Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."
Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The American Crowds.

While he was still in this country Prince Henry was reported to have said handsome things about the American crowds. Now that he has arrived home they are still his theme. "Nowhere else in the world are the crowds so well behaved as in America, and they themselves are their own controllers." The point of the compliment to the German mind will be found in the last sentence. No crowd in Germany, on an occasion similar to the demonstrations which attended Prince Henry here, would be suffered to be its own controller. Soldiers by the thousand would control it. It would not be safe to let a crowd be uncontrolled, not safe for the guests, the people gathered to see, not safe for the people themselves. There are many other things besides German crowds that have to be controlled by show of force. A people which governs itself, choosing the administrators of the laws, from highest to lowest, gets a training in self-control that serves upon all occasions of ordinary excitement.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

From the Treasurer of the Young People's Christian Temperance Association, Elizabeth Caine, Fond du Lac, Wis.

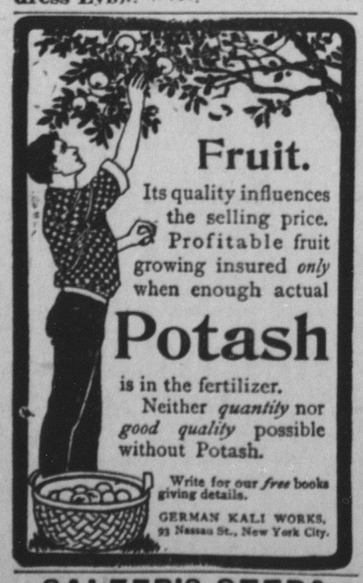
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to tell you and all the young ladies of the country, how grateful I am to you for all the benefits I have received from **using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I suffered for

MISS ELIZABETH CAINE.

eight months from suppressed menstruation, and it effected my entire system until I became weak and debilitated, and at times felt that I had a hundred aches in as many places. I only used the Compound for a few weeks, but it wrought a change in me which I felt from the very beginning. I have been very regular since, have no pains, and find that my entire body is as if it was renewed. I gladly recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to everybody."—MISS ELIZABETH CAINE, 69 W. Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis.—*$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance for woman's ills of every nature.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. Address LYNN, Mass.



SALZER'S SEEDS.
Great catalogue, with large number of seed samples, mailed on receipt of 10c. Worth $10.00 to get a start. Salzer's Magic Crushed Shuttle. Best on earth. $1.35 per 200 lb. bag; $3.75 for 500 lbs. $5.50 for 1000 lbs. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED To sell a Good Practical Patent Article. Address W. LEE WOODS, of John Woods & Sons' Bank. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Estab. '82 **SCALES** of every description. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write for prices. JESSE MARDEN 109 S. Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

The Wrong Funeral.

"Look here, my dear," said the man to his wife as he glanced through the obituary notices in the paper, "here is poor Aunt Jane dead; she is going to be buried this evening, and I ought to go to the funeral."

"Of course you should," said Dear; "you must get ready at once and hurry off."

In ten minutes the man was on the street car and in half an hour in the church where the service was to be held. It was a long time since he had seen Aunt Jane (he was a busy man), and he had almost forgotten her existence. But as he sat there in the big bare church a feeling of sadness stole over him. He remembered the early days of his childhood, when Aunt Jane was a frequent visitor at the house, and the many little kindnesses she had done for him. His childhood seemed so far away; there had been so many changes since, so many of the people associated with it had passed away, and, as he thought of it all, the tears rose to his eyes. The ceremony proceeded and the mourners at last passed up to the front for a last look at the face of the dear one. The man, his eyes still moist, stopped suddenly for a second as he looked upon the quiet face, and then he looked again. He had not seen Aunt Jane for a long time, but he knew her well enough to know that while this was a woman of about the same age and evidently the same name, it was not Aunt Jane. He drew a long breath as he passed down the aisle and out into the street, and now he does not attend funerals without a previous investigation.

The Patter Discounted.

"Ah! Nature, noble Nature!" exclaimed the maiden, in a rapture of delight. "Oh! Mr. Spooneigh, is there anything more delightful than to sit here and listen to the gentle patter of the raindrops?"

"Ah—really, I—er—I think the supreme delight of my life just now would be to remember who borrowed my umbrella last."

B. B. B. SENT FREE.

Cures Blood and Skin Diseases, Cancers, Bone Pains, Itching Humors, Etc.

Send no money, simply try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. B. B. B. cures Pimples, scabby, scaly, itching Eczema, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Bone Pains, Swellings, Rheumatism, Cancer, and all Blood and Skin Troubles. Especially advised for chronic cases that doctors, patent medicines and Hot Springs fail to cure or help. Druggists, $1 per large bottle. To prove it cures B. B. B. sent free by writing BLOOD BALM Co., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. All we ask is that you will speak a good word for B. B. B. when cured.

An electric carriage call has been devised, which is to be adopted at London theatres and other public buildings.

A Nasty Practice.

A nasty practice is what the Chicago Inter Ocean calls the pasting of repeated layers of wall paper, one upon another, thus covering up the filth and germs of disease that may be propagated in the very absorbent and decaying mass of flour paste, paper, animal glue, colors, etc.

They give opinions of eminent health officers and sanitarians, urging that such practice should be stopped by legal enactment, and also take occasion to say that these sanitarians recommend Alabastine as a durable, pure and sanitary coating for walls.

The Inter Ocean says: "This is a very important question, and, as it costs nothing to avoid this danger, why take any chances?"

How much of the alarming spread of smallpox and other diseases may be due to unsanitary wall coverings?

The planetoids, of which there are over 300 known, have all been discovered since January 1, 1801.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Coventry, England, the centre of the British bicycle industry, reports a revival of business.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The Krupp factory, the biggest iron working concern in the world, uses up 500 tons of steel a day.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists', 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

The acrobat is not the only person who should learn to take a tumble to himself.

Ring Worm Routed.

"Send box of Tetterine. It's the only thing that makes any impression on a stubborn Ring Worm."—Mrs. Katie Oldham, Montalba, Anderson County, Texas. 50c. by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

Some people couldn't break into society with a burglar's kit.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Metropolitan Police of London look after 8200 miles of roads and streets.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that is necessary. Sold by all druggists.

It takes sand to propose to a girl, but it takes rocks to marry her.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900

The man who keeps pace with his good intentions must be quite a sprinter.

HEAVENLY LIFE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Busiest Place in the Universe is Heaven.

A Glimpse of the King's Palace—An Impressive Half Hour in Eternity.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, a vivid glimpse of the splendors and glories of heavenly life is presented; text, Revelation viii, 1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the centre from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or chariot. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their charges. The doxologies were hushed and processions halted. The hand of arrest was upon all the splendor. "Stop heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The longest and widest domain that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to there was no utterance. But that silence has all been broken up in to worlds, and it has become a noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval, worlds in congelation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution.

If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a moment of silence since this world began its travels, and the crashing and the splitting and the uproar and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried, "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes when we are assailed and misrepresented the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer is the patient silence.

The famous Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, achieved as much by his silent patience as by his pen and tongue. He had asthma that for twenty-five years brought him out of his couch at 2 o'clock each morning.

In my text heaven spared thirty minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity, but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred and forty-four trillion?

Not only are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we now know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence in heaven for thirty days, I would not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes.

Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see, so many of the inscrutable things of earth we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no more opportunity for cessation.

How busy we will be kept in having pointed out to us the heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the female nurses who faced pestilence in the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they themselves perished. Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine just as he heard the waters rush in and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put in the bucket a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child, and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep five hundred million of them quiet half an hour? You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled.

Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and, if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour!

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven is measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. But the half hour of my text is made immortal.

The only part of eternity that was ever measured by the earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life in eternity.

The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, the half hours between professional calls as a physician that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase Chief Justice, the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson Vice-President of the United States, the half hours between canalboats that made James A. Garfield President.

The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for prayer or indolence, the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell.

The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there, the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel, the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars Hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life.

You may forget the name of the exact years or most of the important events of your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour?

Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal.

Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence!

Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the eternal orchestra, and they feel like saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N. Y., said after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience. "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have only thirty minutes for all heaven. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along His forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and His foot on the throne has on the round of His instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! What an overwhelming look of kindness and grace! Why, He looks as if He had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That is Martyr row. Do you see that immense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its burning splendor, for that is the wall of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson or the Alabama or the Rhine or the Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." That is the chief river of heaven—so bright, so wide, so deep. But you ask, "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer, "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the almshouses for the poor?" "They are all multimillionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why, they never die."

"Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to let you come out again. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now. I am now only showing you heaven at the dullest half hour of all eternities. Come on! There is something in the celestial appearance which makes me think that the half hour of silence will soon be over. Yonder are the white horses being hitched to chariots, and yonder are seraphs fingering harps as if about to strike them into symphony, and yonder are conquerors taking down from the blue halls of heaven the trumpets of victory. Remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour.

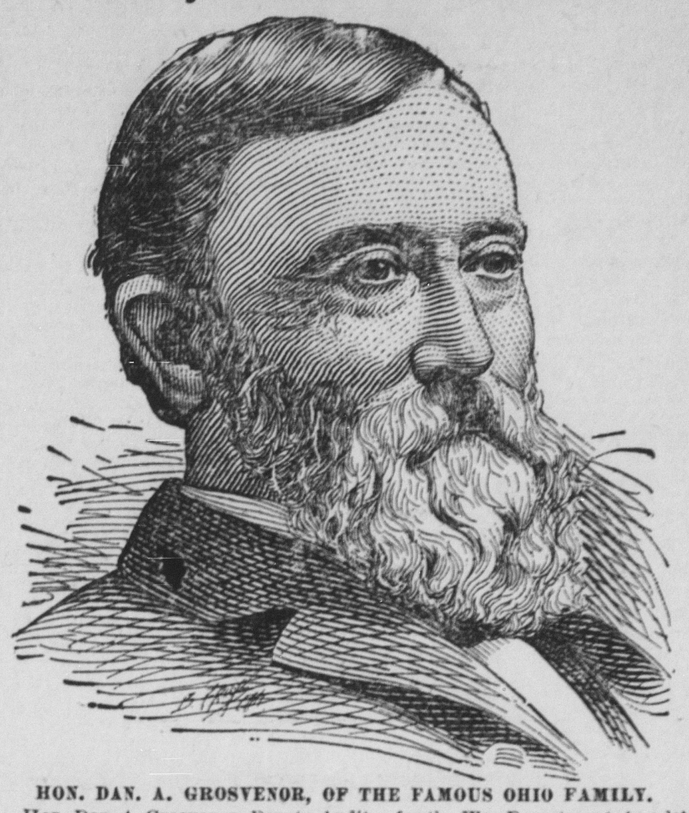
Hark! The clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your burdens. Fight a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its dullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp, and, instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles. These medals are pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army on great occasions, the royal family present and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the medal of the mutiny, the Victoria cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic and divine, while all heaven chants, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

[Copyright, 1902, L. Klopsch.]

DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

"Pe-ru-na is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy---I am as Well as Ever."



HON. DAN. A. GROSVENOR, OF THE FAMOUS OHIO FAMILY.

Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, Deputy Auditor for the War Department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy."
---DAN. A. GROSVENOR.

In a recent letter he says:

"I consider Peruna really more meritorious than I did when I wrote you last. I receive numerous letters from acquaintances all over the Country asking me if my certificate is genuine. I invariably answer, yes."---Dan. A. Grosvenor.

A Congressman's Letter.

Hon. H. W. Ogden, Congressman from Louisiana, in a letter written at Washington, D. C., says the following of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy:

"I can conscientiously recommend your Peruna as a fine tonic and all around good medicine to those who are in need of a catarrh remedy. It has been commended to me by people who have used it, as a remedy particularly effective in the cure of catarrh. For those who need a good catarrh medicine I know of nothing better."—H. W. Ogden.

Treat Catarrh in Spring.

The spring is the time to treat catarrh. Cold, wet winter weather often retards a cure of catarrh. If a course of Peruna is taken during the early spring months the cure will be prompt and permanent. There can be no failures if Peruna is taken intelligently during the favorable weather of spring.

As a systemic catarrh remedy Peruna eradicates catarrh from the system wherever it may be located. It cures catarrh of the stomach or bowels with the same certainty as catarrh of the head.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Easy to Accomplish.

"I am tired and sick of that fellow Dombell, and I want to cut his acquaintance. I want to do something that will keep him from ever speaking to me again."

"Yes?"

"Yes; and for that purpose I am going to take advantage of the first opportunity to lend him $5."

The Promoters.

"Let us make the capital stock $1,000,000,000," said the first promoter.

"All right," said the second, who was preparing the prospectus on the typewriter.

"Will it be hard to increase that capital?" asked the first.

"No, indeed. All I have to do is to hit this off key a few more times."

Lost His Rheumatism By the use of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.

SERGEANT JEREMIAH MAHER, of Ardcath, Royal Irish Constabulary, says: "My friend, Mr. Thomas Hand, has been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the back and joints for the last four years, during which time he has employed many different methods of treatment, but obtained no relief whatever, and for the last two years has been unable to walk without a stick, and sometimes two sticks, and was in great pain constantly. I induced him to procure a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which he applied with the most astonishing and marvellous effects. Before he had finished using the contents of the first bottle he could walk readily without the aid of a stick, and after a few applications from the second bottle he was free from pain, and has been ever since; and although fifty years of age and a farmer, he can walk and work without experiencing any pain or difficulty whatever."

VOGELER'S CURATIVE COMPOUND, the great remedy which makes people well; it is made from the formula of an eminent London physician. Send to St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., for a free sample bottle.

R·I·P·A·N·S

I have used Ripans for several years in my general practice as a first-class extempore remedy for late dinners' distress, and have carried them in my vest pocket in the little paper cartons. At banquets and at lodge meetings I have often passed one to an adjacent brother.

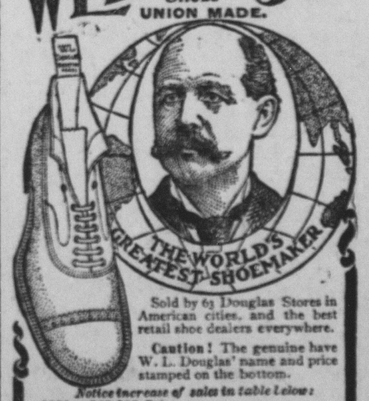
At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

GOOD WEATHER FOR DUCKS

IS GOOD WEATHER FOR YOU IF YOU WEAR THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING BLACK OR YELLOW
WET WEATHER PROTECTION IS GUARANTEED UNDER THIS TRADE MARK.
OUR FULL LINE OF WATERPROOF CLOTHING IS SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE EVERYWHERE.
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 56

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE.



Sold by 63 Douglas Stores in American cities, and the best retail shoe dealers everywhere.

Caution! The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on the bottom.

Notice increase of sales in table below:
1898 = 749,766 Pairs.
1899 = 898,182 Pairs.
1900 = 1,259,754 Pairs.
1901 = 1,566,720 Pairs.
Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

THE REASONS!
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers.
W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes placed side by side with $5.00 and $6.00 shoes of other makes are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary $3.00 and $3.50 shoes.
Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Colt and National Kangaroo.
Fast Color Eyelets and Always Black Hooks Used.
W. L. Douglas $4 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled.
Shoes by mail, 25 cts. extra. Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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