

What has become of the old-fash- ioned man who wore the overcoat he had in the army?

Wise as an Owl. The owl is said to be the wisest of birds because he keeps both eyes and ears wide open, says nothing and keeps up a good deal of thinking. When scintilla took hold of a man, he is wisest who says nothing but keeps his eyes and ears open for the best remedy, who thinks and who finds by trial that St. Jacobs Oil is the best known remedy for its treatment and permanent cure. It penetrates to the seat of the excruciating pain, soothes and cures it, and prevents what sometimes happens—the use of the surgeon's knife to get rid of the torment. The owl thinks and then acts quickly, and the scintilla sufferer should act promptly to arrest the progress of the disease and to restore the nerve by the use of St. Jacobs Oil to its natural condition.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the past 15 years, and believe him to be the most honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDEN, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are taken internally, act directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Milton Reizenstein, a graduate student of the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, Md., prepared a monograph as a thesis for a degree which he expects to receive next June. He has chosen for his subject the history of the R. & O. R. R. from its inception on the night of February 27th, 1852, when 25 of the leading business men of Baltimore met at the home of Philip E. Thomas and devised means whereby the trade of Baltimore with the West could be restored. It was at this meeting that the company was organized which afterwards built the R. & O. R. R. Mr. Reizenstein's monograph takes up the history of the road from its inception until tracks were laid to Wheeling, W. Va., in 1853. The 70th anniversary of the R. & O. R. R. Co. was February 27th, 1922.

It stopped free and permanently cured. No other first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT KIDNEY CURE. Price, 50c. Write for free literature to Dr. J. M. Kline, 391 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers of Asthma. E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 1, 1924.

Ever try a box of Cascarets, the finest laxative and bowel regulator ever made. In London each day 400 children are born, 250 enter school for the first time.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Over 60,000 cured. Why not try No-To-Bac to remove your desire for tobacco? No-To-Bac makes health when it is guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00, at all druggists.

The total income of the London hospitals is upon 600,000 pounds a year.

PROFULA SWELLINGS. Our Boy's Neck Grew Larger and Larger. We became alarmed. In May we purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and the swelling went down. We gave our son Hood's Sarsaparilla until the sore was entirely healed. The swelling now permanently cured." W. C. KREMER, Milesburg, Pa. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills are sold in bottles with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills. Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills. Hood's Sarsaparilla.

340,000 INSTANT WEARERS. DOUGLAS SHOES. BEST IN THE WORLD.

For 15 years this shoe has been the best in the world. It is made in all the latest styles and every variety of leather. A dealer in a town given statistics of sale and advertisement in local paper on receipt of reasonable amount. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. PATENT, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau. RICH quickly; send for "300 Invention" and "1000 Invention" to EDGAR TATE & Co., 246 B'way, N.Y. P. N. U. 12 97

RISO'S CURE FOR COUGES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. High Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Bubbles or Medals. "Best sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it, and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

REMARKABLE RECOVERY

Of a Young Lady of Gasport, New York, from Anæmia. From the Courier, Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Lulu Stevens, daughter of George Stevens, the well-known blacksmith, of Gasport, Niagara County, New York, has surprised her neighbors considerably, by not dying five months ago, when the physicians said she could not live. This was quite a remarkable case. The young woman, who is very well known, on account of her musical ability, had been a very healthy girl, until about one year ago, when she began to fail, and grew so pale and apparently bloodless, and so weak that after a few months she was given up to die. Last winter a physician who was a visitor at Gasport met Miss Stevens, and seeing her emaciated condition, and hearing from the local doctors that the disease was anæmia, prevailed on the girl's mother to make her try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Directly she commenced the treatment she began to mend, and now since February, when she decided to take them, she has become well and strong and the picture of good health. The mother of the girl, Mrs. Stevens, says: "Every one in Gasport knows that Pink Pills cured Lulu, and I feel very thankful that we heard of them in time to save my child's life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

OLDEST HOOSIER.

Nat Stranghan, of English, Ind., is 105 Years Old. One of the oldest men in the country is Nathaniel Stranghan, who lives in English, Ind. Mr. Stranghan is now nearly 105 years old, having reached the century mark on May 8, 1892. "Uncle Nat," as he is affectionately called by the residents of English, was born in Franklin County, Ken-



OLDEST MAN IN INDIANA.

tucky. He moved to Crawford County, Indiana, in 1816 and is still occupying with his granddaughter's family, the house he entered at that time. The old gentleman boasts that he has never worn a piece of cloth that was not spun and worn by the hands of mother or wife; that he was never in a lawsuit, pro or con, and was never a witness in a suit at law, and that he did not find the need of eyeglasses until he was over 85. In his younger days Nathaniel Stranghan was a hunter, and his old flintlock musket occupies to-day a place of honor over the wide fireplace of his room, while below it hangs his modern shotgun. In his prime Mr. Stranghan weighed 150 pounds, and now, at the advanced age of 105, weighs 100 pounds. The descendants of this venerable man are reckoned at about 600.

Power of the Press. "Well, they are at it again," remarked a leading bookseller to-day. "Some time has been going the rounds of the press about a rare old book being found in a garret, and telling of what an enormous price was paid for it by a bookworm. I don't know that is the case, but my mail shows it. Why? Well, every time such item is printed I begin getting letters from people all over the country, who think they have a book worth a fortune or two. As a rule, not one of the books in a thousand they write about is worth anything at all. Because a book is old is no good reason it is very valuable, but they keep writing every time some romancer writes a story of a rare book picked up in some out of the way place."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

REV. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Vicarious Sacrifice."

TEXT: "Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Hebrews ix., 22.

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's poem about the cure for the Christian with blood, "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists and all scientists in saying that the blood of Christ, as the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the mere speech toward the thing signified. The blood that on the dark Friday the world ever saw oozed or trickled or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared, and if man had depended on the application of that blood to himself, Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Hung for pang, hunger for food, blood for life, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something essentially, a solitary episode in the world's history, when it should take you into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the palaces of business or toll. It will be no difficult matter to find men who by their looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head and at night at bedtime they are restless. Why are they drugging at business early and late? For fun? No. It would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No. A few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all the fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that seat-folding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away. And there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a household for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they die. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At 4 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from basement to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement is a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child. The food is fresh air. This is the sixth evening that mother has not slept a wink. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life! Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started on the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption. Some call it nervous prostration. Some call it intermitting or malarial indisposition. But I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering to give him a day with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with disipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out, and she falls. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she, after a great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-six years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to die for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swinded out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured and eyes extinguished and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat, the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infants God who knows everything, knows the ten-thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of the anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, set out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why? Where there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes! But the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded and afflicted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day night after night, until a fellow physician says, "Pardon, you had better go home and rest. You look miserable." But he cannot rest while so

many are suffering. On and on until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back and is so weak, and so weak, and so weak, that whom he had no right to, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the farthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited Me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a paupered and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The fuming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent except one young lawyer, one for feeble wiles that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my careless face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beseecher in this case obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness; I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoners, look at him! Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to the sobs, the suppressed sobs and their excited fears and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where even in his heart I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say a reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this, and you may think of me, but I cannot bring in what verdict you shall, but I can errate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn courtroom was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within ten steps of the top, that best denials him through the treasury of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American courtroom than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome inebriate, Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant, but hypercritical painter, Joseph William Turner, was not by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations—"The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Ship Rising Through Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage"—were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man a young author of twenty-four years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken heartedness, he tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for his chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and un-inspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic or a human falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from the deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no father or mother or genealogy; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out by his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ in the affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ, because of the seventy men in which he threw himself for the rescue of others. But put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth part of a Christ. He rose and sat down on His own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and changed a circumference seraphic for a circumference diabolic. One wailed on by angels, now hissed at by the brigands. From afar and high up He came down; past meteors swifter than light, by starry throes, His most tremendous past, by a flash to smaller worlds; down stairs of armaments, and from cloud to cloud and through tree tops and into the eagle's stall, to thrust His shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through His vitals, and wrapped Himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel amid the drenching surf of the sea and passed midnight on the mountains amid wild boasts of prey and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on Him at once with their keen sabres—our Substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client or physician for the patient in the lazaretto or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christy suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrong in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under His one arm, and all his sorrows under His other arm, and said: "I will atone for these sins. My right arm and will bear all the burden under My left arm. Strike Me with all thy glittering shafts, O eternal justice! Roll over Me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow." And the thunderbolt struck Him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and evens and evenings, and then and there in the presence of heaven and earth and hell—yea, all worlds witnessing—the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

A Town's Unique Predicament. It has been discovered in the town of Jamestown, R. I., that it is impossible to secure a man there for jury duty, as they are all members of the fire department.

A County's Criminal Record.

Mingo County, West Virginia, has a remarkable record. It is a young county, and but few terms of court have been held. There are not quite 1,800 votes in the county, but there are over 1,000 criminal cases to be tried, most of them on indictments returned by the last two grand juries.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip; 10c.

"They say you have no sympathy for the struggling poor."

"Me?" said the accused gentleman. "I have nothing but sympathy."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. When millions of colic, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

The funded debt of Boston increased over six millions in the last fiscal year.

Woman's Nerves.

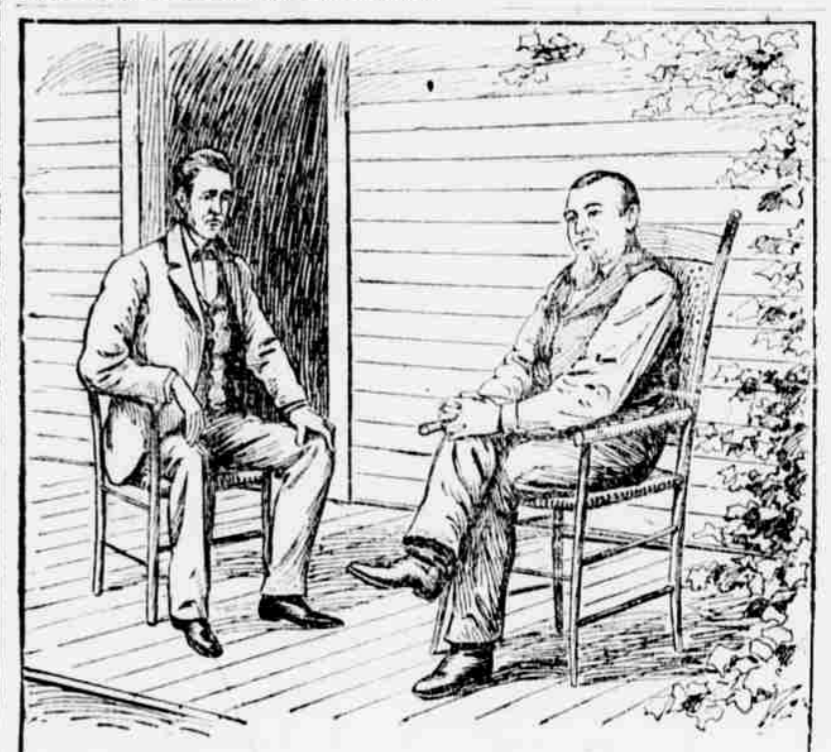
Mrs. Platt Talks About Hysteria.

When a nerve or a set of nerves supplying any organ in the body with its due nutriment grows weak, that organ languishes. When the nerves become exhausted and die, so to speak, the organ falls into decay. What is to be done? The answer is, do not allow the weakness to progress; stop the deteriorating process at once! Do you experience fits of depression, alternating with restlessness? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one moment you laugh and the next fall into convulsive weeping?

Again, do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you, all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound, pain in ovary, and pain especially between the shoulders, sometimes loss of voice and nervous dyspepsia? If so, you are hysterical, your uterine nerves are at fault. You must do something to restore their tone. Nothing is better for the purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it will work a cure. If you do not understand your symptoms, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will give you honest, expert advice, free of charge.

Mrs. LYDIA E. PLATT, Womleyburg, Pa., had a terrible experience with the illness we have just described. Here is her own description of her sufferings:

"I thought I could not be so benefited by anything and keep it to myself. I had hysteria (caused by womb trouble) in its worst form. I was awfully nervous, low-spirited and melancholy, and everything imaginable. The moment I was alone I would cry from hour to hour; I did not care whether I lived or died. I told my husband I believed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would do me good. I took it and am now well and strong, and getting stouter. I have more color in my face than I have had for a year and a half. Please accept my thanks. I hope all who read this and who suffer from nervousness of this kind will do as I have done and be cured."



A resident of Shawnee, Tennessee, says: "I want to tell of the benefit I received from taking Ripans Tabules."

Ripans Tabules.

My stomach had got to such a fix I could not digest my victuals at all. Everything I ate I threw up, with great pain in my chest and bowels. I tried several doctors, who did me no good. At last, after spending about \$75, a friend advised me to try Ripans. I commenced taking them and soon I could eat almost anything, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that what I eat would stay with me. I am grateful for such a medicine, and I hope before many years it will have place in the house of every family in these United States."

ALABASTINE. IT WON'T RUB OFF. Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. KALSOMINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush, mixing in cold water. For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere. A Tin Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine Blue-White. Ripans Tabules sent free to any one writing this notice. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. Never grip or sicken, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

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