Domestic Scene in 1950. "Say, pa," inquired little Johnny Sprockett, "what is a pedestrian?"

"A pedestrian?" repeated Mr. Sprockett, scratching his head in a thoughtful manner. "Pe-des-tri-an," he mused, "Let me see! Oh, yes, of course. Why, that is what they used to call people when they walked."-Ohio State Jour-

All the money dropped in speculation is dropped by men who are trying to pick it up.

A firm in Phoenix, Arizona, obtained 5000 pennies to introduce them in the trade of

What is Tetterine?

It is a fragrant, unctuous cintment of great It is a fragrant, uncludes on the detection could be aling power. It is good for Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema and all roughness of the skin. It stops pain and itch it gatones and if properly used will positively cure even the worst of chronic cases. So cents at a dust store or by mail for 50 cents in stamps. J. T. samptrine, Savannah, Ga.

It would keep a half dozen harvesting machines busy gathering in the crop of wild oats sown by some young men.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting d rectly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:

F. J. CHYNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggiste, 50.

It is estimated that over twelve million pounds of human hair are used annually for adorning the feminine heads of the ciri ised world. Four tons is the allowance for New York City.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablete. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The want of employment in Melbourne, Australia, has created a new "profession. Those who sit on the Coroner's jury get four shillings a day. There is a rush for those

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gurns, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c, a bottle.

If all the lies told in a political campaign were nailed, the nail factories would have to run twenty-four hours a day.

Chew Star Tobacco - The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The world will never get any better until children are an improvement on their par-

Fits permauently cured. No fits of nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nervo Restorer. % trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINK, Ltd., % Arch St., Phils., Pa. The druggist would rather sell a pound of

cure than an ounce of prevention. I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE Dong-LASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

Cows are not milked by machinery, but

Weak Stomach

Indigestion Causes Spasme-Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

"I have always been troubled with a weak stomach and had spasms caused by indigestion. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not been bothered with spasms, and I a ivise anyone troubled with dyspepsia to take Hood's Sarsaparitla." Mas. Hoarow, Prattsburg,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Hours of Torture.

In the last great day, when judgment is passed upon the quick and the dead, I hope to stand expectant and absorbed to know what will be the fate of the man who invented the third-class carriage upon French railways. The steerage of a vessel is paradise compared to these instruments of torture, writes an American traveling abroad.

To begin with, the compartment car could only have been created in a country where there are classes. The long, open, social, cheery, American car is too democratic even for democratic France. All castes may travel on the same train, but there must be opportunity for the noble and the rich bourgeoise to exclude themselves from those who, by reason of poverty or vulgarity, are offensive to them.

In France third-class apartments are the most uncomfortable of plank seats and backs, and the "oinnibus" train is one which stops at every station. Two seats run crosswise of the car. You face the passengers on the other seat, and whether your vis-a-vis is man or woman feet are unavoidably entangled; and if your opposite be a woman you are constantly in peril of being accused of a pedal familiarity of which you are wholly innocent. This is a fault which also extends to first and second class apartments.

Strong Evidence.

He-Why, look here! Jenkyns has

Young Mamma-Well, I knew there was something queer about him. Why, once the poor man actually told me his little son was neither bright, beautiful nor particularly well behaved.-Truth.



WEEKLY SERMONS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Grandeurs of the Frost.

The Fourth of the New York Herald's Competitive Sermons is on "Enthusiasm," and the Author is William G. Cassard, Chaplain at Fortress Monroe.

TEXT: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to lo, do it with thy might."—Eccles., ix., 10. Solomon in this text gives us one very It is not enough that we should find work, but to this must be added the quality of intense enthusiasm in its performance

Enthusiasm is at once the proof of sincerity and the advance guard of victory. There are two ways of working—as a hire-ling and as an enthusiast. The bireling gets through with his work and is glad he is done. So is his employer. The en-thuslast does his work, finds happiness and profit and further and more remunerative employment. I sat at my window watching a boy shoveling coal into the cellar. His steps were toilsome and slow, his countenance dejected in the extreme; he appeared to be almost sick. I left the window to escape a painful sight.

An hour later I crossed a nearby vacant An hour later 1 crossed a hearty vacant lot and found the street gamin engaged in a game of baseball. "Jones at the bat!" shouted the "umpire." Jones stepped out with lordly mien and seized the bat, eager for the fray. How he did bang the ball! How he did run the bases! I was quite astounded to discover in Jones, the hero of the ball field, my erstwhile martyr of the coal pile! At putting away coal he was a dismal failure; at playing baseball he was first choice on a scrub nine. At the one he was the hireling, at the other the enthusi-ast. The conqueror, the discoverer, the Inventor, the great leader of men have all been enthusiasts. They have blazed the pathway of triumph along the march of ages and mediocrity has gleaned after

1200 Enthusiasmis not permitted to work in solation, but begets enthusiasm, compels a hearing, secures a constituency. A onearmed newsboy in Baltimore is an ienthusiastic paper seller. He has the first morning edition and the last evening "extra." Workmen hurrying to their work buy papers as they return his cheery, business-like greeting, while the tired merchant on his homeward way at evening is a willing investor in the wares of this en-thusiastic little news agent. The spirit of

that boy is the pledge of his future success. Men do not need opportunity so much as opportunity needs men. An enthusiastic quest will discover countless opportunities. This continent waited through unknown centuries for Columbus. A material world with resources little more than dreamed of awaits the coming of countless enthusiastic searchers, who will pre-empt their rich claims. The spiritual world awaits the coming of the enthusiastic The Divine teacher has shown the church. way. A life of righteousness, faith and sac-

rifice will win victories and receive a crown. There is one point at which we must Enthusiasm must not be confounded with the mere effervescence of spirit aroused by a passing novelty. Some really brilliant men waste all their energies in running after some new thing only to

ose interest when the newness is gone. True enthusiasm is a great purpose per sistently, earnestly and intelligently hered to, and as such has been and will continue to be a conquering force in whatever field its activities may be employed. WILLIAM G. CASSARD,

Chaplain U. S. Navy, Fortress Monroe, Va. GRANDEURS OF THE FROST.

Dr. Talmage Discourses of the Winters of the Bible.

TEXT: "By the breath of God frost is given."-Job xxxvii., 10.

Nothing is more embarrassing to an organist or planist than to put his finger on a key of the instrument and have it make no response. Though all the other keys are in full play, that one stience destroys the music. So in the great cathedrai of nature if one part fails to praise the Lord the harmony is halted and lost. While fire and hall, snow and vapor respond to the touch of inspiration, if the 39,000 horses started for the stream. frost made no utterance the orchestral rendering would be hopelessly damaged and the harmony forever incomplete. white key of the frost sounds forth as mightily as any of the other keys, and when David touches it in the Psalms it sounds forth the words: "He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and when Job touches it in my text, it resounds with the

In this course of Sabbath morning ser-mons on "God Everywhere" I have already Bible; or, God among the stars; the con-chology of the Bible; or, God among the shells; the ornithology of the Bible; or, God among the birds; the pomology of the Bible; or, God among the orchards; and today I speak to you of the winters of the Bible; or, God among the frosts.

As no one seems disposed to discuss the mission of frost, depending upon Divine help, I undertake it. This is the first Sabbath of winter. The leaves are down. The warmth has gone out of the air. The birds have made their winged southward. The landscape has been scarred by the autumnal equinox. The huskers have rifled the corn shocks. The night sky has shown the usual meteoric restlessness of November. Three seasons of the year are past, and the fourth and last has entered. Another element now comes in to bless and adorn and instruct the world. It is the frost. The palaces of this King are far up in the arctic. Their walls are glittering congelation. Castles and Tuileries and Winter Palaces and Kenilworths and Alhambras of ice. Temples with pendant chandeliers of ice. Thrones of iceberg, on which eternal silence reigns. Theatres on whose stage eternal cold dramatizes eternal winter. Pillars of ice. Arches of ice. Crowns of ice. Charlots of ice. Sepulchres of ice. Mountains of ice. Dominions of ice. Eternal frigidity. From these hard, white, burnished portals King Frost descends and waves his silvery scepter over our temperate zone. You will soon hear his heel on the skating pond. You already feel his breath in the night wind. By most considered an enemy coming here to benumb and hinder and slay, I shall show you that the frost is a friend, with benediction divinely pronounced and charged and surcharged with lessons potent, beneficent and tremendous. The Bible seven times alludes to the frost, and we must not ignore it. "By the breath of God frost is

I know that to many the season of frost is a season of suffering. I remember two rough wood cuts years ago, in a book or newspaper. They were called "A Winter Scene." The snow had begun to fall, and in the door of a comfortable home stood a healthy boy, with ruddy cheek, tippeted and mittened, shouting with glee: "It snows! It snows!" In the wood cut op-posite stood a boy looking out of the broken window of a wretched tenement, himself wan and hungry and shivering with cold, and as he sees the white flakes begin to fall he cries out with apprehension and horror: "Oh, my God! It snows! It snows!" But while the frost means to some severe privation, we who have the comforts of this life ought to be able to take an intelligent

begins his work on the leaves and continues it on the window panes. With palette covered with all manner of colors in his left hand, and pencil of crystal in his right hand, he sits down before humblest bush in the latter part of September, and begins the sketching of the leaves. All are penciled, one by one, but sometimes a

whole forest in the course of a few days shows great velocity of work. Weenix, the Dutch painter, could make in a summer day three portraits of life size, but the frost in ten days can paint ten mountains in life

Michael Angelo put upon one ceiling his representation of the "Last Judgment," but the frost represents universal conflagration upon three thousand miles of stretched-out grandeur. Leonardo da Vinci put upon a few feet of canvas our Lord's "Last Supper" for all ages to admire, but the frost puts the gleaming chalices of the imperial glories of the last supper of the dying year on the heights and lengths and breadths of the

Alleghanies.
You will soon waken on a cold morning and find that the windows of your home have during the night been adorned with curves, with coronets, with exquisiteness, with pomp, with almost supernatural spectacle. Then you will appreciate what my text says, as it declares, "By the breath of God frost is given." You will see on the window pane, traced there by the frost, whole gardens of beauty, ferns, orchids, daffodils, heliotropes, china asters, foun-tains, statues, hounds on the chase, roe-bucks plunging into the stream, battle sceffes with dying and dead, catafalques of kings, triumphant processions, and as the morning sun breaks through you will see cities on fire and bombardment with bursting shell and illuminations as for some ing shell and filuminations as for some great victory, coronations and angels on the wing. All night long, while you were sleeping, the frost was working, and you ought not to let the warmth obliterate the scene until you have admired it, studied it, absorbed it, set it up in your memory for perpetual refreshment, and realize the force and magnitude and intensity of my text. "By the breath of God frost is given."

He to a study Christian who thinks so

He is a stupid Christian who thinks so much of the printed and bound Bible that he neglects the Old Testament of the fields, nor reads the wisdom and kindness and beauty of God written in blossoms on the orchard, in sparkles on the lake, in stars in the sky, in frost on the meadows. The greatest jeweler of all the earth is the

But I go a step further, and speak of the frost as an evangelist, and a text of Scrip-ture is not of much use to me unless I can find the gospel in it. The Israelites in the wilderness breakfasted on something that ooked like frozen dew. The manna fell on the dew and the dew evaporated and left a pulverized material, white and looking like frost; but it was manna, and of that So now, this morning, mixed they ate. with the frozen dew of my text, there is manna on which we may breakfast our You say the frost kills. Yes, it kills some things, but we have already seen that it gives health and life to others. This gospel is the saver of life unto life, or death unto death. As the frost is mighty, the gospel is mighty. As the frost de-scends from heaven, the gospel descends from beaven. By the breath of God frost is given. By the breath of God the gospel is given. As the frost purifies, so the grace of God purifies. As the frost vests the earth, so grace bejewels the soul. As the frost prepares for food many things that otherwise would be inedible, so the frost of trial ripens and prepares food for the

Thank God for frosts. What helped make Milton the greatest of poets? frost of blindness. What helped make Washington the greatest of generals? frosts of Valley Forge. What make it appropriate for one passing John Banyan's grave to exclaim, "Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers?" The frosts of imprisonment. The greatest college from which we can trials fit for especial work. Just now watch, and you will see that trouble is preparative and educational. That is the grindstone on which battle axes are sharpened. Without complaint take the hard knocks. You will see that after a while, though you may not appreciate it now, that by the breath of God frost is given. Let the corners of your mouth, so long drawn down in complaint, be drawn up in imiles of content

For years poets and essayists have celebrated the grace and swiftness of the Arabian horses. Do you know where these Arab horses get their fleetness and poetry of motion? Long centuries ago Mahom-med, with 30,000 cavalry horses on the A minute after an armed host was seen advancing, and at Mohammed's command one hundred bugles blew for the borses to am more than glad that I can tell that the fall in line, but all the 30,000 continued the wild gallop to the river, except five, and they, almost dead with thirst, wheeled into line of battle. Nothing in human bravery and self-sacrifice excels that bravery and self-sacrifice of those five Arabian war horses. Those five splendid steeds Mohamwords: "By the breath of God frost is med chose for his own use, and from those five came that race of Arabian horses, for ages the glory of the equestrian world. And let me say that, in this great war of addressed you on the astronomy of the bible or. God among the stars: the conhorses are descended from those who, after pang and self-denial and trouble, answered the Gospel trumpet and wheeled into line. Out of great tribulation, out of great fires, out of great frosts they came. And let me say, it will not take long for God to make up to you in the next world for all you

have suffered in this. As you enter heaven God may say "Give this man one of those towered and colonnaded palaces on that ridge of gold overlooking the Sea of Glass. Give this woman a home among those amarathine blooms and between those fountains tossing in the everlasting sunlight. Give her a couch canopied with rainbows to pay her for all the fatigues of wifehood and motherhood and housekeeping, from which she had no rest for forty years. Cup-bearers of heaven, give these newly-arrived souls from the earth the costliest beverages and roll to their door the grandest charlots, and hang on their walls the sweetest harps that ever thummed to fingers seraphic. Give to them rapture on rapture, celebration on celebration, jubilee on jubilee, heaven on heaven. They had a hard time on earth earning a livelihood, or nursing sick chil-dren, or waiting on querulous old age, or battling faisehoods that were told about them, or were compelled to work after they got short-breathed and rheumatic and dim-sighted. Chamberlains of heaven! Keepers of the King's robes! Banqueters of eternal royalty! Make up to them a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a millionfold, for all they suffered from swaddling clothes to shroud, and let all those who, whether on the hills, or in the temples, or on the thrones, or on jasper wall, were helped and sanctified and prepared for this heavenly realm by the Mission of the Frosts stand up and wave their scepters!" And I looked, and, behold, nine-tenths of the ransomed rose to their feet, and nine-tenths of the scepters swayed to and fro in the light of the sun that never ets, and then I understood, far better than I ever did before, that trouble comes for beneficent purpose, and that on the coldest nights the Aurora is brightest in the Northern heavens, and that "by the breath of God frost is given."

New Electric Light Plant.

In accordance with the policy of economy dopted by the Receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad an electric lighting plant has been installed at Philadelphia for the purpose of lighting the passenger station, yards, freight stations, freight yards, docks, roundhouses, machine shops, etc. Twice as many lights are in service now as when as many lights are in service how as when the company purchased the current from local lighting companies, yet the expenses have been reduced one-half. It took wenty miles of wire for the overhead conthe breath of God frost is given."

First, I think of Frost as a painter.

Have been reduced one-half. It took iwenty miles of wire for the overhead construction and a sub-marine cable is used in crossing the Schnulkill River. crossing the Schuylkill River.

Japanese Minister Hashi, who has reached San Francisco from Japan, says

FLASHES OF FUN.

Olebatch-The girls are not so pretty as they were twenty years ago. Miss Porte-Well, neither are you.

He-I envy the man who sang the tener solo. She-Way, I thought he had a very poor voice. He-So did I. But just think of his nerve!

An Eastern editor says: "Our women are accused of being fond of whistling. Well, so be it. What is more lovely than tulips well blown?"

Office Boy-There's a man outside, sir, says won't you please give him 10 cents for a bed? Slobson-Tell him to bring it in and I'll take a look at it.

First Maid-Mr. Spooney has had a miraculous escape. Second Maid-How? First Maid-He died upon the eve of his wedding day.-Toledo Bee. The Wife-What a sweet smile there

is on the baby's face, John! The Husband-Yes; he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me : wake .- Tid-Bits. He-They say iron enters largely into the composition of the numan system. She-I suppose that is the rea on

a man loses his temper when he gets The Bright Youngster.-Mamma, if I am good will I go to heaven? Mamma-Yes, dear. The Bright Youngster

-How'll I get back?-Cincinnati Tri-

"John, if you don't quit referring to me as 'the old woman' I'll make you sorry for it." "What will you do, dear?" "I'll be a new woman."-Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Gabbington-Why, Mr. Primpley, you are not looking well. Is it a fact, as reported, that you are subject to pains in your head? Primpley-No; there's nothing in it.

Not Necessary Now .- Bobbie Bunt ing-I guess that fellow must be engaged to sister at last. Willie Slimson -Why? "He has suddenly stopped giving me money."-Life.

"Henry, do you believe in the universal brotherhood of man?" "Believe in it? I should say so; down at the seashore this summer I had thirty-five sisters."-Detroit Free Press.

"The average man," remarked the observer of men and things, "will acknowledge the corn where the average woman would pretend it was a sprained ankle."-Detroit Journal.

Harris-Don't you think that a liking for oysters grows upon one? Gordon-Well, I don't know. Fact is, you know, it is seldom one sees the same oyster more than once.-Boston Transcript.

"I am so sorry, Charles, you don't admire my new frock. Everybody says graduate is the College of Frosts. Especial it is charming," said a young wife. "Your friends, my dear, pay you compliments: I pay your bills," replied her husband.

"If I should fall out of the hammock what would you do?' she asked. "I would catch you in my arms," he answered promptly. "Get ready," she said, with feminine impulsiveness .-Chicago Post. "A baby," remarked the observer of

men and things, "may not have as much sense as a man, bu. I don't imagine a baby believes every woman who comes along and tells him she loves him."-Detroit Journal. Puritan Youth-(Sunday evening.

long ago)-Prithee, Priscilla, thinkest thou it be truly goodly for maiden folks to kiss on Sunday? Puritan Maiden-I fear not; but thou knowest we be not married yet .- New York Weekly.

A Matter of Etiquette.-"Hicks is crazy about etiquette. He saw in the paper the other day that in the Lest circles the wife ladles out the soup, and he has consequently given up 'oup." "Why?" "He has no wife."-Tid-Bits.

"Great Scott, Rastus! You look as if you had been fighting a buzz-saw." "Yessah. I was in dat smash-up in de Bucktown Wheelmen's race." "I heard about that. How did it happen?" "Dollah fell out'n de pacemaker's pocket right in de middle ob de race."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sparring Teacher-What? No more lessons? Why, you only took two. Amateur (much the worse for wear)-You see, I wanted to take enough lessons so that I could learn enough about the manly art to lick a man. I've changed my mind now. I guess I will send the fellow down to take the rest of the lessons .- Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Photographer (to sitter)-I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Skeate. Sitter-Oh, did you? Photographer-Yes; and also your friend, Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle. Thanks.) And what an atrocious-looking hat she had on. (After a pause.) There, Miss Skente, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression .- Punch.

Sea Life. The forms of sea life in the upper por-

tion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth of 1,200 feet or so from the surface: but there then succeeds a barren zone, which continues to within 860 to 300 feet feet from the bottom, where the deep sea animals begin to

Coffins never have to be enlarged on account of the good that is interred with men's bones.



HYGIENIC VALUE OF SINGING.

It Develops Lnngs, Chest and Many

Other Bodily Organs. When one considers how many thousands of young men and women are studying the art of singing, and how very few of them ever learn it well enough to earn their living by it, or to give anybody much pleasure, one feels inclined to look on the vast amount of time spent on vocal exercises as so many hours wasted. But there is another point of view which is not often enough emphasized. In a recent number of a German journal devoted to laryngolgy Dr. Barth has an article discussing with German thoroughness the utility of singing from a bygienic point of view. Every bodily organ is

strengthened by exercise; singers exerrise their lungs more than other people; therefore, he says, we find that singers have the strongest and soundest lungs. The average German takes into his lungs 3,200 cubic centimeters of air at a breath, while professional singers

take in 4,000 to 5,000. The tenor Gunz was able to fill his lungs at one gasp with air enough to suffice for the singing of the whole of Schumann's song, "The Rose, the Lily," and one of the old Italian sopranists was able to tarill up and down the chromatic scale two octaves in one breath.

The singer not only supplies his lungs with more vitalizing oxygen than other persons do, but he subjects the muscles of his breathing apparatus for several hours a day to a course of most beneficial gymnastics. Almost all the muscles of the neck and chest are directly or indirectly involved in these gymnastics. The habit of deep breathing cultivated by singers enlarges the chest capacity, and gives to singers that erect and imposing attitude, which is so desirable and so much admired. The ribs. too, are rendered more elastic, and singers do not in old age suffer from the breathing difficulties to which others are so much subject. By exercising so many muscles singing furthermore improves the appetite, most vocalists being noted for their inclination to good meals. The nose of a singer is kept in a healthy condition by being imperatively and constantly needed for breathing purposes, the injurious mouth breathing so much indulged in by others being impossible in this case. That the ear, too, is cultivated, need not be added. In short, there is hardly any kind of gymnastics that exercises and benefits so many organs as singing

does .- New York Home Journal. Patience Rewarded. His first love's age was just twenty-five

When at twenty in marriage he sought

He failed; but again at forty did strive, And this time he married her daughter

Young Womanhood.

Sweet young girls! How often they develop into worn, listless, and hope less women because mother has not impressed upon them the importance of attending to 2

physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weaknessand periodical pain, and young girls tust budding into woman-

hood should be guided physically as well as morally. If you know of any young lady who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell every detail of her symptoms, surroundings and occupations. She will get advice from a source that

has no rival in experience of women's ills. Tell her to keep nothing back. Her story is told to a woman. not to a man. Do not hesi-

tate about stating details that she may not wish to mention, but which are

essential to a full understanding of her case, and if she is frank, help is certain to come!



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