Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia.

It makes life miserable.

Its sufferers eat not because they *want to*, —but simply because they *must*.

They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise.

They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffy fulness, headache, heartburn and what not.

The effectual remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

HOOD'S PILLS are the best cathartic.

When It's Contagious.

Hoax—I wonder if insomnia is ever contagious?

Joax—Well, I find it affects me whenever our baby has it.—Philadelphia Record.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50 cents a bottle.

Changing a Camel Path.

The camel path which for centuries has formed the only connection between Jersusalem and Nablus (Sychem) has at last been made into a carriage road nearly twenty feet wide.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa

A Straw.

Edith—Why do you think Mr. Field means business?

Ethel—He has asked me why I did not attend cooking school.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

An Inspiration.

O'Hoolahan—Will, the barn is painted an' Oi'll take thot money if it's all the same to you.

Ottinger (surprised)—Why, you can't have painted it so soon, Pat!

O'Hoolahan (triumphantly)— Sure, Oi hoy, sir. Oi mixed the yellow paint for the first coat wid the grane for the second, an' Oi put both coats on together to save time.— Brooklyn Eagle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

No Model.

"I know a man whose wife never spoke a word to him about money," he said.

"What a model husband he must have been!" remarked a woman in the company.

"What a model wife, I should say, rather," corrected the second man.

"I don't know about that," said the first speaker, "she was deaf and dumb."—Salt Lake Herald.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It Depends.

First Chappie — I say, old chap, I'm going to a big shoot. What sort of a tip should I give the keeper?

Second Chappie — It depends on where you hit him.—London Punch.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Electric Road to Mt. Blanc.

During the past summer an electric railroad was completed to the foot of Mount Blanc at Chamounix, which makes it possible to reach that place from Geneva in three and three quarters hours. But recently the journey was by dilgience and took the greater part of a day.

No External Symptoms.

The blood may be in bad condition, yet with no external signs, no skin eruption or sores to indicate it. The symptoms in such cases being a variable appetite, poor digestion, an indescribable weakness and nervousness, loss of flesh and a general run-down condition of the system—clearly showing the blood has lost its nutritive qualities, has become thin and watery. It is in just such cases that S. S. S. has done some of its quickest and most effective work by building up the blood and supplying the elements lacking to make it strong and vigorous.

"My wife used several bottles of S. S. S. as a blood purifier and to tone up a weak and emaciated system, with a very marked effect by way of improvement.

"We regard it a great tonic and blood purifier."—J. F. DUFF, Princeton, Mo.

SSS is the greatest of all tonics, and you will find the appetite improves at once, strength returns, and nervousness vanishes as new rich pure blood once more circulates through all parts of the system.

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. It contains no minerals whatever. Send for our free book on blood and skin diseases and write our physicians for any information or advice wanted. No charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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

CHEAP CITY LIVING.

ARCHITECT PRESENTS A VERY INGENIOUS IDEA.

Has Planned Comfortable Apartments for People of Limited Means—Here the Bachelor of Either Sex May Live Nicely in One Room.

"I have an anarchist friend," said the man who knows a good many people, "who has a design for an apartment house that will work a revolution in accommodations for those persons who cannot afford to have more than one room. He has fitted up an apartment in his own house as a sample, and it really promises amazing results. I was talking to him the other evening on the problem of city living for people of small means, bachelors and bachelor maids, and that kind principally, when he asked me to come with him and see what he had evolved on that line. We went up to his third floor—he is able to own a house of his own—and he ushered me into an apartment which was about twenty feet long and ten feet wide, with a fine large window at one end and a small door at the other. He asked me what I thought of it, and I looked around a minute to reach a conclusion.

"It was nicely carpeted. There was one chair, and there was a two-light chandelier about the center of the ceiling. The room was nicely papered on one wall and at the ends, but the opposite side wall was entirely wainscoted, as I thought. I told him it looked all right for a sitting-room for one, but beyond that its usefulness seemed to me to be somewhat restricted. He laughed and asked me if I really thought so, and going over to the wainscoting he turned up a little handle—really opened a door. It revealed a closet big enough to accommodate all the clothes an ordinary person would care to have. Below it there was a drawer for shoes and that sort.

"Then he went right on with his revelations, leaving me to stare at him. He turned down a nice bed similar to the sleeping car variety; adjoining it was a chiffonier with half a dozen drawers in it and a glass at the top, the glass being concealed by a lid which dropped down, making a shelf for toilet articles. Beyond was a wash stand opening up in the same way, with water tank, bowl, slop jar and all. In another place was a door that fell down, making a small table, and revealing a cupboard where dishes and food might be kept; in still another, a similar lid dropping made a writing table, and revealed space and shelving for a good-sized library with a nook for ink, pens and such things. A half-dozen leather-covered seats were hidden in the same way, ready to be pulled down for use, and behind each of them was shelving, the depth of the wainscoting being about two feet. Above the bed and elsewhere about the wainscoting were drawers and shelves, room for a trunk, and little cubbyholes for storing things, until really in that one wall, twenty feet long and ten feet high, was room for more stuff than nine-tenths of people have.

"I forgot to say that the inside of the high closet for clothes was a mirror 2 feet by 6 feet in size, and hung just right to see one's self in when he was ready to go out. I looked at the lay-out of household conveniences in amazement, and when he had shut it all up again, leaving the handsome, well-lighted sitting-room, I could scarcely realize that I was not in the home of a magician who touched the walls and brought forth what he wished. My friend told me he had more conveniences in mind for rather larger rooms, one being a shower bath to take the place of the wash stand. He said his idea was, that this kind of a room could be used in houses of any kind, but he designed it especially for the apartment house of the future, where in small space a man or a woman might get some of the comforts of a home in a room that would cost only $15 a month rent, and still be a good investment for the real estate owner. The Lord only knows when that good time is coming," concluded the talker, "but thousands are waiting for it."—New York Sun.

ROSA BONHEUR'S LIONS.

Clareti's Personal Recolletcions of the Noted Painter.

I do not know why, but instinctively ever in my thoughts I place George Sand and Rosa Bonheur side by side. I have known them both intimately, and they have left me the same impression of repose, of touching naivete, of simplicity and goodness.

George Sand possessed a unique charm in her expressive eyes—those black lakes, in which one might almost bathe, as once said to me Mme. Victor Hugo, who also had most beautiful eyes.

When the great novelist took her walks abroad in Nohant, the little birds winged their flight to her instinctively, and perched upon her shoulders.

It was the same with Rosa Bonheur. She loved the animals, and the animals loved her. In fact, she exercised a magnetic power over them. The fierce watchdogs of the house at By were like lambs in her presence. Tame lions she had about her, too, those majestic creatures that she so loved to paint, and whose manes she would smilingly caress with her delicate hand. The deer of the forest contemplated her with a glance of recognition, as if they comprehended that she was in truth their painter. M. Gerome, when he wished to paint lions, visited the tamer, Pezon, at the Jardin des Plantes, and made his studies across the bars of the cages. Bonheur tried a different plan. She actually gave the freedom of her gardens to the lions of the menagerie at By. Sometimes the passers-by on the road would regard with stupefaction a tawny lion crouching on the terrace of Mlle. Rosa, and gazing majestically from the height of the wall which formed his pedestal.

Sorely frightened, pedestrians would hasten their steps, as if they feared the ferocious beast would leap forth upon them. The lion, however, remained quiet. Possibly he despised these bipeds; or, rather, if we may believe Rosa Bonheur, he was in reality both good and kind. It amused him to see the people stare.

However, after a while the artist grew tired of entertaining such expensive guests, which, moreover, in spite of all assurances, kept the neighborhood in a constant state of terror. The lion is all right in the landscape, and on canvas, but not on the terrace overlooking the highway.

Rosa Bonheur gave her last lion, so carefully tamed, to the Jardin des Plantes, and it was a privilege to hear the charming woman tell of her visit to her imprisoned pet, of how sad he was, reveling no longer in the caresses of his mistress, while his mane looked dirty and uncombed.

"The poor animal," said she, "rose up when he saw me, and his glance, so eloquent and pathetic, seemed to tell me—I am wrong; his look actually said: 'See what they have done to me. I am weary. I suffer. Save me! Take me back!'"

It was more than touching to hear Rosa Bonheur speak of her models with such sincere and deep affection. She showed for these carnivorous brutes the same tenderness that she evinced toward the deer of the forest. —Jules Claretie in Harper's Magazine.

TOO FULL FOR UTTERANCE.

A Professional "Hungry Man" Meets His Match.

The New York traveling man gets a lot of satisfaction out of a practical joke, even when it costs him the price of a good square meal. Here is the latest example:

"Mister, could you give me something to eat? I haven't had anything to eat for two days."

A fat, red-faced person in a seedy suit had approached a well-dressed man on Broadway at 8 o'clock last night. The well-dressed man paused and looked at the beggar. He had been accosted by the same man three nights in succession.

"Why, yes, if you are hungry I will help you to a supper."

"Awful hungry."

"Well, come in here, then," and the man in evening clothes led the way into the cafe of the Morton House, at Broadway and 14th street.

They sat down at a table and the man with money ordered an extra large sirloin steak with French fried potatoes and coffee. When the seedy individual finished with a sigh, he tendered his thanks and led the way to a street. In a minute a well-dressed man returned and joined a party of three. There was a whispered consultation, and one of them rose and went down Broadway. At the corner below was the beggar.

"Haven't eaten anything for twenty-four hours. I am——"

"Yes, yes, I'll give you a supper. Come into the Morton House."

"I could get a good meal for half a dollar," said the beggar, insinuatingly.

"Oh, that's all right. Come along, and we'll eat together."

The beggar followed reluctantly. A minute later he was seated at the table he had left a few moment before.

"Give this man an extra sirloin, French fried potatoes, a cup of coffee, and a pie," said the host to the surprised waiter.

The beggar was turning red and white, but he held his nerve. When the steak was brought in he tried to eat, and he did swallow two mouthfuls. Then he suddenly bolted for the door.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

WOMEN PHILANTHROPISTS.

Millions Have Been Given by Them to Education and Charity.

Few realize how much the cause of education and the various philanthropic enterprises owe to the women of the United States. Some of the gifts recently made to women's causes are noted below:

Mrs. Josephine L. Newcombe, of New York, to Tulane University, $3,000,000; Mrs. P. D. Armour, of Chicago, to Armour Institute, $1,250,000; Mrs. Edna J. McPherson, of Newark, N. J., to Yale College, $750,000; Mrs. H. R. Schley and Mrs. R. P. Flower, of New York, jointly, to the city of Watertown, N. Y., $500,000; Miss Helen Gould, of New York, to various charities, $400,000; Mrs. Vaughan Marquis, of Ashland, Wis., to religion, $300,000; Mrs. J. F. Ryan, of New York, to religion, $250,000; Mrs. Eugene Kelly, of Buffalo, to religion, $250,000; Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, to the University of Chicago, $250,000; Mrs. A. S. Greenspan, of Topeka, Kan., to various charities, $200,000; Mrs. Louise Sebor, of Middleton, Conn., to religion, $175,000; Mrs. Margaret J. Bennett, of Baltimore, to various charities, $150,000; Mrs. Mary Shannon, of Newton, Mass., to various colleges, $123,500; Mrs. G. S. Burbank, of Fitchburg, Mass., to various charities, $120,000, and Mrs. F. H. Alms, of Cincinnati, to the University of Cincinnati, $100,000.

Besides these several Chicago women have given various sums to the university there, the total aggregating nearly $500,000.

Why He Didn't Tremble.

"Tremble, monster!" shrieked the heroine as she pointed a long, white accusing finger at the double-eyed ruffian.

But the villain didn't tremble.

"You spoilt the scene," hissed the heroine, when they stood in the wings.

"I really couldn't help it," apologized the unhappy man.

"But I've always claimed you were the best trembler on the stage," said the heroine.

"It was awfully good of you," replied the actor.

"But why couldn't you tremble tonight?"

"It's easily explained," said the villain. "Hitherto I've always played that scene with my wife!"

Missouri Historical Collection.

F. A. Sampson, of Sedalia, Mo., has given to the Missouri Historical Society his library of 7,000 titles bearing on Missouri history, which he has been colletcing for thirty-three years.

New Sort of Knockers.

The latest thing in knockers has a small mirror enframed in it, so that a visitor can see whether his or her personal appearance is correct before entering the house.

How mysterious two men when talking lodge business!

A Wee Drop.

Sandy—And will ye tak' a drap o' whisky afore you you gang hame?

Tammas—Ah, weel just a wee drapple.

Sandy—Then say when, laddie.

Tammas—Nay, mon, the glass will say when.

Neither Small Nor Short.

"'Andrew Carnegie is a small man.'"

"Small! There's never been anything small about Carnegie."

"Well, then, he's short."

"Short, with $260,000,000 to give away!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Thoroughbred.

She—Is it true that when you proposed to me you didn't know whether I was worth a penny?

He—Absolutely. But I always was willing to take chances — Detroit Free Press.

A Chinese Pen.

The Chinese pen from time immemorial has been a brush made of some soft hair and used to paint the curiously formed letters of the Chinese alphabet.

The Easiest Way.

Husband—What are you doing in my pockets. Haven't you any money?

Wife—I have money of my own, but a man's pockets are so much easier to find.

Chasing the Foxy.

She—Is your friend going to marry the widow?

He—I think not. He told me he had a better offer.—Smart Set.

If One Loses.

Mr. Dobbs (on the way to the races) —Nice ride to the race course, don't you think?

Mr. Hobbs (nervously)— Yes, but think what a long walk back.

OUT OF DEATH'S JAWS

THRILLING RESCUE OF A UTICA WOMAN.

The Story of the Event as Told by Mrs. Tucker—A Horrible Experience With a Happy Ending.

How Mrs. Anna M. Tucker, of 352 Kossuth avenue, Utica, N. Y., was saved from a horrible fate when death's jaws were almost closing upon her is told in the following statement made by her to a reporter.

"It was soon after the birth of my little boy," she said. "Three different doctors had done their best for me, but they all failed to do me any good. My case seemed to be a combination of nervous and stomach troubles. I had fainting spells, my food did not digest and caused me great distress. My head felt very badly and at times I was delirious. I lost in weight from 130 to 98 pounds, I had no color, my feet and hands were cold and my limbs had a prickly sensation as though asleep. I was not refreshed by sleep although I slept heavily. I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from a published case similar to mine that had been cured by the pills. I took three or four boxes before I was certain that I was being benefitted, but continued their use until I was entirely cured.

"I am glad to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for they are the medicine that saved my life. I do not believe that ordinary medicine could have cured me."

Although Mrs. Tucker's was a severe case, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her. Lesser troubles yield even more readily to the potent action of this marvelous medicine. Not only will these pills cure cases similar to Mrs. Tucker's, but they have been proven to be an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and a half (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. They act directly on the blood and nerves. Avoid imitations; substitutes never cured anybody.

A Cinch.

The Boss—No I must have a married man for this position.

Applicant—Just keep it open for an hour. It's easier to get married than it is to get a job.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

N. P. N. U. No. 4—1902.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

MRS. FRANK CARTER
3 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry Faith and Conviction to the Hearts of all Sick Women.

"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had bad spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—MRS. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Reserved Situations.

"Yes, poor fellow, she married him to reform him."

"Well?"

"And now he's got his hands full trying to reform her."—Denver Times.

Matched.

Mr. Drinker—I want a blue necktie to match my eyes.

Salesman—I'm sorry, sir, but we are just out of blue ties; but I can sell you one to match your nose."

David Discounted.

Sunday School Teacher — Now, Johhny, whom, more than any body else, do you wish to see when you go to heaven?

Johnny (eagerly)—Goliath.—Boston Herald.

Detected.

"What makes the actor criticise you so severely?

"My dear sir," answered Stormington Barnes, "he hopes to make people say it is professional jealousy, thereby conveying the impression that he is in my class."—Washington Star.

Making the Punishment Fit Crime.

Mrs. Boreum (hopelessly)—Mortimer, I cannot make Willie mind.

Mr. Boreum (sternly)—Willie, do as your mother wishes or I will make you go and sit in a cozy corner."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Clouds of Doubt.

"He has told me that he loved me," said the fair girl, "but I don't know whether to marry him or not."

"I am sure he does his best to tell the truth. But, you see, he works in the weather bureau.—Washington Star.

How He Kept Up.

"Well, Billy, how did camping go?"

"Oh, all right; I slipped off to the farm houses around now and then and got a square meal on the sly."

Vigorous but Futile.

Wealthy Patient—What is your bill for amputating my leg?

Eminent Surgeon—Three hundred dollars, sir.

Wealthy Patient (filling out a check) —That's a worthy effort, doctor, but it will never restore the leg to its normal length—Chicago Tribune.

Useless Friends.

Tom—I'm broke and I want some money.

Dick—Why don't you write to some of your friends?

Tom—That's the trouble. I've got too many friends. I wish I knew a stranger.

A Woman's Mercy Fad.

A Boston woman will agitate for a law prohibiting the boiling or roasting of chestnuts, on the ground that it involves painful death of worms "whose right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is no less than that of the most highly dowered man."—New York Tribune.

Food Luxuries for Soldirs.

All European armies have certain extras weekly in the way of food. Sugar is given in England and France, two gallons of beer in Russia, half a gallon of wine in Italy, three pounds of fish in Spain, and five ounces of butter in Belgium.

All Planned.

Teacher—An island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water. Take Cuba, for instance.

Tommy—My pa says that's what we are going to do before we get through. —Boston Herald.

Never Heard of It.

Amazed and Delighted Foreigner (his first view of Niagara Falls)—Why ees zees so far from Buffeelo?

Native—Great Scott, mister! How could we move it any closer to Buffalo?

Foreigner—How? Ees eet not a part of zee Pan-American Expozeeshecon?—Chicago Tribune.

Sideshow Gossip.

"The armless wonder is a cute one."

"What's he been up to now?"

"Sent a specimen of his writing, done with his toes, to a woman who makes a business of reading character from hand writing. But she was cute, too. She wrote backthat he must be left handed."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WET WEATHER WISDOM!

THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING BLACK OR YELLOW WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES CATALOGUES FREE SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY PORTLAND, ORE. Founded 1870 A Home School for Boys Military and Manual Training Write for Illustrated Catalogue ARTHUR C. NEWILL, PRINCIPAL

JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon, Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Buggies, Plows, Boilers and Engines, Windmills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.

Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in the United States.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections.

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements."

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."

Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

The Farmer's First Profit

Is made in his selection of seed. Send for

Our Complete Annual Catalogue for 1902, FREE!

It contains full directions for garden work and many useful tables for the farmer. No one sells better Seeds than LAMBERSON'S SEEDS.

LAMBERSON - Portland, Oregon

FERRY'S SEEDS

For The Farmer The Gardener and The Housewife

They cost a little more. They are worth a *great deal* more than the ordinary kind. Sold everywhere. 1902 annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO. Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS MAKE MONEY

Selling my goods. Big profits. No experience. New plan. Write for circular. Lock Box 606, Portland, Or.

New Year Resolutions

TAKE THE **Keeley Cure**

Sure relief from liquor, opium and tobacco habits. Send for particulars to

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SYRUP OF FIGS

IS AN EXCELLENT FAMILY LAXATIVE—IT IS REFRESHING TO THE TASTE AND ACTS PLEASANTLY AND GENTLY. IT ASSISTS ONE TO OVERCOME HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY

With many millions of families Syrup of Figs has become the ideal home laxative. The combination is a simple and wholesome one, and the method of manufacture by the California Fig Syrup Company ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product, which have commended it to the favorable consideration of the most eminent physicians and to the intelligent appreciation of all who are well informed in reference to medicinal agents.

Syrup of Figs has truly a laxative effect and acts gently without in any way disturbing the natural functions and with perfect freedom from any unpleasant after effects.

In the process of manufacturing, figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinally laxative principles of the combination are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially on the system.

To get its beneficial effects— buy the genuine—Manufactured by

California Fig Syrup Co

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE