

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

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

### METEMPSYCHOSIS.

If I were a poor little tippet mink, I think that of all fates it would seem the best. Round the slender white throat of sweet Marie. Ah, me!

I would bend caressingly to her will Until she'd lean her cheek tenderly down on me. Marie, you'd waste such joy on a poor little mink, I think. —M. D. Hatch in New York Sun.

### WE WERE DECEIVED.

A wild Juanita, black and tan, Rode into Wingo on a mule. Met a Chicago traveling man, Who told her, as a drummer can, That she was really beautiful. She smiled, she hoped, she lived. Alas! She looked into a looking glass.

"You are a poet," my friend said; "Your fame has flashed from coast to coast. You will be read when Elmer's dead, And Field has faded. Yes," he said, "If not before. You're Shakespeare's ghost." But now I sympathize with her, The maid. I've seen the publisher. —Cy Warman in New York Sun.

### As From His Cyclone Pit.

It was a tempestuous night on the Atlantic, and the great steamer with its precious freight of human lives was tossed about like a cork on the sea. The tremendous waves hurled themselves against the walls of steel, and dashing in impotent fury over the decks shook the leviathan from bowpost to rudder post. No one was visible about the ship, except the crew as they were necessary to face the storm, and they were in imminent danger every moment. The passengers, in mortal terror, were huddled together in the cabin below. Just as a frightful blast had almost thrown the ship on her beam ends, the officer of the deck saw a passenger stick his head up through a hatchway.

"Get back there!" yelled the officer. "Say, cap," came an answering yell. "Is the roof gone yet?"

"No. Get back there!"

"Have any of the walls given in yet?"

"No. Get back, I tell you!"

"Has the old woman or the children been blown out of the second story window yet?"

"Get back, I tell you. No."

"None of the neighbors been blown in through the shed roof yet?"

"No, no. I tell you get back down that hatchway, you damned fool!" and the officer started for the messenger.

"Tain't so bad as I thought it was!" came a final yell as the passenger dodged into the depths below and disappeared.

"Well, who in thunder was that?" asked the officer of the purser, who stood by.

"He's all right," howled the purser. "He comes from the cyclone belt in Kansas." —Detroit Free Press.

### Had to Do It.

She—Why, there's Charles Van Beet. Don't you remember his going to California some time ago with his fiancée?

He—I should say I did. He wrote me he didn't have much money, but he got back. How do you suppose he managed it?

She—Why, he married her out there. —Life.

### A Sure Thing.

Blunders—This life insurance idea is good enough if a man dies young, but suppose I should live 30 or 40 years longer. I'd be terribly out of pocket.

Agent—No danger of that, sir. You'll soon kill yourself working to pay the premiums. —New York Weekly.

The Height of Neighborly Consideration. Of course you believe in the millennium," said the irritable man's friend. "To be sure."

"What is a time when every lawn mower will have a music box attachment?" —Washington Star.

### Appropriate.

Sculptor—I'm getting up a new statue of Franklin, and I want to indicate his discovery of electricity.

Friend—Why not represent him with one leg, the other having been taken off by a trolley car? —New York World.

### Knew Him Too Well.

The Sultor (bitterly)—You reject me! Why, some months ago I consented to wait until you could learn to know me better!

The Girl—Yes. That's where you made your mistake. —Chicago Record.

### Thoughtful For Each Other.

Ada—I've been wondering all day why you weren't invited to the Bowers.

Kitty (sweetly)—And I've been wondering why you were. —Life.

### The Need of Caution.

The need of caution in the use of certain remedies is underestimated. Indeed they who were as often ridiculous. Yet no less a man than the eminent scientist Tyndall died from an overdose of chloral. —Housekeeper.

# Physicians,

the world over, endorse it; babies and children like the taste of it. Weak mothers respond readily to its nourishing powers.

# Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, is the life of the blood, the maker of sound flesh, solid bones and lung tissue, and a very essence of nourishment.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All Druggists.

### MARY JANE.

I have thought of getting married. When I've seen thee, Mary Jane, With thy dainty silks and satins, With thy petticoat and train, But a whisper came across me— Like a sign with omen rife— "Ah, my very love to marry, But, oh! canst thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bonnet suits thee, Canst thou wear it still the same, Though a newer pattern tempt thee, Lately handed down to fame? Will a dress or two content thee When stern fashion orders more, And a solitary headdress do, Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving To expect so strange a thing, And they laugh to scorn my musings And the hopes to which I cling. So I fear I must resign thee And a bachelor remain, Yet I never can forget thee, Oh, too costly Mary Jane! —London Figure.

### HIS STRAIGHT TIP.

The Hon. Tommy Arden had never known a day's luck since he married the sweetest and the best girl in the world. He had been a sad rake in a quiet fashion, and had lived in the best possible way for as long as any of the youngsters could remember. Nobody quite knew how he had done it, and nobody particularly cared. He was always well dressed, always well shaved and brushed up, always rode in the best hansom, always dined at the Cafe Royal with "everywhere" meat the Empire till closing time, afterward one smart dance, and then a flash club—he made a point of never going to a respectable club after dinner.

In the summer he always took a turn in the row; was seen in the lobby of the opera during one act; was generally to be met at Sandown and Kempton, and occasionally at Ranelagh on Sundays; strolled about the lawn at Cowes during the regatta week, and in the off season was never seen, but said he was "shooting in the north till I run over to Ostend for a flutter."

Where he lived was known to no one. On what he lived was known only to individuals separately to whom he said he had the devil's own luck. This did not mean he had a book, or if it did it was false, but the general impression was that he knew the inside of everything, and that if he were not so scrupulous about secrets and would only let his friends stand in on his own. His own explanation was that he never made a bet unless he "knew something," and that was how he always won. The result was that his advice was always asked, and when he gave it always followed. The real truth was that the Hon. Tommy had never made a bet in his life.

When he married he gave it all up. He was truly attached to his wife and abandoned everything for her. He was no more seen at music halls and flash clubs, and he dined at home and never went out alone afterward. Everybody thought it would all come right, as they called it, in six months; but it did not, and to the surprise of everybody Tommy got shabbier and shabbier in appearance, and was seen on omnibuses and in the underground railway and other inexpensive and bourgeois places. The result was his former friends said he had married a shrew, and that he would kick over the traces some day.

The truth was Tommy was in love with his wife, and she was never so happy as in his company, and nothing was so repellent to him as his old associates and his old ways. But virtue is its own reward, and the reward of virtue which the Hon. Tommy experienced was a perpetual shower of county court summonses, for his commissions for recommending stock brokers, advertisements, wine merchants, tailors, pictures and other recognized forms of livelihood by which he had tried to earn what he called a respectable living had not proved very remunerative.

Things had arrived at this pass when the brokers were put in for two quarters' rent. During the five days allowed by law Tommy had done about to try and collect the commissions due to him, with which to pay the fifty pounds that was so expedient to the quieting of his blue-eyed and brown haired little wife, who, though sadly troubled, had taken his word for it that it would be "all right." His efforts were almost in vain, and he went to see the agent "to explain the situation" and ask for time. He was lucky in only seeing a sympathetic clerk, who kindly pointed out to him that he was entitled by law to an extension of fifteen days. In his joy at learning this he confided his position to Mrs. Tommy, who in her own sweet way, believing absolutely in her own love and the love of her husband, said:

"But my bother, Tommy, darling, trying to earn the money?"

"How else can I get it, my dear girl?"

"Oh, why not bet as you used to do? They all say you are so clever and have such luck; I am sure you would win it all in next to no time."

"Oh, I have given up all that sort of thing, and hate it more than I can tell you. It is not to be thought of in connection with you."

"Oh, nonsense, Tommy! You must not let me ruin you; and I am sure all the very best people bet. Horse racing is a noble sport; and though you never confess it to me, you must have made a lot of money at it."

"My dear child, it can't be done now." "I do not know how, or I would go and win you a fortune. How do you bet?"

"I don't bet!"

"Don't be silly! How used you to bet? I always wanted to know. Doesn't the bookmaker lay against all the horses?"

"Yes."

"And do you back all the horses?"

"Good heavens! No. If you did that how could you win?"

"Why? The bookmaker lays against all the horses, and he always wins, doesn't he?"

"Yes, the bookmaker always wins." "Well, then, if you follow the same rule and back all the horses, you are sure to win with one of them?"

"My dear child, no woman ever could understand betting, and I am sure, of all women in the world, I have no desire that you should."

"But if you won't bet yourself, why not give others the benefit of your experience? You know everybody, and I am sure that they would be glad to pay you a commission if they won—of which would be better than being robbed out of commissions by wine merchants."

How He Got Even. Wool—The woman ahead of me at the play had on a hat as big as a kite, but it didn't bother me very often.

Van Pel—What did you do?

Wool—Every time it hid my view I gave her husband's silk dicer a kick. —New York World.

Not Yet Ready to Croak. Motherly Frog—Child, you don't seem well today.

Tadpole—That's getting to be an old tale with me, mother, but I'll soon be on my feet. —Chicago Record.

The Hon. Tommy changed the subject, but, oddly enough, he lay awake all night thinking over the last words of his little wife in connection with her strange ideas about how to win money by backing all the horses. The next morning he did not refer to the subject, but staid away from business and occupied his entire day by making out long lists of his rich racing acquaintances and compiling elaborate calculations. Toward evening he went out and bought a betting book, into which he carefully copied the result of his work. This done, he read it all over and smiled. He then closed the book, ate his dinner comfortably, retired to bed early and slept like a top.

The next day he was out and about business, but instead of once more dunning his customers for the commissions which they owed him, he paid a visit to all the starting price bookmakers, asking the price of one horse at each place, making an entry in his book meticulously, and chatting with such of the habitués as he was acquainted with. He lunched at the Cafe Royal, where he met more friends with whom he discussed the day's fixtures, nodded his head omnisciently and smiled knowingly, and when pressed to express an opinion said, "I can't say," and when one young sportsman offered to take a horse against his said:

"My dear boy, the first rule of racing is that you cannot bet if you know—and I know."

His virtuous disinclination to take on the youngsters did not prevent his friends, when he turned up at the Empire, from saying that Tommy had had a good day—more especially as to every one who had lost or won he said, "I could have told you as much, only I was bound not to say a word to a soul." During all that week the Hon. Tommy pursued very much the same tactics, merely remarking over night, when the results were known, "If you like to let me stand in a couple of hundreds I will let you know a good thing for Kempton on Saturday, provided you give me your sacred word of honor never to breathe my name as your informant whether it comes off or not, as I have grave reasons which you must not ask me to explain."

Anybody who knows the fashionable sporting world will readily believe that so trifling a condition was readily complied with. Before Saturday came round all those who had consented to pay Tommy £200 in the event of his tip coming off, had pledged their solemn oaths never to divulge his name as their informant, were duly placed in possession of a name with the following sage counsel:

"The way you chaps lose your money is by going to every race meeting, by backing a horse in every race, and by putting your pals on, and thus spoiling the market when you really do know anything good. Now look at me! I always win money at racing."

"I have done so steadily for years, but I never go near a meeting unless I know something, and I never have a shilling on more than one race, whether I win or lose, and I keep my own counsel. You are the only man I have given this tip to, and to be quite frank, the only reason I do so is because I cannot get any more money on without spoiling the market; and I am pledged to my informant not to personally back the horse for more than a certain sum or the bookmakers would tumble, and if the stable were foreclosed I should never get the office again. It is by not being discreet that fellows spoil themselves, and if I were to knock the betting about it is as likely as not that they would pay me out by lumbering me on to a wrong 'next time, and as I have never taken the knock I don't want to start now."

This very excellent advice was given to some thirty-six of the Hon. Tommy Arden's best and most "oofy" sporting friends. There were six races on the following Saturday at Kempton, for which some thirty horses started. It would be superfluous for the purposes of this story to give the names of the horses, their ages, weights or the names of their riders. All that remains to say is that the Hon. Tommy Arden had £200 to nothing on every horse that started.

Needless to say, only six horses won. With thirty of his friends Tommy has consoled and said something about "the luck of the devil." With six of his friends, who believe in him as a prophet ever after to be followed blindly, he has rejoiced—more especially on the Monday, when they each handed him a check for £200, making in all £1,200, with which he paid out the brokers as he had promised the agent.

It is due to his sagacity to say that the Hon. Tommy Arden only plays this game three times in each year. Other men would be more greedy. Tommy only makes some £4,000; but he is contented with this, as he has the love and respect of his charming wife, who is one of the prettiest and best dressed women in town. In each year he also makes some eight or ten fast friends of the men to whom he has given the straight tip which has come off. The others Tommy consoles himself by saying, have as good a chance as any one else, and they all have their turn sooner or later.

There are a few who, after two or three experiences of Tommy's straight tips, have become slightly colder toward him; but Tommy makes no fuss. He pays them out by quietly leaving them out of the next "good thing" for the simple reason that there are always other good men coming on, all of whom he makes it his business to cultivate. —St. James Budget.

A Plain Tale. "Where shall I put this patent medicine advertisement?"

"Under the poetry."

"What's that for?"

"Read the poem, get sick, take the medicine, and see the ad in our paper!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Industry. "Why don't you work for your living?" said the blunt young man.

"Work for me living?" exclaimed Charles. "Great heavens! Don't I? I have been working for my living for at least a week for spending money." —Washington Star.

How He Got Even. Wool—The woman ahead of me at the play had on a hat as big as a kite, but it didn't bother me very often.

Van Pel—What did you do?

Wool—Every time it hid my view I gave her husband's silk dicer a kick. —New York World.

Not Yet Ready to Croak. Motherly Frog—Child, you don't seem well today.

Tadpole—That's getting to be an old tale with me, mother, but I'll soon be on my feet. —Chicago Record.

### A MILD FISH STORY TELLER.

And the Alderman Was So Startled That He Had Nothing to Say.

"Let's see," mused the drummer at a Detroit hotel the other evening, "but isn't there a place around here somewhere called Lake St. Clair flats?"

"Yes, sir," replied the alderman in the group.

"Great place for fishing?"

"The best in the world."

"Always sure of getting fish at the flats?"

"Always, if in season."

"I've read and heard a great deal of the place, and I know several Cincinnati people who have been up there. One of 'em told me he caught four perch up there between sunrise and sunset."

"Only four?" gasped the alderman.

"Why, my dear sir, what could your friend have been doing all that day?"

"Fishing for perch. He didn't even stop for dinner. Another one told me that he caught three black bass during the week he made a business of fishing, but of course."

"Only three black bass in a week! I'd like to know what sort of a fisherman your friend calls himself!"

"He is rated an 'All man, but I am sorry to say nobody has any confidence in his word. His story wasn't quite as bad as that of his brother, though. Say! There was a man who stood right up at the bar of the Burnet House and gave us his solemn word that he caught a pike up there which weighed two full pounds. He wouldn't take off a fraction of an ounce. They expelled him from a club for lying, but I have often wondered if he didn't really believe what he was telling."

"He didn't claim but two pounds for his pike?" demanded the alderman as he turned pale.

"Only two pounds. There was a Covington man in the party, and when he got back home he went around telling everybody that he hooked a fish so large that it broke his line. They were going to run him for mayor of the town, but that killed him dead. People argued that if it would lie about one thing he would about another, and that it wasn't a safe thing to put a liar in public office."

"Was that all he claimed—that a fish broke his line?"

"That's all, but it settled his hash pretty quick. So there is good fishing at the flats, eh? I'm glad to meet a man who knows all about it. Now, alderman, I wish you'd give me a few particulars."

"No, sir," exclaimed the alderman as he jumped up and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Won't you tell me how many perch you have caught in a month up there?"

"No, sir!"

"Nor the weight of your largest fish?"

"No, sir!"

"But you see, alderman!"

"I see nothing. I won't tell you one damned word about fishing. I was given to understand that you were an honorable, straightforward man, but I have discovered to the contrary. No, sir—not a statement—not a word. A man who'll choke another man off as you have me can go and fish in a mud hole and be hanged to him!" —Detroit Free Press.

Wanted It Long. Farmer Wayback—I promised my boys I'd buy 'em a few bicycles if they don't cost too much.

Dealer—Well, here is a fine one at \$65.

"What?"

"The one next to it is \$80, next to that \$75 and so on. The farther we go along the row the cheaper they get."

"Say, mister, how long is the row?"

"The length of the store."

"Well, of your store is 'bout half a mile long I'll walk on with yeh." —Good News.

Compensation. The devoted wife seemed not at all disconcerted, although his anguish was plainly poignant.

"Certainly," she answered. "I had just as lief sell my diamonds and wear paste ones as not. Of course."

"For the first time a shade of anxiety swept across her face."

"I will still have a detective to follow me about when I wear them."

Yes, indeed; that would be arranged. —Detroit Tribune.

Used to It. Young Author (engaging apartments)—You have several literary men boarding here, I believe.

Mrs. Slimdick—Yes, quite a number. I like literary men.

"I am delighted to hear it."

"Yes, you see, literary men never kick when I demand cash in advance. They are used to it." —Spare Moments.

The "Scorching" Position. "Can't you give me a motto as a sort of guide while I'm struggling through my career?" said the young bicyclist who had determined to become the greatest racer of his age.

"Certainly," said the sporting man, thoughtfully. "Hump yourself." —Chicago Record.

NEARING THE GRAVE. In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmaceutical skill have allied themselves in furnishing us a reliable means of restoring the elements incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. In name is Doan's Kidney & Bladder Pills, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an inimitable blessing to the elderly. These are effective cures for Rheumatism, Gravel, and all the ailments incident to the Bladder, which is likewise a prevention and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

"There's a friend down here waiting for you; says he wants you for a minute." Mr. Catchem—Here, James, take this \$10 bill and keep it until I come back.

The Knowledgeable House Poll: no dust, no smell.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER pain each month, can find relief and cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates and restores the monthly function, braces up the exhausted, run-down, overworked and delicate; allays and banishes all Nervous Weakness, Spasms, Hysteria, Fits, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance; cures Weakness, Bearing Down Sensations, Backache, Catarrhal Inflammation, Ulcers, and kindred maladies.

For those about to become mothers, it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pain and peril of childbirth, shortens "labor," and the period of confinement, and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

THOMAS THIRLWELL, of Robertsdale, Pa., says: "I cannot sufficiently express to you my gratitude for the benefit your 'Favorite Prescription' has conferred upon my daughter."

Of late she has suffered no pain whatever. It is simply marvellous."

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO.

DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEAL REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

### PROVED TO BE THE BEST.

Tested and proved by over thirty years' use in all parts of the world, ALLCOCK'S PECTORAL PLASTER have the indorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities, and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits.

ALLCOCK'S PECTORAL PLASTER are purely vegetable. They are mild, but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless.

Beware of nostrums. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are mild, but effective.

The man who is devoted to his ante is frequently obliged to pay a good deal of attention to his teeth.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials, addressed to F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sole Manager—Have you taken any preparation for a stage car? Apply (proudly)—I've been divorced twice.

TRY GREENA for breakfast.



### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

### CURE THAT TAKE THE BEST

# COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Bottles. One cent a dose.

### DR. LIEBIG & CO.,

Special Doctors for Chronic, Private and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. Liebig's Investigator the greatest remedy for Chronic Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Private Diseases. Overcome Prematureness and prepare all for marriage life. Duties, pleasure and responsibility; \$1 trial bottle given or sent free to any one describing symptoms; call or address 400 Kearny St., private entrance 405 Mason St., San Francisco.

### W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO BUCKLE. NO SEWING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE & SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.15 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' \$3.25 \$2.15. BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.

Recreation is the largest manufacturer of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantees the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices than the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 592 CALIFORNIA street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eight-tenths (4 8/10) per cent on term deposits, and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of tax, payable on and after Monday, the 21st day of July, 1904.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

### THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

—SHOULD PUT—

### GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER

Into their platform. To use it is a measure of health, pleasure and economy.

### "HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO.

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### "HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO.

### It is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story. The great volume of evidence in the form of unpurchased, voluntary testimonials prove beyond doubt that

# Hood's Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills are a habit of constipation.

### FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

# Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

ANTIFERMENTINE preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATSUP, PICKLES, etc., and does it successfully by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOLD on top of fruit. 80c time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

# Antifermentine

Is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is GUARANTEED to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSCH & WOODARD, Portland, Or.

# HERCULES

CAS and CASOLINE ENGINES

# HERCULES

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