Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

A ROMANCE OF SOUTH CHICAGO.

Or Why Gladys Gertrude Alice Vere Rejected Him.

Athwart the dark midautumn sky the moon was riding cold and drear. It shone upon the haughty face of Gladys Gertrude Alice Vere. As cold and dreary as the moon that face patrician seemed to be to one who clasped her icy hand—a stalwart form on bended knee.

On South Chicago's metal roofs the damp and dismal raindrops fell. The night wind bore upon its wings a specimen of stock

A STALWART FORM ON BENDED KNEE.

yards' smell. It was a rather sickly night, and yet the only night on file, and grown up men who couldn't laugh were known to go and take a smile. But ah, ah me! Why thus digress? Our tale is one of love and woe, and little boots it if the rain falls on the roofs or floors below.

"My darling," cried the lover then, "you promised once that you'd be mine. Why stand aloof and spurn me thus? Oh, you are mine, and I am thine!"

She viewed him with a scornful eye. The moon in grandeur rode the while. A peeler struck a slippery place and fell about a half a mile. The smoke from distant chimneys rose—it hadn't sense enough to fall—and silence deep and dense and dark just lay and brooded over all. She viewed him with a scornful eye. She viewed him with two scornful eyes, and then she cried: "Avaunt! Avoort! Go help thy mother making pies! On you and me as plighted ones this moon must never, never shine. The man who bets on Anson's Colts can't register as hub of mine!"

Exeunt omnes.—Chicago Tribune.

A Cute Justice.

It was the law of the village that all showmen, itinerants and organ grinders must get a license before doing business there. One day a fat policeman, who had been on the force about six months without doing anything, concluded it was time he arrested somebody. Soon afterward along came an Italian with a performing bear.

"Hev yez got yer license?" asked the policeman.

"No," said the exhibitor of the bear.

"Then yer my priz'ners," said the policeman, and he triumphantly marched off with them to the village station house, he leading the Italian and the Italian leading the bear.

Arraigned before the police justice, the Italian pleaded guilty, and the judge officiously gave him a most severe and scorching lecture on the enormity of his offense, ending by fining him $10, the full extent of the law.

The culprit had a lot of small change in his pocket, but being mostly pennies and nickels it only counted up to $7.50. For a few moments the judge was in a quandary. He didn't want to send the fellow to jail nor yet lose the $10. Presently a bright idea struck him—a nappy solution of the problem—and he said:

"Here, officer, take this fellow out to the market place and let him perform with his bear until he makes up the balance, and when he gets it drive him out of town."—Buffalo News.

Expensive Fuel.

Little Girl—I went into Mrs. Elite's house, and there isn't a door left in it. Nothing but curtains hung on holes. Isn't it too bad?

Mamma—Too bad?

Little Girl—Yes. I is awful sorry for her. I s'pose coal is so high now they had to chop up th' doors.—Good News.

Nobody

need have Consumption. It is not inherited. The inherited tendencies toward it are overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, which makes children robust and healthy, and stimulates the development of the lungs in old and young alike. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

AN ITINERANT TOOTH TINKER.

How Dr. John Rabe Visited the South Sea Islands.

Dr. John Rabe, a California dentist, residing in Oakland, has traveled for years in distant lands and studied the characteristics of unfamiliar peoples, though he had little or no capital beyond his knowledge of his profession and the working tools thereof, and he has come back with considerable more money than he had when he started, bringing curios enough to stock a museum and ideas and information enough to fill many volumes. He wanted to see the islands of the south Pacific, and having an idea that the teeth of the natives might have been neglected

DR. JOHN RABE.

packed a gripsack in 1885 and started off to try to make the wants of the islanders in respect to teeth counterbalance his necessities in the matter of cash.

His scheme was a brilliant success. He got all the work he cared to do and made plenty of money, and as he was something of an ethnologist and curiosity hunter as well as a dentist he found many other things of interest besides the teeth of the natives. Only the barest outline of his travels can be given here. His first stop was made at the Marqueras Islands, where he staid two months. Then he went to Tahiti, where he spent five months, going thence to Valparaiso, in Chili.

After that he went to Samoa and was there when the Germans tried to steal the islands. King Tamasese was one of his patients, and the doctor has a model of his jaw. It is fully twice the ordinary size, and the teeth are exceptionally big and powerful. The doctor says he never saw any others like them, but Tamasese was a giant, and his jaws stood out from his face in a way that a gorilla might envy. King George of the Tonga islands, to which the dentist next went, was also one of his patients. King George was 90 years old, toothless and compelled to live on vegetables and fruit. For an ex-cannibal that was pretty hard. The doctor made him a full set of teeth, and he went back to a meat diet.

The Fijis, the New Hebrides and New Caledonia were next visited in turn. The last named is a French penal colony, but Dr. Rabe says Americans are more interested in it than they know. A prisoner sent there for five years is detained 10. The last five he is not in confinement, but cannot leave the island and must earn a living. If at the end of that time he has 700 francs, he can deposit it with the officers and go—not to France or any other place, but America. He naturally drifts to San Francisco. At the end of a year, if he can show that he has behaved himself, he can demand and receive 500 francs.

Australia, Java, Manilla, the Carolinas, Japan, China and India were all on the doctor's itinerary, and other places, too many to be told, and he has filled, pulled and fixed up teeth in all of them and is quite ready to begin another journey of a similar kind.

Mackerel Will Be Cheaper.

Housekeepers will be glad to learn that mackerel, salt or fresh, which for the last few years has been an expensive article of food, and which is a most appetizing and desired one as well, will shortly be perceptibly cheaper. Mackerel it seems begin to run in our waters about the middle of April, at first appearing in immense numbers, but small size. For years the fishermen gathered them in at the earliest possible moment, thereby preventing them from reaching a good growth, and wasting thousands of small fish that were almost worthless on the market.

To prevent this a law was passed prohibiting the catching of mackerel until the 1st of June, by which time a good growth is obtained. As, however, by that date they have become scarce in this vicinity, the price became correspondingly high. Next April the five year embargo expires, and we will have abundant and cheap mackerel until the fishermen again overreach themselves.

A fish dealer said recently: "It was wicked the way these fish were wasted; for twenty-five cents, a few years ago, you could come into my shop and buy a half peck of mackerel, small and big, as they came. Then they grew so scarce that about the time the law went into effect a single plump fish brought one dollar sometimes. There is talk now of passing a law to prevent the sale of the small clams, which have increased in price from six dollars per barrel wholesale to thirteen dollars on account of their reckless use. That will make the Little Necks an expensive luxury for awhile, but it will save the breed."

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

"No, thanks, old chap; I really can't stop the night. I should like to awfully, but, you see, if I didn't turn up the wife would be in a funk and never go to bed at all, thinking something had gone wrong. Besides, I've got to let Jones have three columns of copy by 5 o'clock tomorrow, and I haven't started yet."

"Well, just as you like, only I wish you'd have said earlier you didn't mean stopping, so we could have telegraphed to say you wouldn't be back. It's after half past 7 now, and our nearest office is five miles away, so it's too late."

It was no use; Jim Carson wouldn't stop, so I had to order the trap to drive him to the station to catch the 8:40 back to town.

After seeing him off I went to the station master's office to inquire if some things I was expecting had arrived, and while there I noticed an evening paper lying on the table. It just happened that an intimate friend of mine had a lawsuit on about some copyright business, and the first hearing of the case was to have taken place that day. Thinking the affair, as far as it had proceeded, might be reported, I asked the station master if he would mind my having a look at the paper for a minute.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "You may as well take it back with you, as I have finished with it. There's a piece in it about some fellow as is said to have escaped from Bradley asylum last night, and about killed one of the warder chaps. I expect it's just one of them yarns as gets into evening papers now and again. Well, good night, sir. I'll send up your things as soon as they arrive."

I was a long time going the three miles which lay between the station and my lately acquired domicile. Lighting a cigarette and leaving Tommy to shamble on as best he liked, I started in to think.

Six months ago what was I? Well, what is generally called a literary hack, getting about thirty-five shillings a week—sometimes more, generally less—just because a crusty old uncle on whom I was dependent had seen fit to chuck me out neck and crop for the simple reason that I didn't go in for what he wanted me to—i. e., the bar.

I was of a literary turn of mind, and thought I should never be a shining light in the profession. I could at least earn my bread and cheese. So in a fit of anger I told the old gentleman I wouldn't be a lawyer, whereupon I was called an ungrateful, impudent puppy, and told to do what I liked.

"No," I thought to myself; "Robert Grant, if you've got to prevaricate, do it indirectly."

So I went in for journalism! And now poor old uncle has gone the way of all flesh, letting me in for all his estate, real and personal, including Ashworth lodge. Old uncles who quarrel with their willful nephews and disinherit them generally do come around at the last. Mine did at any rate.

Jim Carson, the fellow whom I had seen off, was an old chum of mine in the scribbling days, and had just run down to see my new abode and wish a rich uncle had kicked him out some years ago.

Tommy aroused me from my musings by stumbling over something in the road and nearly throwing me out. So I gathered up the reins, and he went the rest of the journey at a smart pace.

"Benson," I said to the man whom I had engaged as a kind of valet groom until I was properly settled, "when you've put the horse up, just tell Mrs. Hewetson she can go home as soon as she likes, as I shan't want anything more tonight."

Mrs. Hewetson was the wife of the gardener, who lived about half a mile away, and was looking after the house and cooking for me.

It was too fine a night and too early to turn in, so I settled myself in my old uncle's favorite armchair before the dining room window and commenced to look over the paper I had got from the station master. I looked first for the lawsuit report, but evidently the case had not come on until late, as there was nothing in the paper about it.

"Hello, this must be what the station master was talking about:"

Late last evening a lunatic named James Stanley made good his escape from Bradley asylum under peculiar circumstances, which will probably result in the death of one of the attendants. It seems that last night the usual annual ball took place at the asylum, and several of the inmates suffering from the milder forms of insanity were allowed to be present as ordinary guests, as had been usual on all past occasions. Stanley was one of these, and suddenly he was found to be missing from the room, and on a search being made he could not be found. On proceeding outside to hunt for him, the body of one of the attendants was discovered lying on the ground, the unfortunate man having received a severe blow at the back of the head which knocked him senseless.

It transpires that the missing man made his way to the room where the coats and hats were kept, in charge of a man who had only been about the place a few days and passed himself off as one of the guests from outside. He managed to secure a hat and coat, in which he must have been detected escaping by the poor fellow whom he knocked over.

Stanley, at the time of his flight, was attired, in addition to the things he secured, in an ordinary black morning suit, and was wearing patent leather dancing shoes. He is a strong, tall fellow, standing over six feet two, dark hair and slight mustache. Up to the present there is no news to hand of his recapture, notwithstanding a vigorous search, which is being pursued in all directions.

A queer story, I thought, when I had finished reading the paragraph, and more so to me because Bradley asylum was only about three miles distant from my place, and I had received an invitation to be present at the ball in question.

Thinking it might result in my getting to know some of the residents roundabout sooner than I should do in ordinary everyday life, I had accepted the invitation and sent up to town for a new dress suit and pumps for the occasion.

Then Jim Carson telegraphed in the morning he was coming to see me by the first train next day to have a look around my estate, as he called it; so I gave up the idea of going, as I should be too tired in the morning to show him around. Anyhow my togery failed to show up in time, so I was boxed in any case.

After reading a few more bits of news in the paper I began to feel sleepy, so I got up to go to bed—first, however, going around the house to see that all was locked up and secure, and that Benson, who was sleeping for the time being in one of the attics, had not forgotten to put the kitchen lamp out, which sometimes he did.

The window of my room was wide open and a lovely fresh breeze came blowing in. I sat down on the bed for a minute or two to enjoy it. A nice invitation for an enterprising burglar, I thought, if it were known there was anything worth stealing about the house. He could be up the trelliswork in half a minute. Then the escaped lunatic, too; it might have afforded shelter to him if closely pursued. Thus musing, I slipped off my things preparatory to getting into bed, but before doing so there was a duty I had to perform and which I always had done since I slept in the house.

There was a door leading from my room into a kind of dressing room, which was sometimes opened during the day for various purposes and in front of which a curtain was rigged up. Being naturally rather timid, I always used to see that this door was properly locked and the space under my bed untenanted ere I settled down to slumber.

Taking up the candle, I made my way across the room to the door, but when within a couple of yards or so of it I came to a dead halt. The paragraph I had read in the paper seemed to whirl through my brain, and for the moment I had hard work to keep myself from collapsing on to the floor.

The lunatic at the time of his escape was attired in a morning suit of black, and wearing dancing pumps! I was startled, I can tell you, but not without reason—for peeping out below the curtain which covered the door were the toes and half the feet of a pair of patent leather boots! I regained my composure gradually, and moved away back toward the bed, but keeping my eye on the curtain the whole time.

Who knew but that the lunatic might have been watching me through a pinhole in the curtain, and, conjecturing the place of his concealment had been discovered, make a rush at me? But no. He evidently was ignorant of my discovery, for the feet remained there motionless.

What was I to do? Here I was in a room by myself, within five yards of a madman, standing 6 feet 2 inches in his socks, whom under ordinary circumstances it would take a couple or three men to tackle and satisfactorily dispose of. I shuddered as I thought of it.

I mentally measured whereabouts his head would be behind the curtain, and casting my eyes around the room, to my joy they rested on a pair of Indian clubs I was in the habit of exercising with in the morning. That was my surest chance.

I moved casually across to where the clubs were standing, and taking them up commenced to occupy myself with a few of the exercises to work up steam for the coming blow. Now or never! Suddenly dropping one of the clubs on the bed as I brought it around, with the other I made for the door and directed it with all my strength at where I supposed the head of the madman to be.

Crash! I fell forward against the curtain after the blow, and commenced striking out savagely with my fist to follow it up. Down came the curtain with a run, and the brass rod with it, striking me on the head and completely stunning me.

It must have been a peculiar sight as Benson saw it, when he came tumbling down the stairs to see what all the row was about. There was I on the floor enveloped in the curtain, bleeding from a wound above the temple, knuckles cut and bruised and a panel of the door at the back smashed in by a blow that would have pulverized half a dozen lunatics had they been there.

"The mad—man—he's escaped!" I managed to gasp, sitting up among the wreck.

"The 'oo, sir?" anxiously asked Benson, helping me up and leading me toward the basin in order to bathe my injured head.

"Mad—man—behind the curtain. Got in at the window—escaped from Bradley asylum last night during the ball. Wearing patent leather boots—saw them under the curtain," I jerked out spasmodically.

"Saw 'is what?" cried Benson, dropping the sponge he was holding and regarding me with amazement.

"His patent leather boots, man, peeping out from beneath the curtain."

Benson seemed to jump in the air at that.

"Gor luminy, mister; them weren't a madman! Them was your noo uns as came this morning. I puts 'em behind the curtain there so as to keep out the dust an muck. Oh, Lor', sir, you hev made a mistake."

By Jove, and hadn't I just, and disfigured myself for a month or so in the bargain.

There was no doubt about it, for from the folds of the curtain were shaken my new pair of pumps, which had arrived that morning by parcel post just as Carson turned up.

Stanley, the cause of all the confusion, had been captured that afternoon in a copse a good many miles from my place and is still an inmate at Bradley asylum.

If Jim Carson had managed to get more out of me than that I got my scar on the temple from falling off a horse this affair would have been in print months ago. Benson knows the value of a sovereign and his master's service, so I'm the first to let it all reach the public.—True Flag.

Bicycling for Girls.

Dr. Richardson in Young Woman speaks highly of cycling for girls, and adds: "I have no hesitation in saying that the young woman who is about to learn the art of cycling will do best by choosing the bicycle from the first. Women sit more gracefully on the bicycle than on the tricycle; they work at less labor, and, all things considered, they work at less risk."

He remarks that women are hampered by their dress in this exercise, but he does not make so strong a point of this as he might fairly do. The ordinary female skirt is quite unsuited for bicycling, though it may pass on the tricycle.

If a costume like that in which Herr Stempel has induced many ladies of social position, pupils of his gymnasium, to give public displays were introduced by the women members of some good cycling club for wear in that exercise, it would be perceived to be so superior in point of modesty as well as of grace and safety, and to attract so little notice after being once seen, that it would be quickly adopted generally.

Tutelary Trees.

Ancient people had their tutelary trees just as they had their tutelary gods—the former being the altars and shrines of the latter. Among the Scandinavians the ash was held to be the most sacred tree. Serpents, according to their belief, dared not approach it. Hence the women left their children with entire confidence under its shade while they went on with their harvesting.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Mrs. Ye Joins the Church.

The members of the Corean legation in Washington are showing themselves more progressive than any of the orientals of the diplomatic corps. When the Coreans arrived four years ago they wore gorgeous silk gowns, long pigtails and peculiar ventilated hats which looked like flytraps. They were followed about the city by a mob of small boys, but they soon laid aside their oriental garb. Over a year ago the men at the legation did away with their pigtails and donned trousers. Then Mrs. Ye, wife of the minister, began wearing the most fashionable gowns of American make, and her home became a social center among the diplomats.

Mrs. Ye has now become a member of the Presbyterian church. For some time she and her husband have attended the Church of the Covenant, occupying seats directly back of President Harrison. It is only within recent days, however, that Mrs. Ye had her name entered as a member of the church. She took the step while visiting in a small Virginia town near here. It is understood that the Corean minister and other members of the legation will follow the example of Mrs. Ye.—Chicago News-Record.

The Bother Occasioned by a Czar.

Many troubles and vexations were caused by a visit which was paid the other day by the czar to the military camp at Izora. The latter place is a village on the Neva, about ten miles from St. Petersburg, and accessible by water or rail. On the occasion of the visit soldiers were placed on the railway. Not far from the city are a number of mills, the workmen at which live on the opposite side of the line, going home daily for their meals. These workmen got to their work on Saturday morning, but were not allowed to cross the line again the whole day, being obliged to go without their food or buy it in a public house. No traffic was allowed.

Even people who had their own farm lands on the sides of the railway were forbidden to walk across. The trains from Moscow were stopped and were sent off all within a quarter of an hour of each other in the evening. The river traffic was also entirely suspended. It can be readily imagined what discomfort such suspension of traffic occasioned, and it is only a Russian official who can see the good of it.—London News.

Candles Burning in a Cemetery.

Every one of the several hundred graves in the Cemetery of the Most Holy Redeemer, on East Biddle street, has been decked with flowers and lighted with candles during the past two days. The big congregations of St. Michael's and St. James' Catholic churches, who use the cemetery, have decorated the graves in honor of All Souls' Day. For two days men, women and children have been coming and going, some on foot and some in carriages, while many carried lunch with them and spent a whole day with the dead. At nightfall the candles sent up a pale flutter of light from each mound. The visit to the burying place is a survival of the former custom of celebrating mass and offering prayers for the repose of the souls in purgatory.—Baltimore Sun.

Repairing an Old House.

The ancient blockhouse in Edgecomb, at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor, Maine, which was built in 1808, has fallen into such dilapidation that extensive repairs have been found necessary. To replace the timbers which supported the walls and floors of the second story beams fifteen inches square have been required. Summer residents of the vicinity have undertaken the task of restoring and preserving the old landmark.—New York Tribune.

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 ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. The name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in diverse and unmistakable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and the convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectually counteracted by the Bitters, 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.

If Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan of Morocco, doesn't keep a mighty sharp lookout, his name will soon be Abdul Azwuz.

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 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 circulars and testimonials. Address

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

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

THE SCHOOL BOY

— is often a sufferer from headache. The seat of sick headache is not in the brain, for if you regulate the stomach and bowels you'll cure it. Too much brain-work and brain-tire brings on a rush of blood to the head with headache, dizziness or "nose bleed."

MISS WOLFE.

MISS BERTHA WOLFE, of *Dayton, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I suffered from loss of appetite, constipation, neuralgia, and great weakness, and had terrible attacks of sick headache very frequently; also nose bleed. My health was so poor that I was not able to go to school for two years. I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and in a short time I was strong and well. Many friends are taking your medicines, seeing what they have done for me."

ELY'S CREAM BALM

WORTH—$500—TO ANY Man, Woman or Child SUFFERING from CATARRH. Apply into the nostrils. Druggists 50c.

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL,

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

Servant—Yis, sor; Mrs. Jones is in. What's yer name, sir? Visitor—Prof. Vandersplinkenheimer. Servant—Och! Sure ye'd better go roight in and take it wid ye.

REMOVE STIFFNESS.

None are so quick to see the advantage of a remedy as those who may be called on at any time to avail themselves of it. In witness of this J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Pastime Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of *The Sporting Times*, writes:

"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. I always found it to my advantage to use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pains, the result of slight colds, I always used ALLCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS remove all impurities.

American Little Girl (to her mamma)—What is a dead letter, please? Mamma—One that has been given to your father to post.

For throat troubles and coughs use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." They possess real merit.

"There's a friend downstairs waiting for you; says he wants you only for a minute." Mr. Catchon—Here, James; take this $10 and keep it until I come back.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

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.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

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

YOUR SAFETY

Lies in purchasing reputable brands of Belting and Hose. If you want the best and full value for money, ask your dealer for MONARCH and RED STRIP Belting and Maltese Cross, Rubber Hose. You can rely on these brands. *Every length guaranteed.*

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,

Established 1855. Portland, Or.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS 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.

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

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

FREE SILVER IS ALL right, but it is not ahead of bread made with GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER. Every can is guaranteed pure.

N. P. N. U. No. 552—S. F. N. U. No. 629

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

CURED ASSOPUS, OK.—I can state with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY my husband was relieved from an old case of RHEUMATISM and my youngest boy cured entirely of INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM when the best doctor I could get did him no good. Yours in gratitude, MRS. N. V. STEELE. Sold by Your Druggist.

MRS. W. J. ROACH

Hood's Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's is Good

"I have been troubled with that tired feeling, also loss of appetite. I could not sleep at night, my face broke out in pimples, and I had headache almost continually. Last April I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my troubles are all gone. I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to my baby, not yet eight months old, for sores on his body, and it cured him." MRS. W. J. ROACH, Kilbourne, Illinois. Get only HOOD'S

Hood's Pills are expectally prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

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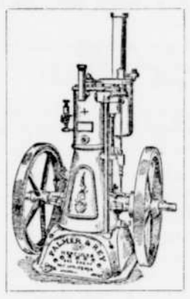

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