

What Tasmania Exports.
Tasmania exports hops, fruit in great quantities and iron, tin and galena.

A Little Thing.
"It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort which by daily use has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear of him who thinks to die unarmored it will fall like choicest music." It is a simple thing to suffer ordinary pain; but when it comes by night and night with morbidness's cruel hour, there's nothing better to cure it than St. Jacobs Oil, which, by saturating to every part that aches, lessens the pain and leaves a perfect cure behind it. It's a little thing to do, but the comfort of relief from such distress will make one feel the happier hours of life.

Tumorials was an expert chess player.

Remedy for Catarrh That Counts Merely.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Remedy manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood in all mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Remedy, be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. To tumorials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Rubber was little used except for erasing until 1820, 350 years after its discovery.

An Important Difference.
To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a restorative condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Apples contain a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other of our fruits.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and illustration free. Laboratory, Birmingham, N.Y.

The raw silk from Kanakas cocoons is said to be the best in the world.

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

It is said that tobacco seed will retain its vitality for ten years.

For Whooping Cough, Hood's Cure is a successful remedy. J. E. HERRICK, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., November 11, 1901.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. \$1.

Koreana wear paper coats.

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

Haltie Well and Happy
Used to Suffer From Impure Blood and Eruptions



Haltie Dancer, Lawrence Station, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my child of impure blood and eruptions on the head. She would scratch her head so that it would bleed. The sores spread behind her ears, and the poor child suffered terribly. I doctored her the best I know how but the sores did not get any better. But thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Ointment, she is now well as any of the children. She is as large and healthy as any child five years old. This is all the medicine we take, for I do not think there is any better." GEORGE DANIEL, Lawrence Station, N. J.

Hood's Cures
ment, she is now well as any of the children. She is as large and healthy as any child five years old. This is all the medicine we take, for I do not think there is any better." GEORGE DANIEL, Lawrence Station, N. J.

Hood's Pills Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 50c. P. N. U. S.

W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoes IS THE BEST FOR A KIDNEY. 50c. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF, \$4.00 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES, \$2.00 WORKINGMEN'S, \$2.00 EXTRA FINE, \$2.00 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES, \$1.00 LADIES' \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 \$10.00 \$11.00 \$12.00 \$13.00 \$14.00 \$15.00 \$16.00 \$17.00 \$18.00 \$19.00 \$20.00 \$21.00 \$22.00 \$23.00 \$24.00 \$25.00 \$26.00 \$27.00 \$28.00 \$29.00 \$30.00 \$31.00 \$32.00 \$33.00 \$34.00 \$35.00 \$36.00 \$37.00 \$38.00 \$39.00 \$40.00 \$41.00 \$42.00 \$43.00 \$44.00 \$45.00 \$46.00 \$47.00 \$48.00 \$49.00 \$50.00 \$51.00 \$52.00 \$53.00 \$54.00 \$55.00 \$56.00 \$57.00 \$58.00 \$59.00 \$60.00 \$61.00 \$62.00 \$63.00 \$64.00 \$65.00 \$66.00 \$67.00 \$68.00 \$69.00 \$70.00 \$71.00 \$72.00 \$73.00 \$74.00 \$75.00 \$76.00 \$77.00 \$78.00 \$79.00 \$80.00 \$81.00 \$82.00 \$83.00 \$84.00 \$85.00 \$86.00 \$87.00 \$88.00 \$89.00 \$90.00 \$91.00 \$92.00 \$93.00 \$94.00 \$95.00 \$96.00 \$97.00 \$98.00 \$99.00 \$100.00

W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

Consumption
was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.
For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrophula, Anemia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.
Buy only the genuine with our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper.
Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

AN ALPENA MIRACLE.
MRS. JAS. M. TODD, OF LONG RAPIDS, DISCARDS HER CRUTCHES.

In an Interview with a Reporter She Reveals Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.
(From the Argus, Alpena, Mich.)

We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Alpena Co., Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it to-day.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time; her knees joints terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up by a dressing. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these three years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover herself at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills, until now I begin to forget my crutches, and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder, walking out of doors without assistance.

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have, to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. It often like a forceful try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of a grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good results.

Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative power of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor, helpless cripple back to her own milk and cream, washing, sewing, knitting and in fact about all her household duties, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

BACKWOODS DIPLOMACY.
A Portland man, who has just returned from a hunting trip in the forests of Northern Maine, vouches for the truth of the following story, as he had it direct from the sheriff.

A man who lives in Mount Katahdin reign went into the office of a justice of the peace a few days since, and inquired about the penalty for hunting deer with dogs, and very particularly as to whether one-half the fine did not go to the informer.

The justice consulted the game laws, and assured him that it did.

"Very Well," said the man, "I want to complain of myself and settle."

The justice could not back out, and so gave the transgressor "a clean bill of health," upon payment of one-half of the penalty.

It seems that the man got wind of the fact that a game warden had got the "drop" on him on his deer poachings with his dogs, and was only waiting an opportunity to arrest him. Hence his shrewd bit of diplomacy.

Duplicity.
"So you think she is two faced?"
"Certainly. I have seen her when her own showed through."—Detroit Tribune.

The Standard
remedy for all stomach and liver complaints is Ripans Tablets. One tablet gives relief, but in severe cases one should be taken after each meal until the trouble has disappeared.

The Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., are the largest print works in the United States.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

15 cents and this ad brings for trial 15c worth THE PATIFINDER that clean national newspaper for teachers, students and busy people. Large Samples. THE PATIFINDER, Washington, D. C.

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COURAGE.
We greet with quickening pulse the story That shrouds a warrior's name in glory;

We thrill to learn, from lays heroic, How patriots perished; finely stoic. Yet loftier courage means the giving Far less to dying than to living.

It means, with truth's divine assurance, To arm the soul in stern endurance; It means with grip no stress can sever To clutch the sword of high endeavor

And wage, in patience and persistence, This bloodless battle called existence.—Edgar Fawcett, in Youth's Companion.

WOLF SOLANGE.

TICK in hand, our bagging over our shoulders, we three had been walking all the afternoon in the beautiful forest of Tronsays, which covers half the Saint-Amand district and half the Nevers district. The end of our tramp for the day was the village of Ursay, near the bank of the Cher, a little place huddled up in an arm of that valley which divides the forest in two. There we dined with an old friend of mine, a doctor, whose small connection was scattered over five or six neighboring parishes. Dinner over, we seated ourselves in the open, in front of the house, and meditatively smoked our cherrywood pipes.

The shadows were gathering upon the tall treetops all around us with the slowness of a June evening; here and there a cloud of swallows was to be seen; from a little steeple, just visible above the roofs of the houses, rang out the 9 o'clock angulus, in slow, measured tones, an interval of silence between each stroke; and in the distance could be heard the barking of the farm dogs as they called to and answered each other.

A youngish woman, dressed in a skirt of red material, with a white bodice, came out of a house close by and went toward the river; she was carrying a baby in long clothes on her left arm, and holding with her right hand the chubby fist of a little boy, who in turn was grasping the hand of a younger brother. When she reached the bank of the River Cher, the young mother sat down on a big stone, while the two boys quickly undressed and tumbled into the water, where they threw water over one another with shouts of laughter.

"There's a picture which would have a tremendous success in the Salon," said one of my companions, who was an artist. "See how the light falls upon her! And what a splendid pose! How well the red skin shows up on the dark background!"

"Are you looking at Wolf-Solange, young gentlemen?" asked a voice behind us.

It was our host, who had been detained inside by the arrival of a patient, and who now rejoined us. Of course, we asked him who Wolf-Solange was, and how she came by such a strange name, and, in reply, he told us the following story:

"Wolf-Solange, whose proper name is Solange Grillet, maiden name Tourneur, was the prettiest girl all around Tronsays ten years ago. Hard work in the fields and material cares have left their mark upon her, but she is still pretty for a woman of thirty, as you can see.

"At the time the adventure happened which earned for her the nickname of Wolf-Solange she was still single. Her parents were tenants of the small farm of Rein-du-Bois, about eight or nine miles from here, near Lurecy-Levy. Although poor, she had no lack of suitors, even among the well-to-do young men of the neighborhood; but the only one she encouraged was a certain Laurent Grillet, to whom she had taken a fancy when she was a mere girl and they used to tend sheep together.

"Laurent Grillet was a foundling; his fortune consisted of his strong arm only. Solange's parents, not seeing the advisability of marrying their daughter to a man just as poor as they were, especially when he had several much better chances, forbade Solange to meet her lover; but the parents' injunction was unheeded, and as they lived in the same village and the forest was close by, the opportunities of meeting were numerous and easy. When the Tourneurs discovered that the lovers still saw each other, and perceived that neither set words nor blows had any effect upon Solange, they came to a weighty decision; they would send her out to service at Ursay, on the model farm of M. Roger Duflos, our Deputy.

"Perhaps you think that this step put a stop to the lovers' meeting? If so, you are quite mistaken. The only difference was that they had to see each other at night. As soon as it was quite dark the young people slipped away from the respective farms, on which they worked, and, taking a short cut to save time and to avoid the high road, met in the forest unknown to any one.

"It was in 1879. The summer and autumn passed in this way, then came the winter—and a terrible winter it was! The Cher was full of pieces of floating ice, and finally it froze right over; the high trees of Tronsays bent under the weight of the snow; the forest was deserted, the roads having become almost impassable; and we saw what had not been seen for many a year—wolves!

"Yes, young gentlemen, wolves. They prowled about the outlying farms of Lurecy-Levy and Ursay,

alarming the good people who lived on those farms, and were even seen in the streets of Saint-Bonnet-le-Desert, an out-of-the-way little place close to the forest. Wolf hunts were organized to kill them, and fifty francs were paid for a wolf's head. I myself saw three—two full grown ones and a young one—on the opposite bank of the Cher one morning when I was on my way to Saint-Amand in my cart.

"But neither the hard winter nor the wolves prevented Laurent and Solange from meeting at night in the forest; in spite of all dangers they continued their nightly expedition. Every evening Laurent left Lurecy-Levy, his gun under his arm, and walked through the snow-covered forest with a blithe, fearless step; Solange, on her side, slipped away from Ursay at 9 o'clock; and they met at a glade called 'The Walk,' about a mile and a half from here.

"On Christmas evening they met as usual, but just as Laurent reached the glade he slipped upon the frozen ground, and fell in such an awkward way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him up, but was unable to do so; she could only drag him to a young elm tree and set him up with his back against the trunk.

"'Stop there, my poor Laurent,' she said, wrapping her cloak around him, 'and I will run to the doctor at Ursay; he will come and fetch you in his cart.'

"She started off on her way to the village, and had turned the bend in the road, when she heard the report of a gun and a cry for help. She ran back to her lover, whom she found ghastly pale with pain and fear, one hand convulsively clutching his gun, which was lying on the ground.

"'What is the matter, Laurent dear?' she asked, anxiously. 'Was it you who fired?'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Soon after you had left I noticed a strong smell, and when I looked up I saw an animal with glaring red eyes, and as big as a great dog. I believe it was a wolf.'

"'Did you fire at it?'

"'No; I couldn't lift the gun, you know, on account of my arm. I pulled the trigger as it rested on the ground to frighten the brute, and you see he is gone.'

"'Will it come back?' asked Solange, after a moment's reflection.

"'I am sure it will!' answered the young man. 'You'll have to stop here with me, Solange; if you don't the beast will eat me.'

"'Very well, dear,' said Solange. 'I'll stop with you. Let me have your gun.'

"She took up the weapon, shook out the discharged cartridge and put in a fresh one, and they both waited anxiously.

"Two hours, perhaps more, passed. The moon, still invisible, had risen above the horizon, for the sky reflected a confused light, which became brighter each minute. Laurent was feverish—he shivered and groaned; Solange benumbed with cold, standing up with her back against the tree, began to get drowsy.

"'All at once a kind of whine or howl, like that of a dog chained up at night, made her jump. In the semi-darkness she saw two fiery eyes; it was the wolf.

"'Laurent tried to get up and take the gun, but the pain was too great, and he fell back again into a sitting position with a groan.

"'Make ready, Solange,' he cried; 'aim straight between the eyes, and don't fire too soon.'

"Solange raised the weapon to her shoulder, took aim and fired; but the kick of the gun made her miss the animal. Nevertheless, scared by the report, it fled along the road, and was quickly out of sight. A little while afterward they heard it howling in the distance, and it was answered by others.

The moon now emerged from behind the trees and lighted up the whole of the forest, and a terrifying sight met the eyes of the lovers. Within gunshot were five wolves, seated on their hindquarters, like dogs, across the path, while another, bolder than its fellows, was slowly making its way toward Laurent and Solange.

"'Listen to what I tell you, Solange,' said Laurent. 'Take aim at the one which is coming toward us; if you can manage to knock him over, the others will eat him, and we shall have a rest while they are doing it.'

"The wolf continued to advance slowly; they could see its red eyeballs, its bones showing through its dull, ragged-looking coat—so thin was it through hunger—and its open mouth with the tongue hanging out.

"'Rest the butt of the gun well in the hollow of your shoulder,' said Laurent. 'Now let him have it!'

"Bang! The wolf gave a jump in the air and fell dead without a sound; the others rushed away as hard as they could and disappeared in the brushwood.

"'Run to the wolf, quick, Solange!' exclaimed her lover. 'Drag it as far up the road as you can; there is no danger, the others won't come back yet.'

"She ran to the dead wolf but he called her back when she had gone a few steps.

"'We ought to cut off the head, you know, so as to get the reward.'

"'Have you got a knife?' she asked.

"'Yes, here in my belt.'

"'It was a hunting-knife, with a short handle and a wide blade. She took it and, running to where the animal lay, she cut off its head and dragged the carcass by one foot over the slippery ground as far away as she could, and returned to Laurent with the head.

"'What Laurent had foreseen took place. The wolves frightened at first by the death of their companion, came back—all five of them—when they smelt blood. By the light of the

moon the two young people saw the group of wolves struggling, fighting and rolling over one another in their efforts to get a full share of the prey, of which they devoured every scrap.

"Laurent began to suffer terribly from his broken leg. Solange, whose nerves were giving way under the strain, was vainly endeavoring to struggle against fatigue and drowsiness; twice the gun nearly fell from her hands.

"Having finished their meal, the wolves began to come near to the young people. The girl fired once, twice, at random in their midst, but her frozen fingers trembled, and the bullets went wide of the mark. At the report of the gun the brutes scurried away along the road for some short distance, where they stopped for a few minutes, and then came back.

"Laurent and Solange knew that it was all over with them then, and that they must perish. The girl let the gun fall to the ground, but not for an instant did she think of abandoning her wounded lover and saving herself by flight. She lay down upon the frozen ground by his side and drew one end of her cloak, which she had wrapped him in, over her own benumbed limbs, and putting her arms round him, she laid her head against his cheek; thus, outwardly frozen by the cold and inwardly burning with fever, they both waited for death.

"Strange fancies took possession of their disordered minds as they lay half unconscious; it was once again summer time, and they were wandering through the forest decked with summer verdure, enjoying the lovely June evening; then the trees and hedges became suddenly bare, and the forest covered with snow, upon which stood out clearly a mass of moving forms with blazing eyes and gaping mouths—a mass which grew larger every minute, and drew nearer to them to devour them.

"But, fortunately, neither Laurent nor Solange were destined to die in that awful manner. Providence—I believe in Providence, my boys—was ordained that very morning I was returning through the forest in my cart from Saint-Bonnet-le-Desert, where I had been to attend a very urgent case. I was driving, while my servant, holding a loaded gun ready in his hand, was on the lookout for wolves. No doubt the bells on my horse frightened the brutes, for we did not see a single one. When we reached the tree, at the foot of which the lovers were lying, my horse shied, and so drew my attention to them; I jumped out, and, aided by my man, lifted the poor things, unconscious and stiff with cold, into the cart, covered them with everything we had in the way of rugs, and made my way as quickly as possible to Ursay. I did not forget to take the wolf's head with me.

"It was about 7 o'clock, and the day was breaking when we reached the village. We were met by a large party, consisting of the men employed on the farm of M. Roger Duflos, and about half the people of the village, who, uneasy at the disappearance of Solange, were going in search of her. And it was in that large kitchen where you have just dined that Laurent and Solange, restored to consciousness, and seated in front of a flaming beech-wood fire, told us what they had passed through during that dreadful night."

"Well, doctor, I suppose they got married after that?"

"Of course," replied the doctor. "The will of Providence is at times as clearly shown in the course of events that it does not require any gift of second sight to perceive it. After the adventure of the wolves, the parents of Solange consented to her marriage with Laurent Grillet. The wedding took place in the spring, and the fifty francs reward which they received for the wolf's head paid for the bride's dress."

We all remained silent. It was now quite dark, the twinkling stars were reflected in the deep, blue water of the Cher, and the thick mass of trees stood out like mountains upon the horizon.

We saw Wolf-Solange dress her two boys and come toward us on her way back to her home, the child asleep in her arms and the others walking by her side as before. As she passed up she smiled at the doctor, who smiled in return, and wished her a cheery "Good evening, Solange!"—From the French.

The Effects of Cold on Life.
Some very interesting experiments have lately been carried out by M. Pletet, the well-known French chemist, with the object of trying the effect of extreme cold on life. A dog placed in a copper receiver kept at a temperature of sixty to seventy degrees C. below the freezing point of water became warmer by half a degree in the course of the first ten minutes, and after an hour and a half was found to be only one degree colder than it had been at first. A little later, however, nature seems to have given up the struggle, for it suddenly died. Insects resisted a temperature of twenty-eight degrees C. below zero, but not thirty-five degrees. Myriapods lived down to fifty degrees, and snails to 130 degrees below zero. The eggs of birds lost their vitality at two to three degrees below zero, and those of ants at zero. Infusoria died at ninety degrees, but at 213 degrees below zero bacteria still remained virulent.—London Exchange.

Peculiar Snow.
When people at Elva, Ky., arose the other morning they found the ground covered with two inches of white snow, and this covered with a yellow-tinted stuff that would turn water inky black. There is no explanation of the phenomenon, and an analysis has been undertaken.—New York Mercury.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

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.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

The Hair.
The root bulb of every hair has five or six small white filaments, which are to the bulb what the roots of an onion are to that vegetable, the means of collecting and bringing it to the proper nourishment.

The sea-cypress, a kind of coral, sometimes has 6,000 to 10,000 animals on a single branch.

We don't see what fun there can be in kissing a girl out skating when her nose is cold.

THE ONWARD MARCH



of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, Dr. Pierce's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 90 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectation (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Will prevent much suffering. This grand remedy cures DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, AND KINDRED AFFECTIONS. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

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Will prevent much suffering. This grand remedy cures DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, AND