MUM IS THE WORD

A Companion for "Pay Up or Shut Up."

TWO VERY GOOD MOTTOES

Mrs. Frank Leslie Writes on Some Entertaining Themes—An Episode of the Elevated Railroad.

GOING home very tired one day by the elevated railroad my drowsy ear was caught by the fresh, clear voice of a young girl saying "Mum's the word."

"About what?" asked an older and wearier woman's voice.

"Oh—everything," replied the girl with a tinkling little laugh, and as if the phrase tickled her fancy she repeated it still more blithely. "Yes, mum's the word. That's the best rule of life I know of."

"There's another that they use a good deal in the mining districts," said a man's voice, with a little laugh, "and that's 'Pay up or shut up.' Don't you think that's better advice, Miss Lotty?"

"I don't just see what it means," replied Lotty coquettishly.

"Why, if one fellow has done another fellow an ugly turn—say got his money at cards—and the first man thinks he didn't play on the square"——

"Oh, dear, I don't know anything about such dreadful people," interposed Lotty, and the older woman added, "And I hope you don't either, William."

"Course I don't, mother, and of course you don't," returned William, with a choked laugh struggling under his voice, "only I've heard it, you see, and it seems to me a better rule to work by than just to keep mum, no matter what anybody does to you."

"But you didn't finish explaining what it means," interposed Lotty. "Suppose one of these horrid men cheats another horrid man at cards, for I suppose that's what you mean?"

"That's about the size of it, Miss Lotty," replied William cheerily. "Well, then, you see the fellow that comes to grief feels mad and wants to pay up."

"Why, he's got to pay up if he's lost the money, hasn't he?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't mean that kind of paying up. If the other fellow carried a couple of aces up his sleeve, why you want to pay him up for cheating, don't you?"

"Want to be revenged on him?"

"Well, if you put it that way. Anyhow, if he's a plucky fellow he'll go for him—fists or six shooter or bowie, somehow or other—and pay him up for being such a sneak, don't you see? But if he isn't plucky, and feels as if the other one had got heavier fists, or a quicker aim, or a handier knife, he sort of crawls away and goes around scolding and marling and blowing."

"William, what sort of associates have you been among in the west?" put in the mother in a tone of dismay. But Lotty, with her little, tinkling laugh, suggested:

"So, then, the other man tells him if he hasn't the courage to pay up his grudge he had better shut up and not talk about it. Is that it?"

"Yes, Miss Lotty; that's just it, and I think it's pretty good advice, isn't it? If somebody's done you a mean turn, why, pay him up for it. And if you can't pay it up, why, shut up till you can, but don't take it out in swearing."

The cars stopped, and when they went on the voices had ceased. Evidently my friends had got off, and I never had seen them but the net result of the little overheard discussion crystallized in my mind into the question:

Is it better to pay up or shut up, or is "Mum's the word" the better rule of life—better than either to pay up or shut up?

All of us, especially women, have plenty to complain of as we go through the world. Ishmael's children, whose hands were against every man and every man's hands against them, are never hard to find; indeed it sometimes seems as if, more or less disguised, they pervaded society in all its grades and all its relations and were impossible to avoid, even though the exterior seems to promise better things.

Sometimes indeed a woman's foes are those of her own household, and behind the closed doors of what to the world seems a happy home a system of persecution or of struggle is carried on which nobody suspects, unless indeed the victim, finding it impossible to "shut up" any longer, desperately resolves to "pay up" by exposing her tyrant to the vengeance of the public.

Do you doubt the existence of these silent sufferers?

If so you are not one of those persons endowed, to their own misfortune, with what is known as a sympathetic nature, persons to whom everybody tells their story almost at sight, often ending it with some such remark as this:

"I don't know why I have told you all this. I have never spoken of it outside of my own home to a living creature. But there is something about you that seems to open my heart and assure me that I may place confidence both in your sympathy and your discretion."

Of course one can but assure these poor wounded ones of both the sympathy and the discretion, and finish by administering such advice or comfort as suggests itself, though often with a dreary sense that neither the one nor the other will do any real good.

Still the telling of the story does seem to do good to such persons, and often enough they finish the interview by avowing that they feel happier than they have for weeks or years or ages, as they may phrase it, for one result of intense worry is, as I have frequently noticed, to give the object of it the sense of having suffered for a length of time beyond the power of computation. The phrase, "an eternity of woe," is by no means a mere poetical trope, but a very real experience, as I fear too many of you who read these lines know from a bitter experience, while, on the other hand, the hours or days of real happiness dotted along through a life seem so brief and so far away when once they are passed that we almost doubt if we ever actually experienced them, or if indeed they were no more than one of those morning dreams apparently covering hours, but which waking reason tells us only filled the half minutes between the servant's first and second knock upon the bedroom door.

Again, the poets have, as indeed they generally do, seized upon the true inwardness of the situation when they speak of a "dream of delight," a "vision of joy." Just think of it! "An eternity of woe" and a "dream of delight," and yet both events may, by the measure of the clock, have occupied the same length of time.

But to return a little to our muttons. Take the case of a girl at home—and I dare say some girl reading this will think I mean her, and somebody not a girl will immediately fit the cap to the head of some friend of their own, but really I mean no girl in particular, but, alas, a great many girls in general—a girl, we will say, whose parents are in very moderate circumstances, and yet not poor enough to allow their daughter to go out into the world to earn her own living. She must stay at home and "be subject unto her parents."

She must do the work which if it were done for a stranger would bring her in a solid income, while at home she is paid in food, not such as she could fancy perhaps; in clothes, each garment of which represents a separate pang of mortification and disappointment, and in a good deal of scolding and fretting at from a sickly or overworked mother and a harassed father. The girl feels, bitterly feels, that the days of her youth and good looks are passing by; that she is losing those chances of untold prosperity and joy which every girl believes—oh, sweet delusion!—lie within her reach if only she could get her hands free to grasp at them. She knows that unless some new opportunity is offered to her before long the day will come when she, too, will be peevish and sickly and fretted into wrinkles and sallowness as her mother is now, and it may well be without her mother's solace of having fulfilled a woman's destiny and taken rank as wife and mother.

Perhaps it is even worse than this; perhaps the girl is actually ill used; perhaps the father drinks, and the mother is a vixen, and the rough boy brothers are allowed to tease and tyrannize and bully their sister as only rough boys can.

In either case here is a life being spoiled and crushed, and yet capable of being saved by the intervention of some strong hand and masterful will. But if this good girl is of Lotty's way of thinking, and considers that "Mum's the word" is the best rule of life, she will simply refrain from trying to summon that hand and will to her rescue, and will, after some years of desperate struggle, go under the waves and add one more to "the noble army of martyrs," each one of whom adds her little item to the account mankind is scoring up against fate—an account probably to be repudiated in the end, since it can never be paid off.

But perhaps the girl, having stuck to her motto of "Mum's the word," finds her release comes through some William or Thomas or Jack or Joseph, who offers her marriage. Naturally the poor child grasps at any means of escape from her dreary life and does not too closely scrutinize what it offers instead. She marries in haste and, alas! repents at leisure. Jack or Joseph turns out to be different from the father from whose grumbling she has escaped, but not, on the whole, any better. He does not grumble or growl so much certainly, but he laughs and sneers, which is worse. The father dealt out his money sparingly for the new gown that could not be refused, but the husband, if urged too far, swears angrily that he has none to give and bids her make over her old things or buy them out of the magnificent dowry she brought him, when, poor child, she knows that he knows the price of her wedding gown is not yet scrimped out of the poor household she has left.

Perhaps, on the other hand, Jack or Joseph is foolishly careless of money, spends what he can get as soon as it comes to hand, and lives for the rest of the month on credit, as she is also welcome to do if she can get anybody to give it to her, for a Jack or a Joe of this kind had as lief be in debt for a hundred dollars as for ten, since he never intends to pay either. We all know the end of this career—debt, failure, processes at law, bankruptcy, ruin, misery of every sort. The children come, and their mother remembers in shame and vain regret her resentment against her own poor mother, now that she finds herself also growing peevish and complaining and ailing and lachrymose. She at last learns to understand, now it is too late, the causes of that poor mother's infirmities of body and temper, and resolves that as her own daughter grows to womanhood she will make her see the matter more truly than ever she did herself.

She won't do it, however, and for two reasons—the first, that it is impossible, one of the malicious provisions of fate being that experience is "not to be transferred," every traveler upon fate's iron road having to buy his or her own ticket, and not one of them privileged to enjoy it without paying the whole cost out of his own pocket, and the second reason being that the motto of "Mum's the word" is a righteous and a decent one when a mother's discontent with her husband is the topic and his own child the auditor. Few women, I think, would deliberately transgress this unwritten law, although the impatient word, and the eloquent silence, and the glance of the eye, and the toss of the head generally suffice to give the children at least an inkling of what the mother thinks she is so honorably keeping to herself.

But there are other women in other walks of life who may have use for Lotty's favorite motto, or who put to themselves the cynical query:

Is it better to shut up or pay up?

Households are there where sordid questions of want are not raised, since money is abundant and the luxuries of life assured. But few people nowadays feel contented to follow Paul's edict, "Having food and raiment therewith be content," not even when houses and bankbooks are added, for these modern rebels, especially the female half of them, contend that the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next, and that so far from being content with food and raiment, houses and bankbooks they count all those as naught and less than naught if they are not accompanied by sympathy, delicate consideration, harmony of temper and taste, and that peace and sweet content only to be found in congenial companionship.

These women, having married an ideal hero of their own imagining, and suddenly waking to the consciousness that they have played upon themselves just such a trick as did Titania when she crowned an ass' head with flowers, when their "dream of bliss" all of a sudden resolves itself into an "eternity of woe," naturally seek to ease the shock of the discovery by an outcry more or less audible, and it is very natural that they should.

Do you happen to know that the surgeons aver the deadly effects of pain to be very much mitigated by outcries? One of the most diabolical refinements of torture in the inquisition was to gag the victim so that he remained perforce mute. Men have thus died under suffering they might have sustained had nature been allowed her free course.

And so with the woman who feels that life has become too complex and too painful to be governed by the girl's motto of "Mum's the word." Matters have come to such a head with her that the question now is, Can I pay up, and if I cannot, what then? Why, the alternative is, shut up, and most women—some of them with full intention, and some of them with the defensive instinct that makes even a dove peck at the cruel hand that squeezes it—will begin the process of paying up by telling out their causes of complaint and putting their intimate enemy to an open shame. I say *open*, for it is sure to become so, even though at first the secret is only breathed in the ear of an intimate friend or even told in the confessional.

Some cynic inquires, "Why should you expect your friend to keep your secret when you could not keep it yourself?" And why, indeed?

Perhaps it is not only told to one intimate friend, perhaps it is to several—to everybody, to the newspapers, to the divorce court. In either way or in all ways it effects its purpose, and the unhappy and wronged wife—weak and timid though she is—pays up her tyrant better than she could with even the "six shooter or bowie" of Lotty's western friend.

Do you blame her?

Having shut up as long as she was able, is she not right to pay up in the end? I think so.

Mrs. Frank Leslie

PARIS FASHIONS.

The First Empire Rage—New Goods. Silks for Next Spring.

Just now everything is First Empire, as I predicted it would be several months ago, but even I did not foresee that it would become so general a furor. Even the flower girls have enormous balloon sleeves and all sorts of capelines. I think the fancy will endure until spring at least, and while it does we will each and all imagine ourselves exact pictures of the beautiful but unfortunate Josephine.

I have told you what is; now let me say a word about what is to be. There will be a revolution in favor of full and wide skirts before long, and I think we may soon enter into a formidable environment of steel in the way of hoops. The first will be in bell shape, with no actual hoops above the knee, but later they will grow and swell and become as overwhelmingly large as they were before. In the way of new goods we are fortunate enough to have a renewal of several old favorites in the shape of brocaded woolens and the ever lovely empress cloth. The unwieldy bedford cord has lived out its usefulness.

THE JOSEPHINE.

I saw some next spring and summer silks a few day since under seal of secrecy, and like a dutiful chronicler I tell you all in strict confidence. There will be plaids in faint tones rather than colors, and over all is a chameleon effect also in very delicate shades. There will be some superb styles of "cheney" silk, with large but faint floral patterns with that hazy, indistinct outline that seems to merge into the groundwork. Over all this will be thrown a lattice work of satin. The patterns for the chinas and pongees are to be mostly geometrical, with snowflakes and queer figures of every sort. Cubes, rhomboids, parallelograms, triangles linked, and yet others show stars, moons and comets. I am looking for one with the canals on the planet Mars, and do not doubt one will yet be found representing it.

Those Two.

The amethystine lines of evening were growing into darker purples and the purples into black.

On the little vine clad porch of the old house the two sat silent, as they had been sitting since the sun had thrown its first long farewell shadows across the fields.

What thoughts were in their minds no look or motion of theirs betrayed.

They were as silent as the stars, which one by one began to peep above the dark line of the hills.

Here and there a cricket chirped its vesper hymn, and in the old tree beyond the road a roosting fowl at intervals croaked contentedly.

It was a time when hearts may beat in harmony and souls in wordless measures make music to each other.

At such an hour peace spreads her gentle wings and all the turmoils of the world run to her shielding breast and sink to sleep.

Softly the man put out his hand and touched his companion on the arm.

The touch was light, but it was enough.

"What is it?" came the gentle query in response.

The man moved his chair a little closer.

"Jim," he said, "can you give me a shaw of terbacker?"

And the other man, in the soft, sweet hush of the evening time, went down into his pocket for the plug.—Detroit Free Press.

PLAYS O' THE WEEK

[Continued from Ninth Page.]

loveliest woman she ever met. "Why," she said, "Miss Pixley not only gives everybody a chance, but actually suggests ideas whereby a member of the company gets more out of a situation, but she is delighted when the lesser folks make hits.

Stuart Robson writes to Selena Fetter anent her recent marriage to Edwin Milton Royle: "Would be more than pleased to meet the man who won you, if only to see if you have really selected a man as handsome as I am. We are scarce, I know, but I truly hope you have caught one of us."

Salvini has no rival today on the stage, and as a romantic actor his performances are eagerly looked for. Since Charles R. Thorne and Fechter nobody has taken exclusively to the field in which "The Musketeers" and similar romantic plays are exploited.

Sol Smith Russell says: "Some critics have been trying to discover why I am popular. One said it was my winning smile, another that it was the downright homeliness of my face, and still another that it was due to my pedal extremities."

Donnelly and Girard are fairly coining money this year, and "Natural Gas" is making another fortune for them as large as that possessed by any company or other favorites who have acquired a competence from a successful series of seasons.

J. B. Polk has been engaged by Helen Barry—A. S. Lipman is said to have retired from the "By Proxy" company—Nat Goodwin's New York engagement has been extended three weeks—"My Official Wife" has made a hit in San Francisco.

"Ali Baba," David Henderson's great burlesque is doing a big business on the Pacific coast. The hosts of pretty girls have taken California by storm. The production otherwise is a bewildering maze of gorgeous costumes and fine scenery.

The coming of Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman, a beautiful woman and one of the brightest speakers on the ladies course of lectures, will be hailed with pleasure at the Ladies Literary club rooms on Sheldon street December 6.

Lysander Thompson, the actor-sculptor who died last week in New York, was a brother of Charlotte Thompson, who gained solid celebrity some years ago by a remarkable characterization of Jane Eyre.

Mr. J. M. Hill intends shortly to produce an American play on an elaborate scale. He will do everything perfectly, as he has done in comic opera, and he is now selecting a star cast for its presentation.

Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" celebrated its four hundredth consecutive performance at the Hoyt Madison Square theater December 2, with one of the prettiest souvenirs ever given in New York.

Charles Barton, late of the New York Casino, who went to Europe solely for pleasure, two or three weeks since, has secured the American rights to "The Outsider," Forbes Dawson's melodrama.

A Philadelphia manager keeps a six-horse coach going about, with announcements thrown on its windows by an interior apparatus, the vehicle being in all other respects conventional.

Mascagni's new opera, "I Rantzau," produced at the Teatro Costangi last week, had thirty recalls. The subject is "Romeo and Juliet," in tamer form and with a happier ending.

Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground" will be the attraction for the Powers Grand Saturday evening. It is a nonsensical skit replete with bright dialogue and ludicrous situations.

George W. Cable and Eugene Field have started on the road with a dialogue entertainment, in which they are very successful.

Frank Daniels has changed the name of his new play from "Blood Will Tell" to "Doctor Cupid."

Lillian Lewis in "Little Lil" is among the future bookings at the Powers' Grand.

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. 75c.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of the state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful, and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine, and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by F. J. Wurzburg, druggist, 58 Monroe street.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. K. Dalton of Luray, Russell county Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six-year-old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his praise of the Remedy. For sale by F. J. Wurzburg, druggist, 58 Monroe street.

Life Worth Living.

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed. Sold by White & White.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

JOHN H. WOODBURY, D.L., 125 W. 42d St., New York City.

No Barbarous Method

employed in curing piles with Hill's pile pomade. No cutting, no ligatures, no cauterizing, but a simple and positive cure for piles, or we would not give you a printed guarantee with each package. Price, $1.00, six packages $5. By mail. Try it tonight.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. J. Wurzburg, druggist, 58 Monroe street.

Mr. J. C. Boswell, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Brownwood, Texas, suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and tried many different remedies without benefit, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used; that relieved him at once. For sale by F. J. Wurzburg, druggist, 58 Monroe street.

"Royal Ruby" brand port wine sold by White & White, Thum Bros. & Schmidt, leading druggists, is the best, purest and cheapest. $1.00 in quart bottles; pints 60 cents. Never sold in bulk. All druggists and doctors recommend it.

ROYAL WINE CO., Chicago.

Very Much Surprised.

I have been afflicted with neuralgia for nearly two years, have tried physicians and all known remedies, but found no permanent relief until I tried a bottle of Dullam's Great German Liniment and it gave me instant and permanent relief. 25 cents per bottle.

Signed, A. B. SNELL.

Hamilton, Mich., April 11, 1891.

For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

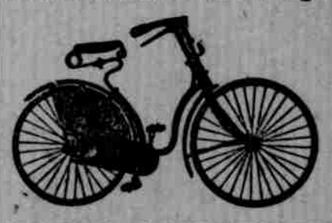
All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you can not get it, send your addre for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, Le Roy, N. Y.

BICYCLES

CHEAP

FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Kodaks and Hand Cameras, Smith Premier Typewriters, Picture Frames and Mouldings.



MAGIC LANTERNS

In Great Variety.

PERKINS & RICHMOND,

13 Fountain St.

Now Is the Winter of our Discontent

Made glorious by the thought that we can get the very

LATEST STYLES

Mackintosh Garments

—AT—

STUDLEY & BARCLAY'S

RUBBER STORE,

Which will keep both warm and dry during the stormy weather that is upon us. We have just received TWO HUNDRED of these garments and those who come first will have the best choice. We guarantee the quality to be the very best, and our prices will be found to be from TEN TO TWENTY PER CENT BETTER than can be obtained from Clothing and Dry Goods stores. Don't forget the place.

NO. 4 MONROE STREET.

STUDLEY & BARCLAY

M. W. OWENS,

Commercial and Portrait

PHOTOGRAPHER

133 Front Street, West End Pearl Street Bridge,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

All work first class. Special care taken with Commercial Work.

"A woman best understands a woman's ills."

"The normal life, well-being, and happiness of mankind depend upon the physical health and perfection of woman."

"AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE."

DEAR MADAM:

You speak of using my recent letter as a testimonial—you are perfectly welcome to do so—would that I could influence all suffering women to give your compound a fair trial. I must say to you that it is *an invaluable medicine*, and, if used according to directions, will prove a certain cure for the diseases it is recommended for. It has been very, very beneficial to myself and daughter.

Sincerely Yours,

MRS. S. BLAIR, cor. Church and Park Sts., Roanoke City, Va.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

An Illustrated book, entitled "Guide to Health and Etiquette," by Lydia E. Pinkham, is of great value to ladies. We will present a copy to any one addressing us with ten 2-cent stamps.

EVERY GENTLEMAN INTERESTED.

Play a sure thing boys and put up

$2, $3 or $5

With us and you can't lose.

We will offer fifty cases of gents fine shoes this week at the following prices:

Gent's Genuine Satin Calf Congress only $2.00. Ten different styles to pick from.

Gent's Wescott Calf Congress or Bals $3.00. These are made of the very best warranted American Stock and equal to any $5.00 shoe in the market.

Gent's Imported Cordovan Congress or Bals. $5.00 Have no Superior on the face of the earth at any price.

Call and see these goods at

O'HARA'S 72 Canal Street.

MICHIGAN PRINTERS

Will find it to their best interests to get our prices on TYPE and PRINTERS' IMPLEMENTS of all kinds, as well as FLAT PAPERS, CARDBOARDS, RULED HEADINGS, etc; We are the largest Printers' Supply-House in the State. Write for Catalogue and Discounts.

HARRIS' PAPER HOUSE.

32 North Ionia St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

COAL.

THIS IS

'Coal Weather'

and we want you to place your orders for

Coal OR Wood

WITH US.

T. GAMEY.

Office and Yards at Intersection of East Street and D., L. & N. Ry

Telephone your order—No. 36-1.

TRY OUR SIZE!

NO. 2 CHESTNUT COAL

At $6.50 ton.

BURNS JUST AS WELL. BUY A TON AND SEE.

A. B. KNOWLSON,

26 PEARL STREET.

WHY NOT TRY

NO. 2 NUT COAL

IT IS MUCH CHEAPER AND CAN BE USED IN SMALL STOVES.

A. HIMES, 1 Canal St., under Old National Bank and Sweet's Hotel. Phone 690-1.

ORDER

Scranton Coal.

—OF—

E. A. HAMILTON.

"THE BEST IS NO BETTER AND THE POOREST NO CHEAPER."

Office Under National City Bank. Telephone 1180.

MALYDOR INJECTION

THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND

Our Perfection Syringe free with every bottle. Does not Stain. Prevents stricture. Cures Gonorrhœa and Gleet in 1 to 4 days. Ask Druggists. Sent to any address for $1.00.

MALYDOR M'F'G CO, LANCASTER, O

WANTED! 5,000 MEN! TO USE ELIXIR OF YOUTH.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

It is not if you are not in possession of the full faculties for enjoying it. We offer to the public a true and trusty remedy, the ELIXIR OF YOUTH. It is a positive cure for Spermatorrhœa, Loss of Power, Night Emissions, and all seminal weakness of any nature, arising from disease, over-indulgence or abuse of any kind. It effects speedy and permanent cures in young or old of either sex, renews strength and restores the vigor of youth, making life worth living.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE. 6 BOTTLES, $5.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE GERMAN HOSPITAL REMEDY CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

For sale in Grand Rapids by White & White, 48 Monroe street; R. A. McWilliams, 35 West Bridge street; Peck Bros., Monroe street.

DR. VON PETERS LIQUID SULPHUR

Nature always administers sulphur in liquid form. Why not imitate nature.

Liquid sulphur is simply a pure solution of sulphur. No secret is made of the result. The process of manufacture is the secret.

Sulphur has been used by the medical profession time out of mind.

It will be found prescribed by the best authorities approved by the best practice.

Liquid sulphur—"Internal"—for the blood, stomach, liver, and kidneys.

Liquid sulphur—"Lotion"—All diseases of the skin.

Liquid sulphur—"For the bath"—Nature's own cure for rheumatism.

Liquid sulphur—"Special"—For diseases of women.

ON SALE AT THE DRUGGISTS'.

CRANE & DEMINGS BROS.

—RELIABLE—

CHIMNEY SWEEPS!

And Stack Builders.

Telephone 1097. Residence 347 N. College ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.