REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject :"The Brilliancy of Religion."

TEXT: "The crystal cannot equal it."-

Many of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wis-dom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would prenounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be nd in Cornish mine or Hartz mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pen-dants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the eardrop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declar-ing, "The crystal cannot equal it."

ing, "The crystal cannot equal it."

In the first place, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization, and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square, or it is is a rectangle, or it is a rhomboid, or in some way it hath a mathematical figure. Now, religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact God's law exact. God's decrees exact God's management of the world exact-never counting wrong, though He counts the grass blades, and the stars, and the sands, and the blades, and the stars, and the sands, and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providencesought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six sided prism. Born at the right time, dying at the right time. There are no "happen so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government pever frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became increase for the day. It did not just happen that the day. It did not just happen that the day. npetent for the day. It did not just hap ren that John Thomas, the missionary, on a eathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of F. W. Robertson's dog, he us, led to a line of events which brought n from the army into the Christian min-ry, where he served God with world renowned usefulness. It did not merely bap-

believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallog-raphy. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it." Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first dis-covered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adora-ments found now attached to the mumments found now attached to the mum-mies of Egypt. A great many commen-tators believes that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day; the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, wet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and

pen so. I believe in a particular provider

in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Sallsbury!
But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque? Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for wisdom, Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is trans-

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out—Sinai, the mountain of the law: Pisgab, the mountain of prospect; Olives, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hidekel, or the rivers of the Bible come out—Hidekel, or the river of paradisaical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces, and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion alony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them —the bread, the rock, the captain, the com-

Trains to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost you property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And way sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the whest, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for from the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him, and the people in the galleries jeering and shorting: "The lions for Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooped in the paper in the momen, and while there are many things that you will have to postpose to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and the limits and irradiate. Job was right, It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystaligrapher, and he sees in it indescribed from the eastern side of the slicer and archaeling from the eastern side of the slicer and archaeling. Crystal, the rain out of which it was a real Toltec rodent, for it came from the eastern side of the slicer from the eastern side of the slicer in and ripple. Crystal, the bedover which is thail roll of the shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But the crystal cannot equal it."

John says will be do over which it was the case and was a real Toltec rodent, for it came from the eastern side of the slicer state in the sea, expert say and the test of the say the will be sea, expert say and the test of the say the sea, expert say and the test of the say that the proving say the sea, expert say and t

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer, and he sees in it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splinter of hoar frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It a the joy of the whole earth.

not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times, while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been culturing an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of half a century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw." "The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love

love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the senti-ment it implants? Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enthrone and imparadise an immortal spirit. Solomon says it is a lily, Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones the toper and the sampling and the -the topax, and the sapphire, and the chrysoprasus—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal, and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal can-

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merriles with shriveled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all His wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a like? Then pluck it and wear it over your stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag, as heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slack the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord the King while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then by you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge "the crystal cannot equal."

Again, religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations. The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octohedrops. These crystals which adore octohedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron God by His comforting grace stoops and says, "They comforting grace stoops and says, 'They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My

"What," say you, "will God wear jewel-" If He wanted He could make the stars of heaven His belt and have the even-ing cloud for the sandals of His feet, but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewel-ry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on, and He wears them in the presence of the holy universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be Mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up My jewels." Wonderful transformation! "The crystal cannot equal it." There she is, a walf of the street, but she shall be a sister of charity. There he is a sot in the ditch, but he shall the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."
Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer meeting rhetoric. make very poor prayer meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot

equal it."
But, my friends, the chief transforming But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the gospel will not be seen in this wor'd, and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. Oh, what a magnificent setting for these jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it, with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says, "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says, "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal."

lear as crystal."
In another place he says, "Before the of palaces, and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them — the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearss them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost that child, and why you lost tyour property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And way sickness made Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll

rystal in its beauty. That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer, and he sees in it indescribible beauty—snowdrift and splinter of hoar frost and corais and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is his religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It has the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross and

would display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled by our touch. The crystal sea would whelm us with its glisten-ing surge. Transformation now or no trans-

ing surge. Tran-formation at all. formation at all.

Give sin a full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder. In the days of Carthage a Christian grl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was bedaubed with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire, and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was off shore and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the

No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of heaven.

Sin wants to put you in a fiery boat and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from heaven, everlastingly off; and the port toward which you would sail would be a port of darkness, and the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death. O, my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice! A thousand people are Tremendous choice! A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, be-tween heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

A Miraculous City.

Until the end of 1886, writes a correspondent of the London Graphic, Johannesburg, South Africa, could not boast a postoffice. Now it has a population of some 20,000, comprised of a motley crowd drawn from every nation under the sun, as a walk through the stonebuilt streets of the town soon shows. There is the original Boer, born and bred in the country, rough of manner, careless of dress, with long, lank hair and dress, master of the situation for the present; the occasional Britisher, who bears him little good will, and who has come out, it may be, as a wealthy speculator or as rough Cornish prospector-perhaps simply just to look round and see what is to be seen; the Dutch vrow, broad and solid of build and solid of feature; the Arab merchant or peddler, come up from the coast, and ever ready to cheat you; Malays and Hindoo coolies, who have found their way from Natal; and the ubiquitous Chinaman, who puts in an appearance everywhere in new countries where there is a livelihood to be picked up by odd jobs. We have, too, on view specimens of the Hebrew broker and of the stranded actor, shabby and disconsolate. One meets, too, Kaffir ladies, dressed more or less after European fashions in finery of gorgeous hues; while, of course, bushman house-boys are seen everywhere, with occasionally one or two wandering minstrels, who owe their black faces to nature, not to burnt cork, with their marimba or piano, a species of instrument common to many African tribes-really a kind of harmonicon, strips of hard wood taking the place of glasses, with gourds beneath to increase the resonance. The African minstrels manage somehow to produce tunes that, though quaint, are catching.

Attar of Roses.

Tradition hath it that attar of roses was first used by Nourjehan, Moore's Nourmahal, otherwise "Light of the Harem." Walking one day in her There he is, a sot in the ditch, but he shall preach the gospel. There, beaind the bars of a prison, but he shall reign with Christ forever When sin abounded grace shall much more abound. The carbon becomes the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it." sheer idleness she collected them; found them so deliciously fragrant that she at garden, through which ran a canal of once cried for more, with the result of setting up a new industry among her husband's loyal subjects. Once the precious essence was worth its weight in diamonds; now it fetches but \$5 the

Turkey supplies the most and purest of it. That which comes from India is usually adulterated with oil of lemon grass. Bulgaria is the Turks' greatest rose garden. There, upon the long, cool north hill slopes he plants the hundred leaf rose and tends it assiduously. The plant is fickle and capricious as any oquette. Upon one hill it will bloom and broaden magnificently, yet wholly lack scent, while on another not half a mile away it will fairly intoxicate you with its perfume.

May is the time of harvest. Then there are flowers by the million. They must be picked before sunrise, as soon as they open, else they lose more than half their sweetness.

The leaves are put into clay stills with twice their own weight of water. What passes over is the rosewater of commerce. The attar floats on top in oily globules that are hardened by exposure to the cool night air, then skimmed off. Sixty pounds of good leaves will yield an ounce of attar San Francisco Examiner.

A Mummified Rat.

It was only a rat. But it was an uncommonly wonderful rat. It was the mummy of a rat, and no one knows how many ages ago it made the feminine Toltec wish she were somewhere else.

It was a real Toltec rodent, for it came from the eastern side of the Sierra Madre

O. H. Carpenter, of Gaylord, Mich., has bought a section of land which he will make into a frog farm. It is in the southern end of Otsego County, and contains several marshy lakes. He has sent for some pedigreed frogs from New Jersey with which to start his ranch. He has been in the business for some years, but now plans a wholesale affair. -Boston Transcript.

Telling the Age of Bornea Cattle.

G. L. Hamillon, of South Bend, Ind., who is an extensive breeder of Shorthorn cattle, in conversation with a Star-Sayings reporter said: "The ages of horned cattle may generally be known by the rings on the horn till their tenth year, but after that time they give no indication of age further than that the animal has passed its tenth year. The first ring appears on the horn after the animal is two years old-soon after, as s general rule, though sometime before

During the third year the ring gradually increases, and at three years of age it is completely formed. The second ring appears during the fourth year, and at the end of the fifth year it is complete. After this period an additional ring is formed each year. This rule is sufficiently plain, and even a young farmer needs but little practice to enable him to read a cow's age on her horns. The cow with three rings is six years old, with four rings she is seven years old. No new ring are formed after the tenth year, the deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indication of old age."-St. Louis Star Sayings.

The Poor Flower Makers. Flower making is one of the starving industries of New York City. It takes from two to six years to learn the business. Roses, leaves, violets and clusters like lilacs are the popular branches and all are paid by the piece. The first year the learner averages \$1 a week; the second year \$2.50; the third \$3; the fourth \$4, and after that eighty cents a day is considered fair pay, for the reason that first class work is not abundant, the buyers preferring imported flowers for the same money to the home product. Strong chemicals are used in the work and have a deleterious influence on the health of the girls. These rose-makers and foliage-branchers are very nice girls as a class. Taste is required in the work, which has a refining influence on those called upon to exert it .- New York

It has been estimated that the recent Australian strikes cost the colonies there over \$6,250,000.

India, it is estimated, will produce 110,000,000 pounds of tea during the coming season.



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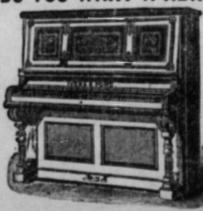
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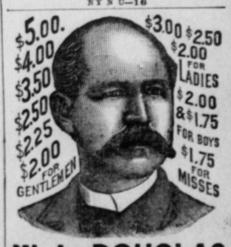
It Cures Promptly, Permanently; which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

August, Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. Cox.

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