe you can bring him into harbor. It is the giorlous promise, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." Oh, brokenhearted father and mother, you have tried everything else; now make an appeal for everything elss; now make an appeal for the help and omnipotenes of the covenant keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksziving Day, perhaps next Christmas Day—the prodigal may be home, and if you crowd on his plate more iuxuries than on any other plate at the table I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming bomeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgivenesfor that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion, that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon, but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again and are seated at the banquet.

Though parents may in covenant be And have tasir heaven in view, They are not he py till they see This chill ren happy 100.

Again, I remark that the unavailing effort Again, I remark that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to Gol, His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howarl took hold of one oar, and Careytook hold of another oar, and Lutner took hold of another oar, and Lutner took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar and they nulled until they fell hack dead from they pulled until they fell back dead from of martyrdom, some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping knives of savages and some into the plaque struck room of the lazareito, and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotis are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you. Chris. the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church, and the school and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities, and if this work is ever done at all God must doit, and He will do it in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Again, the unavailing effort of those Medi-terranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourupon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my
right hand, give me a stout oar for my left
hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No.
A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way,
and a wave of templation comes and dashes
you in snother way, and there are plenty of
rocks on which to founter, but seemingly no
harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown
overboard, or we must perish. There
are men who have tried for years to become
Christians. They believe all I say in regard
to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in cossity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnest-ness, and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not myle one inch in ten years toward heaven. What is suit yourself?" the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a fruit skiff and put it down at the foot of Niagara and then head it up toward the churning thunderboit of waters and exchurning thunderboit of waters and expect to work your way up through the
lightning of the foam into caim Lake Erie
as for you to try to pull yourself through
the surf of your sin into the hoose an i pardon
and placidity of the gospel. You cannot do
it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and
longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go
down unless the Lord deliver, but if you
will ery to Christ and lay hold of divins
mercy you are as safe from eternal conmercy you are as safe from eternal con-demnation as though you had been twenty

years in heaven.
But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dring condition and put us on the shouland dying condition and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black and inexcusable and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim par lon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitible, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lash think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sor-rows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that every-

thing is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in razs of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, or to Corist to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject I have drawn my present thing is ready? of the subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pleces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But, the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had But, the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from Engiand, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth \$1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. O, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet—treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

JUSTICE DERMAN, who died recently in London , had on one occasion to review a great mass of evidence in a damage suit, Following this came long-winded addresses by the opposing lawyers. Justice Denman summed up by turning to the jury and saying: "How much?" In less than a minute came the reply: "Five pounds," and the case was ever-

THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Not the Only One -- A Thoroughgoing Girl -- A Record Breaker --A Tremendous Cut-- Etc., Etc.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

Teacher-Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders? Bright Pupil-It was Atlas, ma'am. Teacher-And who supported At-

Bright Pupil-The book don't say, but I guess his wife supported him.

A THOROUGHGOING GIRL. "Don't you think you could love

me a little bit?" he persisted. "No," she replied; "I never do things by halves." .- New York Press.

A RECORD BREAKER. Madge-What's your Russian fiance's name? Mabel-(after a pause)-When can

you give me an afternoon off? Madge-Thursday. Mabel--All right. Come around and I'll tell you.

A TREMENDOUS CUT.

Customer-Do you fit these gloves? Clerk-No; they are only 99 cents. Customer-And they were expensive gloves?

Clerk-Yes, they were selling at \$1 only yesterday. - [Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A GREAT FINANCIER. The somewhat impecunious young man had married the daughter of the rich legislator so much against the father's will that he had left them to shift for themselves.

"Your wife's father," remarked a friend one day to the young man, "is a great old financier.

Yes, but he is no statesman." "Is that so?"

"Of course. For when I married his daughter he demonetized her, and we've had hard times ever since." - Detroit Free Press.

FINAL.

Tom-You had not ought to consider your case as hopeless just because she said " no." Jack-To be perfectly exact, what she said was "rats!"

WOULD HELP.

Taddells-Do you think the silver question will ever be settled? Fosdick-I don't know, but it would help a little if you would pay me that dollar you borrowed a year ago. - [Detroit Free Press.

HE DID LATER.

"Shopleigh," said Cholly, as he entered the tailor's, "I want you to iron these clothes extra well. I am going to propose to a girl this even-

ing." Don't you think," replied the tailor, "that you'd better press your

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING. He-Miss Oldkatte, you are pret-

She-Oh, Mr. Giddyboy! He-You are pretty-She-How can you, you horrid man? He (in desperation)-Confound it,

you are pretty nearly old enough not to not like this .- [Truth. MEANT FOR A COMPLIMENT. He-What's the difference between

you and a duck? She (shyly)-Is there any? He-Yes; you're dressed to kill and the duck is killed to dress -

NOT UTTERLY DEPRAVED.

"Is it true, my son," said the old man to him reproachfully, "that you put fly paper on the seat of the teacher's chair and laughed when he sat down on it?" "I cannot tell a lie, father; that's

the fact. But I felt sorry for it afterward. "You felt that it was disrespectful

to the teacher?" "No, sir; I felt that it was cruel to the flies."-[Judge. KNEW HIM.

Jawkins-Let's ride on this car. Jumkins - No, I'd rather walk. Jawkins (sarcastically)-You want to save the nickel, I suppose: Jumkins (also sarcastically)-No. want to save the dime.

NEITHER AMOUNTS TO MUCH. "That speech from the throne is an absurd thing," said Dawkins, who had been reading the Queen's sperit.

"Yes; but it's like a great many speeches in that respect. Our crown speeches here ain't any better." "Crown speeches?"

"Yes; speeches through the crown of the statesman's hat."- [Harper's Bazar. WHY HIS PREFERENCE.

"Which song would you rather hear Miss Warble sing?" " 'Mariner Bold.' '

"But she doesn't sing that at all," "I know. That's why I prefer it." -[Judge. SAD MISTAKE.

"If it were not so childish and out of date I could take a real good cry. said the woman with the short hair. "What is the matter, dear?"

"I wore my husband's vest downtown shopping yesterday by mistake, and there were three big cigars sticking out of the top pocket. I never noticed it till I got home."-[Indianapolis Journal.

PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY. Effic (at her lessons)-I think history's much nicer than arithmetic,

Auntie-Why, dear? Effie-Because you don't have to

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report



WASTE OF FOOD BY AMERICANS People from Europe Astonished by Our

Careless Table Methods, An English health journal expresses great surprise at the quantity of food eaten by American against English laborers. It is very curious to ree how different foods preponderate in different industries. The textile worker in Europe will have 95 pounds of meat per annum for every 100 units of consumption, or, say, a quar-

ter of a pound of meat a day, while steel workers indulge in 114 pounds for every 100 units. On the other hand, the weaver consumes more flour than the steel worker-275 pounds per 100 units instead of 208 pounds He also takes about 71 pounds of sugar more per 100 units and a dozen more eggs; of butter, lard and tea both take about the same, though both in tea and coffee the weaver a little exceeds the other. That is, in the calling which demands the greater muscular exertion, a

greater quantity of nitrogenous food is required. On the European continent the consumption of meat by workers is much less than in Britain. Even in the iron industry the German is little more extravagant than the English weaver, while the Frenchman consumes only 57% pounds and the Belgian 55% pounds. On the other hand, the latter consume more flour and eggs, more than twice as much of each. Their consumption of coffee, too, is large-14 and 19 pounds respectively, to the Englishman's 34 pounds; but it must also be taken in the reckoning that tea does not appear in their accounts. But all these figures pale before the statistics of

food consumption in America. The Illinois iron worker manages to consume 393 pounds of meat per 100 units, and though this is excessive, 2061 pounds are put down as the average of Pennsylvania, 1977 pounds for Ohio, 1874 pounds for West Virginia and 155 pounds for Tennessee. The average consumption of flour for the States is about 250 pounds, but voracious little Illinois again comes. to the fore with 366 pounds, and sugar, butter and eggs are everywhere more lavishly used than in Lurope. Here, as in Europe, iron and steel industries are found to be more selfindulgent than any other trades, but the expenditure here is far above that of even the most extravagant workers of Europe. Much of the food accounted for in these figures is actually consumed, but a large margin must be allowed for what is wantonly destroyed, and when the history of the waste of food products in the United States comes to be written it will contain some startling and not than from all the other medicine I used.

If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it." will contain some startling and not altogether pleasant reading.

A WOMAN occasionally gets too old



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting

in the form most acceptable and pleas ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidnevs, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Nearly \$800 a Word. Previous to the advent of McLecd. the Reading Company used an old sken, "neware of the Engine and Cars," followed by a series of in unctions that no man walking over the road would have patience to read. There were several accidents, which brought the

company into the Supreme Court, and

the sharp lawyers opposed to the com-

pany claimed that those signs were

not clear warning. McLeod went to

Judge Faxton, who wrote this admirable sign: "Railroad Crossing-Stop, Look, and

Mr. Paxton received for this modest composition the sum of \$4,780, a tride over \$796.66 a word, a higher rate than any author has received in the past. It can fairly lay claim to being the most expensive composition on record, and shows the value of brevity as n thing else could do it. -St. Louis Globs-Democrat.



TO PUT ON needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-covery. It works wonders. By restor-ing the normal ing the normal ac-tion of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy ctandard—promptly, pleasantly and nat-urally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale

emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on healthy flesh not the fat of cod liver oil and its fifthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invig-Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit. M. J. COLEMAN of 33 Sargest St., Roxbury,

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