Votes

Have been cast by thousands of sufferers from impure blood, and their verdict has settled the question of the great curative power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every mail car brings in these letters of praise for Hood's Sarsaparilla. They tell the same wonderful story of health restored, pain and suffering relieved, and happiness brought back. They prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

A Wonderful Material.

The peat, or turf, taken from the Irish bogs, is used as fuel in the manufacture of cloth, and when subjected to great pressure becomes as hard as ebony and may be used for a variety of mechanical purposes. After being washed, dried and teased it presents the appearance of an exceedingly coarse brown fabric. After further cardings it changes to a delicate, creamy, chocolate-colored fiber, which can be spun into yarn or woven into woolen goods. It can be bleached to a snowy whiteness and dyed any color. It can be produced for one-third the cost of shoddy, and in the finer makes the appearance is equal to tweed. Several members of the royal family, including the Duchess of York, have purchased dresses of it. It is also an antiseptic and possesses absorbent qualities so great that it will soak up nine times its own weight of moisture. The value of peat fiber as a non-conductor of heat has been long known in this country, where it is used in the lining of refrigerators and cold-storage rooms, and also as a covering for steam pipes.

JOYS OF MATERNITY.

VIGOROUS MOTHERS AND STURDY CHILDREN ADMIRED.

Why so Many Women Are Childless—A Problem That Has Puzzled Physicians for Centuries.

Reproduction is a law of nature, and no picture of joy and happiness can equal that of the vigorous mother and her sturdy child.

Nature makes but few mistakes, and every thoughtful person must admit that a cause exists, why so many women are childless.

The subject baffles the theories of physicians. Such cases are curable nine times out of ten, as evidenced by thousands of letters on file at Mrs. Pinkham's office. Many a darling baby owes its existence to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and the Vegetable Compound. This is not to be wondered at when such testimony as the following explains itself:

"I have taken three bottles of your Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills; and now I have a dear little babe four weeks old, and I am well. I have to thank you for this.

"I have spent $200.00 for doctor's bills without obtaining any relief. For my cure I only spent $5.00.

"I had been a victim of female troubles in their worst form; suffered untold agonies every month; had to stay in bed, and have poultices applied, and then could not stand the pain.

"My physician told me if I became pregnant I would die. I had bladder trouble, itching, backache, catarrh of the stomach, hysteria and heart trouble, fainting spells and leucorrhœa. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"—Mrs. Geo. C. Kirchner, 372 Belmont Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

P N U 43

Money in Chickens

For 25c. in stamps we send a 100 PAGE BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser—not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents—during 25 years. It teaches how to Detect and Cure Diseases; Feed for Eggs; also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding; everything requisite for profitable Poultry raising. BOOK PUBLISHING CO. 134 Leonard Street, New York.

WANTED—Man financially good in each state to supply agents with New Canton Pancake Griddle. Something new. Great catch. Positive proof. Can realize $50.0 annually. Agents wanted for Ohio. Send stamp. M. SHAEFFER, Canton, O.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

OPIUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga

MONEY GOLD, SILVER.... ....BOOK FREE. Dan Danehy, Columbus, O.

AGENTS, start a mail order business at home. Particulars 2c. J. K. HAND, Cape May City, N. J.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS

Facts Recorded in Wool.

"The sheep from which that wool was cut," said a wool commission man on Michigan street, "didn't have enough to eat during February and March. How can I tell? Why, there is a weak spot in the wool which was made during those months. Anything which affects the growth of the sheep, whether prolonged dry weather in the summer or disease or want of food in the winter, will show in the wool just as accurately as the heat or cold is shown in a thermometer."

"The wool business," he continued, "is like every other; it is full of little details that are surprising to an outsider. You ask any wool dealer who has ever handled New England wool and he will tell you the clippings of sheep from the same breed on opposite sides of the Connecticut River, one in New Hampshire and the other in Vermont, differ from each other. On one side of the river is a granite soil and on the other a limestone soil, and the difference in grass grown on these two soils makes a difference in the wool. Now, the rich black prairies of Illinois make a wool from the same family of sheep which is quite a little coarser than the wool of the sheep grown on the finer grass of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The fiber of the Illinois wool is not so clear, dense or strong as that produced in Ohio."—Free Press.

FULLY RESTORED.

A TRAVELING MAN MADE WELL AND HAPPY.

Attacked by the Two Fiends, Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble, but the Plots of Both are Foiled by the Pink Pills.

From the Republican, Caribou, Me.

Mr. O. A. Shepard, of Caribou, Maine, who was so dreadfully afflicted with kidney disease and rheumatism, and looked upon as incurable, tells the following story of his disability and cure:

"Early in the fall of 1894 I had, as I supposed, kidney trouble, and it was slowly and surely making headway in undermining my health for I was fast becoming unable to attend to my duties as a traveling salesman, my back seemed almost ready to break after riding any distance in buggy or sleigh. The bad feeling had been growing in my back for a period of five or six years, but I had not given it much attention, not supposing it to be anything but what would wear off. But in the fall above mentioned I was compelled to give my attention to it, for I had to stop traveling and go to doctoring myself. My efforts seemed fruitless. I grew worse and worse. My weight was decreasing. My blood was apparently growing poor and less in quantity.

"At this stage symptoms of pulmonary trouble appeared, making a bad complication, which the physicians did not attempt to cure, and I had lost hope.

"Just at this time, a friend, and he was a friend indeed, advised me to procure some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with little faith that they would do me any good, but out of respect for my friend's advice, (I thought it would do no harm at least) I ordered six boxes. I took them. My blood at once began to increase and I for the first time in many weeks had a good night's sleep! My improvement was noticeable from the start! My weight began to increase! My appetite grew! Happy? Well I think I was! I at last had found just what my system needed to defeat the robbers preying on my health and I thought it the time to be merry.

"I purchased another half dozen boxes and when they were gone, two more, which effectually cured me. I increased in weight until from what was almost nothing for me, I tipped the scales at 196 pounds, my present weight, and I owe it all to the Pink Pills. May the knowledge of them be brought to all suffering as I did, for I know they will be benefited and cured, and I deem it a pleasure to recommend them.

"I have traveled for thirty years and have heard of many strange things, miracles, etc., but I think my own experience stranger than them all.

"Now I can drive hard all day, from early morning to late at night and not feel it. I am just as well as I ever was. No, sir, I never felt any bad effects from their use at all. It was a gradual but sure fight and the Pink Pills were victorious. Long may they wave!"

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 an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Believes Not in Education.

Prince Czartoryski, a member of the Austrian Upper House, recently told the Galatian schoolmasters that illiteracy, for which Australian Poland is notorious, has a favorable influence on character and understanding. The illiterate, he declared, to be for the most part well behaved and sensible, while history shows that enlightenment is not essential to happiness and prosperity.

Take care of the pennies, and somebody else will take care of the dollars for you.

The principal part of a Kaffir's religion consists in singing and dancing.

You Can't Do Without Soap! Why Not Get The Best?

Sunlight Soap

Has no equal—
For purity.....
For cleansing power..
For taking out dirt...
For dissolving grease.
For saving clothes.....
For preserving hands.

These are some of the reasons why "SUNLIGHT" Soap has the largest sale in the world, and has been awarded TWENTY-SEVEN GOLD MEDALS and other honors.

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., New York.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Thrilling Story of Two Aeronauts—A Brave Locomotive Fireman—Rescued by a Living Chain.

On a cot in St. Luke's Hospital, says the New York Journal, lies Charles Wolcott, the aeronaut. Near him, in the same surgical ward, is Frank Stevens, equally as well known as a balloonist. The accidents that sent these two daring men to the same New York hospital happened thousands of miles apart. Wolcott has been in the hospital since last April. Stevens was carried there last Thursday. They suffered the same injuries, which are almost mortal.

It was Stevens's devoted friendship for Wolcott that stretched him by Wolcott's side. Visiting them and tending their wants is Nina Madison, a young woman of Jersey City, who, in turn, would have risked her life for money with which to alleviate their sufferings.

The Journal has told of Wolcott's balloon ascension at Vera de Cura, Venezuela. It was Venezuela's National holiday, the birthday of Senor Bolivar, the liberator. When Wolcott's balloon ascended 3500 feet he cut loose the parachute to descend by it. The robes had been tangled by the pressing crowd trampling on them. The parachute did not spread until Wolcott was within three hundred feet of the ground. Then the terrific resisting force of the air tore it into ribbons and the aeronaut shot downward. His spine was dislocated and many of his bones were broken. He was carried to Caracas, and last spring a steamer brought him to New York. Only the most skillful surgical treatment saved his life and cured, but slowly, the partial paralysis that followed his injuries.

Soon after Wolcott was taken to St. Luke's, Frank Stevens and Nina Madison went to him. He taught them how to ascend in a balloon, and to descend with a parachute. They gave their purses to Wolcott, whose own was nearly exhausted by expensive surgeons. They knew that he had an engagement to make an ascension at Huntington, Canada, on September 8 last.

"We will take your place in the balloon," Stevens and Miss Madison said to their master in ballooning. "We will take the risk. You can take the money."

Wolcott demurred. "You may do as much for us some day," urged his two pupils.

Wolcott feebly smiled and accepted their offer.

A big fair was going on at Huntington on September 8. Thousands were there. Miss Madison and Stevens arrived at the fair only a few hours before the time set for the ascension. Their baggage was delayed, so when it came their preparations were hurriedly made.

"I will go up alone and make the descent," said Stevens.

The parachute with which he was to make his leap was carried to Huntingdon in a metal cylinder. The edges of the cylinder, in transit, had partly severed some of the ropes of the parachute. In his hurry Stevens did not notice that. He was 3500 feet in the air when he swung himself down to the trapeze of the parachute. He cut loose the huge umbrella; slowly it descended, widely it spread. The crowds far below uplooking at the speck in the air cheered, for it seemed that the daring descent would be successful.

But Stevens had not dropped far when to his horror, the ropes broke on one side of the parachute. He fell like a bag of ballast to within 200 feet of the ground. Women watching him fanted; men were pale and helpless. But a lucky slant of wind caught the parachute and almost righted it. Stevens's downward speed was slightly checked, but he fell through the branches of a great tree.

He was picked up for dead and carried to a house near by.

"He will surely die," said the doctors who were called.

"He's worth a thousand dead men," said Miss Madison, and she insisted that Stevens be hurried to Montreal on the first freight train that passed. There he was taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital. His injuries were similar to those that Wolcott received, months before, in far away Venezuela. His spine was dislocated and many bones were broken. Next day Miss Madison returned to Huntingdon. She had the parachute repaired.

"I am now ready to make my ascent," she said to the managers of the fair.

"You shall not," they said. "The danger is too great. Why should you run the risk?"

"I need money," she said simply. "I have no v two of my profession to care for."

The managers paid her much more than if she had risked her life. They liberally paid Steven, too. After six weeks Miss Madison took him to New York, to St. Luke's Hospital.

Stevens will ultimately recover, too. So, one day, if they stick to ballooning, Wolcott may do as much for his two devoted pupils.

A Fireman's Brave Deed.

"Big Charley" Wilkins of Nyack, N. Y., a stalwart fireman of the northern express of the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, saved a woman's life at the entrance to Bergen tunnel on the Erie road the other morning. Coal is strewn all along the tracks near the mouth of the big tunnel, and poor residents in the vicinity are in the habit of gathering there in the morning to pick the coal for use in their homes. Just as the express from Nyack reached Bergen curve, near the mouth of the tunnel, at 8.15 o'clock, Fireman Wilkins, leaning out of the cab of engine 208, saw a woman, apparently fifty years old, standing on the east tracks right ahead of the train. She was bareheaded, and had been busy picking up coal on the track, and had been startled by the sudden approach of the train, which was spinning along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Wilkins slapped Engineer Helmke, who was at the brake, on the back, and pointed to the woman.

"By Jove," he cried, "we're liable to hit her."

At that instant the Hackensack mail train, scooting along at a speed of thirty miles an hour, shot out of the tunnel, and the woman straightened up from her stooping position and stepped over to the west track, along which the mail train was speeding. The woman didn't see the train until she was on the track. She looked first at one train and then at the other, and stood stock still in her perilous position.

Engineer Helmke and Fireman Wilkins saw at a glance that the woman was completely bewildered, and so frightened that she was utterly unable to get out of danger.

"Slow up a little," cried Wilkins, "and I'll jump for her. It's the only thing to do now."

The engineer reversed the wheels of the express, and it glided by, just grazing the woman, who stood trembling on the other track. Wilkins sprang from the cab just ahead of her and landed on a lot of broken stone and was nearly thrown from his feet by the insecure footing. Engineer Doremus of the Hackensack train saw the big, broad shouldered fireman jump at the very instant he rounded the curve. He yanked open the whistle valve, and the engine let loose a shrill scream of warning, while he put on the air brake and reversed the engine as quick as lightning. Wilkins ran to the woman, and lifting her bodily, held her up in his arms as he stood in the narrow and rough path between the tracks. The mail train shot past with the driving wheels grinding the reverse way on the tracks. Its impetus was so great that though all brakes were on, it traversed a distance twice the length of the train before it slowed up and stopped.

The passengers on both trains, startled by the whistles of the engines, crowded to the car windows and watched the daring act with a thrill of excitement. They praised the pluck of the big fireman. The nerves of the rescued woman were completely unstrung by fright. Wilkins carried her across the tracks and out of danger. Both Engineer Doremus and Fireman Schmall of the mail train said that Wilkins had undoubtedly saved the woman's life, as it would have been impossible to stop the train in time to avoid running her down. Fireman Wilkins jumped aboard the cab of his engine without waiting to get the name of the woman.

"The thing was to save her," he said, nonchalantly, "it didn't matter what her name was. Besides, she was too frightened to talk."

Rescued by a Human Chain.

Scows are moored at the pier at the foot of East Ninety-fifth street to carry away the earth and stone hauled there by carts belonging to Contractor Patrick Martin. To reach the pier the carts descend an inclined roadway that runs along the edge of the stone bulkhead between Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets. The bulkhead wall is about ten feet above the water level, and there was a railing along it to prevent the carts sliding into the river until Friday, when it was carried away by a balky horse, which backed overboard and was drowned. The driver, Patrick Kearney, came to the surface bleeding from a cut four inches long in his head. John Jordan threw him a rope, but Kearney was too weak to hold on to it. Other workmen rushed off in search of a boat. Kearney was barely able to keep afloat. Jordan threw himself on his face on the pier and tried to reach him, but the water was fully twelve feet below him.

"Here, you fellows," he shouted, "come and hang on to my feet."

Three or four men grabbed him without realizing what he intended to do.

"Lower me until I can reach him," Jordan commanded, and they lowered him down the bulkhead, but still he could not reach the drowning man.

Then John O'Brien, another sturdy longshoreman, came to the rescue. "I can hold Jordan," said he; "you hang on to me," and the men on the pier lowered O'Brien, who clung to Jordan's legs, with the latter's feet tucked under his arm. A third man was found necessary to complete the chain, and Joseph Smith, the biggest man in the crowd, grabbed O'Brien's legs and was lowered in turn. Jordan was now within Kearney's reach, and he grabbed him by the shoulders and held his head above water until the men who had gone in search of a boat rowed up and rescued the drowning man. Kearney's rescuers were dragged back on the bulkhead, pretty well tired out by their exertions.

Yesterday morning another horse backed off the now unprotected gangway. The driver, John New, jumped off the cart when he saw that he could not prevent it tumbling into the river. The horse was drowned.—New York Sun.

Mortality in the Far North.

A great many people actually believe that signing the roll of a vessel which is bound North on a voyage of discovery is equivalent to almost anything but death, pure and simple. That this is a great mistake is proven by some recent exhaustive figures on Arctic exploration in general. From these it appears that ninety-seven out of each 100 who have gone North exploring have returned in safety to civilization.

WISE WORDS.

Money is the pick-lock that never fails.

The busiest tongues utter the most idle words.

Some men know a great many things that aren't worth knowing.

The true secret of success in life is to know what you can't do well.

Scatter sound literature, and the harvest will come in due season.

The trouble market is easy, and it can always be borrowed at low rates.

Hush money usually talks for both parties interested in the transaction.

The more you praise a man who don't deserve it the more you abuse him.

A weak constitution can be strengthened, but a weak set of brains can't.

Everybody in this world wants watching, but none more than ourselves.

One of the hardest things in the world is for a man who is stuck up to get down.

The top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; nobody has ever reached it yet.

A wise man is never confounded by what he doesn't understand, but a fool generally is.

It is not always necessary to tell the whole truth, but all that you tell should be the truth.

Much learning shows how little mortals know; much wealth, how little worldlings enjoy.—The South-West.

Treachery of the Turks.

The Mushir, a Syrian revolutionary paper, published in Cairo, Egypt, gives an account of an alleged act of treachery of the Turkish authorities in the Lebanon toward the Druses, who have been carrying on a successful rebellion against the Turkish Government.

The Druses had defeated the Turkish Government in a set battle and several skirmishes, and had captured two field guns and a quantity of rifles and ammunition. The losses of the Turks killed in battle were estimated at 8000, and 4000 more by sickness, exposure and hunger, while the losses of the Druses were 1500 men killed in battle.

A truce was effected between the warring parties, and the representatives of both met to draw up a peace. The Druses made the following demands: That their chiefs who had been previously exiled from the Hauran District, including Shibel-el-Atrash, be brought back and restored to liberty; that the Druses be exempted from paying taxes for seven years; that Bedouins and Circassians be excluded from the Hauran, and that any of those people who entered there might be killed by the Druses.

The Turkish representatives offered to accept these terms, and on their side demanded that the Druses give up 2500 rifles and also the two mountain guns they had captured from the Turkish troops.

The Druses agreed to these propositions, and the Turks asked that the remaining Druse chiefs come and sign the agreement. The chiefs came and were immediately arrested by the Turks, who proposed to send them to Damascus, and thence to Constantinople. The Druses, however, had suspected some trickery on the part of the Turks, and had posted a strong force in the neighborhood. This force immediately attacked the Turks, killed about 500 of their soldiers, and rescued their chiefs.—New York Times.

Biggest of All Hogs.

A hog of wonderful dimensions has turned up in Montivello, Texas. It is almost the size of an ox, but its powers of consumption almost equal those of an elephant.

The hog originally sold for $250, but to-day the owner scorns an offer of $15,000 for it. Museum managers all over the country have offered to purchase it, but the owner is waiting until it shall have reached its limit of height, when he thinks its value will be doubled.

The hog weighs 1430 pounds, is eight feet three inches in length and four feet one inch high. It measures eight feet around its body. Its feet are of the size of an ordinary ox.

It eats from forty to fifty ears of corn every day. The pen in which the pig is kept is always surrounded by a crowd, many people watching the phenomenon for hours.

The animal is the pride of the neighborhood, and the first story a stranger hears on entering the town is the story of this champion hog. Visitors invariably tell of the pig after leaving the village, and its fame has traveled far and wide. Experts on cattle say that the animal can be made to attain a weight of 2200 pounds.

So fearful is the owner that something will happen to the pig that he has taken out an insurance policy on its life. He has also insured it for $5000 against loss by fire.

Protection for Safes.

While there may be some plausible pretext for setting traps for mischievous persons and animals, there can be but little urged in favor of this practice when any number of individuals have access to the place in which the traps are placed. An inventor has brought out a device by means of which, when a safe door is opened, a hammer falls, and a glass vessel containing poisonous chemicals is broken. The fumes of the drug either stupefy or kill the burglar. This is all very well, if no one but the burglar ever went there, but should some interested person attempt to open the safe, he might forget that the trap was placed, and be suffocated by the vapor of the chemicals. Such devices involve too much risk to the innocent ever to become popular.—The Ledger.

A Dog that Understands Music.

I have been surprised that trainers of animals pay so much attention to mere tricks and none to what might be termed accomplishments, says a writer. Almost all animals are judges of music and susceptible to its influences; horses dance to it, snakes are charmed by it. It is even said that a lion can be soothed with it so as to render the king of beasts harmless. I know dogs not only enjoy music, but are sometimes good judges as to its quality, and I believe they could be taught by competent trainers to play correctly on musical instruments. I have one that was partially trained that way. He is very fond of the music of a violin; he does not attempt to follow a tune, but keeps time on quick pieces with short barks, while when pieces in minor chords are played he draws long, plaintive breaths. If I introduce a false note, which I sometimes do on purpose, he will howl, and three or four such errors will make him leave on a run. He can detect a false note even more quickly than I can.

Memory.

Teacher—Johnnie, do you know what memory is?

Johnnie Chaffie—Yes, sir; that's what you forget with.—Texas Sifter.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.

The sheep is in its prime for the table when it is about four or five years old.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is *cheaper* for you to use, if you *follow directions*, than any other soaps would be if *given* to you, for by its use *clothes are saved*. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other.

The natural food of the horse is grass; there is nothing else upon which he will grow so large, keep so healthy, or live so long.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

The Hethelthorn in Norfolk is the old hawthorn spoken of in an act 1200.

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

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's coughs and colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 94.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

P N U 43 96

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER 10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 216.

"Protection."

BattleAx PLUG

GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

If you want protection buy "Battle Ax." It is man's ideal tobacco. It protects his purse from high prices. It protects his health from the effects of injurious tobacco. It's the biggest and best there is—nothing less, nothing more.

An investment of 5 cents will prove this story.

"Better Work Wisely Than Work Hard." Great Efforts are Unnecessary in House Cleaning if You Use SAPOLIO