Health

Is impossible without pure, healthy blood. Purified and vitalized blood results from taking

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. 25c.

What a Young Man Told His Girl About the Electric Cars.

"You see," said the young man on the front seat of an electric car, explaining to his best girl how the electric current was made to send the car flying along the rails, "the motorman turns that thing a little to the right, and that connects the car with the electric current carried along in the wire down in the conduit under the track."

"But how does it make the wheels go around?" questioned the little miss.

"Why, the motorman just gives that thingumbob a half turn to the right, and that lets on just so much of the whatdoyoucallit, which connects the car with the thingamajig that is hitched to the little plow and runs along the dinkeybob down under the centre of the track. This is connected with the electric wire down under ground by little rigamajees at intervals, and the wire furnishes the power to the jingaree that pushes the car along."

"How perfectly lovely," chirped the little miss. "But I don't see just how the electric current gets to the wheels."

"Well, there's a little jimjammer that runs from the grip or plow to the axles, and the current runs through little whatyoucallems and is connected by some kind of jimcranks to the wheels; when the man turns on the electric current it shoots through those kadoogins and the tankeytour starts the wheels."

"Oh, yes; I understand. But how does he stop the car?"

"Just snakes that jigamaree around to the left, tight up against the whatisit, gives the brake a twist, and there you are."

Then they got off at the corner drug store.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

If some men would give up more, and lay up less, how soon they would be rich.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Every man who does wrong is helping to lead an army of boys astray.

Are You Satisfied With What You Know,

Or would you gladly improve your stock of knowledge? You may not have $50 or $60 you can spare for a 10-volume encyclopædia, but you can afford to pay fifty cents for a Hand Book of General Information. You won't want to pay even this unless you are desirous of improving your mind and believe that a five-hundred-page book, filled with a condensed mass of valuable knowledge, will be read by you. This valuable Encyclopædia will be sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by the Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City. Every person who has not a large encyclopædia should take advantage of this great offer at once and store his mind with the valuable facts collated in this book.

The spots we see on others are nearly always on our own glasses.

All who use Dobbins' Electric Soap praise it as the *best*, cheapest and *most economical* family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits itself. *Please* try it. Your grocer will supply you.

It is not the longest prayers that are answered quickest.

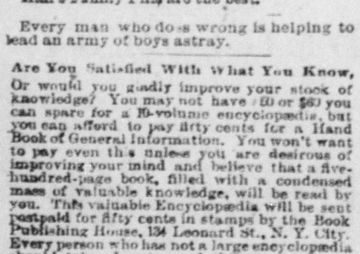
Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

The man who has the "big head" often wears a small hat.

CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small.
No city so large.
From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.
They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and



tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.

The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:

Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.

All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Shadow on the Harvest Field."

TEXT: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, my head, my head! And he said to a lad, carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother he sat on her knees till noon, and then died."—II Kings iv., 18, 19, 20.

There is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the Angel of Life brings a new soul to the poor man's hut, a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come—days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of the house the brightest was the boy. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afield. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swathy reapers feel young again as they look down at that lad, as young and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaning after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles; and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him and they try to cool his brow; but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness, he puts his hands against his temples and cries out: "My head! my head!" And the father said: "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said; for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child, if there be in our home a gentler voice and a gentler hand and a stiller footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but oh, what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest-field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood; its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

The child's beauty does not depend upon form or feature or complexion or apparel. That destitute one that you saw on the street, bruised with unkindness and in rags, has a charm about her, even under her destitution. You have forgotten a great many persons whom you met, of finely cut features and with erect posture and with faultless complexion, while you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said: "Please to give me a penny." Ah! how often we have walked on and said: "Oh, that is nothing but street vagabondism;" but after we got a block or two on, we stopped and said: "Ah, that is not right;" and we passed up that same way and dropped a mite into that suffering hand, as though it were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard heartedness. With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the play ground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily, and say: "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over the playground yourself. That father who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. The waters leap down the rocks, but they have not the graceful step of childhood. The morning comes out of the gates of the East, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers and its fire on the cloud; but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life! There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary with toil, their little hands pull the burdens off our back. Oh, what a dull, stale, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But when the grace of God comes upon a child, how unspeakably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation—how beautiful the scene! I know that parents sometimes get nervous when their children become pious, because they have the idea that good children always die. The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead, excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed, there are some people that seem marked for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The lines of heaven are in the details. There is something about their forehead that makes you think that the hand of Christ has been on it, saying: "Let this one come to Me, and let it come to Me soon." While that one tarried in the house you felt there was an angel in the room, and you thought that every sickness would be the last; and when, finally, the winds of death did scatter the leaves, you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a dark night; for you had often said to your companion: "My dear, we shall never raise that child." But I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel the pious boy, became Samuel the great prophet. Christain Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country to-day children who love God and keep His commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians and the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills anyone. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarias floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and it is this determination of soul that so often drives back the gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and skepticism Christian. The sword of God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle-proof against God's battle-ax. But childhood; how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob;" for when religion starts in a family, it is apt to go all through. Jezebel, a murderess, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. Oh, what a responsibility upon the parent and the teacher! The musician touches the keys, and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the chords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life; if you touch a child, the result will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath-school teacher will this afternoon whisper in the ear of the class, will be echoed back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilization; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing of it. Higher than Parliament or Congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the Kingdom of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulsion? There were some harvesters in the fields of Scotland one hot day; and Hannah Lemond was helping them gather the hay. She laid her babe under a tree. While she was busy in the field, there was a flutter of wings in the air, and a golden eagle clutched the swaddling band of the babe, and flew away with it to the mountain eyrie. All the harvesters and Hannah Lemond started for the cliffs. It was two miles before they came to the foot of the cliffs. Getting there, who dared to mount the cliffs? No human foot had ever trod it. There were sailors there who had gone up the mast in the day of terrible tempest; they did not dare risk it. Hannah Lemond sat there for a while and looked up and saw the eagle in the eyrie, and then she leaped to her feet, and she started up where no human foot had ever trod, crag above crag, catching hold of this root or that root, until she reached the eyrie and caught her babe, the eagle swooping in fierceness all around about her. Fastening the child to her back, she started for her friends and for home. Oh, what a dizzy descent! sliding from this crag to that crag, catching by that vine and by that root, coming down further and further, to the most dangerous pass, where she found a goat and some kids. She said: "Now I'll follow the goat; the goat will know just which is the safest way down;" and she was led by the animal down to the plain. When she got there, all the people cried: "Thank God! thank God!" her strength not giving way until the rescue was effected. And they cried: "Stand back, now. Give her air!" Oh, if a woman will do that for the physical life of her child, what will you do for the eternal life of your boy and your girl? Let it not be told in the great day of eternity that Hannah Lemond put forth more exertion for the saving of the physical life of her child than you, O parent, have ever put forth for the eternal life of your little one. God help you!

I pass on to consider the power which a child wields over the parental heart. We often talk about the influence of parents upon children. I never heard anything said about the influence of children upon their parents. You go to school to them. You no more educate them than they educate you. With their little hands they have caught hold of your entire nature and you cannot wrench yourself away from their grasp. You are different men and women from what you were before they gave you the first lesson. They have revolutionized your soul. There are fountains of joy in your heart which never would have been discovered had they not discovered them. Life is to you a more stupendous thing than it was before those little feet started on the pathway to eternity. Oh, how many hopes, how many joys, how many solitudes that little one has created in your soul! You go to school every day—a school of self-denial, a school of patience, in which you are getting wiser day by day; and that influence of the child over you will increase and increase; and though your children may die, from the very throne of God they will reach down an influence to your soul, leading you on and leading you up until you mingle with their voices and sit beside their thrones.

The grasp which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. A great lawyer, when yet unknown, one day stood in the court room and made an eloquent plea before some men of great legal attainments; and a gentleman said to him afterward: "How could you be so calm standing in that august presence?" "Oh," said Erskine, "I felt my children pulling at my skirts crying for bread." What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? Your children! Your children must have bread though you starve. Your children must be well clothed though you go in rags. You say: "My children shall be educated though I never had any chance." What to you are weary limbs, and aching head, and hands hardened and callous, if only the welfare of your children can be wrought out by it? Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. And, oh, when the last sickness comes, how you fight back the march of disease, and it is only after a tremendous struggle that you surrender. And then when the spirit has fled, the great deep is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs, crying: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, my son."

The brightest lights that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once; you love them now; and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it; it has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are bearing. This snapping of heart-strings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms, and through summer harvests, and across autumnal leaves; and through the wintry snowbanks, we are passing on. Oh, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up! Oh, now we shall gather them up!

In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore
We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
When these short years of pain are past
We'll meet before the throne at last.

Cold Weather in South Africa.

At Bradstown and Prieska, in South Africa, the season has been so cold that over 1000 ostriches, 10,000 sheep and 500 head of cattle and horses have perished. To add to the troubles of the farmers, millions of springboks made their appearance, and not only devoured the veld that was left, but drove the wild ostriches.

A Waterloo Drummer Dead.

At Queenstown, in the Cape Colony, there died the other day a Waterloo veteran in the person of a Mr. Horton, who was in his ninety-fifth year. Deceased was a drummer boy, and was present in that capacity at the battle of Waterloo. He was lately in receipt of a pension of $50 a year from the War Office.

THREW AWAY A FORTUNE.

A Man Who Lost $56,000 Worth of Ambergris.

The little town of Digby, Nova Scotia, is very much excited at present over the finding of some ambergris by Isaiah Kinghorn, a fisherman who lives in Granville, a small village across the river from Digby. Mr. Kinghorn was in conversation with a St. John Telegraph reporter, and told the story of his find. He had been rowing along the bay shore at Granville in his boat one day last week, and noticed some "stuff" floating on the water. It looked to him like tallow. He took it into his boat and rowed to his home at Granville, where he tried to boil it down to make soft soap. Failing to do so he threw the remainder of the supposed tallow away. He had about 100 pounds of the material in all, he estimates, and had only kept six pounds of it after the rest had been destroyed. He was told that it was a very valuable article, and in consequence he brought a sample to St. John, where it was shown to a druggist, who offered for it a price which by no means approached its value.

Mr. Kinghorn went back to Digby by the steamer Prince Rupert and took the ambergris to a local druggist, who, after close examination, identified it and on looking up the price list found that it was worth $3 per ounce. The fisherman's feelings can be imagined when he learned that he had wasted about ninety-four pounds of the ambergris, which, had he kept it, would have brought him for the lot $56,000. As it is, he has left only about six pounds, which will bring him when sold the sum of $3,600.

Mr. Kinghorn left a small piece with the druggist, which weighs about 1½ pounds, and the latter will conduct the sale of the six pounds. The same, which was shown to the Telegraph reporter at the drug store, was broken from a lump weighing forty-two pounds. It resembles a piece of tallow very much. Ambergris is a solid fatty substance, of a dull gray color, the shades being variegated like marble and possesses a peculiar sweet earthy odor. It is a morbid secretion found in the intestines of the spermaceti whale, and is generally found floating on the seashore and in lumps weighing from one-half an ounce to 100 pounds. The sample is still in the hands of the Digby druggist, and will probably be sent to the States, where a deal will be made for the whole. It is needless to say that Mr. Kinghorn, who was so lucky in making the find, is being congratulated from all quarters upon his rapid rise on the road to wealth.

The Fixity of the Fiddle.

When you come to think of it, it is a curious and bewildering circumstance that, in a world and in an age where progress is one of the laws of existence, the violin should be to-day, not only as to form and all essential details, exactly what it was some 300 years ago, but that it is even now a less perfect instrument than it was when the old masters were warming their glue pots and mixing their vaunted varnish and chipping out their blocks of wood in the little Italian town of Cremona, now two centuries back. Mr. Gladstone has said somewhere that to perfect that wonder of travel, the locomotive, has not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application than to perfect a violin. But then you can put the locomotive into the march of progress; the violin you can't. In this respect it stands alone among musical instruments.

Flutes have been improved, new types of clarionet have been evolved, the harpsichord and the spinet have given place to the pianoforte, organs have come to be controlled by electricity—everything, in short, in the way of musical instruments has tended toward advance and improvement, while the construction of the violin is numbered—at any rate by the enthusiasts who run the fiddle prices into four figures—among the arts which have been and are not. The experience of centuries and the ingenuity of many generations of skilled mechanics have been altogether unavailing, and violinists to-day are content to starve themselves that they may give hundreds, nay, even thousands, for instruments which did not produce tens when they first left the workshops at Cremona.—Chambers' Journal.

Finds Gold Coin on His Farm.

William Stoffelt, an old German farmer in Webster County, Missouri, has suddenly become rich. While digging a well in his stock pasture workmen struck an iron safe, which was found to contain $11,000 in gold coin. A portion of a human skull was also found. It is supposed to have been an Indian grave, as the Kickapoo Indians formerly occupied that portion of the state. Where the gold came from is a mystery, which may never be solved. The most plausible theory is that it represents the plunder of a robbery committed long before the war by the Kickapoo Indians. It is known that about the year 1820, or possibly some years later, an army paymaster, whose name cannot now be recalled, while en route to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, to pay off the soldiers stationed there, lost a large sum of money in an encounter with the Indians. The government attempted to recover it, but without success. This may be the government's long lost treasure, but Stoffelt is in possession now and took the necessary legal precautions to hold it against all comers. Unless the government or somebody else can show a clear title to the money it will be Stoffelt's absolutely after one year. A great crowd of curiously inclined people besieged the banks as the gold was being taken from a buggy and placed in a vault.

"Uncle Billy" Hubbell of Bath, N. Y.

From the Advocate, Bath, N. Y.

Residents of Bath, N. Y., have taken a great fancy of late to Lake Salubria, which lies just outside the village, and during the past two years a score of new cottages have gone up on its shores. Choice locations are becoming scarce and the early settlers are careful now to keep what dooryard they have left. Your correspondent visited the Lake recently and dropped in to see "Uncle Billy" Hubbell in his comfortable cottage under the pines. Mr. Hubbell established himself at the Lake before the boom commenced, and has one of the prettiest locations there.

Mr. Hubbell said that this was the first spring in twenty years in which he had been free from his old enemy, sciatic rheumatism. He thought he had contracted this disease while running as express messenger on the Erie and other railroads between 1849 and 1859, although he did not feel its acute symptoms until some fifteen years later. Mr. Hubbell is now the second oldest expressman in the United States and recalls many interesting reminiscences of these early days. In 1876 he went to the Western frontier, and has suffered from sciatic rheumatism ever since. Speaking of the many efforts he had made to get relief from this painful ailment, he said that while in New Mexico he visited the Las Vegas and Hamas springs, and later he tried those at Manitou, Col., and Little Rock, Ark. Coming east he tried the White Sulphur Spring, Ohio, St. Catherine, Can., and Clifton and Avon, in New York, but without being able to get the slightest relief. As he advanced in age, his trouble became more painful. "Why," he exclaimed, pointing to the farm house of William Burleson, about six hundred feet distant, "I would yell so when those twinges caught me that they could hear me down there."

William H. Hallock, owner of Hallock's bank, in Bath, is a nephew of Mr. Hubbell, and last winter he insisted that "Uncle Billy" should try Pink Pills for Pale People for his rheumatism. Mr. Hubbell is free to say that he had no faith in the pills whatever, and only tried them because of the insistence of Mr. Hallock. He had already tried "more than a million remedies" before he came to Pink Pills and as none had rendered him the slightest benefit, he was pretty well discouraged. However, to please Mr. Hallock, he got a box of Pink Pills. Since then (some three or four months), Mr. Hubbell has not felt a single trace of rheumatism, and is now on his fourth box of the pills. He cannot explain how this marvelous relief was effected, but feels sure it was the pills which did it, and is now as enthusiastic in their endorsement as was his nephew, Mr. Hallock. Mr. Hubbell now comes into Bath almost every day, and says he could ride a bicycle if he only had some one to help him on and off.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of May, 1896.

W. P. FISH, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

A fault will attract more attention to us than a virtue.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The man who has no God to worship worships himself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

We best serve ourselves when we best serve others.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, 1894.

Try to be independent without letting people know it.

There are
soaps and soaps
but only one

Sunlight Soap

which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort.

Makes homes brighter
Makes hearts lighter

Lever Bros., Ltd.,
Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Chickens EARN Money

IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

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