

RECENTLY RELATED

President Sprague, of the Union Dime Savings Bank, of New York, says that he was called up on the telephone one day and addressed thus: "Is this the Union Dime Savings Bank?" "Yes," "Well, I want to know if a non-union man can deposit in your bank."

A well-dressed man who registered at a hotel in St. Joseph, Mo., casually remarked that he never traveled without his own fire-escape, at the same time exhibiting the contrivance he carried. "In case of fire," he said, "I can let myself down from any hotel window." The landlord said, gravely: "Our terms for guests with fire-escapes are cash in advance."

William H. Crane, the actor, says he first learned what true love is by accidentally overhearing a brief conversation between a young man and a very pretty girl. "And you're sure you love me?" she said. "Love you?" echoed the young fellow. "Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night your dog bit a large piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."

Abel Gruber, the New York lawyer, tells of a southern friend who was visiting him. Mr. Gruber, wishing to be hospitable, brought forth a whisky bottle and placed it on the dining-room table. He went to the china closet to get some whisky glasses. On his return he was surprised to see that his friend had filled up an ordinary water glass to the brim and was about to drink it. "Say," said Mr. Gruber, "what are you doing? You drink that as if it were cider." "Cider," said the southerner, draining the glass, "do you think I'd take that much cider?"

RUMORED OF ROYALTY.

Earl Nelson, who is in his eighty-second year, is the only living peer who was a member of the house of lords when Queen Victoria came to the throne.

King Edward's reign has by no means brought joy to the heart of London tradespeople. A leading trade paper laments the fact that a great portion of the trousseau of Princess Margaret of Connaught was purchased in Paris.

There is something in the soft round cheek and the direct outlook of Princess Margaret's candid eyes that recalls the early portraits of the great queen, and there are traits of character that bear the same stamp, such as truthfulness, clear insight, earnestness of purpose, and last, not least, "saving common sense."

England's future king, Prince Edward of Wales, now 11 years old, possesses a child's habit of saying the unexpected thing. When visiting King Edward, the other day, the king asked him what he was studying, and the little prince said: "All about Perkin Warbeck." Asked who Warbeck was, the prince replied: "He pretended he was the son of the king, but he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."

There is a singular coincidence about the two English royal princesses named Louise. They are both the daughters of British monarchs, they are of very fair complexion and both married out of the blood royal. Each also selected Scottish peers—the dukes of Argyll and Fife—both of whom are fair-skinned as their wives. Still further goes the coincidence, for neither of the royal duchesses has presented her husband with a male heir.

HISTORICAL BITS.

Crownless is said to have originated the board of trade idea. Sugar, when first introduced into England, was only used for the purpose of making medicines more palatable.

Wire drawing was invented by Rudolph of Nuremberg in the early part of the fifteenth century. Wire was first made in England in 1663.

Bombs, it is said, were first thrown March 24, 1580, on the town of Wachtendonck, in Guelderland. The historian Hone says "the invention is commonly attributed to Gaalen, bishop of Munster."

In 1592, in England, butchers were compelled by law to sell their beef for a half penny a pound and mutton for three farthings. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor, every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny.

HEART RIGHT.

When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble. The reason is obvious.

This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitous for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing, and can be corrected, if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes: "I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings."

"I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till, on applying for life insurance, I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I began alarmed. I found that lots of coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether, and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum Food Coffee, I began its use."

"The change in my condition was remarkable, and it was not long till I was completely cured. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the life insurance Co. Quitting Coffee and using Postum worked the cure." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason, and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Well-being," to look up.



The Bad Boy and His Dad Arrive in Cairo—At the Hotel They Meet Some Egyptian Princesses—Dad Eides a Camel to the Pyramids and Meets with Difficulties.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Cairo, Egypt—My Dear Old Irish Vegetable: Gee, but you ought to see dad and I right now, at a hotel, waiting for a chance at a room, when a bride and groom get ready to vacate it, and go somewhere else. This hotel is full of married people who look scared whenever there is a new arrival, and I came pretty near creating a panic by going into the parlor of the hotel, where a dozen couples were sitting around making goo-goo eyes at each other, and getting behind a screen and, in a disguised voice, shouting, "I know all! Prepare to defend yourself!"

The women turned pale and some said, "At last! At last!" while others got faint in the head, and some fell on the bosoms of their husbands and said: "Don't shoot!" You see, most of these wives had husbands somewhere else, that might be looking for them. I have warned dad not to be seen conversing with a woman, or he may be shot by a husband who is on her trail, or by the husband she has with her.

Well, sir, of all the trips we have had anywhere, the trip from Constantinople here was the limit. For two or three



IT TAKES NINE BATHS TO GET DOWN TO AMERICAN EPIDERMIS.

days we were on dinky steamboats with Arabs, Turks, negroes and all nationalities camping on deck, full of fleas, and with cholera germs on them big enough to pick like blueberries, and all of the passengers were dirty and eat things that would make a dog in America go mad. The dog biscuit that are fed to American dogs would pass as a delicate confection on the menu of any steamboat we struck, and I had rather lie down in a barn yard with a wet dog for a pillow and a cast-off blanket from a smallpox hospital for a bed, than to occupy the bridal chamber of any steamboat we struck.

And then the ride across the desert by rail to reach Cairo was the worst in the world. Passengers in rags, going to Mecca, or some other place of worship, eating cheese a thousand years old made from old goat's milk, and dug from the Pyramids too late to save it, was what surrounded us, and the sand storm blew through the cars laden with germs of the plague, and stuck to us so tight you couldn't get it off with sandpaper, and when we got here all we have had to do is to bathe the dirt off in layers.

It takes nine baths to get down to American epidermis, and the last bath was a jackplane to go with it, and a thing they scale fish with. But we are all right now, with rooms in the hotel, and rested, and when we go home we are going to be salted down and given chloroform and shipped as mummies. Dad insists that he will never cross a desert or an ocean again, and I don't know what is to become of us. Anyway, we are going to enjoy ourselves until we are killed off.

The first two days we just looked about Cairo, and saw the congress of nations, so there is nothing just like this town anywhere. There are people from all quarters of the globe, the most outlandish and the most up-to-date. This place is an asylum for fakirs and robbers, a place where defaulters, bribers, murderers, swindlers and elopers are safe, as there seems to be no extradition treaty that cannot be overcome by paying money to the officials. I found that out the first day, and told dad we should have no standing in the society of Egypt unless the people thought he had committed some gigantic crime and fled his country.

Dad wanted to know how it would strike me if it was noised about the hotel that he had robbed a national bank, but I told him there would be nothing uncommon or noticeable about robbing a bank, as half the tourists were bank defaulters, so he would have to be accused of something startling, so we decided that dad should be charged with being the principal thing in the Standard Oil Company, and that he had underground lines running under several states, gathering oil away from the people who owned it, and that at the present time he was worth a billion dollars, and his income was \$9,000,000 every little while, and, by giner, you ought to see the people bow down to him. Say, common bank robbers and defaulters just fell over themselves to get acquainted with dad, and to carry out the joke, I put some kerosene oil on dad's handkerchief, and that clinched it, for everybody loves the smell of a perfume that represents a billion dollars.

All the women wanted to dance with dad in the hotel dance, and because they thought I must be heir to all the oil billions, they wanted to hold me on their laps, and stroke my hair, as though I was it. I guess we are going to have everything our own way here, and if dad does not get eloped with by some Egyptian princess, I shall be mistaken. The Egyptians are pretty near being negroes, and wear beads in their ears, and earrings on their arms. You take it in the dark, and let a princess put her arm around you, and sort of squeeze you, and you can't tell but what she is white, only there is an odor about them like "Araby the blessed," but in the light

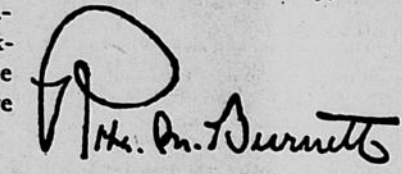
Necessity of Industrial Education

By ROBERT M. BURNETT, Member of Massachusetts Industrial Education Committee.

industry cannot progress. Under our present system we are not turning out such workmen. Take one of our strongest industries, the shoe trade, as an example. A leading Boston merchant told me a few days since that over 60 per cent. of the better grades of shoes sold in this city are manufactured outside of the state. Inquiry among manufacturers shows that the better grades are not made in Massachusetts because the workmen are not trained up to the task.

It is the same story in every line. We have been satisfied to drift along, content when the returns showed that we were not going backward, and unmindful of the fact that our competitor states are doubling and trebling their business in our special lines. Let us take the experience of Germany as our guide in this matter. A few years ago that nation was in exactly the same position that Massachusetts is today. England and the United States were crowding her to the wall, commercially. To-day the Germans are pushing out for trade in every part of the world; a formidable competitor in our strongest lines of production. They have done this by systematized work and by providing for the working classes a complete, carefully graduated system of industrial education, deliberately organized for the promotion of efficiency.

Every ambitious youth has the opportunity to be fortified with the technical foundation which places a premium on competency and which means independence to the individual and prosperity to the community. With this, legislation is adjusted to hold the balance true between strict and proper protection for the worker and promotion for industry, without the unnecessary iron-clad regulations which are the handicaps of workman and employers alike, and have left our industries where they are to-day.



they are only negroes, a little bleached, and red paint on their cheeks. If I was going to marry an Egyptian woman, I would take her to Norway, or up towards the north pole, where it is night all day, and you wouldn't realize that you were married to a colored woman. To be around among these Egyptians is a good deal like having a pass behind the scenes at the play of Ben Hur in New York, only here the dark and dangerous women are the real thing, instead of being white girls with black paint on.

We have just got back from the pyramids, and dad is being treated for spinal meningitis, on account of riding a camel. I never tried harder to get dad to go anywhere on the cars than I did to get him to go to the pyramids by rail, as a millionaire should, but he said he was going to break a camel to the saddle, and then buy him and take him home for a side show. So we went down to the camel garage, and hired a camel for dad, and four camels for the Arabs and things he wanted for an escort, and a jackass for me. There were automobiles and carriages, and trolleys, and everything that we could have hired, and been comfortable for the ten-mile ride, but dad was mashed on the camel, and he got it.

Well, sir, it was not one of these world's fair camels that lay down for you to get on, and then got up on the installment plan, and chuck you forward and aft, but a proud Egyptian camel that stands up straight and makes you climb on a stepladder.

Dad got along up the camel's ribs, when the stepladder fell, and he grabbed hold of the hair on the two humps, and the humps were loose and they lopped over on the side, and it must have hurt the camel's feelings to have his humps pulled down, so he reached around his head and took a mouthful out of the seat of dad's pants, and dad yelled to the camel to let go, and the Arabs amputated the camel from dad's trousers, and pushed dad up on top with a bamboo pole with a crotch in it, and when dad got settled between the humps he said, "Let 'er go," and we started.

Dad could have had a camel with a platform on top, and an awning, but he insisted on taking his camel raw, and he sat there between those humps, his trousers worked up towards his knees, showing his red socks and blue drawers, and his face got pale from sea sickness, and the red, white and blue colors made me think of a fourth of July at home. We went out of town like a wild west show, and dad seemed happy, except that every time an automobile went whizzing along, dad's camel got the jumps and waltzed sideways, out into the sandy desert, and chewed at dad's socks, so part of the time dad had to draw up his legs and sit on one hump, and put his shoes on the other hump. The Arabs on the other camels would ride up alongside and steer dad's camel back into the road, by sticking sharp sticks into the camel, and the animal would yawn and groan and make up



LIKE A FROG ON A POND LILY LEAF.

faces at me on my jackass, and finally dad wanted to change works with me and ride my jackass, but I told him we had left the stepladder back at Cairo, so dad hung to his mountainous steed, but the dust blew so you couldn't see, and it was getting monotonous when the queerest thing happened.

You have heard that camels can fill up with water and go for a week without asking for any more. Well, I guess the week was up, and it was time to load the camels with water, for as we came to the Nile every last camel made a rush for the river, and they went in like a yoke of oxen on a stampee, and waded in clear up to the humps, and began to drink, and dad yelled for a life preserver and pulled his feet up on top and sat there like a frog on a pond lily leaf.

My jackass only stepped his feet in the edge, and dad wanted me to swim my jackass out to the camel, and let him fall off onto the jack, but I knew dad wouldn't sink my jack in a minute, and I wouldn't go in the river. Well, the camels drank about an hour, with dad sitting there meditating, and then the dragomen got them out, and we started off for the pyramids, which were in plain sight like the pictures you have seen, with palm trees along the Nile, and Arabs camping on the bank, and it looked as though everything was going to be all right, when suddenly dad's camel stopped dead still and wouldn't



STARTED ON A STAMPEDE.

move a foot, and all the rest of the camels stopped, closed their eyes and went to sleep, and the Arabs went to sleep, and dad and the jackass and I were apparently the only animals in Egypt that were awake.

Dad kicked his camel in the ribs, but it wouldn't budge. He asked me if I couldn't think up some way to start the procession, and I stopped my jackass and thought a minute, and told dad I had it. I had bought some giant fire crackers and roman candles at Cairo, with which I was going to fire a salute on top of the biggest pyramid, to celebrate for old America, and I told dad what I had got, and I thought if I got off my jackass and fired a salute there in the desert it would wake them up.

Dad said "all right, let 'er go, but do it sort of easy, at first, so not to overdo it," and I got my artillery ready. Say, you can't fire off fireworks easy, you got to touch a match to 'em, and dodge, and take your chances. Well, I scratched a match and lit the giant fire cracker, and put it under the hind legs of dad's camel, and when it got to fizzing I lit my roman candle, and as the fire cracker exploded like a 16-inch gun, my roman candle began to spout balls of fire, and I aimed one at each camel, and the whole push started on a stampee for the pyramids, the camels groaning, the Arabs praying to Allah, dad yelling to stop 'er, and my jackass led the bunch, and I was left in the desert to pick up the hats.

I guess I will have to tell you the rest of the tragedy in my next letter. Yours with plenty of sand, HENNERY.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.

Delights of the Evening Around the Fire Described by an Enthusiast.

About dusk you straggle in with trout or game. The campkeeper lays aside his mending or his repairing or his notebook and stirs up the cooking fire. The smell of broiling and frying and boiling arises in the air. By the dancing flames of the campfire you eat your third dinner of the day—in the mountains all meals are dinners, and formidable ones at that, writes R. E. White, in "The Mountains." The curtain of blackness draws down close. Through it shine stars, loom mountains cold and mistlike 'in the moon. You tell stories. You smoke pipes. After a time the pleasant chill creeps down from the eternal snows. Some one throws another handful of pine cones on the fire. Sleepily you prepare for bed. The pine cones flare up, throwing their light in your eyes. You turn over and wrap the soft woolen blanket close about your chin. You blink drowsily and at once you are asleep.

In the night you awaken to find your nose as cold as a dog's. You open one eye. A few cold marks where the fire has been. The mist mounds have drawn nearer, they seem to bend over you in silent contemplation. The moon is sailing high in the heavens. With a sigh you draw the canvas tarpaulin over your head. Instantly it is morning.

UNDERSTOOD THE FEELING

But the Business Instinct Rose Supreme Over His Sense of Sentiment.

"Yes," said the artistic-looking man, "I spent three months in Rome, and I never tired of looking at the ruins of the Coliseum. I could have gone out there every day, and I did."

"Ruins, eh?" queried one of the other passengers in the train. "Rubbish," was the reply. When that Coliseum was erected Rome was in her glory. She was the greatest power on earth. She dominated all Europe. When Rome grew kings troubled the Roman Senate forth her armies, nations crumbled. All these things came to me as I stood there, and looked, and I felt, air—

"Yes, I can imagine how you felt." "I stood there, and my mind went back hundreds of years. I felt—'I've felt the same thing,' broke in the other, 'and you needn't try to describe it. Only last summer I went back to the home of my childhood, and I stood there beside the old broken well where I used to drink from the bucket. Yes, I understood just how you felt; but when you got over it did you happen to ask if there was any market there for cotton hats? We've got a lot on hand, and if there's any chance of selling, them over in Rome, I'll ship 'em there."

The artistic man gave him a look of mingled sorrow and disgust, pulled a newspaper from his pocket, and began reading the latest war news.

CERTAINLY GRAND SAVING.

Unexpected Yet Eminently Satisfactory Result of a Trick on the Gas Meter.

Mr. Macpherson's gas bills were sorely vexing. "My bills," they're simply exorbitant," he remarked one day to his friend MacTaggart. "But MacTaggart was a man of resource, and he gave him the remedy for exorbitant gas bills religiously during a month."

Then came the gas inspector on his usual round. He examined the register, looked at the entry for the previous quarter, and then referred to his book. Again he looked from one to the other, and his air became one of the greatest perplexity. "Whar's the matter?" said Mr. Macpherson, who was standing by. "Well, Mr. Macpherson," said the gas inspector, "I dinna ken what's been happenin' to your gas meter, but I find the company owes ye exactly £1 15s 11d."

Their First Cloud. The young woman in the stern of the little boat had whispered softly the word "Yes."

"But stay right where you are," he added, hastily. "If you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat."

"How do you know?" hoarsely demanded a terrible suspicion already taking possession of him.—Chicago Tribune.

No Indication Yet.

"And are you going to make a musician of your boy?" asked the friend, as he put the professor's baby on the check. "I don't know yet," replied the musical man.

"Oh, no, of course you don't! I forgot, he hasn't any hair yet, has he?"—Yonkers Statesman.

International.

"The agreement among Italy, Germany and Austria is called a driebund, isn't it?" "Yes."

"Well, what's the pact between France and Russia called?" "A moribund, I suppose!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Darwin Refuted.

Father—Yes, my son; according to Darwin, our ancestors were monkeys. Kindergarten Geoffrey—But, papa, I don't believe that. I shall be an ancestor myself some time, and I'm not a monkey.—Judge.

Gratitude Well Expressed.

Sault St. Marie, Mich., Aug 14th.—Mr. C. L. Smith, painter and decorator, this city, makes the following statement:—"I was laid up with some kind of pain in my back, and in fact, almost completely crippled me. I had to use two canes to walk about, and even then it was a very painful task."

"A friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I began the treatment. After I had used the first box I was able to throw away one of the canes and was considerably improved. The second box straightened me up so that I could go about free from pain without any assistance, and very soon after I was completely cured, and was happy, without a pain or an ache. Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot in my case, and they will always have my greatest praise."

FIFTEEN YEARS OF TORTURE

Itching and Painful Sores Covered Head and Body—Cured in a Week by Cuticura.

"For fifteen years my scalp and forehead was one mass of scabs, and my body was covered with sores. Words cannot express how I suffered from the itching and pain. I tried many doctors and treatments, but could get no help, and had given up hope when a friend told me to get Cuticura. After bathing with Cuticura Soap and applying Cuticura Ointment for three days, my head was as clear as ever, and to my surprise and joy, one cake of soap and one box of ointment made a complete cure in one week. (Signed) H. B. Franklin, 717 Washington St., Allegheny, Pa."

It is unfortunate that petroleum has not proved as effectual in exterminating mosquitoes as it has in propagating colic.—Washington Star.

To Destroy Slugs on Roses.

After much experimenting with insect powders, sprays, etc., I have learned from a florist a very simple and effective means of keeping rose bushes free from slugs. Use plenty of strong Ivory Soap around the roots and on the foliage. This will prevent insects and cause the plants to be perfectly healthy.—ELEANOR R. PARKER.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Paste is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen B. Quedenfeldt, Le Roy, N. Y.

The chap who needs watching is always watching somebody else.—Richmond (Mo.) Missonary.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Prof. Reichenbach is said to have proven that 30 persons in 100 can see, in the dark, colored rays from the human body and flashes from a magnet.

The "flicker" sometimes noticed in lightning proves to be due to the fact that several flashes—sometimes five or six—follow one path too rapidly to be separated by the eye. The trails shown in photography of very bright flashes are caused by incandescence produced in the air for a very brief period.

A new product of the electric furnace has been introduced in France under the designation calcitonite. It is a double carbide of barium and calcium, produced by M. J. Cartier, an electro-metallurgist of Mancieux, which decomposes on contact with water, like calcium carbide.

A stereoscopic star chart is the successful novelty of T. E. Heath, the English astronomer. The stars in a given section of the heavens are drawn from two points of view that are supposed to be 26 years apart, and under a large telescope the double view gives a rough but very instructive impression of the stars floating in space at an approximation to their relative distances, instead of as points against the dark background of the sky. The result is a most interesting one.

Electric waves and sensitive receivers offer a means of performing a variety of operations at a distance. Prof. E. D. Brantly has been trying to attain such results, and has shown the Paris academy an apparatus by which he can start an electric motor, cause incandescent lamps to glow, and cause an explosion. These effects may be produced or discontinued in any desired order, one after another. They were chosen arbitrarily for experiment, and it is possible to bring about at a distance other mechanical action or series of actions, or to work a complicated machine.

NOT CENSUR QUESTIONS.

Were you ever happy, and who was to blame?

Are you black or white, and how do you account for it?

Do you eat patented breakfast foods or just plain sawdust?

Do you think that the high price of eggs is due to the foul-strike?

Did you ever hear a theater joke, and what did you take to remove the effects?

What is your age, and how many years is it since you celebrated that birthday?

Did you ever love your wife so much that you would like to eat her, and are you sorry that you have not done so?

THESE ARE MADE WELL AND STRONG

Thousands upon thousands of American women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file in Mrs. Pinkham's office, and prove this statement to be a fact and not a mere boast.

Overruling indeed is the success of this great medicine, and compared with it all other medicines and treatment for women are experiments. Why has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound accomplished its widespread results for good?

Why has it lived and thrived and done its glorious work for a quarter of a century?

Simply and surely because of its sterling worth. The reason no other medicine has even approached its success is plainly and positively because there is no other medicine in the world so good for women's ills.

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womanhood is not because it is a stimulant—not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and restorer ever discovered to act directly upon the uterine system, positively curing disease and displacements and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures, and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due. If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience that it will effect a cure.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulency), leucorrhoea, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration, or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Anyway, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. It's free and always helpful.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY WANT FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

A. N. K.—G 2087

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. 900 DROPS. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Fac Simile Signature of J. C. Fitch. NEW YORK. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Conviction Follows Trial. When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out. Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use Lion Coffee, the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity? This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of merit than continued and increasing popularity. In the verdict of MILLIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE. It costs you but a trifle to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER. LION COFFEE is sold only in lb. sealed packages, and reaches you as pure and clean as when it left our factory. Lion-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WOODWARD & CO., Toledo, Ohio. ESTABLISHED 1870. WOODWARD & CO., GRAIN COMMISSION. Orders for Future Delivery Executed in All Markets.