The Sham and the Real.

Every good thing has its imitators, every genuine article its counterfeits. The Ammonia and Alum Baking Powders sold over the counters are no more like Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, than the paste is like the real diamond, or a counterfeit is like one of the old master's genuine paintings.

When greedy and merciless manufacturers claim their adulterated and harmful baking powders are as good as Dr. Price's, they know they are not telling the truth. These people know they are destroying the stomachs and the complexion of the consumers, and there are many grocers recommending such powders over their counters—knowing same to be injurious and worthless—simply to make a large profit.

Dr. Price, a concientious physician, has spent a lifetime in perfecting and popularizing his Cream Baking Powder, the only Pure Cream Tartar Powder now to be obtained.

Multitudes of imitators all over the land have sprung up, not to imitate the purity of Price's Cream Baking Powder, but to see how cheap they could make their counterfeits and hoodwink the public.

Some use Ammonia and others Alum, but all these shams cry in chorus, "Buy this, its just as good as Dr. Price's and much cheaper.

Price's Cream Baking Powder is the standard for purity and perfection the world over, and is beyond comparison.

Dr. Price stands for Pure Food and a foe to all shams.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a centurry as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing sixty hands in that department. They are running about eleven months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1892 will be more than 10,000,000, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1892 can be be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

Young Author—But don't you think my humor is delicate? Old Critic—Oh, very! Why don't you take a tonic for it?

There is always a best even among a score of good things, and every pipe smoker who has tried the Mastiff brand acknowledges it to be the sweetest, coolest smoking tobacco made. It does not bite the tongue, and is positively free from any foreign mixture.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

"August Flower"

Biliousness, Constipation, Stomach Pains.

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benefaction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness

Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

The Greatest Temperance Book EVER WRITTEN

Immense Sales Large Profits

Agents wanted every where. No previous experience necessary. Full terms and territory address J. STUART & Co., 1109 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

HOYT & CO.

Want an agent in every town in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to sell

PIANOS and ORGANS

On commission. No stock or capital needed. Music teachers preferred. Special rates on all goods. Write for particulars.

PORTLAND, OR.

N. P. N U. No. 419—S. F. N. U. No. 416

SEVEN YEARS AND DIVORCE.

A Chicago Lawyer's Idea, Which Will Be Regarded as Original.

The Chicago attorney of a scientific turn of mind who evolved the idea of what is known as the seven year amendment to the divorce law, may or may not have simplified one of the greatest social problems. An absolute conclusion in this regard will be impossible until the amendment becomes an act and the practical workings of the new statute have been tested by a more or less intelligent and impatient community. It may not be generally understood that the suggested legislation is imperative as a deduction from consideration of what is known of the constant change occurring in particles of the human body.

Each individual is made up of atoms, and each day some of these atoms are cast off to be replaced by others from the food we eat, the water we drink and even the air we breathe. Miss Jones, though perhaps quite as charming as she was a week ago, is not entirely the same person, nor is Mr. Smith the same young man he was. Each has lost a portion of the body and each has gained an equivalent.

There is the same general contour as before, but there is a slight difference in material. In course of time this change will be complete. Every recent atom of Miss Jones or Mr. Smith will have gone out into the great world and new atoms will have taken their respective places. Miss Jones and Mr. Smith will be new people.

The consensus of learned opinion is that the body changes entirely once in every seven years. Now, suppose Mr. Smith and Miss Jones to wed. Mr. Smith has sworn to cherish the lady who has just become his wife, not some other woman, and, vice versa, Mrs. Smith, nee Jones, has made pledges of equal solemnity and import to love none other than the man beside her. For a time it is all right, that is, relatively so, but at the end of a year only six-sevenths of the present Mrs. Smith remain, while Mr. Smith has suffered an equal variation.

At the end of seven years Mrs. Smith is not the same woman Smith married, nor is he the same man whom she promised to cleave to. There is not a particle, not one jot or tittle, remaining about either of the couple who were married. Clearly their relationship is scandalous, and something should be done about it. To remedy the evil the amendment to the divorce law makes a separation at the end of seven years permissible if not mandatory.

Of course it is claimed by the opponents of the proposed legislation that neither Mrs. Smith nor Mr. Smith can properly be deemed unfaithful, since neither longer exists, and the argument, it must be admitted, has its force. But, admitting the assumption, who are the two people at present living together under the name of Smith, and what excuse have they for the relations now existing? Should not they either separate or marry without delay?

Is Alum Poisonous?

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is most extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. Its use has not been considered immediately dangerous, although if continued it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from the use of alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders."

"Under what conditions then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions in combination with the alum constitute a poison."

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous, but change the proportions to one part mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison."

"Then again we know nothing of the constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of the members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous." * *

The *Scientific American* published in a recent number a list of alum and ammonia baking powders, which is of great value at this time. Following is a condensed list compiled from official reports. Powders marked with a star seem to have a general sale, as they are mentioned in at least two of the official reports:

*ATLANTIC & PACIFIC.	*ROYAL.
CROWN.	SILVER STAR.
*DAVIS' O. K.	*SNOWDRIFT.
GEM.	STAR.
*KENTON.	STANDARD.

There are, in addition to the foregoing list from the *Scientific American*, a number of such powders sold in the western that were not found in the eastern stores.

Following is a list of the most prominent:

ANDREWS' PEARL.....Contains Ammonia (C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwakee.)
ACME.....Contains Ammonia. (Thos. Wood & Co., Philadelphia.)
BON BON.....Contains Alum. (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CALUMET.....Contains Alum. (Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CLIMAX.....Contains Ammonia. (Climax Baking Powder Co., Indianapolis.)
FOREST CITY.....Contains Ammonia Alum. (Vouwie Bros., Cleveland.)
HOTEL.....Contains Ammonia Alum. (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
HERCULES.....Contains Ammonia (Hercules Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.)
ONE SPOON, TAYLOR'S.....Ammonia Alum. (Taylor Mfg. Co., St. Louis.)
RISING SUN.....Contains Ammonia. (Phœnix Chemical Works, Chicago.)
ROYAL.....Contains Ammonia. (Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.)

—Hall's Journal of Health.

Men and Their Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will not very often find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will seldom cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged.

When at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained his limbs uncross, he bends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands.

But these observations are made of mankind in general. There are particular cases that are otherwise. There are certain men of distinguished talents who, when engaged in literary work, twist their legs into intricate coils. One of the most eminent dramatists in this country never abandons himself to deep thought without contorting his limbs, which are long and slender, into a kind of angular scrollwork under the table. Another man, whose poems appear most frequently in the magazines, seems actually to wring his emotions out of his legs, as if they were sponges sopped in the divine afflatus.

However, these are exceptional cases of mannerisms by which particular men of brains are insensibly affected. Some men twist their beards when they are in deep thought, others scratch their heads abstractedly, while others again chew their finger nails. To this absent minded genus belongs now and then a man who cannot ponder severely without making his legs express all the emotion of thought.—New York Recorder.

Superstition in a Metropolitan Store.

There was a commotion in one of the large dry goods stores up town Thursday morning. It was caused by six or eight hysterical shop girls, and was observed by two customers who happened to be near the linen counter. The commotion was started by the discovery of a croton bug on the counter. The girl who discovered it quietly brushed it off on the floor, whereat another girl started to step on it.

"Oh, don't!" screamed the first girl frantically, "You must never kill a croton bug that way."

"No! no! no! Never step on a croton bug," exclaimed three or four voices in unison, and several hands were stretched out to pull back the daring girl. She paused and impatiently asked, "For goodness sake, why not?"

"Because if you step on a croton bug it will rain all the week," said one of the girls in an impressive tone of voice.

"Oh, pshaw!" said the would be executioner of the bug, which meanwhile had nestled in a crack in the floor.

"That's so! Yes, indeed. I never knew the sign to fail," insisted three of the girls excitedly, as they gently endeavored to draw the skeptical girl back to her post of duty behind the counter. But she was unconvinced, and her hatred of croton bugs was so much stronger than her superstitious tendencies that she brought her foot down with deadly effect, and met the indignant ejaculations of her mates with a defiant "Well, let it rain."—New York Times.

First Shot at an Izard.

"Le voila! Tirez, tirez!" and there, trotting along, casting a dark shadow on the white snow, was an izard, about 175 yards above me. I unslung my rifle and followed with the sight. He stopped for an instant. Crack! He whirled and trotted back again, stopped, crack! and with a bound he disappeared among the rocks. We watched in vain for his reappearance, and turned to mount, exchanging mutual condolences. Suddenly, "Viola!" and there he was again, on the other snowfield at our right.

Crack! went the Winchester, and then he seemed to understand for the first time where the trouble came from, for he was off like the wind, while I emptied the three remaining cartridges of my magazine at the flying clouds of snow. The miss was set down to the natural nervousness at the first izard, and it was not until some hours afterward that I noticed a derangement of the rifle sights which would have made it impossible to kill at twenty yards. It was the first piece of bad luck.—Paul Van Dyke in Scribner's.

Some Boys May Have Guns.

To the best of my belief no boy ever learned any harm while either fishing or shooting, and I would unhesitatingly advise parents to encourage in their sons a taste for field sports and an admiration of all manly pastimes. But good sound common sense should govern the teaching of the young people, and before giving a boy a gun and permission to use it I would advise a careful study of his character and disposition. If careless and reckless he is no fit guardian for a deadly weapon; but if he has sense and caution enough to be trusted there is no good reason why he should not have a gun of his own. Providing he takes proper care of it, makes a cast iron resolve never to allow the muzzle to cover anything but legitimate game and does not neglect his studies for the pleasure of a tramp afield, the use of a gun can do him no possible harm and may do him much good.—Outing.

TUSSLE WITH A MANIAC.

A SOLDIER GETS A LESSON IN THE CARE OF THE INSANE.

The Valet Woke in His Master's Room to Find the Madman Sitting on the Servant's Body with a Death Grasp on the Unfortunate Man's Throat.

I am a trained nurse. My specialty is the care of the insane. I was formerly a corporal in the British Marine artillery, and on my discharge, finding my pension not sufficient to keep me, I looked about for employment. Having excellent good conduct papers I was not long in obtaining a situation as personal attendant, or what is called body servant to a young gentleman named Frank Hardy, the son of a wealthy English clergyman, who was studying for the army examinations.

Young Mr. Hardy was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I ever set eyes upon, but he was a living instance of the old saying, "The nearer the church the further from God." He was not only wild; he was licentious. When I joined him even there were signs of the breaking up of a magnificent constitution and powerful intellect, though he was but twenty-six years of age.

In the suite of rooms Mr. Hardy rented on Russell square, London, I occupied a like chamber at the back, connecting with the main rooms through the bathroom and his bedroom, which opened on to his study by a single door, and that, by a large pair of folding doors, upon the large front reception room. I was also able to reach this front room by the hall passage without entering my master's rooms at all. Besides my duties of keeping his clothes and rooms in order, preparing his toilet and looking after his wants generally, I was expected to be in readiness at any hour of the day or night to attend upon him.

IN THE MASTER'S ROOM.

As he generally came home in the small hours of the morning you may guess that my office was no sinecure. On these occasions he was more like a wild beast than a human being. I will not bother to tell how for some weeks I had noticed a remarkable change coming over the young man, until in sheer self protection I had confided certain fears to our landlady's husband (himself an old soldier), and had requested him, should I at any time not appear at my usual hour, to burst open my door, for I should probably be in want of assistance. I felt better after I had done this anyway.

It was on Aug. 4, 1879. I am not likely to forget the date, for it was one of the narrowest squeaks for being my last day I ever had. The young master had for some days been in a sort of sullen mood, morose and irritable, occasionally breaking out into spasmodic passions and destroying whatever was within his immediate reach. I did not like the prospect, and was even more anxious from the fact that he had, during those days, entirely given up drink and tobacco. If he had stuck to the latter perhaps this adventure would never have happened to me. I am a great believer in the soothing effects of nicotine, and I have seen it produce calming results of the most satisfactory nature upon many dangerous rabid lunatics.

On the morning of Aug. 4 my master came home at 2 o'clock and at once called upon me to attend him. I was so used to his eccentricities that I was not very much surprised when he ordered me to bring my little iron cot bed and fix it up in his room. He was not feeling well, he said, and was rather afraid of sleeping alone. Of course I did as I was commanded, and in five minutes I was ensconced in his apartments.

IN A MANIAC'S GRASP.

I was not quite satisfied with his strange behavior now with the peculiar way in which he watched my every movement, and I determined to be in readiness for any emergency. It was not long before it arose. After assisting him to get off his clothes and get into bed I lay down on my own cot, and I confess to having fallen off to sleep very quickly. The awakening came with equal suddenness in this way.

I felt a heavy weight pressing upon me, while some one seemed to be making an effort to strangle me. You know what a nightmare is? Well, haven't you sometimes sort of said to yourself during an indigestion dream that you knew it was only a dream and would pass away soon? I have, and that is how I acted that night. I kind of smiled to myself, and said it had to go if I only waited long enough.

But somehow it did not go. Instead of going it got a great deal worse, and when at last I opened my eyes, through the dim light of the morning I saw the face of my young master glaring down at me, while with his thumbs at my throat he was quietly choking the life out of me. I had sense enough not to make an effort to move, and then I discovered that he was sitting across my body, with his knees upon my arms, and I was therefore powerless. What was I to do? He was gradually but surely killing me! Just as all these things flashed across my mind he noticed that my eyes were open.

"Ah! I've got you now! You'll play the detective on me, will you? You'll play the eavesdropper, eh? We shall see!" and he squeezed me a little tighter.

A RUSE THAT WORKED.

It was a matter of a few moments only I knew that. It is not difficult to recognize moral danger when it is so close as all that. Strategy was my only chance. I gave a little struggle to put him off the scent; he only squeezed tighter and laughed. Then, with a gasp, I let my jaw drop and my limbs fall loose and limp beneath the madman. Would my trick succeed? The few seconds that followed my ruse passed like hours!

Yes! He felt the difference. What would he do? Just what I hoped he would. Raised my head and shoulders from the pillows, and after one more squeeze, which nearly did have the desired effect, flung me back on the pillows. But in so doing he loosened his hold of my throat and his knees slipped from my arms. That instant saved my life. Quicker than I can say it I was awake, alive and fighting for supremacy with a raving murderous lunatic!

I had no knowledge of how to treat such people, but self preservation is a wonderful teacher. With my arms free I could wrestle, and wrestle I did. By good luck or accident, in the course of that struggle we came to the floor with the madman underneath, and then I noticed that I had got him into an inextricable tangle with the sheet. It was wound round and round him, forming a most complete strait jacket, and I was safe.

All I had to do was to sit still until the landlord come in the morning. I did not go to sleep any more that night, I can tell tell you. When Mr. Hardy's friends came and the doctors advised his removal to an asylum they asked me to go with him. The increase in the pay tempted me. I stayed with him till he died, twelve months later.—New York Recorder.

Color of Eyes in Men and Women.

M. de Candolle, a French investigator, has come to the conclusion from his researches that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men. He also finds that where both parents have eyes of a like color the chances are eighty-eight to twelve that the children, when they arrive at the age of ten (when the color of the eyes is fixed), will have eyes of the same color. When the parents have eyes of different colors the chances are fifty-five to forty-five in favor of brown as against blue or gray eyes in the children. He is also of the opinion that the health of the brunette type is, as a rule, superior to that of the blond.—St. Louis Republic.

Nationality in Ladies' Hands.

A Frenchman, who seems to have had unusual opportunities for studying the matter, says that Irish women have the prettiest hands, but that those of English women are too thick and fleshy. American ladies' hands are long and thin; Germans have short hands with long fingers. The Polish ladies are said to be the best after the Irish. Ladies' hands in Italy, France and Spain are poor.

Although this gentleman does not compliment English ladies, he does not class them with his own country women.—Vanity Fair.

Travel Then and Now.

Few facts more strikingly show the progress made during the last half century than a case of an aged couple who have returned to Connecticut after an absence of fifty-three years. It took them in 1838 to go from Glastonbury to their new western home in wild Illinois three weeks and two days. They have come back in one day and two nights!—Hartford Times.

Where Vanity Begins.

Observe a tiny mite of four dressed for a children's party. With what delight does she twist herself round to admire a new sash; what pride her diminutive features express at the crimpy mass of hair that waves around her face; how complacently she smooths her silk frock; with what inmost joy does she regard her fine stockings and daintily shod feet.—London News.

Dr. Brisley reports the case of a French woman, aged sixty-six, whose silver white hair changed to jet black. The hair of Numa de Cugna, a Bengalese, who attained, according to history, an almost incredible age, changed several times in the course of his life from black to gray and from gray to black.

A handful of raw pig iron, weighing about five pounds, is worth five cents. It would make about sixty table knife blades worth fifteen dollars; converted into steel watch springs, there would be about 110,200 of these little coils, which, at the rate of $1.75 a dozen, would be valued at $16,070.83.

SKIN DISEASES.

What spectacle is more disgusting than that of a man or woman with a skin disease which shows itself in pimples or blotches on hands, arms, face and neck? It is simply impure blood. See what BRANDRETH'S PILLS did for a chronic case:

George Chapman, Pincening, Mich., says: "For four years I was in the mounted infantry in the United States army, residing during that time principally in Texas. Almost all of that time I had a chronic skin disease, characterized by an eruption over the entire surface of my legs and thighs, arms and chest. The doctors termed it eczema. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when BRANDRETH'S PILLS were recommend to me. I concluded to try them, and did so, and I have thanked God daily since then that I did so. I think I used them altogether for about three months, and by that time was completely cured, and have never had any trouble since. My skin is as clear as any one's."

A cynic is one who speaks right out what everybody knows, but is too charitable to say.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Leans *away* from superstition and blind idolatry of isms and ics—allopathic included. It leans *toward* universal, all-determining law; towards facts, not fancies. It leans toward immutable principles and invulnerable truth, and away from superannuated authority, organized ignorance and dyed-in-the-wool prejudice. Blind empiricism in medicine has, with other fossilized bivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty of "belated crabs," but being born of darkness and fear—twin sisters of intellectual infancy—they cannot much longer withstand the civilizing influence of advancing science. They are slowly but surely "dying Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of investigation. The advancing thinker wonders how it was possible for that monstrosity—the medical science (?) extant now—to have survived to this late day! But where was the reform to come from? It is not only passe to attempt reform, it is outright dangerous. It requires a boldness akin to recklessness. Legion is the name who have tried; they have left their bleaching bones as a warning. An attempt at reforming theology brands you a "heretic;" in politics you are charged with every infamy under the sun, and in medicine every duck intellect "quacks" at you and you are accused of having no diploma when your diploma is on file in the courthouse under the very eyes of the slanderers. All this is caused by besotted ignorance, and since books are sent free of charge to every applicant and we pay the postage, there is no excuse for ignorance when it costs nothing to be informed. People who berate the Histogenetic system of medicine are either intellectual pariahs incapable of counting five in succession or understanding any 2x4 problem, or they are mental sluggards and cannot screw themselves up to the point of information by reading up and forming a conclusion. In either case their opinions are as valuable as that of the Puget Sound oysters.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James streets, Seattle, Wash.

Consultations and prescriptions absolutely *free*.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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No Trees LAST a BEAR like WHOLE ROOT Trees; see "Fruits and Fruit Trees"—Free. *American Garden says:* Novel, USEFUL, to the point. *Orange Judd Farmer:* Ably written, gives treasty INFORMATION. *Cal. Fruit Grower:* Surprising LOW prices! Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum, PRUNE, Peach, Apt, Quince, Nut, Or. Trees, Grafts, ROSES—everything. No larger stock in U. S. No BETTER. No cheaper. STARK BROS., 9881 St., Louisiana, Mo.—Founded 1825; OLDEST 1000 Acres; LARGEST.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

A Pointer.—"What is a political lesson, George?" "Well, generally speaking, it is one which tends to lessen a previous big majority."

Sufferers from coughs, sore throat, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

Hay Fever Victim.—Doctor, can't you tell me how I can find relief from this constant inclination to sneeze? Physician—Yes, sir. Sneeze.

"It pays to study the interests of the consumer," said a dealer to a drummer who was trying to sell him short-weight plug tobacco. "Take, for example, Star Plug, which is used by the great mass of chewers throughout the United States. Star Plug is not only the best and most satisfactory chew, but every plug is a full sixteen-ounce pound."

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Stamped out—blood-poisons of every name and nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It's a medicine that starts from the beginning. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the whole system. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Tetter, Saltrheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, it's an unequaled remedy.

Don't think it's like the sarsaparillas. They claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May. "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. And it not only *claims* to do good—it *guarantees* it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

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