Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Catharbeauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-tic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all im-purities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, beils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All drug-gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The liquor question staggers the intemperate man more than any other.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, | 88.

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 CAMEN THE SWOTH to before me and subscribed in my Presence, this 6th day of December, SEAL A. D. ISSS. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, 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.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A true friend is one who never throws things up to you.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tollacco bablt cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 500, \$1. All druggists.

The next foreign celebrity who will visit our shores is Jehan Rictus, of Paris, known among his friends and admirers as the Poet of the Submerged Tenth.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The man who has to struggle for a living acquires a superior education,

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

A woman should never try to bang her hair by igniting the powder on her face. To Cure Constipution Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fall to cure, draggins's refund money. All things might come to the man who waits if starvation didn't get there first.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr., Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Strini bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLING, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa. It doesen't fatten a hungry man to make

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartle, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money. What some people don't know they are al-ways talking about.

Catarrh In the Head

as an inflammation of the mucous memorane lining the nasal passages. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradleates from the blood all scrofulous taints, rebuilds the delicate tissues and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5

Hood's Pilis cure all Liver Ills, 25 cents.

QUAINT CORNISH DIALECT.

"A hitched my foot in the sconce and to clunky for a fortnight."

Readers of recent popular dialect tales will probably take it for granted that this sentence is Scotch. It is, however, Cornish, and being interpreted means, "I caught my foot in the pavement, and struck the nape of my neck, and I was not able to swallow for a fortnight."

The dialect of Cornwall is rich and varied, but recent authors, with the exception of Mr. Quiller-Couch, have not pressed it into the service of literature; and even he has administered it in gently moderated doses to the unprepared public, which might not have accepted it at full strength.

A young child is mentioned in terms of endearment as "my 'ansome," or "tender deear," or even "tender worm." "Son" and "sonny" are used without the least relation to the age or sex of the person addressed. A son may sometimes be heard speaking to his own father as "my son," or a husband calling his wife "sonny!"

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About it. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully.

For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician. He said

nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh! you do not know how much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to all suffering women.-Mrs. Rosa Gaum, 720 Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of woman's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice about her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Improvements in Heaven"-Heaven Has Improved in Numbers, Society and Knowledge-A Great Consolution to Good People.

TEXT: "And I saw a new heaven."-Rev.

The sterotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in the new style in order tolarouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James's translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven, and translate it into model, phrase, we would translate it into mode:n phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical en-tertainment—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architec-ture—behold the temple! a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lesh whitned, and called and applicated. lash-whipped, and galled and unblanketed, and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revela-tion describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job, and David, and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is chang-ing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God'ssympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came, all through this vast country of immensity, inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other, and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side; and then St. John tried

to take the census of that city, and he be-came so bewildered that he gave it up. That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred or five hundred, or thousand years. I remember there are sixteen hundred millions membor there are sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years. If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city! Of course, all this takes for granted that Of course, all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into heaven as ever the light sped from a star, and that is one reason why heaven will knacked my nuddick, an' A wadn't able always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country. It will be a blessed and lively country. But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven must

giory, and how the census of heaven must run up! Many years ago a elergyman stood in a New England pulpit, and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a life-boat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nine-teen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth, entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city!

Again: I remark that beaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty or fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. New into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or lifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of with power of calculation mightler than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphyl What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Doctor James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health; and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy; and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftler sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect; and that struction of the human intellect; and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven, they must have studied only the A B U of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now accuminted.

Again: heaven is vastly improved in its Again: heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and now the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the apostle, were introduced into our social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summesfield should be added to your certhly circle; but heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not atown, or a city, or a village.

that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as heaven has in proved.

Again: I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good-cheer of announced

victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but new, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy at soiff communication by telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipres-ence-and we see only the secular relation: but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not sup-pose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the ques-tion is often asked before the throne. "What is the news from that world—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, ac-cording to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down 'D us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place—some ene who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you, to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life; to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

Now, I say these things about the changes in heaven, about the new improvements in heaven, for three stout reasons. First, because I find that some of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about which you have been thinking, praying, and talking so many years. Now be patient. I could see why you would want to go to an art gallery it some of the best pictures were to be taken away this week or next week; but if some one tells you that there are other beautiful pictures to come—other Kensetts, Raphaels, and Rubens; other masterpieces to be added to the gallery—you would say, "I can afford to wait. The place is improving all the time." Now, I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching heaven time." Now, I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching heaven and leaving this world. Not one glory is to be subtracted, but many glories added. Not one angel will be gone, not one hierarch gone, not one of your giorified friends gone. By the long practicing the music will be better, the procession will be longer, the rainbow brighter, the coronation grander. Heaven, with magnificent tion grander. Heaven, with magnificent addenda! Why will you complain when you are only waiting for something better? Another reason why I speak in regard to the changes in heaven, and the new im-provements in heaven, is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and enterprising good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active forty or fifty or fixty years it would be a shock to stop you sud-denly and forever; but here is a progressive heaven, an ever-accumulative heaven, vast enterprise on foot there before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive goodness, aggressive power, aggressive grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life in everlasting inoccupation. O busy men, I tell you of a heaven where there is something to do! That is the meaning of the

passage, "They rest not day nor night," in the lazy sense of resting. I do not think it was superstitious when, one Wednesday night I stood by a death-bed within a few blocks of the church where I preached, and on the same street, and saw one of the aged Christians of the church going into glory. After I had prayed with her I said to her, "We have all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian all loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would give him our love." She said, "I will, I will:" and in twenty minutes she was in heaven—the last words she ever spoke. It was a swift message to the skies. If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed lovel ones; and on the ing your departed loved ones; and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest place in heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland, and without sceptre, yet having your leved ones around you, you would choose the latter. I say these things because I want you to know it is a domestic heaven, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day; and heaven, so vastly more of a heaven a thousand times more of a a heaven, a thousand times more of a heaven, than it used to be, will be a better heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipation! I enter heaven one day. It is almost

empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshipers. I walk down and there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halis of heaven, and the great organs of eteroity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate, as though he were standing on guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel, "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victim out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the Judgment! This morning all the charlots, and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled airy, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel, I looked off over the battlements, and I saw that the fields the battlements, and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a biazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and pluxes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cometeries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was flery Judgment Day on earth was Jubice in Heaven, and I cried, "Doorkeepers of heaven, shut the gates; all heaven has come in! Doorkeepers, shut the twelve gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, fike bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the City!" and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mauso-leums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery Judgment Day on earth was Jubice in Heaven, and I cried, "Doorkeepers of heaven, shut the gates; all heaven has come in! Doorkeepers, shut the twelve gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the City!"

The joke you play on another fellow is a mean trick when he plays it on you.

"Some of us were taken sick from the effects of this. I was laid up several weeks in a field hospital from fever. From that time I was always afflicted more or less.

"About four years ago I became much over my case, and it began to look as if there was no hope for my recovery, and that the inevitable end was near.

"Last November I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The physicians said they were an excellent medicine, but would do no good in my case. But I tried them, and am glad I did, for I became better at once. Eight boxes taken according to directions cured me. I used the last of the pills about a year ago, and have not been troubled with my ailments since."

The power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Paic People in the vast number of disassed due to impure or poisoned blood has been demonstrated in thousands of instances as remarkable as the one related above.

CHARGE OF THE DERVISH.

Old Sheik Read His Koran as He Led His Men. It is sad to think that we shall never see again the charge of the true dervish. I am inclined to think that the great charge on the second brigade at Tamal, which shattered the square, the overwhelming attack at Abu Klea, and, finally, the beautiful advance at Gubat. were the most picturesque episodes of the mahdists' battles against the English, says the London Telegraph. As long as I live I shall never forget the memories of Gubat. It was a grim moment when the little force of guards and mounted infantry, perhaps not 800 strong, advanced to meet the huge army in front of them and to pierce a lane through, it to the Nile. Aching, anxious eyes watched them from the zareeba, where lay our general, stricken early in the day, and many wounded comrades, with only enough water to last till morning. The vultures, anticipating a certain meal, soared over the little square, and the gazelles, rudely wakened by this unaccustomed strife, rushed madly here and there, or stood spell bound as we passed. At last we reached an open plain, and the mahdist host, which had been gathering round us, only waiting for a favorable moment to attack, massed on some rising ground to our left. For a moment the two forces halted, looking almost into each other's eyes. The English, despairing of victory, but calm and steady, each soldier wearing on his face that stern, determined look peculiar to an Englishman when he finds himself in a tight place. The mahdists, all animation and exultation, led by their emirs and standard bearers, stood forth in all their glory; 10,-000 spear tips glistened in the sunlight, and with loud cries of "Allah Akbar," this beautiful force dashed at its enemy. As the charge began the soldiers of the English square cheered. Whether there was something ominous in the sound-for, indeed, the cheer of English soldiers going into battle is a sound which no enemy can hear without emotion-or whatever was the cause the Arabs checked their charge

and paused for a moment, as one sometimes sees a huge flight of birds stoop before they turn in their flight; it was but for one instant, then the hope and flower of mahdism, like a great wave whose white crest was formed by a thousand banners, dashed out its strength against the wall of determined men, who waited silently at the bottom of the hill. Nor is it easy to forget the surpassing bravery of the old sheik who led his men into the square at Abu Klea. Amid the storm of battle he rode calmly in front of his men reading his koran, up to the muzzles of our rifles, and fell actually inside the square. I saw him afterward and never saw a face so calm and serene. NONPLUSED JOKERS. One Verse of Poetry Paid for Robble Burns' Dinner.

Here is a story told of Robert in his youth: Burns was living in the lown of Ayr, and, though still young. had attained more than a local reputation as a poet. One day he was passing through the main street of the lown and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them. Seeing him, and thinking that the rustic might afford them some amusement while waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation and proved a merry, entertaining guest. When dinner was nearly finished the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at verse making, and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in their challenge, believing that their rustic guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were read and Burns read the following: "I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep; two sheep saw me. Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free." The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed: "Who are you? You must be

Hardships of Army Life. From the Press, Milroy, Ind. One of the first to offer their services for the country in the Civil War was A. R. Sefton, of Milroy, Rush Co., Ind. He made a good record. The life of every soldier is a hard one, and Mr. Sefton's case was no exception. "We were in Tennessee, penned in on all sides. Our rations were very scarce." said he, "and we had begun to go on quarter allowance, and as the rain was not enough to replenish the wells or streams, our canteens went empty. We were hurtled on, and the only way to quench our thirst was to go down on our hands and knees and drink from the hoof tracks made by the horses.

Robbte Burns."



Our Canteens Were Empty.

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soiled. Dirt rots the fibre and invites moths.

Never wash a blanket with any other than Ivory Soap. Use warm (not hot) water and dry in a place where there is no exposure to wind, sun, or too hot or cold air.

Blankets that have been improperly washed are hard and coarse to the touch, when washed properly with Ivory Soap they feel soft, warm and fleecy.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 1/200 PER CENT. PURE.

FOR CONCRETE ON CO

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Things not to be smiled at in themselves may take on a humorous aspect through the manner of their expres sion. An English paper says: An old country sexton, in showing visitors round the churchyard, used to stop at a certain tombstone and say: "This 'ere is the tomb of Tummas 'Ooper an' 'is eleven woives," On one occasion a lady said, "Eleven? Dear me! that's rather a lot, isn't it?" The old man looked at her gravely, and replied, "Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of 'is'n."

An Excuse.

'I think," said she, "that I shall go to the fancy ball as a tax list." comprehend," said he, with his customary quickness. "You wish to represent something that will permit you to not have on more than half you ought to."-Indianapolis Journal.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$i. Cure guaran-Sterling Remedy Co. Chicago or New York

The best efforts of the chairmaker are continually being sat upon.

Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c.a bottle. Positive, bet; comparative, bettor; super-

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894. It isn't what a man gives, but the way he gives it, that shows his true character.

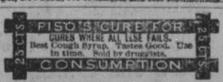
SOMEHOW AND SOMEWHERE AMONG THE MUSCLES AND JOINTS The Pains and Aches of

RHEUMATISM CREEP IN. Right on its track

St. Jacobs Oil CREEPS IN. It Penetrates, Searches, Drives Cut.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cores worst teatment Free. Dr. B. H. GEERN & SONB. Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED—Case of bad health that BIPANS will not benefit Send here, to Ripans the mical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonical



RETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ing Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for som stomach." JOS. KHEHLING, 1221 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.



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Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELLESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug pusicess, have never sold sharriede that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic.

Yours truly.

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"GRANDER THAN ALL THE BANNERS
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Song, "I AM GOING HOME TO MOTHER" Famous Hobson Waltz
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Send this notice with One Dollar to Robt, B. Wills, Lock Box St. hagerstown, Md. and get hix months' treatment of the greatest Vegetable Broof Purifier discovered, with full directions for use and a positive guarantee to cure any case of India stion. sick Headache, Rheumatism and Consupation or money refunded. Try it and be convinced. Address as above.

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