

Bluebirds, the harbinger of spring, have already been noticed in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

**Hidden Places.**  
Why a weasel should hate rats is strange, as he is only an elongated rat himself. Rats and mice love hidden places, and a weasel is about the only living thing that can find them out. Aches and pains are like rats and mice. They seek out the hidden places of the human system and gnaw and ravage the muscles and nerves. St. James Oil, like a weasel, knows how to go for them. It will penetrate to the source of the ache, and breaks up its habitation and drives it out. Rats and mice shun the corners where a weasel has been, and pains and aches once fairly driven out by St. James Oil are permanently cured and seldom come back to their old haunts. There must be patience with the treatment; some chronic forms are stubborn and resist, but the great remedy will finally conquer and give health and strength to the afflicted parts.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, vs. Frank J. Cheney.**  
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that I am the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, 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 of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

**Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1901.**  
A. D. 1886. J. W. C. CROOK, Notary Public.  
Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

John P. Cuddy, a farmer of Berkeley County, Maryland, died on March 10th, 1901, aged 88 years. Mr. Cuddy made the first trip on Peter Cooper's locomotive over the R. & O. on August 25th, 1838. He was not present when Professor Morse sent the first telegraphic message over the R. & O. wires between Baltimore and Washington.

Each salmon produces about 20,000,000 eggs.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? It saves money, makes you more efficient. Cure guaranteed, 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

Bet tonds are sold at 8 pence apiece in Paris.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine. W. R. WILLIAMS, Anrlloch, Ills., April 11, 1891.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grippe like.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the great foot comforter, discoverer of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes itching, burning or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, hot, itchy feet, itching, and shoe stores. Buy by mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Canted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Life and Health

Happiness and usefulness depend upon pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. This is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the blood is now loaded with impurities which must be promptly expelled or health will be in danger. Remember.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

**Hood's Pills** act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?**  
The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.

**HIRES Rootbeer**  
Is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood, it is the most perfect and invigorating drink for temperance people.

**DESIGNS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Late Principal Examiner of Patents and Designs. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, etc., etc.

**GET RICH** quickly: send for "300 Inventions" without cost. EDGAR LATE & CO., 245 B'way, N. Y.

## Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

**Ayer's Cathartic Pills.**

## THE CURE OF DIABETES.

**A Case Successfully Treated in Madison County, N. Y.**  
From the Press, Utica, N. Y.

On the recommendation of Mr. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, New York, that Mr. Amos Jaquays, a resident of Columbus Centre, New York, be interviewed regarding his extraordinary recovery from advanced kidney trouble, embracing diabetes in its worst form, Mr. Jaquays was visited and willingly made the accompanying statement:

"I am fifty years of age, and five years ago began to suffer with pains in the back and weakness in the region of the kidneys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to say, my appetite increased to an extraordinary degree, but instead of giving me strength my food seemed to make me weaker and thinner, and I was terribly constipated. My mouth was pasty, I had continuous heartburn and pain across the lower part of my stomach and frequent vomiting. Indeed, with or without my functions became impaired, my sight was dim, memory deserted me, and life became irksome. I consulted the best medical talent in the county, and they all diagnosed my case as diabetes, but in its most aggravated form, I gave me no relief whatever. At last I was in such a deplorable condition that a council of physicians was called, but their good offices did me no good, and I looked forward to death with satisfaction as the only relief I could expect."

"My old friend, William Woodman, about this time came to visit me, and from him I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he declared had cured him of rheumatism, with or without my functions became impaired, my sight was dim, memory deserted me, and life became irksome. I consulted the best medical talent in the county, and they all diagnosed my case as diabetes, but in its most aggravated form, I gave me no relief whatever. At last I was in such a deplorable condition that a council of physicians was called, but their good offices did me no good, and I looked forward to death with satisfaction as the only relief I could expect."

"I had read of a case of diabetes being cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I was next day after Mr. Woodman's visit that Mr. F. Hyde, of South Hamilton, New York, called on me, and I was told by him that Pink Pills had saved his life and he advised me by all means to try them."

"As I had already been intimated, this factory is a dangerous place to visit. It is not enough for the casual comer to be careful where he steps and to refrain from touching. He must, in addition, refrain from using his olfactory powers without special permission, for there are poisons there which it is death even to smell. One of these is the pure or anhydrous prussic acid—a terrible preparation, which is seldom or never seen outside a chemical laboratory. The original discoverer of this, the deadliest of all known poisons, was stricken dead through accidentally inhaling its fumes, and scores of other deaths have happened from the same cause. It is this anhydrous acid iron which the ordinary, and infinitely weaker, prussic acid of commerce is made, by diluting it with from ninety-five to ninety-seven per cent. of water. Even in this form, however, it is sufficiently strong to cause almost instant death, even when taken in exceedingly minute doses."

"Next to anhydrous acid," remarked the proprietor of the works in question, while piloting the writer around the factory one day recently, "the most deadly stuff we make is cyanide of potassium. Last year we turned out over one thousand tons of it, and five grains being a fatal dose, it follows that our output of this chemical alone would have been sufficient to kill 2,500,000 people. Altogether, we manufacture, in the course of each twelve-month period, enough poison to depopulate the United Kingdom."

While we were conversing we had entered one of the workrooms, where a number of men were engaged round a sort of gigantic wheel's endiron, containing over a hundredweight of molten cyanide. And ever and anon a phantom face, enveloped in an uncanny-looking glass mask, peering through the thick mottled fumes, right into the heart of the horrible mixture."

In another room were tons upon tons of the finished product, looking for all the world like white crystallized sugar.

"It looks good enough to eat," I remarked jocularly.

"Ah," replied my guide, gravely, "that is just one of the dangers we have to guard against. For some inexplicable reason, cyanide of potassium exercises a remarkable fascination over the men engaged in its manufacture. They are haunted by a constant and ever-recurring desire to eat it. They are perfectly alive to the fact, however, that to give way to the craving would mean instant death, and are consequently usually able to resist it. But not always. During the time I have been here three of our best and steepest workmen have committed suicide in this strange manner, impelled thereto apparently by no cause save this mysterious, horrible longing. I myself have felt the same strange lust when I have been long exposed to the cyanide fumes, and have had to leave the works for a time in consequence. So well is this curious fact recognized that there are always two men at work together in this branch of our business, and a jar of ammonia, which, as you may know, is the antidote to the poison, is kept constantly near at hand."

Apart from this remarkable infatuation, which may be likened to the desire experienced by many people when standing on the brink of a precipice to throw themselves down, the manufacture of potassium cyanide is not particularly dangerous. Neither is it unhealthy. In fact, it is asserted that men have gone into the cyanide house ill and debilitated, and in a short time have been restored to robust health. The same cannot, however, be said of corrosive sublimate. This frightful poison, in common with almost all the mercurial preparations, is exceedingly treacherous, and prolonged exposure to the fumes is often attended by very dangerous consequences. To persons unaccustomed to its proximity, even a comparatively short sojourn in that part of the works devoted to its manufacture sometimes gives rise to various unpleasant symptoms, as the writer can testify. In my case, ten minutes' exposure to the fumes sufficed to induce profuse running at the eyes, nose and mouth, accompanied by a constant desire to expectorate, and followed by shivering, nausea and headache. The room in which this particular poison is prepared, with its vast collection of strangely shaped stills and its maze of

## A POISON FACTORY.

**ONE OF THE STRANGEST ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE WORLD.**

**It is Dangerous Even to Use the Power of Smelling—Workmen's Horrible Longing—Intoxication—Effects of Ether Swallowing.**

**P**ACKED away behind a wilderness of gigantic warehouses and tumble down tenements in a remote suburb of South London is one of the strangest establishments in the world. It is a factory—but what a factory! From morning till night its great chimneys are continuously belching forth clouds of fetid-smelling smoke. Occasionally a great column of steam will shoot high into the air; not honest, white steam, but purple and green and yellow, reminding one of some bloated and gigantic serpent. During the hours of darkness its location is betrayed to the most casual observer by the red glare in the sky from its innumerable furnaces.

The massive gates leading to this strange establishment are locked and jealously guarded, for inside them lurk danger and death to the unwary trespasser. Poisons of such terrible strength as would suffice to send an army of men to eternity in the fractional part of a second lie around loose, and are handled with as little apparent care as if they were the most harmless substances in the world.

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pipes and retorts, resembles an alchemist's laboratory. Of course, not all the products of this weird factory are poisonous. Neither are all the smells noxious, nor all the sights uncanny. In one apartment, for instance, my nostrils are saluted with an exceedingly sweet savor, reminding me of "peardrops," sweets beloved of my youth. It is acetate of amy, the precise drug used to give to the confection in question its peculiar flavor. Another smaller chamber, from which emanates a strong odor of camphor, is a veritable fairy place of pure white crystals. Facades of palms, ferns and masses of tropical vegetation droop in graceful festoons from the roof and completely cover the walls. Of course, the flowers and ferns are composed of neither ice nor snow, but pure white calcium crystals.

Some of the substances are so exceedingly volatile that during the process of manufacture they must never be permitted to come into contact with the outside air. A typical case is that of ether, which is passed from still to still and from retort to retort by means of long copper pipes, until at last it emerges the finished article of commerce. It produces, when swallowed, an almost immediate exhilaration of spirits, followed by unsteadiness of gait, thickness of utterance, confusion of ideas—in fact, all the typical symptoms of ordinary inebriation. The effect passes away quickly, however, so that an other drinker can get drunk three or four times an hour.

My last visit before quitting the works was to the testing room, where, surrounded by hundreds of samples of the deadliest poisons known to science, sat a tall, slender and pretty young girl. Ranged in front of her was a collection of tubes of various shapes and sizes; thermometers graduated to the one-hundredth part of a degree centigrade, and scales so delicately poised that an eyelash laid upon one of the balances deflected the indicator nearly half an inch. By the aid of these and other strange and beautiful pieces of apparatus she was enabled to record the exact strength of the various products of the factory.—London Answers.

**Widows of Revolutionary Soldiers.**  
Seven women are still drawing pensions as the widows of men who saw active service in the war of the Revolution; women whose husbands served under Washington more than 120 years ago.

## EASY ALL!

"Easy all!" rings out the order, And the muscles cease to strain, And the swing of oars in rowlocks Stops its rhythmic refrain, And the sinking heart beats freely, And the spent breath comes again.

"Easy all!" Oh, joyous mandate To the strugglers on life's flood, Be it but a passing respite, For the brain and strength and blood, Though far distant be the gurdion, Fame or wealth or livelihood.

When the summer sunshine brightens Grimy street and sullen wall, From the strips of azure heaven Seems to come the kindly call: "Rest a while, ye weary toilers," Drop your oars, an' t' easy all!" —Pall Mall Gazette.

**PITH AND POINT.**  
Mr. Singer—"Will you accompany me, this evening?" Miss Bloomer—"Bicycle or piano?" "There's no place like home," said the young woman in gray, "and that's flat."—Boston Transcript.

Mendicant (to benevolent old lady who has given him a penny)—"Quite sure you can spare this, ma'am?"—Tit-Bits.

She—"Have you read 'A Hundred Years to Come'?" He—"No. What is it about; a messenger boy?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Serious Omission—"I was swindled on this new dictionary." "How?" "It hasn't any index."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Antio—"You say you had a bad cold? Did you ever hear of a good cold?" Johnny—"I had one once that kept me home from school."—Puck.

Mr. Beechwood—"Young Point Breeze has wheels in his head." Mr. Homewood—"They're of the '97 model, too."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Mr. Surley (savagely)—"That confounded baby is always crying. What's wrong with him?" Mrs. Surley (sweetly)—"He's got your temper, love."—Tit-Bits.

"I am a very sorry, monsieur, but I cannot consider your proposal. I shall never marry." "Never marry? But, mademoiselle, what do you intend to do with your immense fortune?"—Tit-Bits.

"Those sandwiches remind me of my native town," said an American to the girl at the railway restaurant. "Deadham?" asked the girl at the counter. "No; Deadham."—Answers.

Newlywed (proudly)—"I always make it a point to tell my wife everything that happens." Old Sport—"Fool! That's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen."—Tit-Bits.

"Your coffee never seems to lose its strength," said Mr. Starr. "Do you know why that is?" asked Mrs. Weirsdash, beamingly. "Because, I suppose, it has never been strained."—New York Journal.

Cholly—"My dear fellow, I do wish you'd lend me that ten I asked for. It's a case of life or death." Tom—"How can that be?" Cholly—"Why, I've got to pay five of it to Algy, or my credit will be killed!"—Harper's Bazar.

A country minister, talking to an old lady about his son who had emigrated, was very pathetic over the dangers of the deep. "Hoos, minister, 'quoth Janet, 'ye needna have sae much about it; it'll nae be sae awfu' deep; it's been an unco' dry year."—Tit-Bits.

"That," said the waiter to the lonely man who was taking his dinner at a cheap restaurant, "that is real genuine country-bred mutton, sir."

"Yes," returned the guest, thoughtfully, "it's even what you might call died-in-the-wool."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**One of the Family.**  
It may interest some of our readers to glance through this short characteristic sketch of James Seymour, born in London in 1702, which is more strongly impressive than many longer memoirs. The fact that he displayed a fondness for drawing and painting in boyhood, and subsequently gained celebrity by his skill in designing horses, is too well known to comment upon. Once the proud Duke of Somerset employed Seymour to paint a room at his seat in Sussex with the portraits of his running horses. Having admitted the artist to his table, he one day drank to him, saying, "Consign Seymour, your health."

The painter replied, "My lord, I really believe that I have the honor of being of your Grace's family."

This hurt the pride of the Duke so much that he rose from the table and ordered his steward to pay Seymour and dismiss him. Finding, however, that no one in England could complete the pictures begun, he condescended to send for his cousin. The painter responded to the message in these words: "My lord, I will now prove that I am of your Grace's family, for I won't come."—Harper's Round Table.

**Self-Propelling Fire Engine.**  
A gigantic self-propelling fire engine, built for the Boston Fire Department, was given a successful test. It can travel ten miles an hour on the level and climb any hill in that city. Its dimensions are: Height over all, 10 feet; length over all, 16 feet 6 inches; width over all, 7 feet 3 inches; weight, equipped for service, 17,000 pounds; capacity, gallons per minute, 1350. Through fifty feet of leading hose 3 1/2 inches in diameter, horizontal stream, 1 1/2-inch nozzle, it threw 348 feet; 1 1/2-inch nozzle, 388 feet; 2-inch nozzle, 319 feet.

## THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me. Mrs. GEORGE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to for more than five minutes. I felt so miserable a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was sent me, and I sat right down and read it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can heartily say that to-day I am a woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound done for me. Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild. Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. CAROL W. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularly, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

**FREE!** We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements:

Dear Madam: Yours to hand. I recommend the Moore treatment because I have tried it, and know it to be just what he needs. I was cured by it, and have remained so eight years; have known of many others being cured of the very worst cases. By all means get it. Yours truly, W. C. PENN. EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

The above is a letter written by the late Rev. W. E. Penn, the noted Evangelist, to Mrs. J. M. Watson, New Albion, N. Y.

**Restored His Hearing in 5 Minutes.**  
My age is 63. I suffered from Catarrh 10 years. Had intense headache, continued roaring in ears, took solid easily. My hearing began to fail, and continued to grow worse. Everything I had tried failed. In despair I commenced to use Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cured of Catarrh. Eli Brown, Jacksonboro, Tenn.

At the age of 68, after having suffered from Catarrh of the throat for twenty years, I was entirely cured by Aerial Medication. My hearing began to fail, and continued to grow worse. I could not hear a watch tick, or conversation. I was fully restored. I will verify this statement. W. RITCHIE, Derby Center, Vt.

**Medicine for 3 Months' Treatment Free.**  
To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Catarrh, Croup, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, J. H. Moore, M. D., Dept. K, 7, Cincinnati, O.

**JONES ON A SCALE**  
GUARANTEED Accuracy-Durability, LOWEST PRICES. JONES-BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
3 DOLLAR SHOE  
BEST IN THE WORLD  
FOR 14 YEARS this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors. ENDORSED BY OVER 1,000,000 WEARERS as THE BEST in the world. It and durability of any shoe ever offered at \$3.00. IT IS MADE IN ALL THE LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather. ONE DEALER IN A TOWN given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

**H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS**  
THE STANDARD PAINT FOR STRUCTURAL PURPOSES. Pamphlet, "Suggestions for Exterior Decoration," Sample Card and Descriptive Price List free by mail. Asbestos Roofing, Building Felt, Steam Packing, Boiler Coverings, Fire-Proof Paints, Etc. Asbestos Non-Conducting and Electrical Insulating Materials. H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

**ANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets**  
CURE CONSTIPATION  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
10c 25c 50c  
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxative. Live, never grip or cramp, but cause easy natural results. Same as and best free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

**ALABASTINE.**  
IT WON'T RUB OFF.  
Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere. FREE Souvenir Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for an Untidy House."**  
Use **SAPOLIO**

**SAPOLIO**