Subject: "Come."

TEXTS: "Come."-Gen. vi., 18. "Come."

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is this rord "Come." Six hundred and seventy-ight times it is found in the Scriptures. It eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the postdiluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabu-

nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empty ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of courch and from the seraging of the pressure of the serage of the pressure of the serage of the se lion chedoor of cource and from the serag-lios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come?" You may pronounce it so that all "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for

To-day I weigh anchor and haul in the planks, and set sail on the great word, al-though I am sure I will not be able to reach though I am sure I will not be able to reach the further shore. I will let down the fath-oming line into the sea and try to measure its depths, and though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word Come." The dictatorial and commandatory

"Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has in Christian work, and that woman who ha such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and the trials of twenty or thirty years be-fore they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come.

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sork, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." 'Come and see what we can win at this gam-ng table." "Come, enter with me this loubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity. read those infidel tracts on Christianity."
"Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand in ell under the power of the word "Come."

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and

she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is. 'Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart I married? What will drug have you given him that has turned." Is that the noble heart I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a flend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come?"

With that word which has done so much

have been, of the word "Come!"

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of Him; I fear I will not be ready to meet Him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are, and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Prince-Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shorest cut for the verse and he had a high server. sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shorput out for the rescue and he had a big boat and he got it so full it would not hold an other person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds heipless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had bigger boat?" Thank God, I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in: And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly amore the prosperous classes. In most cases it was

the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and cries which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in the world. the biggest fight in the world—the prosperi-ties or the adversities, the conspicuities or the ties or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; he reaches it and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm can of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects. tull of annoying insects.
On the other hand the unfortunate classes

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educa@d and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life, or half way netween, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come." It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle, armed only with needle, or saw, or ax, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shoelast, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency no one need be left in the lurch.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in a humbe home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire

ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house." And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house? she said 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years He has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and He will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help, though we do not see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but iI call them almighty deliverances and, though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of

Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need some will amount to hosting timess about the responsibility of giving this Gospal call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day, and in good health, and buoyant in this life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first traver were due or the first traver started or grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences, and say "Come?" What dismal work of confolence the world makes when it attempts to condole!

The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far West. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck a rut of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are thus con fused in the forest or on the moors, they fused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peeping through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round; for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one. "you Christian peo-ple keep telling us to 'Come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out tooks whith with and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will He then refuse entrance to His children? Will a Government at great expense build life saving stations all along the coast, and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the lifeline or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the out of His call. provide at the cost of His only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

sination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deat ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No no! You need believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things!" Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you area son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you area an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelu jah! Princes of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages.

I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man alive! are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the shain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No, no! As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souis to Christ, I will try the experiment of pilling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come, for all things are now ready." "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come."

The stroke of one bell in a tower may be s

and let him that heareth say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst come."

The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned, and rightly lifted, and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this

the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come?" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come?" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temole of the Lord God and the Lamb are chiming, "Come! Come!" Fardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the sent of the strife.

One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard down the encampement of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked. "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and down the encampement of the Russians went the question, "Who mays peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The Czar says, peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampements of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our King deciares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding." Everlasting peace!

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND. We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper consributed by one "Mary," which points out the modus operandi of preparing and cooking husoands. Mary states that a good many ausbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were pladders and blow them up; others seep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the nottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their ives-these women always serve them ap as sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and goodmanaged in this way, but they are on the contrary quite delicious when preserved. Mary points out her manner thus: Get a jar called the jar of cheerfulness (which by the way all wives have at hand), being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear and constant-cover him with quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation or any other cause. Garnish with modest, coming familiarity and innocent pleasantry, and if you add kisses, or confectioneries, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy, and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation. -New York Observer.

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.

Flannel underwear and woolen stockings would last two or three times longer than they ordinarily do if they were properly washed. Many people put them in the general wash, and let them go through the same as any other piece of clothing-from hot water into cold. This is all wrong; one such wash will shrink and stiffen woolens so that they will be very much smaller, and also harsh and thick. If properly washed, there is no necessity for woolen underwear or stockings becoming hard or discolored at all; they should be as soft when worn out as they were when new. White flannels of-ten assume a saffron tint after one bad washing, while with proper care they should remain white till they turn yellow with age.

The first thing to do is to make a lather of lukewarm water and some pure white soap (Castile or borax soap is best); a lit-tle borax may be also added, or ammonia, two tablespoonfuls to a pail of water. This will loosen the dirt, and also tend to keep the flannels soft. Put your woolens in this, and rinse up and down a great number of times until the flannels seem clean. Soap should never be rubbed on them, as it leaves a mark or hard streak wherever it is rubbed. Do not use a board; if there are any soiled streaks around the wrists or necks of shirts, rub between the hands. If the dirt will not move without soap, rub the soap on the palms of the hands (not on the flannels), and then rub the flannels between them. When the flannels are thoroughly clean, squeeze them out carefully, and put them into the rinse water. This should be lukewarm (never hot) about the same temperature as the water in which they have been washed. Rinse up and down until they are free from suds; then squeeze between the hands until you get them as dry as possible; never use a wringer, and try to do without even wringing with the hands. Hang up at once, and never let them lie in the clothes basket. Hang shirts by the shoulders at first, drawers by the belts, and skirts by the waistbands. When they are half dry, reverse the position, and let them finish drying.

Scarlet flannels, if they are of good quality, will keep their color if washed as above and each detail carefully attended to. Some old housekeepers, however, prefer to take the following precaution in regard to red flannels in order to be sure of their not fading: Mix a half cupful of flour with a quart of cold water, place over the fire, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Stir this into the warm suds in which the flannels are to be washed, and then proceed as above. Salt is sometimes used in washing colored woolen stockings in order to keep them from fading, but we have found it rather harsh, and prefer to wash them, as well as other woolens, as we have just described. In winter the flaunels are to be washed first before touching the other clothes, so that they may have plenty of time to dry. We prefer not to iron flannels, as they can be smoothed out with the hands and laid into shape. It you prefer to iron them, be sure and use a warm won (never hot), and press them on the wrong side .- American Agricultur-

RECIPES.

Mashed Turnips-Pare turnips, cut in slices, put them in salted boiling water and boil until tender; drain them well, then mash; add a lump of butter, salt and pepper.

Feather Cake-One cup sugar, one cup milk, two and a half cups flour, one tablespoonful butter, one egg, two tablespoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda. Flavor to taste.

Scalloped Onions—Boil onions unti tender, then separate them with a spoot or silver fork. Butter a deep dish, place in it a layer of bread crumbs and a layer of onions alternately, with salt, pepper and a little butter. Pour a little milk over it and put in the oven to brown.

Lunch Toast-Toast is something that one can prepare at a moment's notice and there are various ways of getting up inviting plates of toast for lunch. Add to one small cup of sweet milk one beater egg, a pinch of salt and two tablespoon-fuls of sugar. Dip stale sliced bread in this, then fry in hot butter on a griddle. a nice light brown.

A Poem on Courtship.

Insp ection.
Rej
Dej

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It seems not unlikely that electricity will be applied to smelting furnaces in the near future.

A very extensive domestic industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the extent of 300,000,000 annually, mostly

The average pulse in infancy is one hundred and twenty a minute; in manhood, eighty; at sixty years, sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The loss of heat in the pipes of a central steam supply system, when laid under ground and protected, will amount to about fifty per cent., as stated by superintendents of plants of

Dr. Stephen H. Emmons, the inventor of the explosive "emmonsite," has given directions for an alumnium-bronze gun at the Pittsburg Reduction Company's works. The gun will have a range of

A petroleum engine has been introduced in a lighthouse in Scotland for working the siren of the fog signal apparatus recently installed. The result is said to be excellent, giving security and promptness.

In his lecture on caves, at the meeting of the American Association, the Rev. Dr. Hovey exhibited a photograph made by L. Farini, of Bridgeport, Conn., from an ordinary negative, by means of the light of the fire-fly.

The Great Western Argentine Railroad is about to try the experiment of burning crude petroleum ir. its engines. It has contracted with a Mendoza company to take 100,000 cubic metres of crude petroleum at \$12 a metre.

One of the latest crazes in St. Louis, Mo., is that of riding upon the electric cars to cure rheumatism, and hundreds of victims of the dreaded affliction who have borne their sufferings in silence are now eagerly seeking for information and testing the new cure.

A lasting machine that enables one operator to last 3000 pairs of shoes a week is one of the latest things in laborsaving machinery. It tackles anything from light feminine footgear to the heaviest brogans, and the product is superior to hand-work.

A well-known manufacturer claims that the only proper way of making a ready-mixed paint in which there is a considerable portion of white lead and zinc white present, to keep indefinitely, is to emulsify the oil. This prevents the chemical action which the painter knows as "fatting," that is, prevents the formation of that particular kind of lead soap which will not dry.

THE POINT.

From & Catholie Archbishop down to the Poorest of the Poer all testify, not only to the virtues of

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Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled

with colds, and he Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumptionhis stomach. When-

ever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

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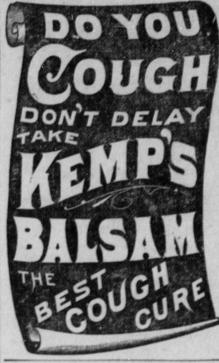
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