ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR.

He Is Almost Without Food, but Has Plenty of Faith.

Anchored in the San Leandro bay, beyond the most easterly point of Alameda, Cal., is a little old craft that is the floating home of Richard Smith, a marine hermit who thinks he is to be a sort of second Noah. The vessel that is to serve as an ark for the few select was originally a sloop of something more than 40 feet in length. Now it has no mast or rigging and floats with the tide.

For three years the old man has lived in the hulk. He has been growing poorer year by year, and now he is close to starvation, looking to faith alone for his sup-

RICHARD SMITH.

port. He could catch fish, but he would rather die than eat anything of the animal world. When he has food at all, it usually consists of pancakes made of flour and water, with beans and potatoes.

He will not permit himself to drop a hook and line overboard from his craft, however tired of his "plain food" he may be. He says God will keep him alive, and he certainly seems to have little besides faith to depend on.

Smith is a bachelor about 70 years old, and for 30 years he has lived a life almost that of a hermit. He formerly ran a one wheeled truck, which he pushed more than 6,000 miles about the state selling religious books. He refuses to speak much about his religious beliefs, but he clings to the prediction of a brother prophet that San Francisco and Oakland are to sink, and he thinks that some who are the select will come to him and his rudderless craft to be saved from the death that awaits the wicked. He will not say that he is a modern Noah, but he believes that he has been inspired to live on the water to avoid the destruction, and he is waiting to save the chosen of the Order of Messiah.

Heroine of Her Own Story.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, one of the brilliant Indiana coterie of writers, is the heroine of her own "Caravan Days," which depicts the erratic wanderings of her early youth. Mrs. Catherwood began her literary career as contributor to a juvenile magazine in Boston. "She was nothing but a child when she commenced her work for us," says the editor in reminiscences of that time, "but I always recognized her promise and had faith that she would sooner or later take the place which she now occupies in the front rank of American story writers." It is strange that Mrs. Catherwood's first novel—a brilliant example of the realistic school—should be so little known, even by the reflected light of her subsequent fame. It is a tale of Hoosier life among the poor whites.—New York Times.

His Little Ode.

"Here is a little ode," said the poet timidly.

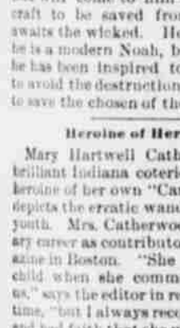
"You're off," cried the editor. "Paid the last cent I owed yesterday."—Atlanta Constitution.

SELF PRAISE.

Self praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them. Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS arrest the progress of decay.

"And, Johnny, what particular pleasure did you find in yourself during Lent?" Johnnie—I've got plenty pennies in the box for the heathen.



Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, listless steps and languorous looks tell of wasting debilitating disease some place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source—impure blood, and impure blood starts in the digestive organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, stimulates digestive action, searches out disease-germs wherever they exist and puts the whole body into a vigorous, strong and healthy condition. It builds up solid, useful flesh, rubs out wrinkles, brightens the eyes and makes life really worth living.

HER MIRROR.

A Japanese Story of Its Influence on a Motherless Girl.

At Y. M. C. A. hall Yeataso Okano, a Japanese, told the following story to a large audience:

"Once upon a time there lived in a little hamlet in Japan a young couple. They had one child—a beautiful little girl whom both loved very dearly. It came to pass while the child was still a baby girl that the father was obliged to take a long journey to the far distant city. It was too far for him to take his wife and child, so he left them at home and traveled alone.

"In that great city he saw many new things which, having lived in the peaceful little hamlet up among the mountains all his life, he had never seen before. He desired to take home to his wife some of these new things which seemed to him so wonderful. And the most wonderful gift he could take, it seemed to him, was a mirror. He wished to take home to his wife the pleasure and surprise he had experienced when he first looked into a mirror. So he took one home to his wife.

"When he arrived home' he gave the present to his wife, and for the first time she looked into a mirror. 'What do you see?' her husband asked. She replied: 'I declare! I see a very pretty woman. She wears her hair just as I do mine, and she smiles and moves her lips as if she were talking to me.' Her husband told her that the mirror was a present for her, and he hoped she would use it every day. But the wife thought it far too beautiful and rare and costly a gift to use every day, so she put it carefully away and never spoke about it to the little daughter, who grew more beautiful and more like her mother every day.

"By and by a great misfortune fell upon that little household. The wife and mother fell sick, and it was soon evident that she must die. As she lay upon her deathbed she called her little daughter to her and told her that she was going to lose her mother forever. She could point to no future life after death in which they should be reunited, but in the love and simplicity of her heart she did the best she could. She told her little daughter about the wonderful mirror. 'After I am dead,' she said, 'take down that box and look into the mirror that it contains. There you will see my face. And I want you to look into the mirror every day, that you may never forget your mother, and that you may grow like me more and more every day.'

"So the mother died. The little girl did as she had been told, and in the wonderful mirror she thought she saw her mother's face, young and beautiful—not as she had seen her, pale and ill as she lay dying, but fair and fresh as she had looked before the fatal illness. And the little girl looked into the mirror every day and thought of her mother and her many lovely ways, and so it came about that she grew to be more and more like her mother as the years went by."—Rochester Post-Express.

The Right Man.

Employer—Well, have you found that Mr. Smith who owes that bill?

Clerk—No, sir. There are any number of Smiths in that house, and not one acknowledges himself our debtor. One of them went so far as to kick me out.

Employer—Just go to him again. I'm sure he's our man.—London Million.

A Costly Joke.

An English ventriloquist recently beat a handbag, at the same time mimicking the cries of a dog. A sympathetic man rushed up and gave the man a thrashing. The ventriloquist sued him for damages, but the case was decided against him, on the ground that the dog champion acted in good faith.—London Letter.

The Pug's Parlor.

English undervservants, who are always excluded from the housekeeper's room, refer to this sacred spot as "the pug's parlor." It strikes one as being an exceedingly appropriate name, conjuring up to one's imagination the complacent housekeeper, sleek butler and "genteel" ladies' maids.—Exchange.

The soldier is the best fed individual of his class in Europe. The British soldier receives for his daily ration 16 ounces of bread, 12 of meat, 2 of rice, 8 of dried vegetables, 16 of potatoes, and once a week he receives 2 ounces of salt, 4 of coffee and 9 of sugar.

The war of the Spanish succession cost the British taxpayers £23,000,000; the seven years' war, £58,000,000; the American war of 1776, £116,000,000; the Napoleonic wars, £620,000,000; the Crimean war, £39,000,000.

"Do you think that the lady who is moving in above you is nice?" "Oh, dear, yes! Why, she noticed that baby had two teeth before she had been in the house two hours!"

When the king of Siam is dressed in his official regalia, he looks like a jewelry exhibit. The gems on his hat alone are worth $1,000,000.

The farmers and stock raisers of this country produce 30 per cent of the world's grain supply and 33 per cent of its meat.

THE PIGEON ROOSTS.

THEY USED TO BE SO CROWDED TREES WERE BROKEN DOWN.

The Pretty Bird, Like the Buffalo, Was Ruthlessly Slaughtered—There Is Not Now a Roost in the Country—A Hunter, Not Yet Old, Has Seen the Change.

A party of hunters—gentlemen who shoot for the sport and recreation there are in it—were talking the other day about the disappearance of game, four legged and winged, when they were suddenly interrupted by Mr. W. H. Donaldson, one of the most enthusiastic of their number, with the question:

"Did you ever see anything so completely disappear as the wild pigeon? There isn't a 'roost' in the United States today, and from what I can understand there is none on the North American continent, except it may be one or two small ones in Canada."

Mention the pigeon "roost" to a young hunter today, and he will ask you what you mean. He has heard of it, and that is about all. And yet Mr. Donaldson and those who hunted with him are but in the prime of life, and they saw the roosts in all their glory. In a few words, the roosts are, or rather were, places where the pigeons congregated in almost innumerable numbers and hatched their young. They were formerly found in all parts of the United States. They are referred to by James Fenimore Cooper, particularly in "The Pioneers." In the early days they were found in the east, just as the early settlers found the buffalo at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, even in the frigid zone. And they have disappeared just as the buffalo has disappeared.

For their roosts, or hatching places, the pigeons always selected a dense forest or grove in the most inaccessible pisace to be found. There they would build their nest and lay their eggs, and there they would remain eight or nine weeks, by which time the eggs would have hatched and the young birds have been able to fly. They would come in flocks of hundreds and thousands—some old timers say millions—but all the testimony goes to show that they never did any harm that a war of extermination should have been waged against them.

The only harm worked by them was in the breaking down of trees. They roosted in such numbers that limbs of trees even of considerable size were broken. A grove after their departure looked as if a cyclone had struck it. But the groves they selected were always wild ground. They never selected one on a farmer's property. As for food, they were never like other birds. They did not disturb the newly planted or growing crops of grain. Leaving their roosts in the morning, they would fly long distances—some say hundreds of miles—in search of such food as they desired. Returning at night, their whirring would sound like the roll of thunder. In flight they were so dense as to seem like a cloud obscuring the sight. They were also erratic in flight, swooping down landward and circling around frequently. In this locality their flight was always over the outskirts of the city. Many men who are not yet very far advanced in years can tell of having shot into these flocks from the vicinity of Jefferson avenue, bringing down a dozen or two dozen birds at a time. These men were then schoolboys. Mr. Donaldson tells of many times he went out before breakfast, returning for his morning meal in time to go to school. There was sport in this for the boys, of course, but very little for the older hunters, who enjoyed a shot according as it was difficult.

There never was any sport about the pigeon roost—that is, sport as it is defined by the gentleman hunter. This sportsman, when he took a shot, wanted a bird on the wing, so it would have a chance for its life. There wasn't really any necessity of firing a gun into a roost. When they were fired into, the only sport was in seeing how many birds could be killed at once. Ten to fifteen was nothing unusual, while often a couple of dozen might be brought down. But as to securing the birds the use of shot and powder was a waste. A good heavy club and strong arm sufficed. The club thrown into a tree would bring down the pigeons like nuts from a hickory tree. A few well directed clubs thrown, and the ground would be covered with the dead and maimed birds, though, no matter what their number might be, they could not be missed from the limbs of the trees. The roosts were visited by hunting parties, to be sure, but not for sport. The hunter who heard of a roost in the vicinity of where he might happen to be would always visit it, but his visit was wholly out of curiosity. He always found the country folk there from miles around, but they also came from curiosity. They didn't care for the birds, but they entered into the work of slaughter, just as if the pigeons, like the flies, were without end as to being and increase. They never had the least idea that the day would come when a pigeon pie would be a thing of the past, as it practically is now. They could not imagine the time when pigeon or squab would be a luxury.

In those days the pigeon had no market. They might be worth 25 cents a dozen, but to be worth that a purchaser had to be found. Thus the bulk of the slaughtered birds were fed to the hogs or left to rot on the ground. There is something of a lesson in this as to game birds still in existence. The flesh of the wild pigeon is very sweet, and there is about as much of it as on the quail. Just compare the pigeon at 25 cents a dozen, and no buyers, to the quail at $2 and $2.50 a dozen and more buyers than can be satisfied. The quail in the early days was marketed at about 50 cents a dozen. It, too, was slaughtered until it became so scarce that laws had to be passed to prevent its extinction. All of the surrounding states have laws now which run for five years and which, it is hoped, will give the bird new life. This law is being reasonably enforced in Missouri, but enough birds to partially supply the market are being brought in from Kansas and Illinois and the Indian Territory. The law permits of the sale if they are not killed within the confines of the state. If the states of the Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas valleys had adopted some such law as to the pigeon before its utter extinction, pigeon potpies and pigeon roasts would still be known today. But the legislators of those days evidently thought with the people generally, that the pigeon was without end—that it would increase and multiply more rapidly than it could be killed off.—Macon Telegraph.

Still a Chance.

Sittiman—I understand, sir, you want to sell your house in Commuterville.

Countriman—I sold it last week to Mr. Jones.

Sittiman—Indeed! Well, do you know of any one else who has a place for sale?

Countriman—About a week from now you might ask Jones.—Life.

Real Estate In Chicago.

A piece of property in the business center of Chicago has been leased for 99 years at a rental that establishes the value of the land at $127 a square foot today, $145 a foot after 1901 and $169 a square foot after 1906. This is reputed to be the highest valuation of Chicago land yet established.—Chicago Tribune.

During the Franco-Prussian war the Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle cartridges and 363,000 charges of artillery, killing or mortally wounding 77,000 Frenchmen, showing that 400 shots are required to kill or mortally wound one man.

PRAYED FOR THE HORSES.

A Salvation Army Lass Who Believes In Transmigration of Souls.

It seems too bad that excessive piety and a belief in the transmigration of souls should have brought trouble to any one, much less a poor Salvation Army girl, but Lizzie Clark, a soldier of the army, was arrested in St. Louis the other day for no other cause than this, says The Post-Dispatch.

The rubbers, cappers and hangers on in one of the North Broadway sales stables were surprised at seeing a woman in the garb of a Salvationist walk into the place and without paying any attention to them

PRAYING FOR THE HORSES.

proceed straight to the stalls where some of the choicest "two for five" horses in the market are kept. Choosing the most unfortunate of all the poor beasts, she clasped her arms about the animal's neck and kissed its nose in the most affectionate way.

"Poor, dear, horsy," she said as she hugged its battered old head to her breast, "does so have a hard time? I love you so much. You are a good little horsy, aren't you? You must be good, and the Lord will save your soul. Yes, yes; I'll pray to him to save you!" and with that she dropped on her knees right there in the stall and lifted up her voice in prayer. The rubbers and the cappers and the other hangers on laughed, and down at the other end of the stable a mule brayed, but the woman kept on praying.

When she had finished her invocation for the saving of the horse's soul, she got up and went into the next stall and started the same thing over again. The stable people were afraid some of the animals would kick or bite her, and they forced her to go away. She left without objection and walked up Broadway until she got in front of the Second district police court. There were a horse and buggy standing there, and going up to the horse she put her arms about it and kissed it on the face.

"Sing with me, horsy," she said as she drew a hymnal from her pocket and held it in front of the horse's eyes, but no sound came from the animal.

"No, you won't? Well, I'll save you anyway," she went on and then started to get into the buggy, presumably to drive away to some Lorse convent, when just then Officer Thompson showed up. He is not a believer in the saving of horses' souls. He rather prefers to save personal property to its rightful owner, so he put his big hands on the equine soul saver and told her to come along.

"Oh, the devil's got me at last," the woman cried out to the crowd which gathered about her.

"I love this officer, but he is working for the devil. He won't let me save the soul of that poor dumb brute. But I'll pray for him anyway. Let us all pray for him and for me, because he's going to take me straight to hell."

While they were waiting for "the chariot to hell," as she called it, otherwise the hoosilum wagon, to arrive she drew from her pocket some more hymnals and insisted on the crowd joining her in a service. They only laughed at her, and so she lifted up her voice all alone and sang. When the wagon came, she was bundled into it, blessing every one, particularly the horses, whom she insisted had just as fine a variety of souls as any one else.

What 50 Cents Would Do.

Two sports walking around Race street, both financially broke, came across a restaurant with the outside covered with signs of what could be had on the inside for a very small sum. The signs read something like this: "Pork and beans, 5 cents;" "roast beef and potatoes, 5 cents;" "lamb, 5 cents;" "full dinner, four vegetables and pie, 10 cents;" "beef steak, 5 cents;" "ham and eggs, 5 cents;" "coffee or tea and four rolls, 5 cents," and so on. Both sports stopped and read the full programme, when one of them remarked, "If I had 50 cents, I would go in there and break that fellow."—Philadelphia Call.

Why Cupid Weeps.

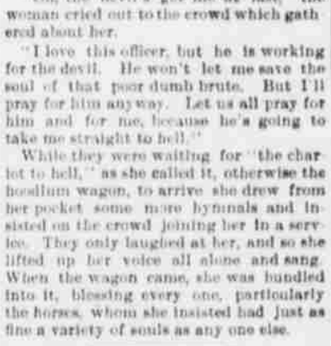
Minnie—Jennie's engagement with the French count is broken.

Mamie—Good gracious! Why?

Minnie—You know her hair is so long that it can almost touch the ground when she is standing. He tried to tell one of her friends of that fact and said she had "hair almost as long as her foot," and the goose got so mad about it that she won't see him any more.—Indianapolis Journal.

One street in Pompeii was called "Street of Dried Fruits," and in the shops considerable quantities of figs, raisins, plums and other fruits were found.

Some botanists believe that spelt is derived from wheat by a process of cross fertilization.



To Cure Earache

Saturate a piece of cotton with Pain-Killer and place it in the ear. The pain will quickly cease. To cure toothache, place the cotton in the hollow of the tooth, and bathe the face with

Pain-Killer

This good old remedy will cure any ache or pain that ever attacked the old or young. Miners, Stockmen, and everyone who is not within calling distance of a doctor should never be without a bottle of Pain-Killer. Sold everywhere. The quantity has been doubled, but the price remains the same. Get a bottle at once.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I. Sole Proprietors.

RIPE FOR A HARVEST.

"It's the worst season or dampness I ever saw," said a traveler on a train. "Yes," answered a man of big words, "it's the supersaturation of the atmosphere from fogs and vapors; these cause too much moisture and sickness follows." "Maybe t'is, but, as I said, it is the worst season for wet and for such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, faceache, headache, toothache and the like." "Well, you've struck a combination I can break," said a third party. "How?" "With St. Jacobs Oil." If it's the worst season, St. Jacobs Oil is the best thing to use for the troubles which it brings. It will cure in no time anything in the shape of ache or pain."

In the number of horses Russia is second to the United States, having 11,436,000, valued at $3,595,080,000, while France comes third with 3,036,000, valued at $8,529,000,000, and Great Britain has 7,100,000, worth $12,120,000,000.

"Not worth a tinker's dam" is not profane in itself, as the last word should be spelled without an "n." A tinker's dam is a wall of dough or clay raised around a spot which the plumber is repairing.

The reports after the battle of Waterloo showed that the British artillery fired 9,467 rounds, about one for every French soldier killed on the field.

POOR INDEED!

The prospect of relief from drastic cathartics for persons troubled with constipation is poor indeed. True they act upon the bowels, but this they do with violence, and their operation tends to weaken the intestines, and is prejudicial to the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual laxative, but it neither gripes nor enfeebles. Furthermore, it promotes digestion and a regular action of the liver and kidneys. It is an efficient barrier against and remedy for malarial complaints and rheumatism, and is of great benefit to the weak, nervous and aged. As a medicinal stimulant it cannot be surpassed. Physicians cordially recommend it, and its professional indorsement is fully borne out by popular experience. Appetite and sleep are both improved by this agreeable invigorant and alterative.

Mrs. Street—How do you manage to keep a cook? Mrs. Atwood—By not managing at all. Just let her have her own way.

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, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

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.

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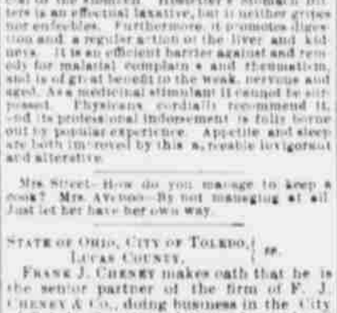
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

MUSIC STORE—Wiley B. Allen Co., the oldest, the largest, 211 First St., Portland. Chickering, Hardman, Fischer Pianos, Estey Organs. Low prices, easy terms.

10-CENT MUSIC—Send for catalogues.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

SAVE SHOE LEATHER

Ask for Dyke's Diamond or Oval Rivet and Revolving Heels. Imitations are worthless. For sale by leading shoe dealers. Eureka Shoe Co., 24 Front street, Portland, Oregon.

If you want work, or can organize a lodge, write to the order of Fraternal Argonaut, Rooms 47 and 48, Donohoe Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW WAY EAST

Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane, via O. R. & N. Railway and Great Northern Railway to Montana points, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Address nearest agent. C. C. Donavan, Gen. Agt., Portland, Or.; R. C. Stevens, Gen. Agt., Seattle, Wash.; C. G. Dixon, Gen. Agt., Spokane, Wash. No dust; rock-ballast track; fine scenery; palace sleeping and dining cars; buffet-library cars; family tourist sleepers; new equipment.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching Piles known by moisture like perspiration, intense itching when warm. Tumor form and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to

DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY,

which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price $1.00. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philada., Pa.

NO DIRT OR SMOKE.

Your Wife Can Run It. Hercules Gas or Gasoline Engine.

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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

This is a concise, reasonable explanation of the whole matter.

The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

That this is not theory but fact is proven by the voluntary statements of thousands cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the next column.

Prostration of the Nerves.

"With pleasure I will state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully. For several months I could not be down to sleep on account of heart trouble and also for three years I have been doctoring, but could not get cured. I received relief for a while, but not permanent, soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a change for the better. In a short time I was feeling splendidly. I now rest well and am able to do work of whatever kind. If I had not tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I do not know what would have become of me. I keep it in my house all the time, and other members of the family take it, and all say there is

Nothing Like Hood's

Sarsaparilla. I have highly recommended it, and one of my neighbors has commenced taking it. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla at every opportunity."—MRS. S. BRADBURN, 60 Erie Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Be sure to get

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Lipman-Wolfe & Co.

PORTLAND OREGON...

Have just received a full line of Tailors' Linings, Findings and Buttons ... ...

Purchased under the new tariff. We are enabled to give the

Very Best Prices...

Send for samples ... ...

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3 $2.50 $2 $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the

W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

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