

Personal.

Mr. N. W. Frohlickestein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gives me instant relief and is entirely cured. I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. I have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Adams' drug store.

The Population of Wellington is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggists and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottles 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fevered sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Wooster & Adams. 15c

THAT HACKING COUGH can be quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., whole and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitter and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There has been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by E. W. Adams. 1

Detroit, Mich., March 8, '88. W. H. Hill & Co. Gentlemen—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism. After taking a few doses of your Arthro-phonia, obtained relief. Have taken one bottle and am almost entirely cured. M. Stappell, 635, Bragg street. For sale at Felt's drug store.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by F. D. Felt.

William Laird.

William Laird, a well known druggist of Springfield, Oregon, writes as follows: "My stock of Van Wert's Cough Balm ordered from you a short time ago is almost exhausted and I am pleased to note the fact that it has given universal satisfaction. I have never had a single bottle returned. The medicine is a boon to mankind." Trial size free. E. W. Adams the Leading Druggist.

English Spavin Lincture removes all Hard, Soft, or Callous Lumps and Blemishes from horses Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney Ring-bone, Sifts, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by W. E. Adams, Druggist, Wellington, O. 44-26t

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, male miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by F. D. Felt.

Bangor, Mich., March 21, '88. To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have suffered all winter with a severe attack of rheumatism, and was about to ask to be relieved from my position, as I was not able to work. After trying many remedies and getting no relief, I saw Hill's Arthro-phonia advertised. I asked our druggist to order some for me. I commenced taking it as per directions and received good results from it within one week. After taking three bottles I am happy to say I am nearly cured, although I shall continue to take Arthro-phonia until I drive the disease out of my system. I can certainly recommend it as the best remedy for rheumatism that I know of, and cannot say too much in favor of it.

M. Remington, Agent C. & W. M. R. R. Sold by Fred. D. Felt.

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. Sold by F. D. Felt.

The Handomest Lad

In Wellington remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large size 50 cents and one dollar.

Detroit, Mich., March 13, '88. W. H. Hill & Co. Gentlemen—I have for years been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism; at times very severely. During a late attack I have experienced more relief from taking one bottle of your Arthro-phonia than from any remedy I have hitherto used. Its action has been very prompt, and without an derangement of the stomach or other organs. I am so much pleased with its action that I shall continue its use when I have the old trouble to combat again, and recommend it to my friends in like affliction.

Respectfully yours, S. S. Robinson, 15 Brainerd St. Sold by F. D. Felt.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price 25 cents. Sold by F. D. Felt.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

Preaches a Sermon to the Foes of Evangelical Doctrine.

How Different Religious Creeds are Disputed by Those Who Do Not Understand Them—The Ignorance of the Scaffolds—A Terrible Plague.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's recent sermon was on "Slanders Against Religion Answered." His text was: "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings." Rev. x. 10-11. The eloquent divine speaks as follows: Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troublesome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he exiled him to a barren island, as now the Russians exile convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and it is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hill-side, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has a supernatural dream, and before him pass, in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him before-hand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indignation. True enough, the evangelist devours the book and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds which skeptics take and chew up and find a very insipid morsel to their witicism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of creeds, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is, theories about tariff, about finance about civil service, about government. Social creeds—that is, theories about manners and customs and good neighborhood. Ethical creeds—that is, theories about temperance, about bribery, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about the deity, about the soul, about the great future. The only being who has no creed about anything is the idiot. This scoffing against creeds is always a sign of profound ignorance on the part of the scoffer, for he has himself a hundred creeds in regard to other things. In our time the beliefs of evangelistic churches are under a fusillade of caricature and misrepresentation. Men set up what they call orthodox faith, and then they take it with the musketry of their denunciations. They falsify what the Christian churches believe. They take evangelical doctrines and set them in a harsh and restrictive way and put them out of the association with other truths. They are like a mad anatomist who, desiring to tell what a man, dissects a human body and hammers up in one place the heart, and in another place the two lungs, and in another place an ankle bone and says that is a man. They are only fragments of a man wrenched out of their God-appointed places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symmetrical, well-proportioned, bounding life, and the scalpel and the dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist can not tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the secretory which a farmer puts into the corn field to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes God is a savage sovereign and that He made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just sovereign and that we are free agents. "No, no!" that can not be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomach. "That is impossible; if God is a sovereign we can't be free agents." Why, my friends, we admit this in every other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn, but I have at least four sovereigns. The church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign.

Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind and soul I am a free man. So you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is popular. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Library and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquarium all swim with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bananas—if I wanted to go there I could, I am free to go. If I want to go over to Hoboken and leap into a furnace of an oil factory, if I want to jump from the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from Brooklyn bridge, I may. But suppose I should go to-morrow and leap into the furnace at Hoboken, who would be to blame? That is all there is about sovereignty and free agency. God rules and reigns, and he has conservatories and he has blast furnaces. If you want to walk in the gardens walk there. If you want to leap into the furnace, you may.

Suppose now a man had a charmed key with which he could open all the jails, and he should open Raymond street jail and the New York Tombs and all the prisons on the continent. In three weeks what kind of a country would this be? all the inmates turned out of those prisons and penitentiaries? Suppose all the reprobates, the bad spirits, the outrageous spirits, should be turned into the new Jerusalem. Why, the next morning the gates of pearl would be found of hinge, the heliopsis would be gone out of the chariot wheels, the "house of many mansions" would be burglarized. Assault and battery, arson, libelism and assassination would reside in the capital of the skies. Angels of God would be insulted on the streets. Heaven would be a dead failure if there were no great lock-up. If all people without regard to their characters

when they leave this world go right into glory, I wonder if in the temple of the skies Charles Goulet and John Wilkes Booth occupy the same pew! Your common sense demands two destinies! And then as to the Presbyterian Church believing there are infants in perdition, if you will bring me a Presbyterian of good morals and sound mind who will tell me that he believes there ever was a baby in the world, or ever will be, I will make him a deed to the house I live in and he can take possession to-morrow.

So the Episcopal Church is misrepresented by the enemies of evangelism. They say that church substitutes forms and ceremonies for heart religion, and it is all a matter of liturgy and genuflection. False again. All Episcopalians will tell you that the forms and creeds of their church are worse than nothing unless the heart go with them.

So also the Baptist Church has been misrepresented. The enemies of evangelism say the Baptist Church believes that unless a man is immersed he will never get into Heaven. False again. All the Baptists, close communion and open communion, believe that if a man accept the Lord Jesus Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister puts him on the back and says: "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a submersion of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion," I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop James and Matthew Simpson for half a century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of Christian churches as absurd, dry and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity," they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons. Impossible. If it is one God he can't be three, and if there are three, they can't be one." At the same time they will with us acknowledge that the Trinity is an own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinitity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinitity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinitity all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all of the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural can not fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to a chemist and say: "I don't understand you say about water and the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day."

"You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man can not understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory and we will never understand the Trinity until we go into heaven. The ignorance of the man who can not understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water, because we can not understand the Trinity, does that change the fact?

"And there's your absurd doctrine about justification by faith," say these antagonists who have chewed up the little book of evangelism, and have the consequent embittered stomach: "Justification by faith; you can't explain it. I can explain it. It is simply this: When a man takes the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour from sin, God lets the offender off. Just as you have a difference with some one, he has injured you, he apologizes or he makes reparation, you say that's all right, that's all right." Justification by faith is this: a man takes Jesus Christ as his saviour, and God says to the man: "Now, it is all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangelism say. What is regeneration? Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence? In other words they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation, man-of-war, lay down here at the Brooklyn navy yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refreshed. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in character as radical as that.

A man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit he said in a subdued tone: "That's a lie!" An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You must be silent, or you must go out." The next night that stranger came, and he was converted to God. He was in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples and had just been sent him. He began to love that which he hated. I baptized him by immersion in the baptistry under this platform. A large salary was offered him if he would return to his former business. He declined it. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than prosper in the world. He wrote home a letter to his Christian mother. The Christian mother wrote back congratulating him, and said: "If in the change of your business you have lack of means, come home; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a disolute companion. The disolute companion said, "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were disolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus would save her. "O," said she "that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so?" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in

that book." He said: "I have neglected this book as you have neglected it for many years, and don't know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and "wag and beautiful to say, his eye struck upon this passage: "Neither do I condemn thee of all sin no more." She said: "It isn't possible that it is there." Yes, he said, "that is there." He held it up before her dying eyes, and she said: "O, yes, I see it for myself; I accept the promise: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." A few hours her spirit sped away to the Lord that gave it and the new convert preached the funeral sermon. The man who a few days before had been a blasphemer and a drunkard, and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration! If there are any dry hunsks in that, where are they! All made over again by the power of the grace of God.

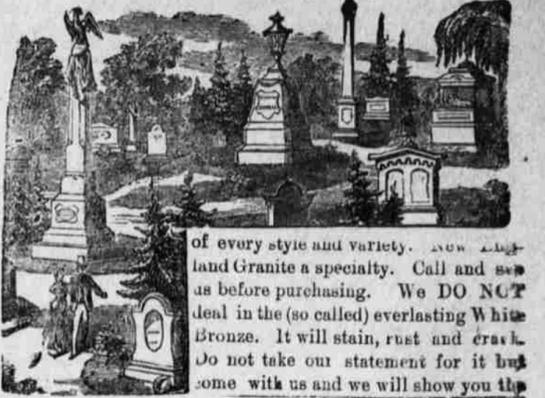
A few years ago a ship captain came in here and sat under the gallery. He came in with a contempt for the church of God and with an especial dislike for Talmage. When an opportunity was given he arose for prayer, and as he was more than six feet high, when he arose for prayer no one doubted that he arose! That hour he became a Christian. He went out and told the ship owners and the ship crew, and what a great change had been wrought in him, and scores and scores have been brought to God through his instrumentality. A little while after his conversion he was on ship of Cape Cod. The captain was a longed for, and they were at their wife's crib and knew not what to do, the ship drifting about bitter and thither, and they lost their bearings; and the converted sea captain went to his room and studied God of the salvation of his ship, and God revealed to him while he was on his knees that at a certain hour, only a little way off, the fog would lift; and the converted sea captain went out on the deck and told the crew to hear his prayers. He said: "It is all right, boys, very soon now the fog will lift," mentioning the hour. A man who stood there laughed aloud in derision at the idea that God would answer prayer; but at a certain hour when God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course and sailed on to the harbor in safety.

When in seaport the captain spends most of his time evangelizing. He kneels down by one who has been blind in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets well. He kneels beside one who has long been decrepit, and he resigns the crutches. He kneels beside one who had not seen a face in a long time, and he reads the Bible to her that day. Consumption goes away, and those who had diseases appalling to behold come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you any thing second-hand. I have had the story from the lips of the patients in this very house, those who were brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second-hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; I do not care what you call it, it is a fact. The sailing sea captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labor, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration, that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice," say these men who have chewed up the little book of creeds and have the consequent embittered stomach. "Vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for himself. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me? I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, when they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a friend. They can see the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

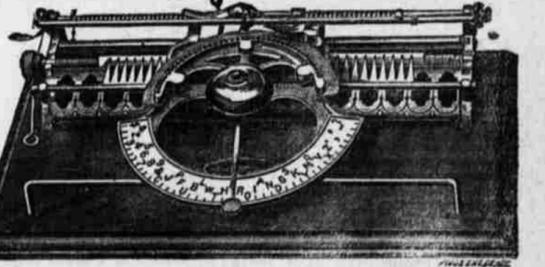
A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied, and her dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the position, and that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter of discharging her from the position, she said: "Well, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went home and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made, and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was paying the way of her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found that she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon that pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. The vicarious sacrifice! All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid his poverty for our riches, his self-abnegation for our enlightenment, and his own suffering for our peace and happiness. Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which other Jews. O, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out! O, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When the London plague was raging in the year 1665, there was a hotel near the chief burial place that excited much comment. England was in a great straits, and burials were going on through the streets day and night, and the cry: "Bring out your dead!" was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches in great pits, in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in a great anguish. At that very time, at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial place, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blaspheming God and imitating the profane chatter who went by to the burial places. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friend, a greater plague is abroad in the world. Millions have died of it. Millions are smitten with it now. Plague of sin, plague of sorrow, plague of wretchedness, plague of woe. And consecrated women and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country who are enough to aid and deride the work. They scoff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at the words "I will reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day or through the printing press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague approached. They are sitting on the doomed city of London. O, millions of scoffers! You are disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Wellington Monumental Works. J. J. THOMAS DEALER IN Granite Monuments and Tombstones



of every style and variety. NEW Zealand Granite a specialty. Call and see as before purchasing. We DO NOT deal in the (so called) everlasting White Bronze. It will stain, rust and crack. Do not take our statement for it but come with us and we will show you the defects. A present of \$500.00 in cash will be given to any person who will show us a Monument of American Granite we have furnished that is crumbling or shows signs of decay

J. W. WILBUR, Is agent for the celebrated WORLD TYPE WRITER,



Which is by far the cheapest on the market. A person can learn to write very quickly and much better than the old way. Prices from \$10 to \$15. Call and see them.

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The one Lumber Firm of Ohio that is free to sell to Carpenters and Consumers AT WHOLESALE PRICES. CLEVELAND, OHIO. N. B. Write for Prices on Lumber, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

TOWERS' FISH BRAND SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

IT NEVER FAILS

BAD BLOOD. Means an inactive liver and a sympathetic or unnatural action of the stomach, bowels and kidneys, and as a result BILIOUSNESS. The symptoms are drowsiness, loss of appetite, headache, lack of energy, pain in the back, costiveness or diarrhoea, sallowness of skin, furred tongue, generally attended with melancholy and GENERAL DEBILITY. To cure these diseases means to restore the action of the liver and other organs, and to kill the poison in the blood. A remedy containing Mandrake, Culvers Root, Burdock and Cascara Sagrada, acting especially on the liver, stomach, kidneys and sweat glands, is the proper one. HIBBARD'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP restores action, kills malaria and purifies the blood.



Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup UNRIVALED in merit. It is a Safe Family Medicine because it contains no poison or opium. Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No habit should be without it. Always in season. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. If you cannot procure it of your druggist send direct to us. Price \$1.00, 6 bottles \$5.00. Plasters 5c. For over twenty years I have had a great suffering from the effects of a diseased stomach, and for three years past have been unable to do any business—hardly able to move about. Two years ago my case was pronounced by the best medical skill incurable. I visited different water cures and tried different climates, but to no good. Last June I began using Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and at once began to feel better. I have used different bottles, and am a well man. Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, at Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich. TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE. Both myself and wife have been suffering from Rheumatic Syrup this fall and winter with excellent success. We think it a great medicine. For constipation, dyspepsia or indigestion it surpasses all others that we have used. E. U. KERR, Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 4, 1888. No remedies known so highly endorsed by home people in the treatment of Rheumatism as Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Our medical practice, based on all diseases, sent free on application. RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., JACKSON, MICH. A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM