

University of California.

Your committee have made a very careful examination of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, and are satisfied that it fulfils all the requirements which the public can make of a baking powder. For purity and care in preparation it equals any in the market, and

Our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any other of which we have any knowledge.

W. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California, and State Analyst.

W. J. Hengelee

Prof. Chemistry, College Pharmacy of the University of California.

All other baking powders contain either alum or ammonia.

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.

Bright flutterer, with golden name,
Freckled from gentle dawn to dawn,
How last thou dared to venture out
Ere the buds begin to sprout?

When underneath the sheltering bow
Arbutus hath not shown her flower,
And the weeping from the modest moss,
With her brilliant leaves of gloss:

When as yet within the brook
Leaves lie pressed as in a book,
And the May lark is toward June,
Clasped about their frozen charms:

Why wert thou not wise to wait
Till King Frost should abate?
Why wert thou not wise to wait
Till the blizzard pipe in time,
Till the May lark is toward June,
Till the dandelion's yellow
Lends the lawn a radiant mellow?

These few hours of sunshine warm
May prelude a fatal storm,
Bringing frost or bringing snow,
Where, then, thou art, with thou?
Robin's forty times as strong,
Yet we do not hear his song.

—Edward S. Cremer in New York Sun.

Not Proud of His Election.

In this country when it comes to the casting of ballots the person elected to the position awarded by the suffrage of the people is always extremely proud of the result, even though he may not be especially desirous of holding office. In other countries, too, the recipient of the greatest number of ballots at the polls is apt to swell with pride over the record in the voting, but there is a case on record in Japan where the winner at the polls was not only sorry for his success, but came through that success subsequently to wish he had never been born. This was in the village of Awa, and the person honored, or dishonored, by the majority vote was a Jap of the name of Ahi Tanihei.

It seems that the village of Awa was harassed by a midnight robber whom nobody could detect. The head of the hamlet summoned the entire male population under his charge and directed every man to write the name of the person whom he suspected and to deposit the paper in a box. Fifteen ballots bore the name of Ahi Tanihei, the rest being blanks. The man whom everybody distrusted was so much overcome with astonishment that he made a full confession and went to prison. — Harper's Young People.

"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

To introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us in the largest number of certificates on or before Jan. 1, 1904, we will give a cash prize of \$100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from \$5 to \$75 in cash.

SOCIETY BADGES.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, OR.

Family Expenses.

A few days since the wife of a wealthy man went into a grocery store where most of the provisions for the house were bought. She went in considerable haste to the proprietor and asked him to loan her a dollar. Her husband, she said, had gone down town and forgotten to leave her any change, and she must have a little immediately. She took the bill, rolled it up and put it into her glove, then in an undertone said: "Please charge that as sugar. My husband might not like it if I borrowed money." The man said "Certainly" and the woman went out. A customer who was standing at a little distance but who was concealed from the lady by a pile of tea chests smiled to himself and then smiled at the grocer who came back to finish filling his order.

Although the grocer said nothing, it was a well understood fact to the customer, as it is to many other people in large cities, that this is not an uncommon practice. Men who are liberal with the families, as far as food and clothes go, rarely give them a cent for their own use. They will pay any reasonable bill and many unreasonable ones, but they pay them in checks and overlook the bills themselves, then they fancy they know what becomes of the money. Such conduct is unwise. If there is anything in the world that has a tendency to drive a woman to underground practices it is such lack of confidence on the part of her husband or father.

A wise way is to make a regular allowance for each member of the family. —New York Ledger.

Witty Remarks of an Artist.

Kenny Meadows was an artist who was always welcome at any social gathering, for he had an infinite fund of quotation and mother wit. A certain well known studio pun was his. There had been one day a long talk about fresco and the palette necessary for it, and the repeated remark that it needed a palette of earths quite tired him out.

"You talk of ochres," he said, "but the worst of all you haven't named, though it's the commonest. That's the medicine!"

"Then," said another artist, "you don't believe in the golden mean being the best of things?"

"No," said he, "I'll divide that with you. You may take the mean, and I'll keep the gold."

Works of Patience.

Probably the sternest patience is displayed by the sculptor or the painter who will spend months and years in materializing a conception. There is no Caucasian speaking numerically, than any other race, but I maintain that it is a gift of nature and just as like to come to a dog as to a man, only the dog would not have sense enough to use it as effectively as men would. I have seen a great deal of this quality of nature displayed by savages, such as the negroes of Africa and the Indians of America. We all admire the armor of the old English knights and the wonderfully intricate workmanship displayed upon many of them, but I have seen Indian war costumes that would make the eye of the seer after curiosities and rarities simply blind. The whole is intricate and interesting to look at, but closer inspection will invariably show almost endless work—labor of years to make it look beautiful. Some of the negroes of the south have fishing rods and tackle that are marvels of delicate hand workmanship, so much so that there is nothing like them to be had in the market for money. All this, however, is only accomplished by almost supreme patience. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Facts About Foreign Population.

There are more than 1,000,000 Germans in the chief cities of the United States. They are most numerous in New York and Brooklyn and in the cities of the west. They are least numerous in Boston and Washington. In these two cities and in Philadelphia and San Francisco the Irish outnumber the Germans. In New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Milwaukee the Germans outnumber the Irish. There are 3,500 natives of Ireland to 55,000 Germans in Milwaukee. In Boston there are 10,000 Germans to 71,000 Irish. —New York Sun.

SPECTACLES.

If within our homes we would see the same "spec" we use when we visit next door. And search for the flaws as we did over there. If I think we would find many more. If we'd use the same "spec" when we look at ourselves.

That we don't own our company's gear. I fear we would need what would magnify less. Or astonished we'd be, never fear!

But I find all possess (where they may live) For their eyes are darkly made, With the glasses all darkened, to hide half the view.

So their own faults remain in the shade. But the ones which they use when at others they glance.

Have the glasses transparently clear. With a power to magnify things twice the size. That the same through the dark ones appear.

Now I think that the world would much prefer. If the specs, once for all, we would change. And within our own rooms use the spectacles clear.

With the dark for the much broader range. Then, the faults that appear to us jaggedly rough.

Would it not outline so fair. We would find that the world was a beautiful place. And good people lived everywhere.

—Bertha Packard Englet in Good Housekeeping.

FORGOTTEN.

There are few who have not heard or read of the great French revolution of the last century, when cruel men seized on the government of France, when human life was of no account, and when, as if we lived with its wickedness, God seemed to have hid his face from the sinful land.

No one may count up the tears that were shed, the moans that were made, the hearts that were broken in those dreadful times; but here and there out of the great mass of human misery history has preserved a record of the trials and sufferings of some hapless ones, and that which we shudder and thank God that we live in happier days.

Some few years after the Reign of Terror—as this outbreak of sin and madness was well named—a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshment. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness—he was so strangely, ghastly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and, half curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Did he want aught else for his comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily. "I have food and light and air, what could I want more?" and he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed aright?"

"His guest looked up.

"Would you hear my tale?" he asked.

"For years I have kept silence, but to-day it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe it if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light hearted youth in this quiet fatherland. Having no near relations, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place, where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children—I thank God for that now—but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two house maids, children of some poor neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany from whence my aunt came, a pretty fancy of her own; it seemed quaint enough in a strange land."

"It was a happy household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it; but, alas! it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction. For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still, we never dreamed of what fearful misery this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, either, the blow fell so suddenly. There had been a stir going on in the market place for two days following the arrival of the new official; but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which he had made in our trade, and we were less than usual in the streets.

"At noon, on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and her maidens arranged as usual the midday meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we wondered and waited, and at last we dined without him. At the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from our house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes staring out of her head.

"Go back," she said, "go back! It is too late. The monster—the wretch! He has executed the honest man, without even the face of a trial, on the accused guillotine yonder!"

"I was petrified with horror. Could she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was his first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth, and had sheltered under his roof, some months since, a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then, Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My aunt passed me by and rushed into the street, straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"With wild agony at her husband's fate, my friend, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his murder. In these days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment, and before evening she had fared the same fate as my uncle.

"The Reign of Terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupor what the same measure, when a

Knock came at the door, and two men,

who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table, came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family, save the food on the table.

"In those days a man's foes were often they of his own household. I offered no resistance; the shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building, which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon, and left in total darkness till the morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met. But morning came, and I had guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep. Who awoke hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came night me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death; for they wept and pleaded vainly as it seemed to me.

"At the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it; my senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror, lest this should be my sentence, to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored at my prison door. I shouted as loudly as I could—all to no purpose. Then I burst into an agony of tears; my fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of my youth I pitied and bewailed myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago as a text in the school; 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

"They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon.

"How time passed I could not tell; day and night to me were alike in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough to understand what they told me. I had lain five days forgotten, the stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the revolution, and the consequent decline of the party. In fear of his life, our terrorist mayor had fled, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison doors to be set open. I, in my military cell, had been forgotten, and but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein, I might have perished most miserably. As it was, I was carried out perfectly senseless and brought to life with some difficulty.

"I am safe now, as you see, comrades, in my own country, but the anguish of those few days will never be forgotten. I bear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily I thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of his fail to make my heart rejoice. Still those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliance on his mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut and where there is no darkness." —New York Advertiser.

Conversation Without the Th.

Educated New Yorkers pay too little attention to the th-less tongue. It is full of beauties, and some of the university extension or university guild men who propose to settle in the darkest east side, or where boils Hell's Kitchen, or amid the conflicts of Battle Row, will doubtless study the language of the natives and write its grammar and its vocabulary. One sometimes hears engaging sentences of it in the elevated cars. I know two young men of tender age but tough appearance conversing earnestly in a Sixth avenue elevated car the other night.

"One asked the other how he was coming on with his sweetheart, 'How's de girl, hey?' The answer delivered with evident irritation and resentment, revealed a beautiful gift of metaphor, 'Oh, she give me de frost, see!' The cackling of the bud of love by envious, sweeping frost couldn't be expressed more eloquently. There will be a th-less poet yet. As for what his gift for the terrible will be, judge by the villainous but powerful oath of disputation which the members of the now extinct Whyo gang had to take, 'If I done dat, may I be as had as my mudder.'" —New York Truth.

What the Pens Do.

It is estimated that 3,500,000 steel pens are consumed daily. It is interesting to think what they do. For instance, they make love, write gushing poetry, scrape out the briefs in a breach of promise suit, cut and thrust at reputation, scratch out realistic novels and political editorials, chronicle sensations, puff the and belittle that, and, in short, do more to make and break, to save and destroy, to civilize and degrade the human race than anything else under the sun. —Detroit Free Press.

Who He Was.

A certain New Brunswick clergyman had occasion to visit the Provincial Lunatic asylum in the city of St. John. Passing through one of the wards, he was accosted by a patient, an individual who could hardly lay claim to any but the most mundane cast of countenance, who gravely said to him, "I am St. Peter." The reverend visitor expressed his gratification at meeting so famous a character, and was passed on, presently, into another ward. On returning, a few minutes later, he was stopped by his plausibly inclined friend, who surprised him by remarking, "I am St. Peter."

"But," exclaimed the clergyman, "you told me a minute ago that you were St. Peter." "Ah, yes," explained the man, "but that was by my first wife." —Life.

A Wise Answer.

The shah once asked a group of courtiers whom they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first he could get no reply to so dangerous a question, the answer to which might cost the courtiers their heads. At last a very old courtier said, "Your father, sire, for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he has a greater son than any you have." —Chatterbox.

Astronomy Before Christ.

About 500 B. C. Anaxagoras of Ionia was born. When he "grew up in wisdom," he was the first to teach the course and cause of both solar and lunar eclipses and to give his followers rules whereby they could distinguish planets from fixed stars. He was punished for declaring that the sun was not a god. —St. Louis Republic.

A Lost Lesson.

Mrs. Winkler (meaningly)—The paper says a man walked into a saloon yesterday afternoon, took a drink and stopped dead.

Mr. Winkler (solemnly)—Procrastination is a terrible thing. He should have taken his tonic sooner. —New York Weekly.

A Sensitive Patient.

Dr. Emdee—Fog to go to sleep. That shows your circulation is bad.

Editor Daily Kazoo—That's all you quacks know. I suppose if my corns ached that would show that the advertising patronage was falling off. —New York Herald.

The smallest bird is the West India humming bird.

Its body is less than an inch long and weighs only 20 grains.

THEY SOOTHE—NEVER IRRITATE.

Some people have a prejudice against plasters, because, as they think, they burn and blister. That is true of many, but not of ALLOCOC'S PAINLESS PLASTERS. They never irritate the skin, but always have a soothing effect.

They are useful in case of any local pain, and as a rule will bring immediate relief. If they do not, it is because the trouble has been allowed to become so serious that no external remedy will reach it, and the chances are that any treatment will fail.

For aches in the side, weakness, or lameness of the back, stiffness of the joints, ALLOCOC'S PAINLESS PLASTERS have been proved again and again to be not only a relief, but a cure.

BRANDRETT'S PILLS are safe to take at any time.

Judging a man by his face is no more satisfactory than it would be to accept a banana for its skin.

Use Khamelinoe Shoe Polish; no dust, no smell.

The Gingers for breakfast.

Welcome to Hood's

We say at our house, because of the good it has done me. No one knows the intense misery I endured for 20 years with dyspepsia. No prescriptions seemed to help me and I had got out of patience against proprietary medicines. But being strongly urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I did so. I am now using my fourth bottle, and feel better than I have in twenty years, and consider myself cured." FRANK C. STUART, Marshall, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ill, sick headache.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

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

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This Remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 25c. Injector free.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

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THE BUYERS' GUIDE is published the first of each month. It is issued in the interest of all consumers. It gives the lowest cash quotations on everything in the grocery line. It will save you money to consult it. Mailed free to any address on application. Don't be without it. It costs you nothing to get it. It quotes wholesale prices direct to the consumer. Mention this paper. Address

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In the World! Illustrated Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For all the little ones. Sold by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

Price's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. Price, 25 Cents a Bottle. Wm. F. K. T. Tower, Warren, Pa.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE

Of the diseases to which it is subjected with the most results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention on the scale of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily attested in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines of superior quality, has been justly regarded as absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of similar qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors.

The Bitters possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorders, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney trouble. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is endorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him to be a man of honor in all his business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials have been furnished by the afflicted. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

No temporary relief, and then a worse condition afterward—but help that lasts.

Pleasant help, too. These unguaranteed little pellets are the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act. No gripping, no vomiting, no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

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DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

A MILD PHYSIC

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. The pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They are pleasant to take, and clear the complexion better than any other pills. They act mildly, neither griping nor causing other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sent everywhere. Wholesale Stock Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fishing Tackle.

Standard Files, per doz. \$0.25
Oregon Front Files, per doz. \$0.25
Beane's Files, per doz. \$0.25
Split Bamboo Rods, each \$1.00
Sent by mail on receipt of price.

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SAFOLIO

RHEUMATISM CURED BY THE USE OF Moore's Revealed Remedy.

APRIL 1, 1904. I can state with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY my husband was relieved from an old case of RHEUMATISM which had long troubled him. He is now as well as I. MARY ANN MOORE, 1001 N. 1st St., Portland, Or.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR—

INDIGESTION

—AND—

CONSTIPATION.

Regulator of the Liver and Kidneys

—A SPECIFIC FOR—

Sorofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia

And All Other Blood and Skin Diseases.

It is a positive cure for all those painful, delicate complaints and coated tongues and weakness common among our wives, mothers and daughters.

The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Sorofula, Salt Rheum, or any other form of blood disease.

No medicine ever introduced in this country has met with such rapid sale, nor given such universal satisfaction, wherever used as that of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY.

This remedy has been used in the hospitals throughout the old world for the past twenty-five years as a specific for the above diseases, and it has and will cure when all other so-called remedies fail.

Send for pamphlet of testimonials from those who have been cured by its use. Druggists sell it at 40c per bottle. Try it and be convinced. For sale by

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Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

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Cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side.

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