

OLD-TIME FORTUNES.

There were Millionaires Then and They Knew How to Spend.

When reading of the large sums possessed by modern millionaires, it is interesting to recall the notable fortunes of ancient days. Croesus, whose name has become a byword for excessive wealth, could certainly not have bought up a Vanderbilt; his whole fortune did not exceed three millions. A far greater sum was left by the infamous and miserly Tiberius, who was worth \$118,125,000 at his death, and it is said that his successor, Caligula, squandered this immense wealth within a year. Seneca had a tidy little fortune of \$17,500,000, which could hardly have been the case had his philosophy been pure and unalloyed. Asplius, discovering that his treasury contained only \$400,000, committed suicide from fear of poverty; a single repast cost Lucullus \$100,000, and at one of her banquets Cleopatra made Antony drink a pearl valued at \$50,000. In extent of fortune, certain living millionaires may beat the ancients, but in the matter of extravagance, we think the balance is on the other side.

An African Salt Works.

Karembwe's is one of the salt-making villages; a sandy clay is dug out of the marshes, and placed in grass funnels; water poured on this dissolves the salt; this solution trickles through the green matter into a trough, after which it is boiled and strained, and a fine, large-crystal salt is obtained. It is a great trade in this part of the world. All villages make salt, which is put up in loads about five inches in diameter by four feet long. All these people, the Watwa, are very polite; most of them have a "Mormin"; they do not seem able to manage the "good."—Century.

Frugality.

"There are men, I suppose," she remarked, pensively, "who are engaged to more than one girl at the same time."

"Yes," he answered, "but I am not one of them."

"I am glad to hear you say that. It is so frivolous and insincere."

"Of course. And there's no reason why a man shouldn't make one engagement ring go all the way around if he only takes his time."—Washington Star.

NO TIME SHOULD BE LOST

By those troubled with constipation in seeking relief from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disease is easily relieved in its earlier stage, and as it is utterly subservient of the general health, postponement of the remedy is unwise. The same is true of all cases of fever and ague, kidney complaints, nervous debility and all other ailments to which the Bitters is particularly adapted.

The chicky crop is getting to be valuable in Nebraska.

Special Offer to General Stores. Dry Goods Stores, Dealers in Notions.

We wish to establish in every town on the Coast an exclusive agency for the A. M. W. WATER-PROOF DRESS FACING AND BINDING. Best seller on market. For terms, samples and particulars, address at once PACIFIC COAST DRESS MANUFACTURING CO., 819 Market Street, rooms 23 and 24, San Francisco, Cal.

I never used so quick a cure as Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

DEARNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. Hence this tube is inflamed, you have a humming sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness cured by our medicine. It is not cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Gladness Comes

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

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

One of the Advantages.....

of city life is the bargains of the big city stores.

Our Mail Order Department

EXTENDS these opportunities for economy to our home people. For example, we offer:

Children's Natural Grey Wool Underwear

As here pictured, fine grade goods, in right Oregon weight.

FOR the garment in..... 1 to 4 year sizes
FOR the garment in..... 5 to 8 year sizes
FOR the garment in..... 9 to 12 year sizes

A bargain never matched in Portland's history. On these we will pay the postage or express, and with each will send our new Fall Shopping Guide Free.

OLDS & KING,

302 Washington St. PORTLAND, OR

Around the Hearthstone.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do To make life happier and more fair For those whose lives are crowded now with care.

I'll help to lift them from their low despair, When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well Shall know no more these weary, toiling days; I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always, And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise.

When I have time, the friend you hold so dear May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent; May be that you so kindly meant To fill her life with sweet content, When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer To those around whose lives are now so dear.

They may not meet you in the coming year— Now is the time.

—Indianapolis News.

THE HELMET.

"But, uncle, I love my cousin," "Get out!" "Get out to me!" "Don't bother me!" "It will be my death!" "Nonsense! You'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray—"

My uncle, whose back had been toward me, whirled around, his face was red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands he went on: "A pretty husband you look like! Without a son and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes'!"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong as an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furnishing of a big double-edged sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and objects d'art, 53 Rue des Claqueuses, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marcelline and Old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabers and muskets and picture frames; below these were arranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts and statues of saints, one-armed or one-legged for the most part and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knickknacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals and miniature ivory statues, the yellow tints of which in the sun took momentarily a fleshlike transparency.

Time and of mind the shop had belonged to the Coudoberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune.

Held in esteem by all, a municipal councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my uncle Coudbert, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a municipal councillor; he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom as I scanned the rust on my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, engaged in trying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; 5 o'clock was striking.

"The hinges—the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet away so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from the host taking great pains to inform his guest as to the cost of all the beautiful objects he saw.

Finally, after making the tour of the rooms the library was reached, its shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes. Here they seated themselves, and the host said, with a sigh of snobbish exultation:

"Well, father, I have brought you here last, because this is my favorite room. The other rooms, maybe, give pleasure to my wife and my daughters, but this is my place—right here among these books, and my friends. And I have put on the desk (pointing to a score of ultra-looking volumes) are what I may call my intimate friends."

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly I added: "Oh, I will know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'Yes,' I will force him to say it."

"But how?" asked Rose.

"Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it."

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my double-handed sword and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting with a corner of her apron a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—not but an ordinary helmet, oh, no—a superb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle, "but it's a superb piece, and when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night, on returning to my room, at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said, and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance I fell to sleep and till next morning did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a fourteenth century cap three feet high on her head, but looking prettier than ever. Then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandole, while my uncle, clad in complete armor and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewildering whirl.

The next day—ah! the next day!—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun. My uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me, but I could think of nothing of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At 3 o'clock Rose went into the courtyard, whence she was not to return until dinner time, in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not away in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering; I could not do better than allow it to blow over.

Not suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and, clasping I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget place about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan.

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, stumpy, fat and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly he came toward me.

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Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good-natured face, as he noticed that the leaves had never been cut.

"Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends," he exclaimed.

The finest tortoise shell comes from the Indian archipelago, and is shipped from Singapore, and most of it is obtained on the Florida coast of America. There are three rows of plates on the back, called "blades" by the fishermen. In the central row are five plates, and in each of the other four plates, the latter containing the best material. Besides these there are twenty-five small plates round the edges of the shell, known as "feet" or "noses."

Whittier's Large Fortune.

Whittier left \$250,000, though for his earlier poems he received nothing. Lowell, on the other hand, published his first poems at his own expense, and to the end of his life he was small; and it was only in the closing ten or fifteen years of his life that Brown, who had a similar experience with his first work, received anything from his poems.

Hungry Higgins—What are you read in now?

Wesley Watkins—Markets.

"What's de quotations on shirts?"

"Unchanged."—Indianapolis News.

Friends Failed to Recognize Her.

Mrs. Hadix so changed in Appearance That She Hardly Knew Herself.

She Says the Secret of the Great Change and Her Present Good Health is Due to the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Other Prominent Citizens Testify to the Merits of This Remedy.

From the Call, San Francisco, Cal.

"You don't know me! Well, I am not surprised at that. I hardly know myself, and yet here I am full of life and vigor. Look at my arms, round, strong and healthy. The color of my cheeks, my life and animation!"

So spoke Mrs. Hadix, wife of Rev. E. Hadix, of Placerville, California, and "what has produced this wonderful change from almost death to health, active life?"

"Well, I will tell you it was Pink Pills for Pale People. You will remember that for years I walked the streets a living skeleton—emaciated—weak, and a complete wreck. My flesh colorless, my nerves unstrung. I had no blood. If my flesh was punctured, a thin pink stain was all that could be produced. My physicians said there was no hope for me. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was sent to Sacramento, where three of the most eminent physicians diagnosed my case, but they could not help me, and they refused to let me pay for what they could do me no good."

"My husband was sent for to say the last good-bye. When I lay on my couch to rest I felt as though I was sinking, down, down, down. I could not sleep, neither could I rest. When I awoke from my sleep I found myself determined to try what virtue there was in Pink Pills for Pale People. I commenced taking them and soon began to improve. I continued their use with the result that to-day I am fully recovered to health and happiness, and this in less than six months from the time I commenced their use. All hail to Pink Pills for Pale People."

J. C. Stephens, another resident of Placerville, said: "I was afflicted with rheumatism for more than twenty years, and only with the greatest difficulty was I able to walk to my place of business, my hands were so stiff and swollen that I could scarcely hold anything in them. When driving my team, could not hold my whip. I saw in the San Francisco Call that a friend of mine had been cured of rheumatism by using Pink Pills. I commenced using them with the result that I am completely cured."

Mrs. J. G. Bailey was afflicted for a long time with kidney trouble and could not rest nights. She said: "I had heard so much about the wonders that Pink Pills performed that I concluded to try them. I commenced taking them, and found immediate relief, sleep nicely, and in every way am greatly improved."

W. F. Fairchild is a druggist doing business in Placerville. He says he has been selling Pink Pills for Pale People for several years, and that his customers speak very highly of them. He has sold more than a dozen boxes within the last six months, especially since the wonderful recovery of Mrs. Hadix, whose case was considered hopeless, and whose recovery by the use of Pink Pills was considered almost a miracle. The reputation of these pills is fully established for doing what they promise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, the one great lesion of the nervous system, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallowness, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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I never used so quick a cure as Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

HAIRDS—For all kinds of hair furnished free on short notice. Address Higley's Employment Office, 142 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

A Story of Senator Hawley.

Sitting by my side at the convention which nominated Lincoln for President, writes Isaac H. Bromley, was a newspaper editor who called me "Ike," as I called him "Joe." He was running over with enthusiasm. When the nomination was made he interrupted himself in his hurrying to say to me, who looked on in wide-eyed silence, "Why don't you hurry?" I don't know why I did not, but I remember that I felt queer and only said, "I can't hurry; I should cry if anyone touched me." I came nearer crying when, in less than twelve months, I saw him in uniform at the head of the first Connecticut company that answered the call for troops. He was afterward a brigadier general, Governor of his State, and member of Congress, and has lately been elected to his third term as United States Senator. There were probably other similar cases. This was Joe Hawley who sat at my elbow.

Want Singing Anvil.

"It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith recently, "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm in Brooklyn, N. Y. All kinds of substitutes have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the wrought iron anvil, which is hand made. There are plenty of cast iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find but little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings."

A syndicate has been formed to tunnel the Great St. Bernard and connect Turin and Lausanne by rail.

We are spending more than our profits on Schilling's Best tea to get you to try it—just to try it.

Your money back if you don't like it.

At grocers' in packages.

GOOD ROADS.

It has been clearly proven that the increase in the price of farm lands more than pays for the cost of making good country highways.

Dr. Mendenhall, chief of the State highway commission, summarizes the argument for good roads in a nutshell by an illustration drawn from his experience in Japan. He found that the city of Tokio was built of wood, and fires were so frequent and destructive that the city was entirely destroyed once in seven years. When he asked why stone and brick were not used in building, the people replied that it was cheaper to replace burned sections with wood than with more substantial material. "That's the way the old-fashioned road builder looks at the question of permanent work," says Dr. Mendenhall.

Permanent road-building will be a feature of public enterprise for the next twenty years, both municipal and State.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

They Know Better.

O this is what the farmers call "A road," but when the horses haul A very heavy load that way They shake their knowing heads, "neigh, neigh!"

Keeping Roads Good.

Most everyone has heard of the man who gave it out that he always took a bath every year whether he needed it or not. A great many roads are "worked" on the same principle. Once a year they are given what is known as a "fixing up," and the rest of the time they must shift for themselves. As a consequence they "shift" from one side to the other, just as the lay of the land and the lack of proper drainage may demand.

And, be it remembered, there is sometimes a piece of road that Nature has kindly cared for, which really does not require fixing. Often this is plowed up, along with defective sections, and is made soft and susceptible to ruts and washouts. It is also then in a good condition to produce the largest quantity of dust.

A good road should never be thus "repaired." A defective road should be repaved at any and all times. It is cheaper, and certainly much better, Europe's good roads are the result of proper building and constant care. They do not have to be repaired. They are fixed before they need repairing—in the sense of being partly rebuilt.

The one great lesson of the people of our land must learn is that the time to repair a road is when it needs it. These once-a-year reformations are too few and far between. Fix the roads now.

Happy as a King.

In some cases, the covetousness of bibliomaniacs increases with their collections. Mr. Herbert, brother of the bishop, bought all the books that came in his way by cartloads and shiploads and in whole libraries, on which in some cases he never cast his eyes. Another collector would buy a book though he had twenty copies of it. The famous Antonio Magliabechi is said to have lived on tiles and indexes, and whose very pillow was a folio. The old bibliomaniac lived in a kind of cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle, lined with padding, which he used as a wooden nest for a bed. He died in 1714, in his 82d year, dirty, ragged and as happy as a king.

Not Affected by the Weather.

The seamless boat, for which there is a growing demand, seems to be able to stand any amount of rough work. This boat is pressed out of an ingot of steel and shaped by hydraulic power, and it fulfills all the requirements of an ordinary boat in a remarkably ingenious manner. It is claimed for these boats that they will last as long as wooden ones, and that there is less danger of their capsizing, and that they are less liable to be affected by changes of climate. The method by which the seamless boat is constructed is a larger application of the method which has long been used in this country for manufacturing cooking utensils and other articles of small dimensions.

His Worldly Effects.

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became President for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied: "Years of the 10th received. I am now acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat hole, which will bring looking into it. Respectfully, 'A. LINCOLN.'"

Alum num.

Cooking utensils made of aluminum may be used with perfect safety. This metal never communicates to food any poisonous salt such as is given off by copper, tin or lead. For cooking purposes it seems to be peculiarly adapted, seeing it is a splendid conductor and retainer of heat, and has also the advantage of being non-poisonous and non-corroding.

Keep the Crown in the Tower.

The crown of England is kept in the Tower of London, and not in the Queen's dressing-room. It is never brought out excepting on grand state occasions, but whenever a ceremony, such as a drawing-room or levee, takes place the Queen wears a cincture of diamonds in the form of a crown on her

BLACKWELL'S

I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

A. D. 1780.

Try Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate and you will understand why their business established in 1780 has flourished ever since. Look out for imitations.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"A very smooth article."

Battle Ax

Don't compare "Battle Ax" with low grade tobaccos—compare "Battle Ax" with the best on the market, and you will find you get for 10 cents almost twice as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands.

Cheapest Power....

Rebuilt Gas and Gasoline Engines.

IN GUARANTEED ORDER..... FOR SALE CHEAP

1-1 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-2 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-3 H. P. Regan, Gas or Gasoline.
1-4 H. P. Oriental, Gas or Gasoline.
1-5 H. P. Otto, Gas or Gasoline.
1-6 H. P. Pacific, Gas or Gasoline.
1-7 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-8 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.

State Your Wants and Write for Prices.....

Hercules Gas Engine Works

405-7 Sansome Street San Francisco, Cal.

Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H. P.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GUNS

WHEAT.

How to be Beautiful

BLACKWELL'S

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