

E. M. WATTE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER

STATE STREET, SALEM, OREGON.

Fine Printing a Specialty.

Largest Stock of LEGAL BLANKS in the State, and the BIGGEST DISCOUNT. No one can cut my rates for Printing, and keep clear of the Sheriff. Try me.

A SERMON IN KENTUCKY.

DR. TALMAGE CALLS THE WITNESSES TO THE POWER OF CHRIST.

Not Logic, Not Metaphysics, Not Antiquarian Research, but Faith Can Make Us Whole—The Gospel in India, China, Tahiti and Madagascar.

HIGH BRIDGE, Ky., July 12.—A vast concourse of people assembled this morning on the historic camp ground at High Bridge, Ky., to hear Dr. Talmage preach. They came from all the surrounding cities, towns and neighborhoods. A large contingent from Louisville and another from Cincinnati were present. Many of the visitors had remained here since yesterday afternoon, when Dr. Talmage preached in the same place. The text of his sermon this morning was from Acts iii, 15, "We are witnesses."

Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without perils; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to London have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement.

Mechanists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean, but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done, but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night has made all nations witnesses.

WITNESSES OF THE RESURRECTION. So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart, and the liver, and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice and talked with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wisest of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text, "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving like that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this through there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity, and learned treatises in defense of religion; you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world and always will seem illogical.

TRiumPHS OF THE GOSPEL. Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell us that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any subject as on this.

People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert, but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Johnson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burnham five years without a single convert, but

there are many thousands of Baptists in Burnham today. People laughed at Dr. Morton in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion, but there are many thousands of Christians in China today. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion, yet in all these lands there are multitudes of Christians today.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could overcome us. But one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Goliath, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting, with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh, my great sin! Oh, my great sin!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace! Oh, it was free grace!"

TRANSFORMED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT. There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had set down its roots around the palate, and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here today who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line.

Advanced of Jesus, that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend, Not when I blish, be this my shame— That I no more reverse his name.

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's power to comfort. When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now, get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is unpromising with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air; Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart!

I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business!" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dead one and say, "It is all right, she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' academy, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman, and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not

repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God, and when I was too weak to pray or to look up he breathed into me a grace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widows, and orphanage and childlessness, saying, "Aye, aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the last time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages, but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? What's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" And after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forget.

TESTIMONY OF DYING CHRISTIANS. In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit more hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say, "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What made her so composed? Natural courage?

"No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out, she was always rather weakly." What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she told for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we would all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

EBELIEVERS HAVE NEVER TAILED IT. Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last agony? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged. "We are witnesses!"

Watches on Fast Trains. A strange effect of the peculiar occult force called magnetism is that exerted on the watches of trainmen. The timepiece carried by a conductor running a train twenty miles an hour, however accurate it may be, will, if the speed of the train be increased to say fifty miles an hour, become useless until regulated. The magnetism generated by the flight of a train may be said to be in proportion to the speed with which it is propelled, and the delicate parts of a watch, numbering all the way from 400 to 1,000 pieces, and peculiarly susceptible to the influence of magnetism by reason of the hammering and polishing they have received, are not slow to feel the effects.—St. Louis Republic.

should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then await!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of the soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vital frame, Death struck I ceased the life to stem, When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it! It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steingard, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother, that's Amelia Steingard. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who is vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steingard's death Mrs. Sontag took care of her and her daughter after that. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst his thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, he comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

Low Messengers. The lowest kind of messengers is touched by those shopkeepers who allow penny in the slot machines to remain in their stores and in front of their stores when they know that the slot machines are out of order, and will make no return to the expectant children who drop in their pennies for a piece of chewing gum, a package of chocolate or a stick of candy. Such worthless machines thickly line the upper part of Eighth and Ninth avenues. In one grocery store in Ninth avenue, near Fifty-seventh street, a swindling apparatus of this character has been allowed to stand for two weeks. A card tacked on its breast says, "Drop a cent in the slot and get a cake of chocolate." Probably thousands of children have put their pennies into this machine without being able to get anything out. The shopkeeper knows that the machine is out of order, and yet he calmly looks on in silence while the little ones lose their pennies.—New York Times.

Beer a Good Renovator. "Beer is absolutely indispensable to our business nowadays," said a fashionable New York dressmaker the other day, as she noticed my glances of inquiry at a basketful of empty bottles that a servant was taking out. "Oh, dear, no. I never drink it, nor the girls either, with my permission, but we use a good many bottlefuls every day nevertheless." "How?" "Why, to wash silk in. It gives old silk a luster and a new look, almost like goods fresh from the loom. Then, too, it gives a little 'body,' which lasts for a while—long enough for our purpose anyway. At least half my trade is in making over dresses, and so much better does the silk look after going through the beer that it was a discovery of my own, and it has been worth a good many thousand dollars to me already."—Toledo Blade.

Estimates for Tinning and Plumbing Furnished.

J. H. HAAS, THE WATCHMAKER, 2724 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon. (Next door to Klein's.) Specialty of Spectacles, and repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

Depot Addition. RIGDON & ROOR, Bush-Bryman Block.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Every Meal. As soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Professional Cards.

B. F. BONHAM, E. N. HAYDEN, W. H. HOLMES, B. H. HOLMES & HAYDEN, Attorneys at Law, Office in Bank Block, between State and Court, on Court St.

J. S. SHAW, M. W. HUNT, SHAW, PRATT & HUNT, Attorneys at Law, Office over Capital National Bank, Salem, Oregon.

D. ARDY & BISHAM, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Salem, Oregon. Having an abstract of the records of Marion county, including a list and book index in duplicate, for sale at a low price. Inquire at the office of the publishers, 254 1/2 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon.

D. R. J. M. KEENE, Dentist, Office over the White Corner, Court and Commercial streets.

D. W. S. MOFF, Physician and Surgeon, Office in Bridge Block, Salem, Oregon. Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M.

D. R. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State Street, Salem, Or. Finished dental operations of every description. Fairness guaranteed a specialty.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, Plans, Specifications and superintendence for all kinds of building. Office—280 Commercial St., upstairs.

C. S. McNEALLY, Architect, New Bush Street, Salem, Oregon. Plans and specifications of all classes of buildings on short notice. Superior quality of work promptly executed after.

J. M. McNEALLY, Architect, 254 1/2 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon. Plans and specifications of all classes of buildings on short notice. Superior quality of work promptly executed after.

SUCCESSFUL WAR!

The only successful fight ever carried on against the ravages made in the human system by

WHISKEY, OPIUM AND TOBACCO is that made with the Double Chloride of Gold remedies at the

KEELEY INSTITUTE, 419 Broadway, New York City. Solely for medicinal purposes. Strictly confidential. F. L. TAYLOR, M. D., President. FRANK DAVY, Correspondent, etc.

First National Bank, SALEM, OREGON. W. M. N. LAURE, President. JOHN MOHR, Vice President.

GENERAL BANKING. Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, New York, London and Hong Kong bought and sold. State, County and City warrants bought. Farmers are cordially invited to deposit and transact business with us. Liberal advances made on wheat, wool, hops and other property at reasonable rates. Insurance on such security can be obtained at the bank in most reliable companies.

WILLIAMS & ENGLAND BANKING CO. CAPITAL STOCK, all Subscribed, \$200,000. Transact a general banking business in all its branches.

Capital National Bank, SALEM, OREGON. Capital Paid up, \$75,000. Surplus, \$15,000.

LOANS MADE. To farmers on wheat and other marketable produce, assigned as security either in private or public warehouses.

INSURE IN YOUR HOME COMPANY "The State." Assets Over \$500,000.00.

The New Blacksmiths SPRAGUE & HILGERS. Successors to John Helm, cor. Commercial and Commercial streets, Salem, Ore. Re-planting a specialty.

Salem Boat House. Boat office at Trade street. Measure and haul boats. Rates low.

W. M. DeHAVEN, Boaring - de - Sale - Stable. One door west of Linn's Dry Goods store on State street. Quiet family teams. Special attention paid to transient stock. 411 1/2

J. G. HARRIS, R. A. MOORE, SALEM EXPRESS COMPANY. Leave orders at the Club stables, one block east of Postoffice. All orders promptly attended to.

To Strawberry Growers. The undersigned has contracted for large quantities of the Jessie, (superior) price of fruit of Salem strawberry late and Tri-omph or Giant, (best yielder and most profitable late berry in Salem market). From W. M. Sawyer, Salem, and J. W. Gilbert, Astoria. Warranted pure stock and plants free of disease. Catalogue free, ready to mail. Also, for sale, E. H. Hoff, Salem, Oregon.

FOREST GROVE POULTRY YARDS. Founded in 1877. 1000 YOUNG FOWLS FOR SALE. And the finest ever bred on the Pacific Coast. Book your order early for choice selections. Send Stamp for Catalogue. Address J. M. GARRISON, Forest Grove, Oregon.

PRINTING. ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENTS in the State. Lower rates than Portland. Largest stock of legal blanks in the State, and biggest discounts. Send for price list of job printing, and catalogue of legal blanks. E. M. WATTE, Printer, Salem, Oregon.

PENSIONS. D. C. SHERMAN. U. S. Pension and Claim agent, P. O. Box 251, Salem, Oregon. Deputy County Clerk, Salem, Oregon.

Health is Wealth! DR. E. C. WEST'S Nerve and Brain Tonic, a guaranteed specific for Piles, Hemorrhoids, Constipation, Fits, Nervous Neurosis, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Watkint's, Mental Depression, Softening of the brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, senility and death, premature old age, impotence, loss of power caused by over-exertion of the brain, etc. Each box contains one month's treatment, 100 pills or six boxes at \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. Secure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$3.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Geo. E. Good, Druggist, 309 Commercial Street, Salem, Or.

\$500 Reward! We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation, or any disease we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Compound. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Secure your supply. Large boxes containing 30 pills, 25 cents. Boxes of counter-acting and irritating the genuine medicine only by THE J. H. C. WEST Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Geo. E. Good, Druggist, 309 Commercial Street, Salem, Or.

HELLENBRAND'S Eating Parlors & Candy Manufactory, 205 Commercial Street. BILL OF FARE.

Ice Cream—10c, 15c, and 25c per cup. Coffee and Cakes—10c per cup. Milk and Milk—10c per cup. Fruit Pie—10c per slice. Pie of Soap—10c per slice. Beefsteak and Eggs—15c per plate. Pork Chop and Eggs—25c per plate. Venison and Eggs—25c per plate. Ham and Eggs—25c per plate. Fresh Oysters any style—50c per plate. 25 Cent Regular Dinner Served from 11 to 3 O'Clock.

A nice variety of vegetables, etc., etc. Also, coffee, or tea with all 25 cent meals without extra charge. Choice Cigars, Imported Domestic, always on hand. Porter House Steak and Eggs—50c per plate. Tender Loaf Steak and Eggs—50c per plate.

\$500 Reward! Leitch's Golden Balm. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 1 Cures Chancres, Sores and Boils, Burns, Scalds, Erysipelas, Ulcers, and all primary forms of the disease known as Syphilis. Price, 25c per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 2 Cures Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilis, Rheumatism, Pains in the Head, Back of the Neck, Ulcers, etc. It cures all diseases from the system, whether caused by infection or abuse of Mercury, having the most pure and healthy. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 3 Cures all the diseases of the skin, such as Eczema, Psoriasis, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 4 Cures all the diseases of the throat, such as Sore Throat, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 5 Cures all the diseases of the eyes, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 6 Cures all the diseases of the ears, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 7 Cures all the diseases of the nose, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 8 Cures all the diseases of the mouth, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 9 Cures all the diseases of the skin, such as Eczema, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 10 Cures all the diseases of the skin, such as Eczema, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Leitch's Golden Balm No. 1 Cures Chancres, Sores and Boils, Burns, Scalds, Erysipelas, Ulcers, and all primary forms of the disease known as Syphilis. Price, 25c per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 2 Cures Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilis, Rheumatism, Pains in the Head, Back of the Neck, Ulcers, etc. It cures all diseases from the system, whether caused by infection or abuse of Mercury, having the most pure and healthy. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 3 Cures all the diseases of the skin, such as Eczema, Psoriasis, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 4 Cures all the diseases of the throat, such as Sore Throat, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 5 Cures all the diseases of the eyes, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 6 Cures all the diseases of the ears, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 7 Cures all the diseases of the nose, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 8 Cures all the diseases of the mouth, such as Catarrh, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 9 Cures all the diseases of the skin, such as Eczema, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle. Leitch's Golden Balm No. 10 Cures all the diseases of the skin, such as Eczema, etc. Price \$5.00 per Bottle.

Subscribe for the EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL, --only Fifty Cents a Month Delivered.