

FUR! FUR! FUR!

The only stock in the city WORTH MENTIONING. Ladies' London Dyer Seal sets. Ladies' London Dyer Seal Caps. Ladies' London Dyer Seal Hats. Ladies' Mink Seal for \$15.00. Ladies' Alaska Seal for \$65.00. Ladies' Fur Bonnets. Misses' and Children's Fur Hats and Caps for 50 cents each. A new lot ordered by express and will be on sale Tuesday morning.

Wm. Curran's, 223 Ohio Street.

WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1881.

ICLES.

The city was full of farmers yesterday. The K. & T. from the south was thirty minutes late last evening. Work on the Flat Creek dam is being vigorously prosecuted. The west-bound Pacific was fifteen minutes late yesterday evening. The inmates of Mollie Blue's ranch will be up before the recorder on tomorrow. Several wagon loads of dressed pork were offered for sale on our streets yesterday. Everything was well in East Sedalia yesterday, so says Officers Masonhall and Meyers. J. Cohn, formerly of the firm of Cohn & Lipsitz, is in the city. He is now a commercial traveler. W. C. Moore will shortly take a remunerative position in the Missouri Pacific offices in St. Louis. Madame Hicks and her frail boarders were arraigned before the recorder this morning, and fined \$80. The goods belonging to Suber Bros. attached by W. T. Barbery, jr., of St. Louis, were sold yesterday by Consable Barnett. Dr. J. P. Gray yesterday received a telegram from Windsor, announcing the death of his sister, who resides at that point. The next meeting of the "Minerva Club" will be held at the residence of L. A. Ross, on Seventh street, next Wednesday night. The employees of the K. & T. have subscribed \$50 for the relief of J. H. McMahon who recently had his arm sawed off by a circular saw. A fight took place in the Star saloon on Friday night between Mitchell, the proprietor, and Jack Arnold. The latter is said to have got the worst of it. The fixtures belonging to Higdon, the defunct Second street restaurant keeper, were yesterday sold at auction by Hammel, the well-known auctioneer. Ida Britt has secured a situation in the family of a well-known member of the Sedalia bar, and says that she will hereafter lead an honest and virtuous life. A couple of negro wenches gave a hair-pulling matinee in front of the opera house last night. They were separated after a short encounter however, and the fun stopped. The mayor has set December 13th as the day for holding the second ward election, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Alderman L. A. Fernald. About a dozen young men from the rural districts made things rather lively in South Sedalia, about ten o'clock last night, by riding through it at break-neck speed, and yelling at the top of their voices. The Knights of Pythias, Four de Lys division, held their regular monthly meeting at Castle hall, corner of Ohio and Fifth streets, last night. All the Knights appeared in full uniform. Don Cesar de-Iezan, and the comedietta, "A Happy Pair," were rendered in a very commendable manner at the opera house last night by the Stafford company. The house was a very fair one. A team belonging to a Ridge Prairie, Saline county, farmer, was running around the streets, late Friday night, at a break-neck speed. They were fortunately captured before any damage was done. The bridge over the Osage, near Rockville, which was recently wrecked, when J. F. Wager, the heroic engineer, lost his life, has been rebuilt, and the south-bound K. & T. went over it last night. Wm. Stafford, whose real name is Wm. Schmitt, is the son of a wealthy Louisville banker, and will be remembered as having appeared here as "Shylock" some two years ago. He is now only twenty-two years of age and is an actor of much promise. According to Dr. Harry Heineken, we are soon to be treated to something rare in the way of a footrace. D. J. Ross, of New York City, the champion ten mile runner of America, with a record of five miles in twenty-six minutes and thirty seconds, best record in America, and P. Fitzgerald, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, the only man that ever ran eleven miles in one hour, took place at Nevada on Saturday. A repetition of all these things are promised us soon. Professors Schriber and Heineken, of Nevada, have this matter in charge, and the Sedalians look to them for the full performances of the programme.

A THOUGHT.

Everything in nature leaves its history. The trees and the flowers cast their shadows on the grass. All things in nature, by some unknown mystery, are writing out their stories as they pass. The river leaves its tale upon the mountain. Nothing returns from us to God unknown. Even the little drop that trickles from the fountain, chisels its sculpture on the yielding stone. John McGinness says: Dr. Benson, I will pray for you as long as I live, because you took pity on me when I was sick and in the hospital, and sent me two boxes of your Celery and Chamomile Pills, and they cured me of sciatism, neuralgia and nervous weakness.

Burdette. The week next has read the writings of Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, who is a humorist of national reputation. He will lecture at Smith's hall tomorrow night. Reserved seats for sale at Fisher's Pearl River Palace.

A Beautiful Tribute.

'Tis sweet to die and be remembered and loved. It will be remembered that some weeks ago Arthur Spickler, a commercial man, took sick and died at Sedalia. It will also be remembered that in his hours of illness he was attended by the commercial men, and when his spirit took its flight to realms above he was carefully placed at rest in the Sedalia cemetery by the same kind hands that had smoothed his dying pillow. Yesterday a floral tribute arrived in Sedalia from a St. Louis young lady, supposed to be from Spickler's affianced. It is a pillow, tastefully made of feathered, daisies and grasses. On the pillow is beautifully wrought with heliotrope, "At Rest." Tomorrow all traveling men who are in the city are requested to meet at Sedalia at 3 o'clock p. m., and go to the cemetery to place the offering on the grave of Spickler. You had better cut out this address: "Dr. C. R. Sykes, 169 Madison street, Chicago, for you may need his 'Sure Cure for Catarrh.'"

Examination Postponed.

The preliminary examination of Theo. McDermott, the City Marshal of Bonville, who shot and killed Editor Thornton on Saturday last, and which was set for Friday, was postponed by consent until Wednesday. Quite an array of counsel has been employed both by the State and the defense, and the case will be an exceedingly interesting one. The State is represented by Jno. B. Walker, prosecuting attorney of Cooper county, and Capt. L. I. Bridges, of this city, who has a State-wide reputation as a criminal lawyer, while the defendant is represented by Johnson & Casprow, of Bonville, both lawyers of acknowledged ability. Thousands of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 223 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet.

He Takes the Cake.

The following composition, was read by a ten-year-old youth in one of our Public schools on Friday evening last: "We fit through the dreary hours of summer like swift-winged bumble-bees, amid the honey-suckle and pumpkin blossoms, storing away perhaps a little glucose honey and buckwheat pancakes for the future; but all at once like a thief in the night, the king of frost and ripe mellow chillblains is upon us, and we crouch beneath the wintry blast, and hump our spinal column up into the crisp air like a Texas steer that has thoughtlessly swallowed a raw cactus."

Another Snide Detective.

For several days past a middle-aged man has been making himself rather conspicuous among railroad men, claiming to be connected with the Missouri Pacific special detective service. As the company's men do not generally give their names and business, the officers began to suspect that something was crooked with the fellow. So Chief Farlong, of the railway service, was tackled on the question. He had also heard of the man, whom he pronounced a fraud and a crook, and says he has nothing to do with his department, whatever. Allen will be run in if he shows up again.

The McNally Case.

The board of aldermen at its last meeting appointed Messrs. Mend, Holcomb and Sinclair to investigate the charge against City Fire Engineer McNally, who shot and killed Wash. Hyde a few weeks ago. The BAZOO supposes that the committee was raised to determine whether he should be still kept in the employ of the city since the difficulty mentioned, for that body is not competent, in law, to adjudicate the case. Since the grand jury, composed of as good men as Pettis county and Sedalia affords, found a true bill against the accused, it would be bad taste for the city aldermen to reinstate him. For aught this community knows he may be still carrying his self-cooking revolver and it is a dangerous weapon in the hands of men who are of less excitable temperament than McNally. While the BAZOO does not desire to pass upon McNally's case until the courts have their say, the city of Sedalia cannot afford to retain him in its employ until, at least, he is vindicated by the courts.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1879. GENTLEMEN—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf. THOS. G. KNOX.

WHAT

The "Bazoo" Would Like to Know. —What Arthur Maltby goes to church for? —The joke Bob Schall had on Jim Glass Thursday eve? —Where officer Mike Whelan procured those pulse-warmers, and if there are any more where Mike obtained his? —Why the inmates of Madame Hicks's mansion who entered a Main street saloon last Friday evening, did not drink the beer they ordered? —Why the Vernon County Democrat is under the impression that a certain Sedalia whisky drummer, who visits Nevada, is a great lady killer?

SHAMEFUL.

Who is Responsible for the Condition of Mattie Martin?

For two months past one of the conspicuous sights on our streets by day, and in houses of ill-fame and the lowest negro dives in the city by night, has been a young girl, a child, rather, of twelve years of age. This is Mattie Martin, a lost creature of prepossessing appearance, whose terrible fate is due rather to ignorance and want of care, than to hope, than a bad and wicked heart. Mattie's sins are the lowest and basest which one of her sex can commit. She not only swears in the most profane manner, but is frequently drunk, and to the eternal shame of those who might have saved her, she daily indulges in that other worst sin which a female can be guilty of. She is said to be now suffering from a loathsome disease which is continually growing in malignity from her drunken and gross habits, from neglect and from want of medical attention. Only yesterday she was seen on the streets in a beastly drunken condition. During the day she is employed by the depraved women of the city to act for them in various ways, running their sinful errands, and as a decoy to lead men not less depraved than she, to their habits of vice, where they ply their wretched vocation. The mother of this girl, having failed of her redemption, has finally driven her from home, and today she is a pariah haunting the halls of prostitution in this fair city. Where does the responsibility for this crying sin lie? The world is wide, and golden-headed Charity stalks abroad, pursuing her holy way through many a tortuous path, where sin and squalor and misery have their wretched abode. It is strange that, considering all that has been done for the poor lately, no kind and rescuing hand has alighted on this poor and lost wail. Even yet she may be saved. And the BAZOO wants to ask the question, will anything be done for Mattie Martin? While the shadows within which the poor lie are being explored, will not some christian man or woman stretch forth a hand, humble in God's love, like that which guided our blessed Saviour into the dust, and say to Mattie Martin, "Kiss sister?" Or will she be left to pursue the downward path in life, her young and untired feet taking hold on hell, till she falls into an untimely and unhonored grave, damned and lost in this world and in that which is to come? It is not like Jesus Christ. Surely some there are who could do something, do anything, for Mattie Martin. She could be taken by some farmer, some honest mechanic, and might in time be turned to some good; and a life of honesty and virtue. Besides there are many institutions of charity in the land which will be glad to receive her. Let her be sent there, or some other means adopted that she may be saved. The police have done their part. They cannot be expected to accomplish that which they are powerless to accomplish. The people of Sedalia, and the people's representatives in the churches, the ministers and christian men and women, can alone do for this little female Ishmaelite that which is proper to be done.

We all recollect that story of the eastern pariah who was driven from place to place, like a wild beast, until she lay down beneath the spreading palms to die. One there came who was a disciple of the holy Koran. He, too, passed within the dark aisles and forest odors in order that he might there bathe his heated temples in the sweet waters, and rest. He saw the pariah. "Sister, what do you here?" "Sister to me, so poor as I am!" cried the pariah, "you know not what you say." Then he who was a follower of the Koran said, "I know you are my sister before Allah and the world; therefore, rise and come with me." And in order that she might not meet the scornful gaze of others, he placed his turban before her eyes and led her away. He placed her among women and amidst those hearts were pure; and Allah smiled, and ere long she was as pure as they. There was a king in that country who was honored and loved. When the king heard of the way in which one of the humblest of his subjects had behaved, he sent for him and said, "Select the richest of my jewels, take unto thee the fairest of my maids. Whatever thou wilt, take." And the man replied, "Not these, O King, but only thy love." And the king loved him as man never loved man before.

Home Market Report.

Ice cream—Remains firm; buyers speculating on next Fourth of July. Stove wood—Active and higher, but not too high to reach. Somebody reached for fifteen sticks from our pile last night. Eggs—Wax up—all the hens are on a stride except a few and they are manufacturing in the hay left, and running on half time, consequently but few are offered for sale. Those being \$50.40 cents, and are bought chiefly by manufacturers of Tom and Jerry. Charity—Genuine article all out. Tracts and Baxter's Saint's Rest, good supply. Advice offered freely. Perfect Rest—Front seats on cracker boxes, at the corner grocery store, are all taken up. Holders firm—very firm. Coal—Rather "slack." Little lumps lively. Big ones active after dark. Exchanges—All newspapers gone at sight in this office. Game—Only one "brace" one in town, consequently "stakes" high. Fish—Suckers, plenty on hand, and stock steadily increasing. Poultry—Chickens on the raise. A fellow raised a fifteen-cent one last winter and Squire Clark gave him sixty days. Oysters—Yearlings on the half shell go off early. Check—Market over run. But lots owned by a man who borrows his neighbors newspaper instead of buying one for himself. Bams—Market over run—sixteen at a Fifth street residence asking for "hand outs" before breakfast yesterday. Detectives—Snide ones, way down; some too low for any use; good ones, scarce. Gospel—None on hand, excepting what will be knocked down to the stummers tonight. New supply on hand by next Sunday.

Mothers Don't Know

How many children are punished for being uncouth, willful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters, for two or three weeks the children would be all a parent could desire."

—Buy your groceries of Murphy Bros. 11-20d2m.

SPIRITUALISM.

What a Bazoo Reporter Saw at a "Seance" in this City on Thursday Evening.

The Medium Removed a Lady's Hat and Placed it on the Head of a Little Boy.

He Also Removed a Man's Watch From His Pocket and Gave it to a Lady.

On Thursday evening a representative of the BAZOO accepted an invitation to be present at a "seance" held at the office of a well-known young attorney of this city, and presided over by Mr. A. H. Phillips, of New York, a prominent medium. The invitation was accepted more in a spirit of curiosity, being an unbeliever, and this promised a new and novel sensation, being the first one of the kind he ever attended. Upon arriving at the place designated, the reporter met a small party of ladies and gentlemen on a like mission, every one he knew well. A few minutes elapsed, when Mr. Phillips, the medium, was brought in and introduced to the party. The doors were then locked, and in a short time the medium, who had formed a circle out of the chairs in the room, asked the company to be seated. There were three new ordinary slates without pencil, also a violin and guitar in the room. These were placed on the laps of some of the company. The medium placed his chair in the ring immediately in front of one of the gentlemen of the party, whom he asked to place his feet on his (the medium's) so he could not rise without his knowledge. He then asked the lights to be put out and the company to hold each other by their wrists, forming an unbroken circle. The place being in utter darkness, what he represented as spirits began to manifest themselves. The medium asked some of the company to sing, when the song was accompanied by sounds on the guitar and violin. However about the room, sometimes on the heads of some of the ladies and gentlemen, by spirit hands, as it were. Questions were asked of friends in the spirit land and answered through the medium, who then apparently went into a trance, and in that state foretold the future of some present. This, of course, had no effect upon the reporter, who is an unbeliever, but things happened for which he does not pretend to account and no accomplishment could have been present. Those present were plainly touched simultaneously on the head and shoulders, sparks of fire were floating above their heads. Upon asking for messages on the slates, the slates were placed in the laps of persons asking it and the scribble of the pencil was plainly heard thereon. The watch-chain of a gentleman was manipulated and the watch afterwards taken out of his vest pocket and placed in the lap of a lady across the room. She afterwards felt it taking leave and another gentleman received it. The lady above mentioned had her hat gently removed from her head, the rubber holding it being loosened under the hair, soon after a round comb was carefully removed from her head in the way she is in the habit of taking it off herself. A little boy sitting on the lap of one of the party in the circle said that somebody was putting a hat on his head, which remained until the "seance" was over, when the lights were lit. The hat the little boy spoke of, was the one removed from the lady's head, the rubber being placed under his back hair and as carefully adjusted as though his mother had done it for him. Those asking for messages found them written, though a few unintelligible words marred the meaning of the sentence. The reader may draw his or her own conclusions, the writer was as much mystified as any one in the room and simply gives this as his experience of an hour with a spiritualist medium.

Law and Liquor.

A disgraceful row took place in a Second street saloon, on Friday night, between a couple of gray-haired members of the Sedalia bar. It seems that they became involved in a dispute regarding the actions of each other during the late unpleasantness, and being under the influence of Thomas and Jeremiah, imagined that they were still engaged in fighting the battles in the bloody fields over again. Instead of using the weapons used on that occasion, they each drew a small pen-knife and started for each other, and what might have been a bloody encounter was only prevented by the interference of the proprietor of the saloon and the friends of both parties. The aggressor was put out of the saloon, but returned not with blood on his eyes, but tears, and after remarking that he "thought it was a d—n shame that a man could not be permitted to fight when he wanted to in this great, grand and glorious republic," took his departure. Both will probably attend Sunday school this morning.

For Rent.

Two room, with use of good cellar, suitable for small family. Apply on premises, northwest corner Fourth and Missouri avenue.

His Little All.

About half past eleven yesterday the alarm of fire was sent in by Officers Carnes and Kelly, and the engine and hose cart turned out and started for the vicinity of the Franklin schoolhouse. The house near the corner of Montauk and Cooper streets, occupied by Thomas Biggs and family, was discovered to be on fire, and before the department could get on the ground and get to work, the little house with all its contents, was consumed. Mrs. Biggs, a very bright and intelligent looking woman of about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, gave the reporter a very graphic account of the manner in which the fire occurred. Mrs. Biggs said that she had only been gone about ten minutes from the house, having taken her two children and gone to the house of a neighbor for the purpose of sewing. She heard the cry of fire and rushed out only to see her little home wrapped in the destroying flames. She was wounded on the forehead and was bleeding slightly, but did not know, in her excitement, how she received the injury. The fire originated either in the flue or the loft. The house until very recently belonged to Mr. Pitts the well-known plasterer, who sold it but a short time ago to Mr. Biggs, who was making arrangements to move it off the lot. The family had just moved in. Mr. and Mrs. Biggs have lived in Sedalia about three years.

Have you Catarrh?

"Dr. Sykes' Sure Cure" is an unfailing remedy. Have you heard of it?

WADSWORTH WADDED

Into the Cooler on a Charge of Vagrancy and Crookedness.

He Attempts to Confide a Granger Out of His Role of Money.

But is Nabbed by Officer Holland Before He Gets in His Work.

Henry Wadsworth is the name of a slick looking man about thirty years of age, who arrived in the city about three weeks ago. Since his arrival here Henry has given the police no little trouble, having been arrested about half a dozen times since his arrival. On being searched after being arrested the first time—which was a charge of drunkenness—a large quantity of snide jewelry was found on his person. This, the police had reasons to believe, had been stolen, from the fact that he could not satisfactorily explain how he came by it. On being released, after serving out his fine, the police kept a strict watch on him, thinking that they would be able to catch him at some kind of crooked work. In this they were badly disappointed, as he immediately went on a spree and in a few hours after being released was again inside of a cell. For this he was again fined, and not having any money, as before, had to serve out his time. As soon as he was released the same performance was repeated, and for his last transgression he was only liberated Friday evening. On Friday night he appeared at a Main street hotel and lodging house with a box of cigars, which he exchanged for a night's lodging and his breakfast. This was reported to the police yesterday morning, and they, knowing that he was not the possessor of enough money with which to buy the cigars, gave command to keep their eye on him. It was not long, however, before they caught him, in trying to do just the kind of work they had long suspected him of being able to do—that of playing the confidence game. About nine o'clock he fell in with Jack Bohon, a farmer residing south of town, who was on a spree. He introduced himself to Bohon as a real estate man and as he had learned that Bohon was about to leave his farm and move to the city, told him that he was the owner of a fine residence on Seventh street, which was worth \$7,000, but as he was anxious to sell, he would let it go for \$1,000 and let him (Bohon) have it on his own time, provided that he would pay \$30 down. This Jack was about to do, when Officer Holland, who had been watching Wadsworth, and suspecting that he was up to some kind of crookedness, swooped down on him and conveyed him to the cooler. After arriving at the station, the prisoner was questioned about the cigars which he had exchanged for lodging at the hotel. He explained this by saying that he had traded a book to Mr. J. C. Dillon for them. Mr. Dillon was visited, but he denied ever making the trade. He did not know the prisoner at all. Wadsworth is thought to be a hard case by the officers and they intend to prosecute him for vagrancy under the state law. Under this law he can be, if found guilty by a jury, sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, for a term not exceeding six months nor over one year.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Consumption, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by your druggist.

Receiver for Nugent & Co.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 26.—The court appointed James B. Jenkinson receiver of the factory and property of C. Nugent & Co., by consent of all parties concerned, and the works will continue operations for the benefit of all creditors, under Nugent's superintendence, pending legal proceedings.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by your druggist.

Nice Apples.

Two hundred and fifty barrels of assorted eating apples the finest in the city at Maltby & Co. 11-23d6t.

By the Last of This Week

We will receive 45 cases of Christmas goods, selected in the eastern market, with much care, and with particular reference to the wants of Sedalia buyers. With our experience in handling Christmas goods, all the facilities of buying cheaply, we offer this year as large, elegant and cheap a line of

Christmas Toys and Novelties

As any city in the west, not excepting St. Louis. We will compare prices with anybody, and ask comparison of stocks. Look well for our Grand Opening.

W. L. BEITLER & CO.'S

BOSTON 99c STORE

227 OHIO STREET, SEDALIA.

ILL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

BY A GAILOUT. 'Twas only on last Thursday, The sun had left the East; When a merry, blithesome company Met for a champagne feast.

Around the hall rich banners spread, And garlands fresh and gay; Friend greeted friend right joyously Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare, The guests sat down to dine; Some culled in bitters, some for stout, And some for racy wine.

Among the joyful company A modest youth appeared— Scarce sixteen summers had he seen, No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth Soon drew the waiter near; "What wilt thou take, sir," he inquired, "Stout, bitters, mild or clear?"

"We've elegant supplies of port, We've first-class wine and cake;" The youth, with guileless look, replied: "I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words Into his father's ears; And soon a conflict deep and strong, Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son, Then gazed upon the wine; O! God, he thought; were he to taste, Who could the end divine!

"Have I not seen the strongest fall, The bravest led astray? Shall I upon my only son Bestow a curse this day?"

"No, God forbid! Here, waiter, bring Bright water unto me; My son will take what father takes— My drink shall water be!"

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Nice Apples. Two hundred and fifty barrels of assorted eating apples the finest in the city at Maltby & Co. 11-23d6t.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. Made from Grape Cream Tartar. No other preparation makes such light, fluffy hot breads or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ill results from heavy, indigestible food. Sold in cans, by all grocers. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., N. Y.