

# Royal Baking Powder

1919

Highest of all in leavening strength  
— Latest U. S. Government Food Report. —

Absolutely Pure

**Tailors Will Fight.**

Tailors must unbend at times, and it seems that on the night of St. John's eve, June 23, 1906, the tailors of Oxford were in the habit of unbending very far indeed. It was their custom to celebrate on that evening a festival of so prolonged a character that they usually did not break up till dawn. Upon this particular occasion in 1906 after midnight, when they had a right to expect that they would find the streets in that part of the town deserted, they and their friends went out into High street and commenced what was apparently some sort of formal country dance. Their evolutions, however, were interrupted by a clerk, one Gilbert Foxlee, who came upon them, the account states, with a sword drawn, determined, apparently in a spirit of pure mischief, to break up the dance. Some of the party, who knew him, held him back and did their best to get him away peacefully, but their efforts were fruitless. He tore himself away from them and sprang again at the dancers, aiming a blow at one as he came round in the figure, which, but for a prompt movement on his part, would certainly have cost him a hand.

This was more than even an Oxford tailor could stand, and the whole party seem to have turned upon the clerk. One wounded him in the sword arm; a second stabbed him in the back; a cut on the head from a third brought him to the ground. It would have been well if things had gone no further. But a tailor's blood, one takes it, is as apt to boil as that of any one else, and a serving man struck at the prostrate student with some sort of an ax (called a spurs), inflicting a terrible wound in the left shin, which, after a lingering illness of eight weeks, proved fatal to the orgulous Gilbert.—Macmillan's Magazine.

**The Vague Laureate.**

It would be pleasant to think of Spenser as poet laureate to Queen Elizabeth, and there are those who do so, but strict criticism cannot allow the claim. It is true that Spenser became a courtier and flattered the queen in the extraordinarily exaggerated style of the time, and that when he dedicated the first three books of the "Faerie Queene" to Elizabeth she gave him a pension of £50 a year. It is true also that Spenser speaks of himself as the wearer of the laurel leaf. In one of the sonnets to the lady who was to become his wife he says: "The laurel leaf, which you this day do wear, Gives me great hope of your relenting mind, For, since it is the badge which I do bear, You, bearing it, do seem to me incline'd."

But this is nothing more than the usual formal reference to the laurel as the poet's special tree. No such office as that of poet laureate, as it is now understood, existed in Elizabeth's time, and few poets who have flattered a sovereign have had such bitter experience of the fickleness and cruelty of a court as Spenser. Like some of his more formally appointed successors, he was indeed buried in Westminster abbey. Yes, but he had died of starvation.—Temple Bar.

**THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.**

As Shakespeare says, it is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the half-belief that their complaint is imaginary or an affectation. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malarial, kidney, bilious and rheumatic ailments. The weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

The secret of success in modern art is to be crazy in an original way.

**FITS.**—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 250 trial bottles free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.



## SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

**SLIPS IN SPEECH.**

Sundry "Bad Breaks" That Are Made With the Best Intentions in the World.

In the hurry of speech and anxiety to be polite one is very often liable to slips of the tongue which may put an entirely different construction upon the sentence than was intended. For example, upon arriving at your entertainer's house, you say, "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," and are met by your hostess with the words: "My dear sir, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late."

Take another instance. At an evening party in Cork a lady said to her partner, "Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother," "Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied, much confused, "I did not notice the resemblance."

That was certainly putting one's foot in it, and yet was perhaps not so awkward as the following: After a certain concert a well known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly, madam. But why did you select a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband!" "Ah, yes, of course. I did not mean— But why did you select such an ass to sing with you?" "Ach himmel, that is my present husband!"

A lady said something the other day at a friend's dinner that found mark the archer little meant. There were several strangers present, and in response to a remark made about a certain lady of a certain age, the fair guest in question exclaimed, "Why, good gracious! she is as old as the hills!" and could not imagine in the least what had caused the general consternation. She did a little later, however, when it was explained to her that two maiden sisters at the table, whose names she did not catch in the introduction, were called Hill, and were extremely sensitive on the subject of age.

"Here, my dear husband," said a loving wife, "I have brought you a little silver pig for luck. It's a charm, you know, dear, to bring happiness to a house."

"Ah, how kind of you, darling! But why should I need a little pig to bring me luck when I have you still?"

An awkward compliment recently rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding breakfast given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride. A neighboring young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom, said, "Well, you have got the pick of the batch." The countenance of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.—New York Dispatch.

**THE AUTHOR OF "EVELINA."**

Miss Burney, or Mme. D'Arbly, retains a place in literature partly by her novels, partly by her exceedingly interesting diary. Nor must it be forgotten that, although "Evelina" appeared so long ago as 1779, there are many people still living who were young men and women when she died. She has been praised by Macaulay for describing real life "with broad, comic humor," yet in language that is never "inconsistent with rigid morality or even with virgin delicacy," and it is true that "Evelina" possesses unique interest as a description of contemporary manners and is free from unnecessary coarseness. It is also true that the author has a keen eye for the ridiculous and a considerable gift of satire. Nevertheless Mme. D'Arbly is not entitled to any high place as a novelist. Her constructive skill is small, and her characters are for the most part what Johnson would have called "humorists"—that is, they are the incarnation of qualities rather than flesh and blood individuals. Moreover, the author herself is a "humorist." Her ruling passion is a morbid craving to be "genteel." She has no mercy for vulgarity or the vulgar, but she fails to see that her own worship of society conventions is itself vulgar. And hence one may doubt the propriety of assigning to her "broad comic humor." She was too much of a prig to be possessed of humor, which implicates geniality.

Still, Mme. D'Arbly claims respect on the specific ground that she did much to purify an important form of literature, while she has a certain additional claim to remembrance from her connection with Dr. Johnson. Did not Dr. Johnson kiss her, and has she not recorded, "To be sure, I was a little surprised, having no idea of such familiarity from him?"—Cornhill Magazine.

**A Cabby's Tip.**

A sensitive cab horse and a four wheeler drew up in front of a theater the other night, and a portly old gentleman alighted.

Having handed the cabby his strictly legal fare, he turned round to make his way into the building.

"Excuse me, sir," said the weather beaten cabby, "but would yer oblige me by not passing in front of the old boss? If he sees what weight he's pulled for a bob, he'll simply drop down dead."

The largest pure diamond, that belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, weighs 367 carats. The one of next greatest weight, the Orloff or Orloff, weighs 193 carats.

"Lead pencils" are a misnomer. There is no lead in their composition.

**MEN WORSE THAN APES.**

Revolted Customs of Some of the African Cannibal Tribes.

The cannibalism of the black secret society known as the Human Leopards in the country near Sierra Leone brings forcibly before us the difference between the east African and west African habits of eating human flesh. The Sherbo cannibals waylaid and killed their victims and afterward feasted on their flesh. The cannibalism of the east coast is of a very different kind. The flesh of the old people—the grandfather and grandmother of a family—is dried and mixed with condiments, and a portion of this is offered, with a dim sort of sacramental meaning, to travelers who become guests of the family. To refuse it would be a deadly insult. To accept it is a passport to the privileged position of a friend of the house. Many of our travelers in east Africa have eaten thus sacramentally of the ancestors of some dark skinned potentate.

The cannibalism of the west coast is of a more horrible kind, connected with fetishism, the worst developments of which are peculiar to that country. But there is a hideously genuine appetite for fresh human flesh still existing among the negroes of west Africa. This cannibalism manifests itself in a refinement of gluttony which has its mild analogy in the tastes of Europeans. Young boys are bought from the dark interior, kept in pens, fattened upon bananas and finally killed and baked. To these Thysanean feasts come not only the savage chiefs of the interior, but also, it is whispered, black merchants from the coast. Men who appear at their places of business in English territory in broadcloth and tall hats, who ape the manners of their white masters, are said to disappear annually into the interior, where, we are told, they might be seen in naked savagery taking part in the banquets on plump boys, in which they delight.

Be this as it may, somehow the native of the west coast and its hinterland is unlike the East or South African native in the deep lying savagery and the extraordinary facility for returning to it which are his leading and very unpleasant characteristics. The subject claims the attention of the anthropologist, and certainly suggests a curious reason for questioning the relationship of the black man and the ape or the gorilla, seeing that the race of monkeys seems to be singularly free from anything like cannibalism.—London Saturday Review.

**HOLES IN THE CANVAS.**

An Important Discovery Increasing the Efficacy of Sails.

An Italian sea captain, Gio Batta Vassallo of Genoa, has made a very interesting innovation in the use of sails of ordinary sailing vessels. He claims that the force of wind cannot fully take effect in a sail, since the air in front of it cannot properly circulate in the inflated part and remains stationary immediately in front of part of the sail proper. He avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls it, by the application of a number of small holes in that part of the sail where the depression is deepest when it is filled. These holes are re-enforced like a buttonhole, so that they will not tear out.

Trials made in various weather have resulted as follows: With a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made 4 knots, while the new sail increased the speed to 5½ knots. In a fresh breeze the respective speeds were 7 and 8½ knots, and in a strong wind they were 8 and 10 knots an hour. It stands to reason that the doing away with a layer of air which cannot escape past the sides of a sail must increase the efficiency of the sailboat. Where the wind formerly struck a cushion of air which acted like a spring mattress, decreasing the actual pressure of the wind against the canvas, this current of air now strikes the sail direct and of course has a greater efficiency. Vassallo has received much encouragement from practical sailors as well as theoretical scientists.—Philadelphia Record.

**Football in Africa.**

Englishmen are proverbial for taking their games with them into whatever part of the world they go. Golf, as we know it, is played in the shadow of the pyramids and in the very heart of the Himalayas, but football in the middle of darkest Africa is something of an innovation. Yet football is rapidly becoming popular on the shores of Lake Nyassa, and at Kotakota, which a few years ago was notorious as the greatest depot for slaves on the western shore of the lake, mixed teams of black and white meet every Saturday with as much regularity as do our home teams, though the local chronicler omits to say whether Rugby or Association has won the suffrages of the Nyassa teams. One startling feature of the game is that the black players decline to hamper themselves with boots and find apparently no inconvenience in playing with bare feet.—London Cor. Manchester Guardian.

**Brevet Rank.**

The story is told of a soldier of the Army of the Potomac who had his own ideas as to his financial value, as well as the method by which that value could be realized.

He was a white man and was detailed for service as a teamster in a train which was driven for the most part by negroes. The negroes were hired at the rate of \$25 per month, but the white soldier received no more than his regular pay of \$16.

He appeared somewhat dissatisfied with this arrangement and made an application to his captain.

"I should like," he said gravely, "to be appointed a negro by brevet, and be assigned to duty in accordance with my brevet rank!"—Youth's Companion.

**Our Busy Day.**

How many of us have sympathized at one time or another in our lives with the old lady who said she had so many things to do she guessed she'd go to bed.—Somerville Journal.

**TOBACCO-TWISTED NERVES.**

The Unavoidable Result of the Continued Use of Tobacco.

Is There a Sure, Easy and Quick Way of Obtaining Permanent Relief From the Habit?

Millions of men think they need stimulants, because their nerves are set on fire by tobacco. The persistent abuse to which the tobacco user subjects his nerves cannot possibly fail to make weak the strongest man. Chewing and smoking destroy manhood and nerve power. What you put a habit is a nervous disease.

Tobacco, in the majority of cases deadens the feelings. You may not think tobacco hurts you, but how are you ever going to tell how much better you would feel with it, unless you follow the advice of Postmaster Holbrook.

**CURED 49 CASES OUT OF 50.**

HOLBROOK, N.E., June 13, 1919.

Gentlemen—The effects of No-To-Bac are truly wonderful. I had used tobacco for forty-three years, a pound plug a week. I used two boxes of No-To-Bac and have had no desire for tobacco since. I gave two boxes of No-To-Bac to a man named West, who had used tobacco for forty-seven years, and two boxes to Mr. White-man, and neither of them have used tobacco since, and say they have no desire for it. Over fifty that I know of have used No-To-Bac through my influence, and I only know of one case where it did not cure, and then it was the fault of the patient.

I was 64 years old last week. I have gained seventeen pounds in flesh since I quit the use of tobacco. You can use this letter, or any part of it, as you wish.

Yours respectfully,  
C. E. HOLBROOK, P. M.

You say it is wonderful. Indeed, it is. No-To-Bac cured over 300,000 cases just as bad. You can be made well and strong by No-To-Bac. Your own druggist guarantees a cure. Get our booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee of cure and free sample, mailed for the asking. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"The game is up," remarked the hungry customer, as he noted the advance in price of birds on the bill of fare.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.—An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to return in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assuage the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted. For 100 years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracized themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climates, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

**SAVANNAH—**Where are you from? New arrival—St. Louis. Said: "You'll freeze to death here."

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.**

LEON COUNTY, ss.

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 16th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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, etc.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**DRIVEN FROM THE CITADEL.**

The warmth of spring and summer may do much to relax the muscular system and make many feel much more comfortable, but there is this about the old enemy rheumatism, that when he once takes hold, he tries to hold the citadel at all seasons of the year. But whether this arch enemy lurks in the muscles, joints, bones or the nerves, he is such an enemy to human happiness that he must be driven out of any stronghold. It was planned long ago to do this, and St. Jacobs Oil as a knight in battle has scored wonderful victories. At all times he is ready to overcome and conquer this fiend of pain, and does it as surely and certainly as knights of old extirpated the Saracens. So no one should be deceived by the mild weather of spring to trifle with it either in chronic or transient form. Use the great remedy for pain and get rid of it at once and for all.

Mr. Dolley—What do you mean by saying that your father made light of my proposal? Miss Giggles—Well, he did. He used to ignite his cigar with.

**TRY GERMA** for breakfast.

**MOTHERS take the law in your own hands, ladies, when you ask for S. H. & M.**

Bias Volveteen Skirt Binding and don't get it. Sentence such a store to the loss of your trade and give it to merchants who are willing to sell what you demand.

Look for "S. H. & M.," on the Label, and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

**COUGH**

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get better. After taking a few bottles she was completely cured and her health has been the best ever since." Mrs. ADDIE PECK, 12 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I will say that my mother has not stated my case in as strong words as I would have done. Hood's Sarsaparilla has truly cured me and I am now well." CORA PECK, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Be sure to get Hood's, because

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Hood's Pills** are purely vegetable, and are equally as reliable and beneficial.

**WOMAN**

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful results in curing and weakens life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists.

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**PENNYROYAL PILLS**

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pill for men. Ladies, and Druggists for Chester's Pennyroyal Pills in their medicine cabinets. All pills in medicine bottles, plus wrapper, dangerous counterfeits. All Druggists or send for 10-cent testimonials. Some Free. Sold by all Local Druggists.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

**Alcock's Porous Plaster**

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

**"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPOLIO**

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

**A WHOLE CIRCUS FOR 10 CENTS.**

It makes a grand parade with elephants, cages of animals, chariots, bands. Gives a full performance in a ring, with ring master, clown, acrobats, bareback riders, trained dogs and elephants, winding up with the pantomime of Humpty Dumpty, including all the characters and scenery.

**3 Ways to Get This Circus: { Send 10 Coupons, or 1 Coupon and 10 cents, or 14 cts. without any Coupons, TO Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N.C.**

and the Circus will be sent you postpaid. You will find 1 coupon inside each 2 ounce bag, and 3 coupons inside each 4 ounce bag of

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Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

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