Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Passing Rage For Gilding.

A bottle of gilding in the hand of vogue is more dangerous than the proverbial pot of paint in the hand of a woman. The latter daubs every available useful article within reach in the name of freshness.

But fashion smears as copiously, and this in the name of high art. We have watched with a shudder prim New England splint bottomed chairs brought from the attic to be dressed in a coat of imitation gold. We have seen all sorts of incongruous articles, including rolling pins and potato mashers, filling their plebeian pores with this outward and visible sign of the Keeley cure. And now the depths are literally sounded—fishers' nets are dragged from the sea and gilded.

Not that all cheap effects are mean any more than all mean effects are cheap. The gilding only adds to the expense of fish netting, which is really popular with artistic folks "in its natural state" because of its soft gray coloring and its inclination to hang gracefully. It is a charming acquisition to the list of inexpensive draperies.—New York Times.

Almost Anybody Can Do This.

A young woman who is altogether independent, but who has the very small income of $600 a year, suddenly resolved last fall to go abroad for the first time. She engaged a second class passage on a fast steamer and paid $35, besides $5 to the steward, for a large room and most excellent fare. Her companions on the vessel were few and very agreeable people, gentle folks like herself. She went directly to Torquay, where she found board for $5 a week and where she spent the winter, going up to London toward spring and making a fortnight's trip to Paris with a little Frenchwoman. The latter excursion cost her exactly $23. She arrived home in the middle of May, not having overdrawn her income, delighted with her eight months in Europe and determined to do the whole thing over again.—Philadelphia Press.

Trouble in the St. Clair Tunnel.

Great trouble is being experienced in ventilating the St. Clair tunnel, which was opened last year. Owing to the steep grades very heavy engines are used for working the tunnel section, and such quantities of smoke come from these engines that it is difficult to get men who are willing to run them. It is now proposed fitting smoke consumers to the engines with a view of mitigating the nuisance.—New York Times.

Mummy Paint.

Mummies taken from the Egyptian tombs, beaten into a fine powder and mixed with oil for paint is one of the latest industries of Cairo. The color of this human dust paint is a rich brown of lively tone.—St. Louis Republic.

LANG & CO.,

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Liberal Advances Made on Bills of Lading.

Correspondence solicited.

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You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Golden West Baking Powder

When in Portland be sure to take in the greatest novelty at the Exposition. We shall bake biscuits and cake every afternoon and evening on our pretty Jewel Gas Stove. Everybody cordially invited to have a biscuit with us and see the wonderful merits of Golden West Baking Powder proved by actual work.

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BROTHERS.

Two Nice Girls Talk Over Their Uses and Misuses.

"Brothers are very useful sometimes," remarked the girl with the roses in her belt.

"Very," assented the girl with the shot silk gown, "but sometimes they are a little trying—I am angry with Phil just now."

"What has he done!" eagerly asked the girl with the roses in her belt. "Having a brother myself I think I can sympathize."

"I know. Well, you see it is this way: Young Coldcash likes me, I know, but he is so awfully bashful that he could not get up the courage to call, and, having a brother of my own, I knew it would be simply ruinous to get up an intimacy with his sister, so"——

"So you bribed your brother to ask him to come," put in the girl with the roses in her belt.

"Of course. I bribed Phil to do it by getting Louise an invitation to Aunt Kate's garden party."

"Well?"

"Well, he did it, and they got to be great friends—I didn't just want that, you know, for every time I would be getting a nice, quiet talk with him, that provoking brother would come and drag him away, saying: 'Come on, old fellow. I know you don't want to waste so much time on sis. She'll talk you to death if you let her.' Of course he was too bashful to say he wanted to stay"——

"How perfectly horrid! Why didn't you tell your brother?"

"I did, and the next time he said: 'Come on, old fellow. I can see you're dying to get away, and I'll make it all right with sis after you're gone.'"

"Well, I never! I hope you"——

"Oh, yes, I got even with him. I didn't waste any time on tears and reproaches. I just asked Louise over to stay all night with me."

"But I don't see"——

"Why, goosie, his room is next to mine, and we laughed and talked until 2 o'clock. He knows that I know all about that little affair of his at college last year, and he thought I was telling Louise about it and we were laughing at him. Oh, I tell you, he was fairly wild."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, when my brother gets troublesome, I just ask the girl he used to be engaged to to spend the evening with me. Of course he has to take her home, and I nearly die of laughing over how awkward he feels."

"What a splendid idea! Still, brothers have their uses—one learns from them how to manage the other men."

"Doesn't one? Now, for instance, when they dine at the house, how would a girl know that they were dying for an after dinner smoke if she hadn't a brother?"

"Very true, and he would be cross and they would fail to quarreling before they knew it."

"Mercy, yes. Then, too, you can find out from your brother what they are really interested in, and it saves a lot of time not to have to feel your way from Shakespeare to the races and from politics to tennis to find what he wants to talk about."

"Indeed it does. It's awful, though, if your brother gets mad and tells"——

"Indeed it is. Mine doesn't dare to now, though, he knows if he does I will just tell Edith all about Fan. You see he has told her that he never proposed to any girl but her, and—well, I happen to have a letter from Fan telling me all about it."

"You are in luck. Why that letter ought to be worth a couple of bonnets and an escort to several parties a season."

"It is. I've only to mention it and I get whatever I want, though, of course, I only use it in extreme cases."

"Of course. He'd get accustomed to it if you used it too often. I do pity Stella."

"Why? She has three brothers."

"I know, but they are none of them in love, and she can't do a thing with them."

"But they will be some day. Well, I must go now. I've promised Phil to go with him to select an engagement ring. There's a silver hairpin that I need dreadfully"——

"But the ring you select will never suit Louise."

"Oh, that's all right. He doesn't know it, but I went to the shop with her yesterday, and she selected the one she wanted. In return she is to use her influence with Phil to make him get papa to take back what he said to poor, dear Fred. Goodby, dear."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cautious Preliminary.

"I want to see the editor," said the man with a club. "Is he in?"

"Yes, he is in," replied the intelligent office boy, "but you had better step into the room adjoining first and see Mr. Coke. He's a lawyer."

"What on earth do I want to see a lawyer for? It's the editor I came to see, and I'm going to thrash him."

"Yes, that's all right, but still you might do well to see the lawyer first. You might want to make your will. After you have seen the editor you may not be able to."—Brooklyn Life.

Discovered.

Perdita—Have you noticed that Dickey Doolittle is beginning to grow a mustache?

Penelope—Tut, tut! So you've kissed him, too, have you?—Truth.

A Wise Provision of Nature.

Teacher—What are marsupials?

Boy—Animals which have pouches in their stomachs.

Teacher—And what do they have pouches for?

Boy—To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued.—London Figaro.

No Trade.

Mr. Manygirls—You must not expect that I will give my daughter that $5,000 we were speaking of in actual cash.

Mr. Levelpate—Then it's all off. I ain't going to marry any woman on credit.—Texas Siftings.

Not Much!

"Is you friend Wilkins the sort of a man who would borrow a dollar from you and never pay it back?"

"Nigs! Not from me."—Detroit Tribune.

RAIN AND TEARS.

I wait the coming of a tardy train,
And while I wait the leaves of thought unfold.
The day is dismal and the wind is cold;
The ceaseless patter of the drizzling rain,
That drips and drops its dreary, sad refrain,
Still chants the burden of a grief untold,
And in the sky gray clouds of gloom are rolled
Till they dissolve in tears to earth again.
So in my heart, where summer used to be,
A wintry sky the somber landscape bears.
Has nature, then, imposed her mood on me,
And am I sad because she sad appears?
Or, looking through my own grief, do I see
The earth transfigured through the rain of tears?

—William Rice Sims in New York World.

GLENDALOUGH.

Wicklow has been very aptly termed the garden of Ireland; its prominent feature is, indeed, sublimity—wild grandeur, healthful and refreshing; among its high and bleak mountains there are numerous rich and fertile valleys, luxuriantly wooded, and with the noblest of magnificent rivers running through them—forming, in their course, a series of cataracts. Its natural graces are enhanced in value, because they are invariably encountered after the eye and mind have wearied from gazing upon rude and uncultivated districts, covered with peat, upon the scanty herbage of which the small sheep can scarcely find pasture.

It is to this peculiar feature—its richly adorned borders and the rugged character of its interior—that Dean Swift referred when he likened the country to a "frieze mantle fringed with gold lace."

The "City of Glendalough," a name which signifies "the glen of the two lakes," owes its origin to St. Kevin, by whom the abbey was founded early in the Sixth century. Here in this solitude the saint laid the foundation of his monastic establishment. It grew rapidly, became a crowded city, a school for learning, a college for religion, a receptacle for holy men, a sanctuary for the oppressed, an asylum for the poor, a hospital for the sick—and here he lived to superintend it for nearly a century, having completed the uncommon and venerable age of one hundred and twenty years.

The vicinity of the county of Wicklow to the Irish metropolis is of prodigious advantage to those who, "in populous city pent," require occasional intercourse with nature, either as a relaxation or an enjoyment. And perhaps there are few crowded capitals in the world so auspiciously situated—so immediately within reach of such a concourse of natural beauties.

Glendalough is situated in the barony of Ballynacor, twenty-two Irish miles from Dublin and five from Roundwood, where a car is generally hired by tourists, who usually return to Roundwood to pass the night, for a visit to the lake and ruined city, although they may be examined in a couple of hours, ought to occupy a day. For those who are not over particular about creature comforts, however, there is a tolerable inn at Glendalough.

One fine July morning some years back, I made up my mind to pay a visit to Glendalough, and having informed my friend, Tom Power, of my intention, he agreed to accompany me. Tom was an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, in fact, he was acknowledged by competent critics to be an artist of considerable ability. So, of course, his chief motive in going to Wicklow was to fill his portfolio with sketches of its charming scenery.

Arriving at the railroad station with our valises packed, we had no sooner purchased our tickets than one of those unforeseen circumstances, which occur at least once in the life of every human being, compelled Tom Power to forego his contemplated trip, at least for that day.

He intimated that he would be obliged to postpone his departure until the following morning, urging me at the same time, as he was aware that I had nothing of importance requiring my presence in Dublin, to undertake the journey alone and to secure if possible a place of habitation where we might make ourselves at home during our brief sojourn. To this proposal I acquiesced without demur, and was soon on my way to Wicklow. On reaching Glendalough, I was taken to the inn, an unpretentious hostelry. Still, notwithstanding its homeliness, thought I, provided the larder be properly supplied, I may enjoy myself as well as if I engaged rooms at Gresham's, in O'Connell street.

After partaking of a light luncheon, I sauntered forth from the inn.

The sweetness and the serenity of nature gradually brought on pleasant fits of musing. After a three hours' ramble I had beauties enough to fill the sketchbook of my friend, Tom Power, who I have said was an enthusiastic lover of the picturesque.

As the shadows of evening began to steal over the country, I concluded it high time to bid good night to the misty mountains. So closing my portfolio, I betook myself back to the inn. My ramble during the day having sharpened my appetite, I sat down and enjoyed a hearty meal. I also partook somewhat freely of a bottle of wine. Adjoining the dining room was my sleeping apartment.

I sat for some time, lost in a strange kind of reverie, when the door opposite to me and communicating with the bar was opened by mine host. He informed me that he was about to retire for the night, wished me pleasant dreams and finally left me alone after he had finished overhauling my lamp. Once more I sat buried in meditation, indulging at the same time in the luxury of a meerschaum. For a quarter of an hour I puffed away in perfect silence. My attention was simply occupied with the curling mists of tobacco smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of my chamber. While gazing at the bluish clouds that were circling toward the ceiling, I was somewhat surprised to see a specter, as I imagined, cautiously open the door. His face was colorless as parchment, his hair and beard black as coal and his eyes large, luminous and liquid. He was attired in black from head to foot. His movements were stealthy.

After crossing the threshhold he locked the door and withdrew the key. I felt overcome with amazement, although he bore the appearance of a man of most exalted station. His next movement was to throw himself into a chair exactly opposite to me and help himself to a glass of wine. I was absolutely astounded, still I did not interrupt the fellow; he seemed to relish the wine, and continued repeating the offense until the bottle was more than half empty. "What will he do next?" I asked myself. My astonishment increased as I beheld him draw forth from his breast pocket a bright steel poniard, throwing at the same time a sinister glance at me as he placed the murderous weapon on the table.

Presently he produced a pad, which he handed to me, after scribbling thereon the following laconic announcement:

"I am a Spanish noble!"

"Spanish fiddlestick!" thought I. "If you are a nobleman, the rudeness of your actions greatly belie you, for what nobleman, be he Spanish, French or Irish, would have the unblushing effrontery to disturb the solitude of a perfect stranger as you have done?"

My answer on the pad was briefly this:

"Glad to make your acquaintance."

The fact is I fancied at the time he was non compos mentis, some escaped bedlamite, and thought my safest plan would be to humor him until he could be securely placed in the custody of his keeper. Again the fantastic nobleman used the pad and placed the following terse sentence in my hand, "Can't return the compliment."

Enraged at this wanton insult I started to my feet and flung the pad in his face. My next design was to secure the poniard, but the fiend, anticipating my action, had the advantage of me, for in the twinkling of an eye the mysterious villain stood erect before me flourishing the glittering weapon over his head in a brigandlike and menacing position. I had no weapon of defense, not even a blackthorn stick. He perceived my trepidation and seemed to exult in it. I was about to call for help, but on receiving another basiliskiike glance from the eyes of the demoniacal Spaniard my tongue refused its office. My next idea was to ring, but I could find no bell. By a simple motion of his deadly poinard he next indicated that he would be happy to relieve me of my watch. I acceded to his polite request, and would have given all I possessed to escape from such a frightful dilemma. The burglarious ruffian, having obtained possession of my chronometer, seemed to be fully satisfied. A grim, sarcastic smile lit up his pale features as he pocketed my watch, strode slowly to the door and placed the key in the lock.

After surveying me in apparent derision for some moments he made use of the following unmeaning and nonsensical ejaculations as he took his leave:

"Ha! ha! ho! ho! hu! hu! he! he! hi! hi!"

After his departure I thought of alarming the house at once, but after mature consideration I concluded to let bygones be bygones. "Who knows," reasoned I, "but even now the miscreant may have a dozen confederates, each armed with a deadly stiletto and thirsting for my blood." Having thus satisfied myself, I immediately locked myself in and the assassin out. At length I sought the repose of my peaceful couch, a wiser if not a richer man. But my rest was disturbed. In my dreams I saw midnight specters. Unpleasant phantasies haunted my brain. The next morning I arose with an aching head. I related to mine host all that had occurred. He evinced great surprise and shortly afterward announced the arrival of my friend, Tom Power. The next moment Tom rushed into the dining room. His face was wreathed in smiles.

"Glad to see you, old boy," said he. "You look pale and worn; what's the matter? Did you not sleep well?" I described to him my strange nocturnal visitor of the preceding night. "Should you behold this Spanish noble again," he asked, "would you remember the face?" "Remember!" I exclaimed. "Thunder and lightning, Tom, can I ever forget it?"

"Excuse me for one moment," said he, as he approached the door leading to the bar, while at the same time he drew some dark material from his coat tail pocket. He next raised his hands, as I thought, to adjust his neckerchief, but, wonder of wonders, what was my unutterable amazement on beholding, as he turned his face toward me, the facsimile, the exact counterpart of my Spanish torturer.

"Sold!" cried Tom in a stentorian voice. "Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Hu! hu! He! He! Hi! Hi!"

"Tom," said I, "I demand an instant explanation. What induced you to"——

"Calm yourself," interposed Tom; "quell your anger—my explanation is this: You remember on the night of the masquerade ball in Dublin a few months ago you perpetrated a practical joke at my expense? Well, I resolved then to return the compliment some day, and you see how beautifully I have succeeded. It is simply a case of diamond cut diamond. My sole reason for not accompanying you on the train yesterday was that I might purchase this wig and beard. I arrived here late last night, and hearing you were about to retire I concocted a scheme, in which the landlord, who is fond of a joke, admirably assisted me."

"Tom," said I, "your thespian skill is proportionate to your ability as a painter. I readily admit that I made a grand faux pas last night in mistaking an old friend for a Spanish robber. Return my chronometer and accept my forgiveness, for although I turned the laugh against you in Dublin, I must candidly confess that you outwitted me in Glendalough."—Barry O'Connor in New York News.

Our Atmosphere.

Our atmosphere is composed of air (a mixture of seventy-seven parts by weight of nitrogen and twenty-one parts of oxygen), with variable proportions of carbonic acid, aqueous vapors and ammonia, the latter in exceedingly small quantities. How it came here and whence its origin no man can venture to say. It is known that the suns and the planets have atmospheres, but at present little is known concerning the component parts of the atmospheres of those far off globes. The spectroscope is, however, beginning to reveal something of their true character. It is generally conceded that the moon has no atmosphere, the theory being that the scorial and volcanic lavas absorbed the air and water of that planet millions of years ago.—St. Louis Republic.

Mountains of British Columbia.

British Columbia has a length of 800 miles, and averages 400 miles in width. To whoever crosses the country it seems the scene of a vast earth disturbance, over which mountains are scattered without system. In fact, however, the Cordillera belt is there divided into four ranges, the Rockies forming the eastern boundary, then the Gold range, then the Coast range, and, last of all, that partially submerged chain whose upraised parts form Vancouver and the other mountainous islands near the mainland in the Pacific. A vast valley flanks the southwestern side of the Rocky mountains, accompanying them from where they leave our northwestern states in a wide, straight furrow for a distance of 700 miles.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Her Folks Were Methodists.

One of our leading physicians encountered this incident in the family of one of his patients: The father was giving his little girl some religious instructions, when she interrupted him with:

"I just hate the Jews."

"Oh, that's wrong, my dear," he said. "Why do you feel so?"

"I hate 'em because they hated Jesus so bad."

"But, my child," said the father, "Jesus was a Jew himself."

"Why, I didn't know that," said the little one in astonishment. "I always thought he was a Methodist."—Louisville Commercial.

No Pleasing Them.

Youth—Wha—what is your father stamping around for?

Maiden—I told him you wanted to marry me, and I'm afraid he's looking for his cane.

Youth—O-o-o! Go tell him it's all a mistake and I don't want to marry you.

Maiden—Horrors, no! Then he'd go rushing around for his gun.—Good News.

A Square Deal.

Two vagrants called on a kind old lady in the suburbs of New York.

"To which of you shall I give this nickel?" she asked.

First Tramp—Give it to him, madam. He has purchased the route from me, and I am taking him around to introduce him to the customers.—Texas Siftings.

Cause For Grief.

Mr. Binks—Why so unhappy?

Mrs. Binks—I hate that Mrs. Nexdoor with a deadly hate, and I'm perfectly miserable over it.

Mr. Binks—She doesn't know it.

Mrs. Binks—That's why I'm unhappy.—New York Weekly.

Not On.

Police Commissioner—Officer Mularkey, you are charged with being asleep while on post and on duty.

Officer—Not guilty, sir. I was off post at the time.—Raymond's Monthly.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrile specific a preserver against the poisonous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments bred and fostered by outdoor exercise, infuses genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors laden with hurtfulness; strengthens the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

No Other Excuse Needed.—Higgs—Why don't you buy one of these fashionable long-tailed coats? Briggs (after a painful pause)—Higgs, I am too short.

A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY.

Every man ought to have one, but a long step towards that is the possession of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. It is certain that they prolong life by relieving the strain that comes from continued suffering.

Many a man can endure a sharp disease better than he can the wear and tear of pains, little in themselves, yet constant in their strain upon the system.

A weak back, stiffness of the joints, soreness of the muscles, seem to many unworthy of special notice. Yet they do not a little to exhaust the powers of physical endurance. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS relieve them at once, and no wise man will fail to use them on the first sign of pain. It is a very small premium that he has to pay.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will cure indigestion.

After a woman has been married three weeks she doesn't like to have her husband around the house in the daytime.

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 of 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.

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was recommended and it helped me. I have taken three bottles and am entirely cured and enjoy good health and a good appetite. I take pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES J. O'BRIEN, 200 Richmond Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills

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"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immediate relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

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The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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It's the only guaranteed remedy for every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, all are cured by it.

It purifies and enriches the blood, rouses every organ into healthful action, and restores strength and vigor. In building up both flesh and strength of pale, puny, Scrofulous children, or to invigorate and brace up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Discovery."

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THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

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DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

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A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantee; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or refund money and pay expense of coming, railroad fare and hotel bills, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 1325 to 1331 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

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