

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

McBRIDE OR ANOTHER

THE QUESTION THAT AGITATES THE FEDERATION OF LABOR.

The Election of Officers at the Approaching Convention in New York is a Leading Topic in Labor Circles—Scope of the Federation.

Labor circles are beginning to discuss the coming convention of the American Federation of Labor, which is to begin in the city of New York on Dec. 9. Time was, and not so many years ago either, when the general assembly of the Knights of Labor was far and away the most important labor gathering of the year, but nowadays the lead is taken by the convention of the federation, the membership of the unions affiliated with it being not less than a million, while



JOHN M. McBRIDE.

from one cause and another the membership of the Knights of Labor has been greatly reduced.

The coming convention is sure to be a spirited one. Many questions are coming up, the disposition of which will have much to do with the future of the organization. Possibly nothing more important will need to be considered than the choice of president. Last year at Denver John McBride, who for years had been head of the organized miners, was chosen in place of Samuel Gompers, who was the first president of the federation as at present organized, and had served continuously until that time.

The first convention of the federation was held in Pittsburgh, in November, 1881, when the title of "The Federation of the Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada" was taken. Knights of Labor assemblies and trade unions were equally represented, and it was understood that both forms of organization should be preserved and that the two should work hand in hand for the perfection of unity among labor organizations. About 260,000 workers were represented, and since that time conventions have been held annually.

For awhile, however, the federation did not increase rapidly in strength. This was no doubt in great measure due to the booming growth of the Knights of Labor. Since the Knights began to decline the federation has increased yearly with great rapidity. The points of difference between the Knights and the unions affiliated with the federation, though not generally understood, are many and radical. All of these need not be entered into here, but one of the most striking lies in the fact that while the general assembly of the Knights is a strictly secret meeting, the convention of the federation is open to spectators. Another point is that while the chief purpose of the Knights is ostensibly the revolution of economic conditions, that of the federation's unions is the gradual changing of conditions along evolutionary instead of revolutionary lines, while the immediate object of the organization is the securing of better wages, shorter hours and other material advantages for the working people. Between the Knights and the federation a decided antagonism exists, and more than one contest between workmen and their employers has resulted in disaster to the men through this antagonism. No doubt the bad feeling is much fostered by the somewhat pronounced socialistic tendencies manifested of late by the Knights of Labor which are not indorsed by the federation.

Another important point of difference in addition to those named is this: The Knights of Labor is a highly centralized organization. The various state and local assemblies of the Knights are generally supposed to obey the orders of the general executive board, issued through the general master workman. It is not so with the unions making up the Amer-



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

ican Federation. They are not bound to obey any one, but each acts for itself. In fact, the federation is what its name implies—a banding together or federation of a number of national, international and other unions for the common good, each union being entirely autonomous in the conduct of its own affairs, but co-operating with the other unions for the benefit of all. The relation of the several unions to one another is almost exactly similar to the relation of the different commonwealths making up the union of states. The president of the American Federation does not order strikes. He and the other chief officers

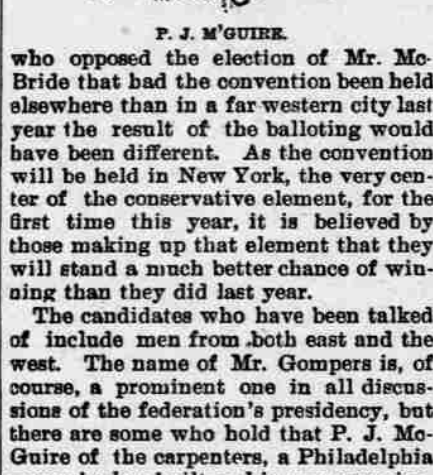
who form the executive council may be and frequently are asked to give advice when strikes are proposed. But what they have to say is always simply advisory and in no wise binding, while it is often disregarded. But whenever a strike is approved by the executive council, as soon as it is ordered by the union directly interested, all the affiliated unions join in supporting it by money contributions and otherwise.

The executive council may lay a boycott when asked to do so by an affiliated union, but before doing this must investigate the cause of the request and may refuse at discretion. It is expected that all unions will respect a boycott when ordered, but there is no penalty for failure to do so, since to force obedience in that matter would be to disregard the federation's fundamental principle. It should be added, however, that a union would hesitate long before deciding to disregard a request for co-operation in a boycott, since such action would render it liable to lack of support by other unions in case it should ask for assistance.

The failure of Samuel Gompers to win re-election last year at the Denver convention was unquestionably a great surprise both to him and the majority of his supporters. Opposition had been developed, it is true, at previous conventions, but he had always been too strong for his opponents, and it was supposed that he would continue so at Denver. Those who were against him in previous years had generally been of the more radical element which has not always been satisfied with his course, and had Mr. Gompers and his friends understood that in certain circumstances other elements than the radical ones would combine with them against him they might have so arranged matters as to re-elect him after all. It should be stated to the credit of Gompers and his friends that they accepted defeat in good part; that they are as good federalists now as ever, and that they have supported President McBride during the past year with perfect loyalty.

Whether Mr. Gompers will be unanimously supported for election to his old place by those who have supported him in the past it is hard to say, but there is no doubt of there being a lively contest for the presidency. McBride will have some very strong support for re-election, as a matter of course, and there will probably be several candidates in the field.

In the American Federation of Labor, as in the United States generally, localities has something to do with sentiment. Thus, the west is more radical than the east, and it is claimed by those



P. J. MCGUIRE.

who opposed the election of Mr. McBride that had the convention been held elsewhere than in a far western city last year the result of the balloting would have been different. As the convention will be held in New York, the very center of the conservative element, for the first time this year, it is believed by those making up that element that they will stand a much better chance of winning than they did last year.

The candidates who have been talked of include men from both east and west. The name of Mr. Gompers is, of course, a prominent one in all discussions of the federation's presidency, but there are some who hold that P. J. McGuire of the carpenters, a Philadelphia man who has built up his own organization in masterly fashion, would make an excellent president. The carpenters would back him solidly, and they have also votes in a total of about 500. Mr. McGuire is a clear and forcible speaker, and is well known in labor circles generally. Some there are who favor Joseph Valentine of the iron molders, and he would probably be a strong candidate, since, although he is acceptable to many easterners, he now lives in San Francisco, and is therefore popular in the west. The iron molders have 150 votes in the convention. Another man who is highly spoken of is William Prescott of the International Typographic union, who is now serving his fourth term as president of that organization, and is the first of its presidents to be elected beyond the second term. The printers have 300 votes in the convention. Mr. Prescott lives in Indianapolis. August McGrath of Boston, another printer, is likewise spoken of with great favor, and in the opinion of many, J. B. Lennon, secretary of the Journeymen Tailors' International union, would make a good president. He is now treasurer of the federation, and although his union is not so large as the unions represented by other possible candidates mentioned above, he stands extremely well with all as a safe and fair minded man who has passed through a varied and extensive experience in the labor movement. Mr. Lennon now lives in New York, but as the headquarters of the tailors are likely to be removed to the west, and as he was originally from Denver, he may properly be considered a western man. Still one more candidate who stands well with every one is Daniel Harris of the cigar makers, now president of the New York State Federation of Labor, whose union has 300 votes in the convention.

M. I. DEXTER.

Brunettes in Favor in Paris.
A whim of the season has been the vogue which brunettes have attained in Paris. Dark eyed women have had it all their own way there during the past summer, and blonds have been pushed into the background of popular favor.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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This evidently pleased the count very much, and put him completely at his ease. He sat down on the little sofa in the window. Olympia remained at her easel, but laid away her palette and brushes, and they were soon chatting together in the language of Paris with the freedom and vivacity of old acquaintances. Olympia did not find the count the stiff and rather portentous being that she had pictured him from Tom's description.

"And is this your first visit to America?" she inquired at length.

"I feel hardly so much at home that I can hardly think it is my first," he replied, "and I am nearly decided to make this my home. France is not, or ever will be, the France she was."

"Then you are an imperialist? But we have no emperors here!"

"Frenchmen are not like Americans; they need the strong hand. The De Lisieux were Frenchmen generations before the first Napoleon left Corsica. They were monarchists; but at present there is still less hope for the king than for the emperor. As for me, I was with Napoleon during the war with Germany, and I owe him much."

"You knew Napoleon himself? Did you like him?"

"I owe him much," repeated the count. "I cannot criticize him. He was a great adventurer, and he conquered fortune for a time."

"But what did he do especially for you?"

"Well," said the count, hesitating a little, "he gave me the Cross of the Legion, and he gave me my title. My father was a plain gentleman."

"What had you done to win the cross?"

"The count smiled. 'I was not a great soldier,' he said, 'but I had good luck. Opportunities came in my way. You remember that Bazaine fought at the battle of Gravelotte, near Metz, on the eighteenth of August.'"

Olympia nodded. "And he shut himself up in Metz the same night?"

"Yes; I see you are not ignorant of these things. Well, then, he wished to send news to MacMahon, who was somewhere to the west of us—it might be fifty miles or it might be a hundred. It was really a hundred, as it turned out. For I found him at Rheims, and I lost another thirty miles by wandering."

"You bore the dispatches from Bazaine to MacMahon, then?"

"I did, and I had an unpleasant time of it. My first horse was killed; my second was drowned; I was myself wounded slightly in the leg and in the arm with one thing and another. I was three days on the road. I reached MacMahon's camp on the twenty-second pretty tired. I handed in my dispatches. Napoleon and the marshal were in the room together. MacMahon questioned me. The dispatch said that Bazaine meant to break through the investing armies under Prince Frederick and Albert of Saxony and gain Chalons by a northern route. I said that I did not believe he would succeed. The enemy were too strong and were constantly re-enforced. Napoleon listened and kept his eyes on me."

"What should we do, then, Mr. de Lisieux?" he asked me. "March to save Paris at once!" I said. Napoleon glanced at MacMahon and nodded. But, as I learned later, the minister of war in Paris had sent orders to move on Metz; MacMahon hesitated; Napoleon, who was ill, would not decide, and in the end, as no doubt you remember, mademoiselle, we set out for the Meuse. It was when that order was given that France was defeated. Sedan was merely the corollary."

"And were you at Sedan also?"

"Yes; I saw the end. When MacMahon got his wound it was still early in the morning; he gave his command to Ducrot, who was in his right senses, and perceived that our only hope was to break through to the westward and gain Metz. But the French were doomed. De Wimpffen, who had been appointed MacMahon's contingent commander, fled from Paris, was mad enough to not only countermand Ducrot's orders, but to prepare to pierce the enemy's lines to the eastward and march for Metz. You may imagine, mademoiselle, the confusion. It soon became consternation, and, with some panic. Meanwhile the Germans encircled us; from the surrounding hills their cannon played on us, converging. We could do nothing; what we could we tried. In the morning I had at Napoleon's request, headed our line at Daigny, and held it for two hours, and later, when Donay at last gave way before the Fifth and Eleventh corps at Floring and we were all being driven in upon our center, I joined in the charges of our Seventh cavalry, and I believe it was there that I won the cross. I at any rate was badly hurt there, and late in the afternoon while I lay inside the fortress, listening to the cannon and wondering if any one would be left alive by morning, the emperor came in."

"He looked as if he had been wounded to death himself; and so he had, though not by sword or bullet. His heart and spirit were broken. But he saluted me courteously, and said: 'We are ruined, M. de Lisieux. I am about to order the white flag to be hoisted. But I wish to say to you that it is not your fault that France falls today. You saw the remedy, and urged it; you have also exposed your life like a brave man, and in a manner to effect the best results. You have done well, and I thank you. In an hour I shall cease to be emperor; meanwhile, let me bestow upon you what is in my power to bestow.' He then gave me the cross from his breast, and put in my hand a folded paper—the patent of nobility. 'I have observed your conduct,' he said, 'and provided this recognition of it. Had destiny been kind to you, you should have been great in France.'"

"It was very nice of him," remarked Olympia. "No wonder you like such a man."

"I treated him to go to America," continued the count, "and offered to undertake to bring him here. I said: 'When these troubles are over France will ask for you again.' But he answered that it was too late. 'France will never forgive me this defeat,' he said; 'and, besides, I am a dying man. I once thought there might be a future for me and had taken steps to assure it. But all that is past hope. I shall retire to England. Do you go to America, if you will, and seek the fortune that I have lost.' Other things he told me, among them secrets known only to himself. But I weary

you, mademoiselle, with so long a story." But Olympia had been deeply interested. Beneath an outward quietude of speech and manner there was in Count de Lisieux an suppressed fire and emphasis that fascinated the attention and summoned pictures before the imagination. Fixing her eyes upon his strong, reserved features Olympia wondered at the attraction he had for her. And again, when she looked away, she had a notion that he was somewhat less a stranger than he appeared. Some natures exercise a mutual magnetism over each other, so that when they meet it is as if they had known each other before.

Olympia's fine organization made her susceptible to impressions that had no existence for ordinary people. The effect, in this instance, was to incline her to reserve. A young maiden instinctively resists whatever threatens to subvert her, and moreover, in Olympia's memory, the figure of Keppel Darke remained as something sacred, not to be disturbed.

"How shall you amuse yourself in New York?" she asked, breaking a short silence.

"I have made some plans," he said; "but the first thing is to make the acquaintance of the people. That I must do quickly, for this winter I mean to give a ball at my new house, and every one who is anybody must be there. After that I shall be at home and can attend to my own business. I am going to build a school of art."

Olympia immediately forgot her hesitations. "That's good news!" she exclaimed. "There is nothing I could do more. But what will be the plan of it?"

"I knew you were fond of art," observed the count, looking curiously at her. "I will not say your little pictures are beyond criticism, but there is something in them that I like, and that renders them very valuable to me. But I didn't know that your interest in the advancement of art lay so near your heart."

"Once a week, dear friend who you are an artist, and I was thinking more of him than of myself. She drew a sighing breath, but did not blush. "I can imagine what he would have wished, and I should be glad to see it done."

"This friend—is not now living?" said the count gently.

"He died nearly three years ago," said Olympia, and you will think I had not wish to see his dreams realized?" The count spoke these words in an undertone, and rather as if communing with himself than addressing Olympia. "It will give me pleasure, mademoiselle," he continued, in another voice, "to know that in carrying out my projects I am also fulfilling the desires of one who was dear to you."

"She had listened with rising color and sparkling eyes. "It would be glorious!" she cried, pressing her hands together. "But can it be done?"

"Many a poorer man than I could do as much as this," he replied. "There is capital enough in this country engaged in spreading industries and developing resources. Civilization can spare me what I need for this hobby of mine; and a single generation will think me less unwise than the present one."

The count had become moved beyond his wont by the train of thought he was indulging, and had risen from his chair, and was pacing up and down the room. At this juncture his attention happened to be attracted to a portrait that hung in an alcove at the left of the window. It was an admirable likeness of Olympia herself.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, stopping short. He remained silent and motionless for several moments, but finally said, in an indifferent tone: "That is a good work. Is it your own?"

"Oh, no. I cannot paint like that," she replied. "That was painted by my friend, the artist. It was the last thing he did before his death."

"A good work," repeated the count. "Are you willing to dispose of it? You can name your own price for it. Frankly, I have taken a fancy to it."

"I cannot sell it," said Olympia. "It is the most precious thing to me in the world."

The count continued to look at the portrait, but his face slowly reddened. "You will pardon me, mademoiselle," he said in a low voice. "I had not noticed that you had"—he hesitated—"that you had consecrated yourself to a memory. Our friends are dear to us while they remain with us—we love them—but when they are gone, and years have passed since their departure, the sentiment becomes less controlling. It is three years, you say, since this man died. May I say that it seems to have been a remarkable friendship?"

"It was not a common friendship, Count de Lisieux, and there was never any one like Keppel Darke. If you knew what he was like—"

"Keppel Darke!" interrupted the count. "I have heard the name. Yes, it was your friend Mr. Bannick who spoke of him. A sad story, indeed. He killed Harry Trent, an old acquaintance of my own. And you were his friend, mademoiselle? I can see that he possessed talent, but that he deserved your regard that seems strange?"

"Count de Lisieux," said Olympia, rising up in very indignation which she found it hard to control. "You don't know what you are saying, and that is your only excuse. Keppel Darke died an innocent man. He was not my friend only; I loved him. I told him so when I last saw him, and if he were alive I should be now his wife. That portrait is the last thing he painted, it is the only thing he left behind him. Do you think I would part with it? But you did not know or you would not have dared to speak so!"

The Count de Lisieux listened with his head bent, and without answering he moved to the window and stood looking out. After a while he turned and leaned with his back against the sill.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am glad to believe that Keppel Darke was a true friend. I do believe it, for I am sure that you could not have loved a man who was capable of such a crime; but Mr. Bannick told me he was not executed. Are you certain that he is dead?"

"His body was found chained to the officer who was taking him to prison. Oh, if there were any doubt, I should pressed her hands together and her lips trembled.

"Of course there can be none. But had he lived you would have been his wife?" She covered her face with her hands, and then dropped into her chair and leaned her head against the back of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR DAILY BREAD

THE GREAT LABOR REQUIRED TO FEED THE MULTITUDE.

The Baker's Task a Hard One—He Soon Breaks Down and Has to Desert His Occupation—A Well-Known Baker Talks With a Reporter.

Examined, San Francisco, Cal. In speaking of the physical endurance which is required of bakers as a class, Mr. Louis Coppola, of 969 Harvard street, San Francisco, took occasion to say that many of them break down under the severe strain of their work. The most vital point of endurance is the back. The men have to bend over the long troughs in which the dough is mixed. The work is comparatively light until the dough begins to thicken, but then it becomes a continuous process of lifting and throwing the heavy mass in a trough containing three hundred or four hundred pounds of dough. It necessitates the employment of almost herculean strength to properly mix the dough.

"I gave way under the strain of such work," said Mr. Coppola.

"It affected my kidneys, just as it does those of many others who follow the trade. I began to experience pains in the small of my back. At first they were periodical, but they afterwards became more frequent and finally it became so that I suffered from them not only while I was working but when I was at leisure. They would seize upon me while I slept, and cause me hours of painful wakefulness. I soon saw that I was being unfitted for my work, so I began taking medicine for the relief of the complaint. It was all to no avail, however, until I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I did not take the pills in the confidence that they would in any way relieve me of my suffering, but I bought them simply to see if the many reports of their marvelous power were true. I was soon convinced, for before I had taken very many of them the pains in the region of my kidneys began to be lessened, and before I had taken a full box I had been entirely relieved. I knew no more wakeful nights, no more painful exertions while at work. In fact I was a new man, and I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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Marie de' Medici. Marie de' Medici, the second wife of Henry IV, who married her in 1600, a year after his divorce from Margaret of Valois, was an Italian beauty, petite and dark. She was hot tempered, and her intolerance of her husband's infidelities caused constant domestic bickering. Her voice was shrill, and when angry she raised it almost to a scream, so that when the king and queen were engaged in a domestic argument everybody in the house knew all about it.

For Females Only. Mr. Caustic—By the way, dear, let me give you a point about letter writing. Mrs. C.—What is it, dear? Mr. C.—Hereafter always write your postscript first, and it will save you the trouble of writing your letter.—Richmond Dispatch.

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NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST. Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-balls track-line scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

I cannot speak too highly of Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—MR. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 22d St., N. Y., Oct. 29, 1894.

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Tax GEMMA for breakfast.

Impure Blood. Was the cause of my not feeling very well during the spring for several years past. I had that tired feeling, was weak and so tired that I could not do much work. For several years I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly, and it has cleansed my blood, driven off that tired feeling and built up my whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also benefited other members of my family, so that we would not be without a supply.

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CASCARETS. Candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

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