THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Maytime Thoughts."

TEXT: "A fountain of gardens, a well of

living waters and streams from Lebanon. Bolomon's Song iv., 15. Some of the finest gardens of olden times

were to be found at the foot of Mount Le-banon. Snow descended, and winter whitened the top of the mountain. Then when the warm spring weather came the snows melted and poured down the side of the mountain and gave great luxuriance to the gardens at the foot, and you see now the allusion of my text when it speaks of the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon.

Again and again the church is represented

as a garden all up and down the word of God, and it is a figure specially suggestive at this season of the year, when the parks and the orchards are about to put forth their blossom and the air is filled with bird voices.

A mother wished to impress her child with the love of God, and so in the spring-time, after the ground had been prepared in the garden, she took a handful of flower seeds and scattered these seeds in shape of letters all across the bed of the garden. Weeks passed by, and the rains and the sunshine had done their work, and one day the child came in and said, "Mother, come quickly to the gar-den—come now." The mother followed the child to the garden, and the little child said: "Look here, mother. See! It is spelled all over the ground in flowers, 'God is Love,' " Oh, my friends, if we only had faith

tough we could see Gospel lessons all cound and about us—lessons in shells on the beach, lessons in sparkles on the wave, lessons in stars on the sky, lessons in flowers all over the earth.

Well, my friends, you know very well that there have been some beautiful gardens created. There was the garden of Charlemagne, and you remember that this king ordered gardens laid out all through the realm and decided by decree of government what kind of flowers should be planted in those gardens. Henry IV. at Montpellier decreed that there should be flowers planted throughout his realm and gardens laid out, and he specially decreed that there should be Alpine pyrana and French plants. Shen-stone, the poet, was more celebrated for his gardens than for his poetry. His poetry has faded from the ages for the most part, but his gardens are immortal. To all the beauty of his place he added perfection of art. Palisade and arch and arbor and fountain and rustle temple had their most wonderful specimens, and the oak, and the hazel, and the richest woods of the forest were planted in that garden. He had genius, and he had industry, and all his genius and all his industry he applied to the beautification of that garden. He gave for beautification of that garden. He gave for it \$1500, and he sold it at last for \$85,000, or what was equal to that number of dollars. It was an expensive garden, laid out with great elaboration. And yet I have to tell you now of a garden of vaster expanse—the gar-den spoken of in my text—a fountain of gar-

dens with the streams from Lebanon. Walter Scott had the great ambition of his life to build Abbotsford and lay out extensive gardens round about it. It broke his heart that he could not complete the work as he desired it. At his last payment of £100,000, after laying out these gardens and building that palace of Abbotsford, at that time his heart broke, his health failed, and he died almost an imbecile.

A few years ago, when I walked through those gardens and I thought at what vast ex-pense they had been laid out—at the expense of that man's life—it seemed I could see in the crimson flowers the blood of the old man's broken heart. But I have to tell you now of a garden laid out at vaster expense. Who can calculate that vast expense? Tell me, ye women who watched Him hang; tell me, ye executioners who lifted and let Him down; tell me, thou sun that didst hide and ye rocks that did fall, what the laying out of this garden cost. This morning, amid the aroma and brightne appropriate that I show you how the church of Christ is a garden.

I remark first it is a garden because of the rare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If you cannot find them anywhere else, you will find them along the paths, and you will find m at the gateway.

If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find there the holly-hock, and the daffodil, and the dahlia. If there be no especial taste and no especial means, you will find the Mexican cactus, and the bluebell, and the arbutus, and the clusters of oleanders.

Flowers there must be in every garden, and I have to tell you that in the garden of the church are the rarest plants. Sometimes you will find the violet, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven—Christian souls with no pretense, but of vast usefulness, comparatively unknown on earth, but to be glorious in celestial spheres. Violets and violets all the time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been save by the brightening face of the invalid, or the steaming tureen of the stand near the sick pillow, or the new curtain that keeps out the glare of the sun from the poor man's cot. Such characters are perhaps bet-ter typified by the ranunculus which goes creeping between the thorns and the briers of this rife, giving a kiss for a sting, and many a man has thought that life before him was a black rock of trouble and found it covered all over with delightsome jasmine of Christian sympath

In this garden of the Lord I find the Mexican eactus, loveliness within, thorns with-out, men with great sharpness of behavior and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God. They are hard men to handle, ugly men to touch, very apt to strike back when you strike them, yet within them all loveling and attraction, while outside so complet unfortunate. Mexican cactus all the time.

Said a placid elder to a Christian mi Said a placid elder to a Christian minister, "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the placid elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of manner and seem to be very different from what they should be, really have in their souls that which commends them to the Lord. Mexican enctus all the time. So a man said to me years ago "Do you think man said to me years ago "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church?

I have such a violent temper.
"Yesterday I was crossing Jersey City ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and I said: 'That is enough, sir,' and he got off the cart and insuited me, and I knocked him down. Well," said he, "do you think I could ever become a Christian?" That man had in his soul the grace of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of brambles, and full of exasperations, but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without hav-ing the tears roll down his cheek. There was

loveliness within, but roughness outside.

Mexican cactus all the time.

But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and very flery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wyclifs, the John Knoxes—giants of battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they pray, their prayers take fire; when they suffer, they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach, it is a pentecost; when they fight, it is Thermopylæ; when they die, it is martyrdom—giants of battle. You say, "Why have we not more of them in the church of Christ at this time?" I answer your question by asking another, "Why have we not more Cromweils and Humboldts in the world?" God wants only a few giants of battle. They do their work, and they do it well.

But I find also in the church of God a plant that I shall call the snowdrop, very beautiful, but cold. It is very pure—nure as

the snowdrop, beautiful as the snowdrop and as cold as the snowdrop. No special sympathy. That kind of man never loses his patience; he never weeps, he never flashes with anger; he never utters a rash word. Always cold, always precise, always passive—beautiful snowdrop, but I don't like him. I would rather have one Giant of Battle than 5000 snowdrops.

tle than 5000 snowdrops.

Give me a man who may make some mistakes in his ardor for the Lord's service rather than that kind of nature which spends its whole life in doing but one thing, and that is keeping equilibrium. There are snow-drops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good; they are in the garden of the Lord; therefore I know they

You have seen in some places perhaps a century plant. I do not suppose there is a person in this house who has ever seen more than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emo-tions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church, spoken of in my text, there is a cen-

tury plant.
In has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and 19 centuries ago it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant, but a passion flower—the passion flower of Christ, a crimson flower, blood at the root and blood on the leaves, the passion flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, O winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and scatter the perfume of this flower through all Nations.

His worth, if all the Nations knew, Eure the whole earth would love Him too. Thou, the Christ of all the ages, hast gar-ments smelling of myrrh and aloes and cas-sia out of the ivory palaces.

I go further and say the church of Christ is appropriately compared to a garden because of its thorough irrigation. There can be no luxuriant garden without plenty of water. I saw a garden in the midst of the desert amid the Bocky mountains. I said, desert amid the Bocky mountains. I said,
"How is it possible you have so many
flowers, so much rich fruit, in a desert for
miles around?" I suppose some of you have
seen those gardens. Well, they told me they
had aqueducts and pipes reaching up to the
hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra
Nevada and the Rocky mountains and then poured down in water to those aqueducts, and it kept the fields in great luxuriance. and it kept the helds in great luxuriance.

And I thought to myself—how like the garden of Christ! All around it the barrenness of sin and the barrenness of the world, but our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the fountain of gardens and streams from Lebanon. Water to slake the thirst. from Lebanon. Water to slake the thirst, water to refresh the fainting, water to wash the unclean, water to toss up in fountains under the sun of rightecusness until you can see the rainbow around the throne.

I wandered in a garden of Brazilian cashew nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gar-dens was helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariot passed, and the gardener went up on the hill and turned on the water, and it came Cashing down the broad stairs of stone until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from abovepardon from above, peace from above, com-fort from above, sanctification from above. Streams from Lebanon. Oh, the consolation in this thought! Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until ers turned on the fountain of salvation until the place where we sit and stand might become Elim with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees. But I hear His sound at the garden gate. I hear the lifting of the latch of the gate, Who comes there? It is the Gardener, who passes in through the garden gate. He comes through this path of the garden, and He comes to the aged man, and He says. "Old man, I come to help thee; I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of old age. I will not leave: I will time of old age. I will not leave: I will never forsake thee. Peace, broken hearted old man; I will be thy consolation forever."

And then Christ, the Gardener, comes up

another path of the garden, and He sees a soul in great trouble, and He says, "Hush, ubled spirit; the sun shall not smite the by day, nor the moon by night; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, the Lord shall preserve thy soul." And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He comes where there are some beautiful and He comes where there are some beautiful buds, and I say, "Stop, O Gardener; do not break them off." But He breaks them off, the beautiful buds, and I see a great flutter among the leaves, and I wonder what He is doing, and He says: "I do not come to destroy these flowers. I am only going to plant them in a higher terrace and in the garden around My palace. I have come into My garden, to gather lilies. I must take back a whole cluster of rosebuds. Peace, troubled soul; all shall be

nds. Peace, troubled soul; all shall be Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Oh, glorious Gardener of the church! Christ comes to it now, and He has a right to come. We look into the face of the Gardener as He breaks off the bud, and we say "Thou art worthy to have them. Thy will be done." The hardest prayer a bereaved father or mother ever uttered— "Thy will be done."

But you have noticed that around every king's garden there is a high wall. You may have stood at the wall of a king's court and thought, "How I would like to see that gar-den!" and while you were watching the gardener opened the gate, and the royal equipage swept through it, and you caught a glimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse, for then the gates closed.

I bless God that this garden of Christ has gates on all sides; that they are opened by day, opened by night, and whosever will may come in. Oh, how many there are who die in the desert when they might revel in the garden! How many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they can never find!

It was so with Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living. And yet Theodore on a certain day, when in the midst of his reveiry he caught a glimpse of his own face and his own apparel in the mirror, said: "That is true. I look just as I am—lost, body, mind, soul and estate, lost!" And so it was with Shenstone about his garden, or which I grocke in the herringing of my den, of which I spoke in the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid all its beauty and wrung his hands and said, "I have lost my way to happiness; I am frantic; I hate everything; I hate myself as a mad man ought to." Alas, so many in the gardens of this world are looking for that flower they never can find except in the garden of Christ

Substantial comfort will not grow
In nature's barren sou.
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toll.

How many have tried all the fountains of

How many have tried all the fountains of this world's pleasure, but never tasted of the stream from Lebanon! How many have reveled in other gardens to their soul's ruin, but never plucked one flower from the garden of our God! I swing open all the gates of the garden and invite you in, whatever your history, whatever your sins, whatever your temptations, whatever your trouble. The invitation comes no more to one than to all," "Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade, but, blessed be God, there are garlands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Oh, come into the garden. And remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but it is a garden all the way with those who trust and love and serve Him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

slope of heaven.

THE cheapest way to get all the delicacies of the season is to eat little needed rest.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MAY 21.

Lesson Text: "Against Intemperance," Prov. xiii., 29-35-Golden Text: Prov. xx., 1 -Commentary.

29. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" The Golden Text tells us that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is rag-ing, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Yet there are fools without number who seem to prefer the woe and sorrow and contention. At least they prefer the wine and strong drink, even though it bring these things. The woes of Scripture against those who have to do with wine are not few. "Woe to them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that coninue until night till wine inflame them."
'Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also" (Isa. v., 11, 22; Hab. ii., 15). Then it is plainly written that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God (I Cor. vi., 10), so for this life and the life to come it is naught but wee for those who are slaves of strong drink. But thank God for deliverance, even for those who are bound with such chains, for the drunkards and vile people of Corinth had, many of them. experienced the power of the Grace of God and become washed, sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jerus and by the Spirit of our God (I Cor. vi., 11).

Spirit of our God (I Cor. vi., 11).

30. "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." This is the answer to the previous verse. Drunkenness is invariably associated with trouble. In verse 21 it is said that "the drunkard shall come to poverty." The story of drunken Nabal, and of Elah, who was slain while he was drunken are among the said records of was drunken, are among the sad records of the Bible. (I Sam. xxv., 36, 38; I Kings xvi., 8-10). But perhaps more sad is the story of righteous Noah, who forgot himself and his high calling and became druken, thus bring-ing great humiliation to himself and one of his sons and giving great occasion to the enemy to blaspheme (Gen. ix., 20-25). Worse still is the story of David making Uriah drunk (II Sam. xi., 13). Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity, but what can be said of a drunken man except that he has descended lower than the brutes?

31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." The R. V. has for the last clause, "When it goeth down smoothly." Wine has its attractions and its smoothly." Wine has its attractions and its pleasures, but they are wholly on the side of self and sensuality when carried to excess. There is no manner of use in making a joke of Paul's advice to Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake (I Tim. v., 23), nor in saying that the wine of the New Testa-ment was wholly unfermented, for how could unfermented wine burst wineskins? But there is use in letting the word of God stand, and in all humility and teachableness take it to mean what it says in its plain, literal se unless it is clearly a figure or a symbol. Happy are those whose stomachs need no wine; happy those who prefer to let even meat alone, if need be, rather than be a stumbling

rather than put temptation before any weak one. Happiest of all those who can truly say, "Not I, but Christ, who liveth in me."

32. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It is on the principle of "he that soweth to the flesh shail of the flesh reap corruption" (Gol. vi., 8). "For the mind of the flesh is death" (Rom. viii., 6 The flesh will manifest itself in greater or less degree in some or all of the works named in Gal. v., 19-21, and the record is "that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." If a man is simply a natural man, a man after the fiesh, never born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God, but must in due time ex-perience the second death, which is the lake of fire (Rev. xx., 15, 14.) Then shall be in-deed know to his eternal sorrow the serpent's bite and adder's sting. Foretastes of hell are in mercy given in this life (let any drunkard testfy) if perchance men may repent and so escape the lake of fire.

block; happy the church that prefers to use an unfermented wine at the communion

33. "Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." Woman in Scripture is the type of the very best and the very worst. The church is spoken of as a chaste virgin, espoused to Christ, and as a bride adorned for her husband (II Cor. 2; Rev. xxi., 2), while all that is vile and false is described as a woman seated upon a scarlet colored beast, full of names of blaspheny (Rev. xxii., 3). The strange woman is described in verses 27, 28, of this chapter, and more fully in chapter v., 3-5; vi., 24-25. The way to be saved from destruction is to give heed to verse 26, "My son, give me thine heart and let thine heart observe my ways." Not only do we need to be kept from uttering perverse things, but we need to be kept from foolish thoughts. for the thought of foolishness is sin (chapter xxiv., 9). And since we are not sufficient to think anything as of ourselves, how utterly help-less in our condition, but our sufficiency is of

"Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth 34. "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." Dangerous positions surely. Such a one might say, indeed, what David thought was true of himself, "There is but a step between me and death" (I Sam. xx., 3). When we know that death shall usher us into the presence of the King, that to die is gain and to depart is to be with Christ, then indeed one has no cause to fear that enemy. But if one's sorrow have already begun through wine and women, on the edge of what a fearful precipies does such some stand! But the figure is that of one asleep in danger. This is more fearful still, for if one is only awake there is some hope of

escape, but what hope can there be for Samson asleep in the lap of Delilah.

35. "They have striken me, shalt Thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again. Refusing to receive correction they make their faces harder than a rock and refuse to return (Jer. v., 3). They say come and we will fill ourselves with strong drink, and to-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant (Isa. lvi., 12). Of such it will doubtless become true, "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." reproved, hardeneth his neek shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. (Prov. xxix., 1). And yet God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but cries imploring-ly, Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die (II Pet. iii., 9; Ezek. xxxiii., 11)? How deceitful and desperately wicked is the human heart!— Lesson Redper. on Helper.

JUST as a New Orleans colored man of unpleasant temper had lifted an ax wherewith to brain an acquaintance (the pair having differed concerning the theory and practice of crap-shooting) he had the untoward experience of falling dead. The occasion had excited him. The lesson seems to be that even the process of braining people should be undertaken calmly and without undue violence.

Costa Rica has nipped another revolution in the bud. This is the proper stage for nipping. The trouble is that revolutions down there are apt to bud, blossom and bear fruit some night after the official nippers have gone to bed for a

Slaves That Do Not Work.

Englishmen are apt to confound African slavery with the forms of slavery known to European Nations, One of the curiosities of domestic slavery in darkest Africa pointed out by the St. James's Gazette is that, while the native slave owner can, by custom, compel his slaves to fight for him and possesses other extensive powers over them, he cannot "legally" compel his slaves to work for him. On the Congo and its affluents native (not Mohammedan) slave owners pay wages to their own slaves whenever the latter are required to transport ivory and produce to the coast. Even Tippoo Tib pays his numerous slave soldiers under such peaceful circumstances. The explanation of this anamoly seems to be that war is a far more ancient and primitive institution than labor. When domestic slavery was "first introduced" into Africa regular labor was unknown; the right to monopolize the slave's labor was therefore never incorporated among the slaveholder's privileges and prerogatives. It is white men who have really introduced and acclimatized the idea of work or "labor" in Africa. When Pharaoh compelled the children of Israel to "work" for him he was considered a dangerous revolutionist by Egyptian conservatives. The Spaniards first introduced labor slavery in the western world. We moderns have completely forgotten that the slave was originally in the main a fighting retainer, nor a working man.

The largest church in the world is St. Peter's, in Rome; the smallest, a church ten feet square, in the Isle of

Mrs. Albert Sturdevant is the City Weigher of Danbury, Conn.

Of Importance to All Who Do Business,

Send a check or a postal or express money order for \$3.75 to The Trade Co., 299 Devonshire St., Boston, and you will receive by prepaid express a copy of a handsomely printed and securely bound book telling you how to increase business; how to decorate your store windows; how to advertise in newspapers; about circulars, cards and posters; the cost and use of engraving of every class; the expense of lithographs and their value; how to produce effective billheads, cards and other commercial printing, with information on the management of employes and everything pertaining to business publicity-the only work of its class in the world; indispensable to every business man whether he be an advertiser or Written by Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr., the expert at business and advertising. 518 large pages, handsomely illustrated. You take no risk; if after receiving the book you don't want it you can return it and get your money

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggista, Coudersport, ra., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold.

Wanted. -300 Pale People to buy 50c. Bot tles of Forestine Blood Bitters of all dealers for 25c. Gives you Strength and Vigor with the Freshness of Youth.

Sore throat cured at once by Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup. 25 cents at druggists. Beecham's Pills cure indigestion and consti-pation. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

JUST A LITTLE pain neglected, may become

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO. Just a little

SPRAIN may make,a cripple.

Just a little BRUISE

may make serious inflammation.

BURN

may make an ugly scar. Just a little COST

will get a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE Years of Comfort against Years

JUST A LITTLE.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Euildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated in water color effects, will be sent to may address upon receipt of ioc. in postage stamps by The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.



BLOOD MEDICINE

"As a physician, I have precent and for blood.

"As a physician, I have precent and for blood.

S. S. S. in my practice as a tonic, and for blood iroubles, and have been very successful. I never used a remedy which gave such general satisfaction to myself and patients.

"L. B. RITCHY, M. D., Mackey, Ind."

"L. B. RITCHY, M. D., Mackey, Ind."

"L. B. RITCHY, M. D., Mackey, Ind." e on blood and skin diseases mailed from BWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Tricked by the Jolly Tars.

A pretty good story is told of the way in which the officers of a certain sloop-of-war of the North Atlantic squadron succeeded in getting their ship's slow and antiquated steam launch replaced by one of a later and more fashfonable type. It happened that the vessel hauled into a navyyard for its periodical repairs. While there the launch was loudly complained of as too heavy and unwieldly for a sloopof-war to carry, and a careful weigh ing by the yard authorities verified the complaint. Thereupon a new and swift | co-operative factory.

little craft which cost Uncle ham ever so many hundreds of dollars was substituted, and the sloop-of-war steamed exultantly away. But when the old launch was sent to the boat shop for overhauling the workmen found snugly stowed away out of sight along the keelson nearly a thousand pounds of superfluous ballast iron. The apparently unaccountable weight of the rejected boat was readily explained .-Boston Journal.

Syracuse (N. Y.) shoemakers run &

Housekeepers Should Remember.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands of baking powder in the market, in their reports placed the "Royal" at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities. are, in every respect, unrivaled.

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the

food unwholesome.

"Thoughtless Folks Have the Hardest Work, But Quick Witted People Use

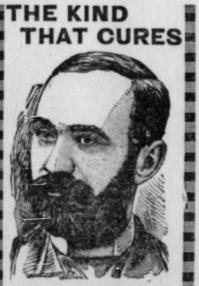
SAPOLIO

RADWAY'S R

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, BILIOUSNESS. TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Eadway's Pilla taken daily by those subject to billous pains and tor padity of the liver, will keep the system regular and

healthy digestion. A. Mc. per box. Sold by all druggists. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK. NYNU-20



JEROME BALL, TORTURING Headache for 10 Years!" Dana's Sarsaparilla

"I WAS CURED!" MR. BALL WAS THE FIRST MAN TO PUBCHASI ANA'S IN COHOES. LISTEN AS HE TELLS TO

DANA SARSAPARILLA Co.: DANA NARSAPARILLA Co.:
GENTLENEN: —I have been a sufferer from
Headache the last ten years. Last
dal I aw in one of our local papers an advertisement of your medicine, and testimonials of its
wonderful cures.
I decided to try one bottle. The first bottle,
greatly relieved me, and by the time I had take
two more bottles I WAS CURED. I can
recommend.

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA sasafe and reliable medicine.
Respectfully yours,
Waterford, N. Y.
JEROME BALL. The truth of Mr. Bail's statement is certified to Mr. Modernort, Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mai

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 16 to 20 days. No pay till cured DR. J. STEPHENS. Lebanon, Ohio

PISO'S GURE FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE HOT RIP. Do you wear them? When next in need try z pair, the will give you more comfort and service for the m than any other make. Best in the world.



W. L. Douglas Shoes are made in all the Latest Styles.

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE don't pay \$6 to \$ try my \$3.50, \$4 or \$5 Shoe. They will fit oqual to cue tom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, you can do so by purchash W. L. Douglas Shoes. My name and price is stam on the bottom, look for it when you buy. Take no s stitute. I send shoes by mail upon receipt of prior. postage free, when Shoe Dealers cannot supply you. U. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by



YOUR OWN HARNESS

CLINCH

ough and durable. JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO.

TAII Homes Need

a carton of Home Nails all sizes, Home Tacks all sizes

all home

TAII Dealers Sell

all home

WORN NICHT AND DAY XION

25c WILL SAVE \$25 IN DR'S BILL

CATARRII, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DE