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An Apiary in Prison.

he Arizona teritorial prison manage-
t has embarked in a bee-keeping ex-
iment, in which the prisoners will
employed. An apiary, with twenty-
stands of bees, has been installed,
d it is expected the business will
ve profitable. A single hive at the
son is said to have last year pro-
ced 200 pounds of honey. It prob-
ly induces curious sensations and
ny vain longings in the prisoners to
the bees fly serenely and at will
er the prison walls and yet return of
eir own volition to their home with-
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In Snowbound States.

In States and Territories where snow and
e last all the long winters through, where
en are much exposed and suffer much from
old, it is a wonder they do not provide
etter against some of the consequences.
n some lumber camps, choppers stand all
ay in knee-deep snow with half frozen feet.
he feet are much more tender than the
ands from being covered up all the time.
en are often lame all summer from the
rost-bites of the previous winter. Why it
s so, is simply because they do not know
hat St. Jacobs Oil will cure frost-bite in a
ight.

Silver King Barley, 116 Bushels.

The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bus. per acre. That pays at 20c. a bushel!

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 201½ bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurrah for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables $1.00. Send for them to-day.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free ten grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. (A.)

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood, gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for nervousness.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

PNU 6

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. W. C. Lewis, who is connected with the artistic advertising department of the Youth's Companion, and resides at 33 Dwight Street, Boston, relates that he had his attention called to Ripans Tabules by a business acquaintance who expressed a high opinion of them. Mr. Lewis was a good deal troubled with what he describes as a nervous, bilious condition that appeared to be brought on from time to time by high pressure work or special mental activity or excitement, such as would be common at periods of unusual nervous tension. It has become his practice at such times to take a Tabule—just one—at the moment that he observes the difficulty approaching. It makes no difference when it is. A favorable result is invariably apparent within twenty minutes. The only noticeable effect is that he feels all right in twenty minutes if he takes the Tabule; while if he does not the nervous, uncomfortable feeling intensifies and leads to a bad afternoon and tired evening. He carries one of the little vials with him all the time now, but doesn't have occasion to apply to it anything like as often as he did at first. Nowadays there are frequent periods of from a week to ten days or even two weeks during which he finds that he has no occasion whatever to make use of the Tabules, but still carries them in his pocket, just the same, so that they may be ready if an occasion occurs.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

Agents—Ladies or Gents, $75 a week at home, using or selling Gray Platers or taking orders for us to plate. Plate gold, silver, nickel, copper, white metal, manufacture the materials and outfits, teach the art, only complete outfit, including trade secrets and formulas, lathe, wheels, tools, all materials for preparing, polishing, plating and finishing, no toys, small in traveling case, large for shops, description, prices, testimonials, samples free. Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 17, Columbus, O.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

LADIES GIRLS BOYS WANTED TO EARN BICYCLES, Silver Watches, Gold Rings, Silverware or cash commission. Send stamp for catalogue. Smith Bros., importers of Teas, Coffees, etc., 142 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE 10c. trial package FLAG SALT. Safe, sure cure for HEADACHE. Address FLAG SALT CO., Savannah, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Subject: "The King's Highway."

TEXT: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." —Isaiah xxxv., 8, 9, 10.

There are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at crossroads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence conscious of the fact that there are many of you here that realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one, and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way. Indeed at every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in genuflexions, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you will have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza, I am certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they see the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry: "Ho! Ho!" But it is too late, and, crash! they go over the embankment. We shall turn and see if we cannot find a different kind of road. You have heard of the Appian way. It was 350 miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long! No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders and the elements and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure but a ruin. But I have to tell you of a road built before the Appian way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too,
Pursued this road while here below.
We therefore will, without dismay,
Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

First, this road of the text is the King's highway. In the diligence you dash on over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipice, through tunnels a-drip with the meltings of the glaciers, and perhaps for the first time learn the majesty of a road built and supported by Government authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born; it should be blasted out of the "rock of ages" and cemented with the blood of the cross and be lifted amid the acclaiming of angels and the execration of demons. The King sent His Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved His blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the Simplon road that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy, but our King at a great expense has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a King's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ the King would build no such thing as that. The work done, He mounts the chariot of His love, and multitudes mount with Him, and He drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds. The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out: "Create within me a clean heart." If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way, and if you will only look up and see the fingerboard above your head, you may read upon it the words, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get at the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken, that, in the name of God, I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open, while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope and yet has not been able to see the morning star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics and yet could not do the simple sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies."

Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet not known the "Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain. He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says "Come to Me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more! Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to some city, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further, this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way burying his head deep between his paws, and then when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in heaven. He may slip; he may slide; he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Fixed as the ground where David stood,
Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then, it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth make the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation. There was one passage of Scripture, the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side and Montanvert on the other, I opened my Bible and read, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem so the Lord is around about them that fear Him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, oh, child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And will He take care of the sparrow, will He take care of the raven, will He take care of the hawk and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall He not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesseth the habitation of the just." What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes ripples on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say, "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel, "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." And then I see a white robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say, "Who are they? The happiest and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes, "These are they who came out of great tribulations and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step further. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you put me on; I want to know where it comes out. My text declares, "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken; Sebastopol was taken; Babylon fell, but these walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we would study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want. Christ and His people that I knew on earth—that is heaven enough for me. Oh, garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail! Oh, banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose guests are kings forever! Oh, city of light, whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise! Oh, palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of His reign! Oh, song louder than the surf beat of many waters, yet soft as the warbler of cherubim!

Oh, glorious heaven! When the last wound is healed, when the last heartbreak is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven let there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there is but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only

A Street Incident.

A significant circumstance occurred during a visit of the Emperor of Germany to England. The kaiser was for one day the guest of the lord mayor, and the city of London received him and several of the queen's children on that day.

The old city was splendidly decorated, and set for a great public function. The streets from Buckingham palace to the lord mayor's mansion were lined with infantry and cavalry, back of whom was a solid mass of people.

Between these lines the royal carriages slowly passed. They moved in almost absolute silence, save for the perfunctory salutes of the soldiery. The queen was not present, and for mere royalty as royalty, there was apparently no popular feeling save that of curiosity.

When, however, the carriage of the Princess of Wales appeared, and her sweet, kind face was seen, the applause grew enthusiastic. Suddenly a burst of cheers was heard, as a low, black wagon came swiftly down the thronged street. It was the ambulance of a hospital, which has precedence everywhere, carrying some wounded man to receive succor. The crowd paid homage to charity in a sincere though inappropriate fashion.

In it was a hint which the scions of the ruling families of Europe present should have understood. Queen Victoria knows that her people pay allegiance to her more as a wise, good woman, wife and mother than as one of the House of Hanover.

"The divinity which doth hedge a king" must now have its bases in humanity and personal respect rather than in descent or etiquette.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa to Be Sold in Ohio.

On the 5th December last, Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass., well and widely known for more than a century as manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, issued a circular to the trade in which they stated that they had decided to withdraw all their grocers' goods from sale in Ohio. "We take this course," they said, "because it seems the only one open to us in view of the numerous prosecutions that have been instituted against parties selling our products since the recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County in the proceedings against Mr. Rose, of Cleveland, for selling our Breakfast Cocoa.

"In that case the chemist employed by the State testified that the sample was made from pure cocoa, with no other adulteration than the removal of the oil. He also testified that he never had examined any powdered cocoa except the product from which the oil had been removed or starch or sugar added, and that, without such removal or addition, it was impossible to make a powdered cocoa which would keep in our climate.

"The name Breakfast Cocoa is applied only to powdered cocoa, and we have always stated correctly, on every can, exactly how ours is made—namely, by removing the excess of oil without the use of any chemicals and without the addition of starch or sugar.

"Our object has been to produce an extract of cocoa containing the stimulating and exhilarating properties of the bean in the most convenient, concentrated and digestible form; and our success has been truly attested by the leading physicians and teachers of cooking. We fully believe we have adopted the best method known for the purpose, and there is no question that the demand for the product is great and greatly increasing."

On the 18th January, Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., issued another circular to the trade in which they said:

"The Circuit Court of Cuyahoga County has reversed the decision of the Court of Common Pleas to which we referred in our circular of December 5, and decided that our Breakfast Cocoa, being a pure article, made from the cocoa bean by the removal of the excess of oil, is not within the provisions of the food law of Ohio, and that it may be sold with its present label. This sustains us in the position which we have always maintained, that the law is intended to prevent adulteration and not to interfere with trade in purified products, when sold under their appropriate names.

"We therefore take pleasure in announcing to you that we shall at once place our Breakfast Cocoa on sale again in Ohio; and for the convenience of the trade we shall see that a full supply reaches the state at an early day to replace what has been withdrawn."

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Where Did You Get This Coffee?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00. Order to-day.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (A.)

The Franco-German war cost £371,515,380, besides an incalculable loss to trade.

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

The private estates of the Czar cover 1,000,000 square miles.

The only floating soap now made that is 100 per cent. pure and contains Borax is Dobbins' Floating Borax Soap. Why buy an adulterated soap when you can get the genuine? Put up only in red wrappers.

The Bank of France is four times as large as the Bank of England.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory, Binghampton, N.Y.

In the United States 20 ounces of tea are used every year to each inhabitant.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs. Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

The old city of London churchyards contain over 36,000 tons of human remains.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—HARRY THOMSON, 2½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

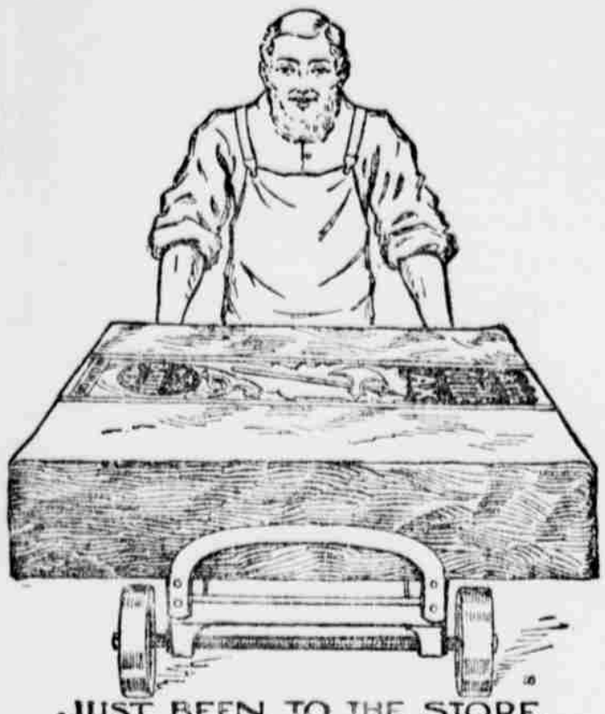
If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist's sell at 25c per bottle.

A Simile in Smoke.

There's all sorts of grades of tobacco plant. The best comes from Havana. There's all sorts of grades of sarsaparilla plant. The best comes from Honduras. If you want cheap tobacco, all right—provided you get value for your money. Cheap tobacco's not as good to smoke—but it don't cost as much.

If you **want** cheap sarsaparilla . . . But you don't want it. Of course you don't. You are paying for the best. To pay for the best and get anything but Honduras sarsaparilla is like paying for Havana cigars and getting Pittsburg "Stogies." There's only one sarsaparilla made exclusively from the imported Honduras plant. That's Ayer's. Just keep it in mind that you are paying for Honduras sarsaparilla when you are paying for the best; but you don't get what you pay for unless you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



JUST BEEN TO THE STORE
SEE WHAT I GOT FOR 10 CENTS

Battle Ax PLUG

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents
and
The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

Now on Sale in Ohio!

Under the decision of the Ohio Circuit Court it is held that

Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured and put up in conformity to the Pure Food Laws of the State. It is an absolutely pure, delicious and nutritious article, and costs less than one cent a cup. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Walter Baker & Co., Limited,
Dorchester, Mass.

The Pot Called the Kettle Black Because the Housewife Didn't Use
SAPOLIO

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