The Most Common of All.

The most common of all ailments from sports of all kinds are sprains and bruises. The most common and surest cure of them is by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which is prompt in its action.

Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid, then adding a solution of permanganate of potash.

To Cure Constipution Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The Duke of Cambridge, who represented Queen Victoria at the funeral of the Austrian Empress, was also the representative of English royalty at the Empress' wedding.

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

The carbon obtained by burning sawdust is claimed to be purer than coke, and consequently is available for the manufacture

DEAR EDITOR:-If you know of a solicitor DEAR EDITOR:—If you know of a solicitor or canvasser in your city or elsewhere, especially a man who has solicited for subscriptions, insurance, nursery stock, books or tailoring, or a man who can sell goods, you will confer a favor by telling him to correspond with us; or if you will insert this notice in your paper and such parties will cut this notice out and mail to us, we may be able to furnish them a good position in their own and udjoining counties. Address,

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago.

Unless a man knows the very best way to buy, borrow and beg, he would better keep

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever, 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The man whom everybody likes is not apt

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss:

LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing 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 CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, and presence, this 6th day of December, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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A herring weighing six ounces or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTER-SON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

The dogs of war are the scamps who go into it for the money.

he Fall

With its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, dampness and decaying vegetation, is peculiarly trying to the health. A good Fall Medicine is as important and beneficial as Spring Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure, warts off malaria, creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and maintains the health tone through this trying season

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all liver lis. 20 cent

Where Noah Kept His Bees.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new public library. As he went up the steps (says the Ladies' Home Journal) he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," was the reply. "By the way, Hosmer," said Dr. Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?" "No," answered Hosmer. "In the ark hives," said the venerable preacher as he passed on.

As much injury to health may result from the eating of poisonous fungi under the guise of mushrooms, it is always safest to subject these (so-called) to some approved test. The simplest is to sprinkle salt upon the spongy part of the fungus and allow this to remain undisturbed for some minutes. If the mushrooms turn yellow under the action of the salt they are proved polsonous; if black, they are wholesome eating. Edible mushrooms have the spongy parts pinky red, with shadings of liver color. The flesh and stem are white, and the latter is solid and round in shape.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills

have done for

for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I hadfalling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint. all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could

not stand but a few minutes at a time. When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was

up and helped about my work. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 13134 pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for

weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

AN IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Subject: "The Hounded Reindeer"-Let Those Who Are Pursued by the Hounds of Persecution Run to the Glorious Lake of Divine Solace.

Texr: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."-Psa. xlii., 1.

David, who must some time have seen a a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the rockuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Jentral Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antiers jutted from long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The sloth-ful man roasteth not that which he took in

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antiers of a deer rend the leaves of the ticket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, bark-ng after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself. "That reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its leathered into the cool wave that washes its leathered fianks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.'"

The Adjrondacks are now poonly in the control of th

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking one summer with a hunter. I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued?" He said: "Ohyes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antiers and sniff the breeze and start for the Baguet or Local or

this antiered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say noth-ing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its antiers putting handles on cutters and the antiers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at subset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidity, impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscie, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion. whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the bounds, or rearing for its last fell under the hundred to the traver. shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the bounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide'to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pods and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and iolling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee O.God." Thee, O God.'

the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharpmuzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and, instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who falled to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are safd to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the reaim of God's Word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of Thy

on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circum-stances, and you are fighting society, and stances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antier against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers gliude to this resignation of antiers writers gliude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit com-plaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world-and if in any assembly between here and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have al-ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it. Had the roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the scent, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antiers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the banks of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of Heaven, and the stamp of its foot defles the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but

the fact that the whole pack is in full cry
after you is proof positive that you are
splendid game and worth capturing.
Yes, for some people in this world there
seems no let-up. They are pursued from
youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. Very distinguished are Lord Staf-ford's hounds, the Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays eight thousand five hundred dollars per year to her Master of Buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed, or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble

are owner and master.
But what is a relief for all this pursuit of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and be-reavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D, the One for whom David longed, and the One whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topment except thicket and garge and most speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has breeze and start for the Raquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell-boat or stand by the 'runaway' with rifle loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends that is one read of the order of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with boat or stand by the 'runaway' with rifle tempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin with anything loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partrides are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reinder real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antiered glory of the text makes the ment, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future; all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons, "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human

> it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or to use a been one of the most fortunate, or to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in ay field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Lifeto many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my Friend and ever-present help, I should be wretched and terror-stricken. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."
>
> Oh, when some of you get there it will

God."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when pushing his canoe far up North in the winter and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings! He was startled one day ashe heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked his rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insans from long exposure, approaching rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his cance and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for the lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were fired, and banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, iato the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of Heaven to spread the banquet and the bell-men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the turrets, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

GEN. JUAN AROLAS The Career in the Philippines of the Present Military Governor of Havana Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan, contributes an article on "The Malay Pirates of the Philippines." Speaking of the island of Sulu, where the dreaded Moros made their headquarters, Prof. Worcester says: Gen. Juan Arolas was the governor of the island at the time. Arolas, who is at present the military governor of Havana, is a man with a history. He has always been an outspoken republican, ready to fight for his convictions. In the days of republican success in Spain he is said to have cast the throne out of a window by way of showing his respect for royalty. After the fall of the Spanish republic he continued to display what was considered to be unseemly activity; and there is little doubt that when he was "honored" with an appointment as governor of Sulu, it was with the intention of exiling him to a place from which he would be unlikely to return. The town was very unhealthy, the defenses were inadequate, and the garrison was in constant danger of annihilation. Arolas was a man of many resources and of tremendous energy. His wretched town was peopled by native troops, Chinese traders, and deported convicts; but in spite of the unfavorable conditions which confronted him, he at once set himself to improving things. He made prisoners of the Moros, and compelled them to work in strengthening his defenses until these had been made impregnable. He improved the sanitation of the town, changing it from a perfect pesthole to an unusually healthy place. He constructed waterworks, built a splendid market place, and established a free school system and a thoroughly equipped hospital. His town became the wonder of the Philippines. Meanwhile he was making soldiers out of his slovenly native troops. After putting his town in a satisfactory condition and teaching his soldiers how to shoot, he sent to Manila for authority to attack the Moro stronghold at Maibun. It is said that his request was three times refused, and he was warned that his two regiments would be wiped out if he made the attempt. One evening he summoned the captain of a gunboat which was lying in the harbor and ordered him to take up position before Maibun and open fire at daybreak on the following morning. The officer refused to start. Arolas is reported to have the order (which, by the way, he had no authority to give) and facing a firing squad in the plaza. The officer decided to go to Maibun, and a strong guard was placed on his vessel to see

Meanwhile the gunboat had arrived, and the Moros were busy training their rude artillery on her. Promptly at dawn she opened fire, and as the Moros replied for the first time, Arolas and his men swarmed over the rear stockade. The Moros were taken completely by surprise, and although they fought desperately, suffered a crushing defeat. The sultan contrived to escape, but many of the important chiefs were killed or captured, their heavy guns were taken, and their fortifications destroyed. Arolas followed up his advantage, and attack succeeded attack until the fanatical Moslems were cowed as they had never been cowed before. An armed truce followed, and continued in force at the time of our visit. Arolas had several times escaped unscathed from deadly peril, and the Moros believed that he had a charmed life. They called him "papa;" and when "papa" gave orders, they were treated with considerable respect. He was strictly just, but absolutely merciless. Every threat that he made was carried out to the letter.

ter, and they knew it. How He Fought. Dukane-Before war was declared Spiffin was very anxious to fight, Gaswell-Well, he fought all through the war. "Did he?" "Yes; he fought shy

given him his choice between obeying that he did not reconsider his determination. At 11 o'clock that night Arolas placed himself at the head of his two regiments, had ammunition passed, and gave the order to march. The men had no idea where they were going, and before daylight found themselves hidden in the rear of Maibun

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For once the Moros had met their masof the recruiting officers."-New York

,

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