

Nothing succeeds like success. The success achieved by men and things are not always based upon merit. But a success well merited and unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicine, should therefore come to be written in Eminent's Stomach Bitters, a botanic medicine, discovered nearly half a century ago, and the leading remedy for and preventive of malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

CHERRY FAIR is a device to make the horse pay for the pasturage of the sheep—Ram's Horn.

Rich Red Blood

Is the Foundation of the Wonderful Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is Why the Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are Cures. That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the severest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases. That is Why it overcomes the Thirst Feeling, strengthens the nerves, gives energy in place of exhaustion. That is Why the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla have increased year after year, until it now requires the largest Laboratory in the world for the production of

Hood's Sarsaparilla



Life is a Burden

With many women who are afflicted with impure blood, which causes debility and a variety of diseases. The following is a sample case of prompt relief by Hood's Sarsaparilla: "I have received more benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla than from all other medicines or remedies. For years I suffered terribly with a cankered stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and general debility. Life was a burden. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, together with Hood's Pills, my health began to improve. Formerly anything I ate caused me great distress. Now I can eat heartily and am greatly improved in flesh and health. I most cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. GRACE PARRISON, Cazenovia, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

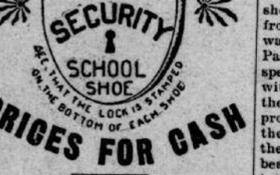
It creates an appetite and overcomes that tired feeling. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills

the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK!

IT IS ON THE BEST SCHOOL SHOE MADE



PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7 1/2 - \$1.00 11 to 13 1/2 - \$1.50 8 to 10 1/2 - 1.25 1 to 3 - 1.75

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunders humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squamous feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE BEST PREPARED FOOD

SOLD EVERYWHERE. JOHN GABLE & SONS, New York.

"WING AND HAND."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks on the Human Hand and Supernatural

As Seen in the Bible—The Human Hand that Wrote It Shows the Accomplishment of the Wing of Inspiration.

The following discourse on "Wing and Hand" was delivered by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the Academy of Music, New York city, based on the text:

The likeness of the hands of a man was under their wings.—Ezekiel 4, 8.

While tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon, I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memorandum. This chapter is all a flutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels, radiant, mighty, all-knowing, adoring, worshipful. When patriarch sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem, or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim, he made them part lion, or part ox, or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim whose majesty, and speed and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical, and all the suppositions human, represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere. Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky mountain eagle aiming for the noonday sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempest, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see—the bird's pinion—which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wonderful than the human arm; with power of making itself more light, or more heavy; of expansion or contraction; defying all altitudes and all abysses; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he toils up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes pits the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings; human hands; hands like ours. "The likeness of the hands of a man under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together that which soars, and that which practically works; that which ascends the heavens, and that which reaches forth to earth; the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial; the hand and the wing. We see this union in the instructions of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What realms of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over? Over what battlefields for righteousness; what coronations; what dominions of gladness; what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover! But in every book of the Bible you just as certainly see the human hand that wrote it.

Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the ten commandments, the foundation of all good legislation; Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in smiles drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel nets; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving especial attention to diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the resurrection that stand as firmly as on the day he planted them; and St. John shows his hand by taking his imagery from the appearance of the bright waters spread around the island of Patmos at hour of sunset, when he speaks of the sea of glass mingled with fire; scores of hands writing the parables, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Bible is so human; so full of heartbeats; so sympathetic; so wet with tears; so triumphant with palm-branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can take hold of it—each writer in his own style: Job, the scientist; Solomon, the royal-blooded; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel, the abstemious and heroic; why, we need not look to the top of the page to see who it is the author. No more conspicuous than the uplifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand, the flexible hand, the skillful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold the combination of my text in all successful Christian work. We stand or kneel in our pulpits, and social meetings, and reformatory associations, offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in India. It can glide the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or prayer starts from an infant's tongue, or the trembling lip of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of the furnace oven, they soar away, and pick out of all the shipping of the earth, on all the seas, the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yes, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed; and the babe was brought, and the father prayed: "If this child should live to become queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said: "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for the infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, and land and sea, supplanted, "God save

the queen!" Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plumage, and as swift to rise, or swoop, or dart, or climb as the cherubim's vision. But, oh, my friends, the prayer! What have the hands hidden the wing, if it may alight to nothing. The higher the hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far-off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing! "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel; unless thou art willing to give something of your own means to make it fly."

Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right; but also extend the hand of invitation to come to religious meeting. It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in a sling. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon; or, 'Have your fingers been crushed?'" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life-long with their hand in sling. They have been hurt by indifference, or wrong means of what is best; or by conventionalities; and they never put forth that hand; they lift, or help, or rescue anyone. They pray, and their hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand, we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for; to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wonderful hand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left forty thousand dollars for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book: "The Hand; Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm and the fourteen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle, and nerve, and artery, and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When He rose from Mount Olivet, He took wings. All up and down His life you see the uplifting divinity. It glowed in His forehead. It flashed in His eyes. Its cadences were heard in His voice. But He was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world, and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch His hand before it was spoked. There was a dead girl in a governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold hand in His warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household, and says: "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The book says: "He took her by the hand, and the maid rose." Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the yeoman glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with his hand reconstructed that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunnel without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The book says: "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full-grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from His own tongue, and stirs the dust into an eye-salve, and with His own hands applies the strange medicine, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly-created optic nerve, and the instantaneous noon drowns in the long night. When He sees the grief of Mary and Martha, He sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse in the Bible; but to me it seems, because of its far-reaching sympathies, about the largest—"Jesus wept!" So very human. He could not stand the sight of drowsy, or epileptic, or paralysis, or dementia; but He stretches out His sympathetic hand toward it. So very, very human. Omnipotent, and majestic, and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of encircling the universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of helpfulness. "The hands of a man under the wings. There is a kind of religion in the day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delectation over their saved state, going about from prayer meeting to prayer meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular enterprise, and they have bronchitis, or stich in the side, or sudden attack of grip. Their religion is all wings, and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they can not reach out earthward.

While Thomas Chalmers occupied the chair of moral philosophy in St. Andrew's university, he had at the same time a Sabbath-school class of poor boys down in the slums of Edinburgh. While Lord Fitzgerald was traveling in Canada he saw a poor Indian squaw carrying a crushing load, and he took the burden on his own shoulders. That was Christ-like. The highest type of religion says little about itself, but it busy for God and in helping to the heavenly shore the crew and passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of this city, and all through the mountain glens, and down in the quarries where the sunlight has never visited, and amid the rigging, helping to take in another reef, before the Caribbean whirlwind. A friend was telling me of an exquisite thing about Seattle, then of Washington territory, now of Washington state. The people of Seattle

had raised a generous sum of money for the Johnstown sufferers from the flood. A few days after Seattle was destroyed by fire. I saw it while the whole city were living in tents. In a public meeting some one proposed that the money raised for Johnstown be used for the relief of their own city, and the cry was No! No! No! Send the money to Johnstown, and by acclamation the money was so sent. Nothing more beautiful or sublime than that. Under the wing of fire that smote Seattle and the sympathetic hand, the helping hand, the mighty hand of Christian relief for people thousands of miles away. Who there are a hundred thousand men and women whose one business is to help others: Helping hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands, emancipating hands, saving hands. Sure enough, these people had wings of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." There was much said in that which the robust boatman said when three were in a boat off the coast in a sudden storm that threatened to sink the boat, and one suggested that they all kneel down in the boat and pray, and the robust man took hold of the oar and began to pull, saying: "Let you, the strong, stout fellow, lay hold the other oar, and let the weak one who can not pull give himself up to prayer." Pray by all means; but at the same time pull with all your might for the world's rescue. An arctic traveler hunting beaver while the ice was breaking up, and supposing that there was no human being within a hundred miles, heard the man, insane with hunger and cold, was wading in the ice water. The explorer took the man to his canoe and made for land, and the people gathered on the shore. All the islanders had been looking for the lost man, and finding him according to prearrangement all the bells rang, and all the guns fired. Oh, you can make a gladder time among the towers and hill-tops of Heaven if you can fetch home a wanderer.

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended; and for every useful and Christian hand there will be an elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude for it will not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you are pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in return. I find a decided advantage in these terms. On these terms I defy them to disappoint me." But, my hearers, the day cometh when your work, which perhaps no one has noticed, or rewarded, or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. While I have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim, I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right away. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed to the last. Walter Scott, in boyhood, was called "The Greek Blockhead;" but what height of renown did he not afterward tread? And I promise you victory further on and higher up; if not in this world, then in the next. Oh, the heavenly day when your lifted hand shall be gloved with what honors, its fingers enriaged with what jewels, its wrist clasped with what splendors! Come up and take it, you Christian women, who served at the wash tub. Come up and take it, you Christian shoemaker, who pounded the shoe last. Come up and take it, you professional nurse, whose compensation never paid for broken nights and the whims and struggles of delicious sick rooms. Come up and take it, you fireman, beset, far down amid the greasy machinery of ocean steamers, and ye conductors and engineers on railroads, that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistles never warned off your own anxieties. Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lulled the family brood until they took wing for other nests, and never appreciated what you had done and suffered for them. Your hand was well favored when you were young, and it was a beautiful hand, so well rounded, so graceful that many admired and eulogized it; but hard work calloused it, and twisted it, and self-sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring which went on only with a push at the marriage altar, now is too large, and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Wary hand! Worn-out hand! But God will reconstruct it, reanimate it, readorn it, and all Heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it bandaged! What light-houses it kindled! What storm-tossed ships it brought into the pearl-beached harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text Ezekiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll, on that everlasting rest for all the toiling, and misunderstanding, and suffering and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand, the triumphant hand of Him who wipe away all tears from all faces. That will be the palace of the King of which the poet sang in somewhat Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie war! that we're livin' in the noo. An' aunty is the lan' we aften travel thro'; But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can cling. For its beauty as is naethin to the Palace o' the King. We see our friend's awat we ower yonder at His gate; Then let us a' be ready, for ye kin it's gettin' late; Let our lamps be brichtly burnin'; let's raise our voice o' sin; Let our feet be ready, for ye kin it's gettin' late. Let our feet be ready, for ye kin it's gettin' late.

Culture Not a Saving Grace. Culture alone can save man. Intellectual giants may be intellectual devils. Robespierre was a man of high culture. Nero and Caligula were scholars. Cataline and Aaron Burr were men of the highest culture. Cleopatra and Borgias were ladies of fashion. A world made up of such specimens of the highest culture would be a perfect hell. The Gospel of the Gospel of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ, the gospel of salvation through repentance and faith, is the only gospel that can save from the guilt and the love and the curse of sin.—Religious Telegraph.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 188 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

ALL SORTS.

Mrs. MARY FROST, the daughter of the astronomer, will lecture on astronomy at Chautauqua during the coming summer.

PROF. MAX MULLER knows eighteen different languages to the extent of being able to speak or write in any one of them, and a considerable number in addition less perfectly.

HENRY ANTHON JONES' latest play holds the record for length of title. It is "The Triumph of the Philistines and How Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury Under Very Trying Circumstances."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, vs. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1904. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

TEXAS JUSTICE—"You admit you stole the pig out of the best Colored Prisoner?" "Yes, I admit I stole the pig, but I was hungry, and I didn't have nuffin' ter eat." "Pork stealer," said the judge, with tears in his eyes, as he chained him down for two years.—Jammamy Times.

Whether on pleasure travel, or business, take on every trip a bottle of S. S. S., as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

A WISE MAN should have money in his head, not in his hand.—Swift.

He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.—Old Proverb.

EACH ONE sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

DELAVER ME, O Lord, from that evil man, myself.—T. Brooks.

IF hours did not hang heavy what would become of scandal!—Bancroft.

WHEN the devil goes for his photograph he wants to retouch the negative himself.—Ram's Horn.

HE deserves small trust who is not privy counselor to himself.—Ford.

IN persons grafted in a serious trust negligence is a crime.—Shakespeare.

A COURSE of conduct that has to be defended to the conscience may always be set down as wrong.—Ram's Horn.

"HOW MANY bells are in this chime?" asked the curious traveler. "Eight all told," said the sexton.—Indianapolis Journal.

IN the Chains.—He (protesting)—"Poverty is no crime." She "Possibly not morally, but it is matrimonially."—Detroit Free Press.

SOME men are counting upon getting to heaven because they have never been in jail.—Ram's Horn.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is extra for general blackening for brasses, iron, tin, copper, etc. It is a perfect polish after dinner cleaning applied and polished with a cloth.

McELREES WINE OF CARDUI

For Female Diseases.

See John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Elly's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

FRISO'S CURS is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '04.

If we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous.—Ruskin.

See Eyes Cured. Jackson's Indian Eye Salve never fails to do this; 25c at all drug stores.

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed.

S.S.S.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this issue.

Work flies right along when you take Pearlina to it. So does the dirt. Every scrubbing brush seems to have wings.

You get through your cleaning in half the time you used to, and without any commotion or fuss.

Pearlina saves rubbing. That means a good deal besides easy work, even in house-cleaning. Paint and wood-work and oil-cloth, etc., are worn out by rubbing.

Pearlina cleans with the least labor, and without the least harm, anything in the world that water doesn't hurt.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE!—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

Your Neighbor's Wife Likes

CLARETTE SOAP.

Says it saves time—saves money—makes overwork unnecessary. Tell your wife about it. Your grocer sells it. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, St. Louis.

DUNCAN'S LINIMENT

the old reliable, tested REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Headache, Toothache, and PAINS generally.

G. W. GUNTER, CLINTONVILLE, Ala., says: "I have found DUNCAN'S LINIMENT to be the best remedy for pains generally I ever saw." For COLIC in HORSES and MULES it is a "dead shot."

WEBB MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, WASHINGTON, TENN.

CONSUMPTION

can, without doubt, be cured in its early stages. It is a battle from the start, but with the right kind of weapons properly used it can be overcome and the insidious foe vanquished. Hope, courage, proper exercise, will-power, and the regular and continuous use of the best nourishing food-medicine in existence—

Scott's Emulsion

—the wasting can be arrested, the lungs healed, the cough cured, bodily energies renewed and the physical powers made to assert themselves and kill the germs that are beginning to find lodgment in the lungs. This renowned preparation, that has no doubt cured hundreds of thousands of incipient cases of Consumption, is simply Cod-liver Oil emulsified and made palatable and easy of assimilation, combined with the Hypophosphites, the great bone, brain and nerve tonic, Scott & Bownes, New York. All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES. On this Occasion, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

M.A.C.H.I.N.E.R.Y.

ENGINES and BOILERS. M. DUDLEY COLE, ENGINEER, N. ORLEANS, LA. APPLY EARLY.