Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

It takes the best kind of brains to make a good farmer. If you have a dull boy educate him for a profession.

Send to Colt & Co., New York, leading manufacturers of Magic Lanterns, Views, etc., for large, beautifully illustrated catalogue, free.

It is the man who gets up every time he is knocked down that makes his antagonist tired.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of readers to the advertisement of C. W. Monroe, Chicago, who is offering bargains in farm lands, for sale or exchange. We know of several who have made trades with Mr. Monroe and recommend him as reliable and prompt.

"I am accused of possessing talent," said a conceited man. "If you are ever tried you'll be acquitted," replied one who knew him.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address.

Yours Respectfully,

DR. J. B. MARCHISI, 124 Greene St., New York, N. Y.

Mosquitoes may not be in the eyes, but they make the nose the bane a good deal, and behind it if they can get in.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they can't reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An unpopular gait—the walking delegate.

A woman whose ruling passion is not vanity is superior to any man of equal capacity.

A woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.

A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!

This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder." "But," interrupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption can be cured. If taken in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did; and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the seat of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than lung-scrofula—and it must and does yield to this wonderful remedy.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for the terribly fatal malady when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scaly Diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and Kindred ailments.

A RECORD OF A LIFE'S WORK.

The entire facts connected with every case ever treated by Mrs. Pinkham are on record. With the assistance of lady clerks writing at her dictation, over one hundred letters per day have been disposed of, the answers being to ladies in all parts of the world, and the facts compiled in a Library of Reference for the benefit of suffering women.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints, either sex, the Compound has no equal.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women.

Sold by all Druggists as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Instruction," a beautiful illustrated book. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

PENSIONS.

The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled a little or not at all, Widows and Parents of soldiers now included. Write for blanks. Address, with stamp, Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.

DRINK LION COFFEE

A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.

Picture Card Given

With every pound of package. For Sale everywhere. Full pound, 1 lb. 3 oz.

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

Like the patient moss to the rifled hill
The brown house lies in clinging;
A last year's nest that is lone and still,
Though it first was filled with singing.
Then fleet were the children's pattering feet
And their thrilling childish laughter,
And merry voices were sweet, oh! sweet,
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings are up one
From the nest's safe shelter flying;
Went forth in the shoon of the morning sun,
Their buttoned pinions trying.
But oft as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,
They haste to the little home once more
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
With a hand the dim eyes shading,
And the flush of girlhood lists again
The cheek that is thin and fading.
Yet her boys and girls are coming home,
The mother's kiss their guerdon,
As they came one yet they had learned to roam,
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group,
Who have mother left to love them.
They well may smile in the face of care,
To whom such grace is given,
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer,
Holding them close to heaven.

For her, as she clasps her bearded son;
With a heart that's brimming over,
She's tenderly blending two in one,
Her boy and her boyish lover.
And half of her soul is left away,
To refine the dead and the living,
In the little home wherein to-day,
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

Here are thy hands that pull her down,
And small heads brown and golden;
The childish laugh and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden.
That brings again to the mother-breast
The spell of the sunny weather,
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion,
Over this lull in the eager strife,
Love hovers, Eden fashion.
In the wee brown house were lessons taught
Of strong and sturdy living,
And even where honest hearts have wrought,
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The One White Turkey.

HEN Mrs. Sequi did not tell Mr. Bryce Carrollwas to eat his Thanksgiving dinner in her house, she came very near crying for joy. Bryce was her brother, whom she had not seen for a dozen years or more. She was a widow, living in a suburb of Boston with her little daughter Ethel. She had a very scanty income, and it was only by dint of the strictest economy and by good management that she kept the gaunt wolf want away from her door. Her brother had been living in Yokohama, and making a modest fortune among the Japanese.

Ethel Sequi was nine years old when she learned that her uncle was coming to visit them. Under almost any circumstances she would have been delighted to see him. She had heard a great deal about him for her mother seemed never tired of sounding his praises; so the child had actually grown fond of him in his absence.

But—can you believe it?—in spite of her affection for her unknown relative, and despite her interest in the country from which he was coming, this contradictory little girl wished in her inmost heart that he would stay away.

She knew that her mother would have an unusually good dinner on Thanksgiving day, both in honor of the national holiday and in honor of her brother's arrival. No little girl ought to object to that. She knew that the cottage would be redolent with baking pies and roasting fowl, and, instead of smiling at this prospect she shed some very hot tears.

UNCLE CARROLL.

The turkey was alive now, and strutting about the yard. He had once belonged to quite a respectable brood, but one after another of his family had run out in the west grass, taken cold and died, until only this solitary Turk remained. He was a white turkey named Sultan. He was quite as pompous and as dignified as any sultan of Turkey had ever been. Poor body! had told Ethel that the Arabic word sultan meant "mighty man," and this white fowl was a mighty man if he understood his title. No peacock was ever vainer than he. Whenever anybody glanced at him he spread his tail, rubbed his wings on the ground, and gobbled haughtily. He was very white, very fat, and, so far as turkeys go, he was very good looking. No doubt he would make a delectable dinner. Mrs. Sequi resolved to kill the sultan in honor of the wanderer's return, just as she killed as the fatter in the good Book killed the fatted calf in honor of the prodigal son. But Ethel did not share this cheerfulness. She admired the sultan spite of his silly airs, and she would have preferred to go without any Thanksgiving dinner and to have dispensed with her uncle's visit rather than have the proud white turkey killed.

She was a practical little girl, in spite of her sympathy for the sultan, and she could see the necessity of sacrificing him to the feast. Her mother was poor, and unable to buy one of the turkeys which decorated the butcher shops. Besides, the older the sultan grew the less palatable he would become. He would never be of any use in the world, excepting on the table. Ethel knew all this, and tried to reconcile herself to his unhappy fate, but she could not do it. She was very sorry for the turkey.

JUPITER TO THE RESCUE.

She said nothing to her mother about her unhappiness. She was unselfish enough not to wish for the mother to be worried about anything. Ethel had noticed that she looked younger and happier since she had heard from her brother. She went about her work singing, and her face was bright with expectant happiness. She did not have long to wait, for the visitor came several days before he was expected.

He was a big man, with merry, gray eyes, a brown beard, and a voice that had a ring of kindness. He brought a dog with him, a huge mastiff, of which he was very fond. Mr. Carroll took up his abode in the cottage as if he belonged there, and the dog, who was named Jupiter, was chained out on the little dried patch of lawn over which the sultan had reigned alone. The dog and turkey soon struck up a friendship, and ate together out of one dish with perfect good fellowship.

The Yokahama uncle and his dog had not been long at the cottage when the preparations for the Thanksgiving feast were begun. Mrs. Sequi said the time had come for the turkey to be killed. As she was altogether too soft-hearted a woman to perform this operation herself, and as she was unwilling to ask her great to do it, she told Ethel to request their butcher to send his boy to kill the turkey. Then she went back into the parlor to talk to her brother, and Ethel was left alone.

She put on her hat and cloak very slowly. Her heart was very full, and there was a great lump in her throat. It was bad enough, and sad enough, to love old Sultan without being compelled to give the order of the execution. She went down the street at a pace very unusual for a healthy child. Her feet seemed heavier even than her heart, and her steps were drearily reluctant.

Her eyes were red and swollen when she went into the butcher's shop, and her voice was unsteady. Everybody there was very busy, for the approaching holiday had increased the butcher's sales. There were a lot of comfort-looking fowls hanging up about the shop, but the few feathers remaining on their wings were gray, and it was plain to be seen that none of them had ever looked like the gallant sultan. Ethel priced one of them, and the butcher said it was one dollar and a half. Poor Ethel! She had been saving her pennies for nearly a year, and yet there was only seventy-five cents in her tin savings bank. That was nearly half enough to buy a turkey, and to save poor Sultan's life.

Just at dusk the butcher's boy came up the walk. Ethel saw him and her heart sank at the sight. Sultan's hour had come. The boy had no sympathy for either the girl or the turkey. He was very fat, as butcher's boys are wont to be, and he was both vulgar and presumptuous. He knew Ethel offer her services at the shop, and he been exquisitely amused at her proposal. Now he laughed and jeered at her. She had had a vague idea of appealing to him to chloroform the turkey, to make his visit as painless as possible, but she gave up this impossible idea at once. She knew that it would be useless to make any appeal for mercy to the butcher's boy. He would delight in plaguing her. He would fairly revel in slaying old Sultan before her eyes.

Of course he had first to catch the fowl. Sultan was so tame and so well trained, that he would come when his name was called; but the boy knew nothing of the bird's great sagacity, and he did not call him. Instead, he chased the turkey about the yard. The bird could not fly for one of his wings had been clipped, but he could run, and he gave the boy a lively chase. Sultan had at last forgotten his dignity. The boy was too fat for a good runner, but he made the best time possible to him, racing over the little lawn, around the school, and over the frozen flower beds. Ethel could not watch the chase. Shrouded covered her eyes with her hands and was sobbing violently. Around and around went the turkey, and around and around went the boy. And now the turkey is cornered, and now he is caught!

All this while no one had noticed Jupiter, who had been growling until his tones were almost as deep and terrible as the roar of a lion, and who had been jerking away at his heavy chain, in a mad attempt to break it. The dog was a powerful animal, but the chain was too thick for even his strength. He saw his friend, the turkey, chased all about the yard and captured, and the sight enraged him. He made one mighty, final plunge and tore the iron staple to which his chain was fastened out of the fence. Then he was free. He knocked the butcher's boy down in a moment, no doubt mistaking him for a thief. He would have killed him if Ethel had not suddenly thrown herself upon the dog, and shrieked for him to leave the boy alone. The dog obeyed her, but not before an accident had happened. In his attempt to seize the boy he had caught Ethel's hand in his jaws and bitten it.

When Thanksgiving morning dawned Ethel was recovering from the effects of her accident. She had told her mother all about the turkey, she had been to the butcher, and all about Jupiter's attempt to rescue Sultan. Her mother had listened her readily, and had grieved over the trouble, and her poor little mutilated hand. Sultan had's been killed after all. But the fat boy had left the yard with very considerable speed when he discovered that the dog had released his prey, and it was less than a miracle would have induced that boy to enter the premises again.

He had told his father how courageously Ethel had come to his rescue, and how her hand had been bitten. At first the butcher had been furious because Mrs. Sequi had such an ungrateful as to bite her boy, but later he did not blame her at the dog. Anyway, He even made Ethel a present of the very turkey she had prized so highly in his shop. Then Mrs. Sequi told Uncle Bryce all about it.

The Thanksgiving dinner was a great success. Uncle Bryce had learned more of his sister's circumstances through the accident, and he paid for the feast and she cooked it.

Uncle Bryce had saved a little surprise for their holiday. He said that he was not a visitor, but that he had come here to stay. There would be no more pinching poverty in that cottage, for he had money enough to keep all of them comfortably. He said he would take care of Ethel and her mother as long as he lived. And then he said that they all had great cause for thankfulness. They had been kept apart for a long while, and now were united. Ethel and her mother had found some one to protect them and care for them, and he had found a bright little home and two loving hearts. He said that a great man named Edmund Spencer had written that "thankfulness is the tune of angels."

After the dog was released the little girl fell asleep, as happy and grateful a child as ever sang a thanksgiving dinner.

And the white turkey on his low perch nodded sleepily toward his friend the dog, and who knows that he was not greatly comforted?

THE FARM AND HOME.

A HALF HOUR WITH GOOD AUTHORITIES.

What a German Says of Our Soil and Climate for Producing the Sugar Beet—Taloading Grapes—Dairying vs. Creamery—Household Suggestions.

The Beet Sugar Industry.

I sought an intelligent German farmer, who had been reared in Bavaria and had come to this country many years ago. I told him of this attention that was now being given to the subject of beet sugar, and asked him as to his personal experience. It chanced that he was familiar with the culture of the "beet" in Germany and knew considerable of the process of manufacture there some years ago, and had heard of the improvements adopted since the cultivation has become more general—and the production of sugar such as to not only supply the home demand, but to furnish large quantities for exportation. He said that with the old methods of cultivation when hand-culture was considered the thing, we could not produce at a profit on account of the "high wages" that prevailed in this country. But now he understood that in Germany the cost of production had been reduced one-half by the adoption of better methods, and the introduction of improved implements for cultivation and machinery for manufacture.

I asked about the soil, necessary for the production of the "beet." "We have it," said he "not only in a few localities, as is claimed, but all over the northwest, and better far than in Germany. We can excel in quantity, and I have no doubt, our average prairie soil would produce a 'beet' of superior quality, richer in saccharine matter than is produced in Germany; and with the inventive genius of Americans I believe that the cost of production and manufacture would as soon as the industry became general, enable us to produce at a cost far below that of Germany with all their improvements in the last few years.—M. W. Coolr in Rural Home.

Thinning Grapes.

"From one-third to two-thirds of the fruit." If this statement is understood to refer to a vine of the variety, either left to run wild, without pruning or thinning, or to one properly cared for and pruned, and the fruit judiciously thinned, I believe the statement is quite correct, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker. And I would even go further, and say that after a vine has been carefully pruned, it will often be found profitable to thin out the fruit according to the strength and natural habits of the variety. Some sorts habitually produce more clusters than the vines can mature, and if all are left many imperfect bunches, many small, unripe berries, with much immature wood and enfeebled vines will be found at the end of the season. The present crop is poor, and, with the same treatment, the next one will be poorer still. A continuance of this treatment with some varieties will kill the vines, or render them worthless. From one-third to two-thirds of the fruit may, with advantage, be taken from very productive varieties by thinning, and the earlier it is done, after the grapes are out of bloom and the clusters are formed, the better. First, all the small and imperfect clusters should be cut out; then those which are crowded should be partly removed and all weak shoots, leaving but one bunch to mature. This is specially advisable when the grapes are bagged to protect them from rot, or the depredations of birds, and, after thinning, leaving only the largest and finest clusters evenly distributed upon the vine, the grapes will ripen perfectly with their highest flavor; the vines will mature its wood for next season's bearing, and I do not hesitate to say that the crop will, in most cases, be worth from two to three times as much as if all had been left without thinning.

Solids in Milk.

The fact that milk is liquid in form deceives many persons as to its nutritive value, as well as regards the character of food needed to produce it. Farmers know by experience that mangolds or other beets, while often producing a large flow of milk, either make it of poor quality or rapidly reduce the flesh of the cow. This fact is explained by the chemical analysis of milk which shows only eighty-five per cent of water, while the mangolds have ninety-one per cent. Fodder corn has eighty per cent of water, but it contains more the proportion of nitrogenous matter than the mangolds. Good milk is rich in two important and valuable elements. Its carbon is in the form of fat, and is shown in cream and butter. Its nitrogenous matter shows when milk is soured, making curd and cheese. Unless both these elements are furnished in the food, the milk can only be good at the expense of the cow.

Lack of Systematic Accounts.

Some of the census enumerators have reported the difficulty they had in getting the correct figures on many farms as to the amount and value of crops produced and sold during the year. Even the exact acreage in many farms seemed to be only guess work. This goes to show how little the business rules are used in our most important industry, and that the word "slipshod," as applied to some farms and farmers, is well deserved. But a better time is coming, and it is under the law of "the survival of the fittest" the slipshod, guess work farming must go.

The Butter Extractors.

The butter extractor inventors, says the American Creamery, are leaving no stone unturned until they can perfect the little imperfections which now obstruct its road to success. Whether they succeed or not, it certainly depends the success of the machine in the future. The separator manufacturers are doing their best to down the extractor, as if it does the work that is claimed for it. Time is all that is necessary for it to supplant the separator. The separator has a double work and it will be a truly great machine that drives it from the field.

Keeping Vermin From Stock.

Good feeding is the best preventive of lice on farm stock. These never attack animals that have plenty of fat, the oil exuding from the skin destroying the vermin by filling their breathing apparatus and this suffocating them. When lice are on cattle their effect is seen by a staring coat. A little oil of any kind except kerosene brushed over the hide lays this coat smooth, and at the same time destroys any lice that may be living. A second application a few days later destroys those that hatch out afterward.

Private Dairy vs. Creamery.

There is no system of butter-making that can excel the private dairy man in making a fine article. He has the entire control from the time the feed is given the cow until the butter reaches the consumer's house. Any other system has only a limited control.—W. H. Loster.

True; and having that unlimited control, from the cow to the shoe box in the cross roads store, is just what the creamery is doing, making of the 500,000,000 lbs. of dairy butter made last year that is not consumed on the farmers who make it. The good private dairyman, who can get creamery prices, and who can "make the butter bucket" in the way of making the butter that is actually consumed by the people rather than the farmers who make their own? What is wanted is to get nine-tenths of that milk out of the "entire control" of the people who put it in the pail. Tens of thousands of them have no more business—if a good product is wanted—to go on and manufacture butter, than a miner has to insist that he will make watch-springs of the rock ore he blasts from the mine, before he lets it go out of his hands. Other ten thousands would not get a cent for their labor, as compared with what they might get if their milk was taken care of, and well manufactured and sold. It is the "ninety and nine" that have gone, and are going astray, that we are trying to help—not the one who needs no salvation.

Something Worth Remembering.

That farming is not a failure finds no better proof than in the fact that where one farmer makes an assignment a hundred merchants fail, and the farmers probably submit to merchants fifty to one. T. B. Terry, of Summit county, O., recently wrote to the Country Gentleman: "When your correspondent moved to the farm, twenty years ago last fall, there were four merchants doing business in town. They do cheapest what is known as a general country store. They were all large dealers, two of them having double stores. For convenience I will call them A, B, C and D. These men were considered worth perhaps from $50,000 to $100,000 each. They lived in fine houses, three of them at least, and doubtless were envied by many farmers. Some ten years ago A failed. Five years ago B failed, as we understand. Lately C shut up his doors for good, having many creditors who are out all their money, from a few dollars up to thousands. B paid some fifteen cents on a dollar, eventually, and C will probably pay something, but many will lose by him. D has died in years—almost their all—through these failures. And I believe they were all honored failures. I do not think any of them "failed rich." They were all personal friends of mine. I have done a good deal of business with them.

Of the thirty-three twenty years three-quarters of the large business men of this town have not only gone under themselves, but they have carried great trouble to many homes. During that time has any percentage of farmers failed? I do not need to answer no. It is very seldom that a single one goes under, and when one does it is usually caused by some outside speculation—endorsing for some friend, for example. Alas! "All is not gold that glitters." It is quite customary for our farmers to think that other business men are doing a good deal better than they are, and they often envy them. But other business men have their troubles as well as we do."

Stock Suffering from Indigestion.

It is not to be supposed that man alone suffers the horrors of indigestion. Domestic stock kept in pasture in summer and on coarse feed in winter may never be victims of dyspepsia, but the conditions of modern domestic animals are very different. Some of the improved breeds are as high fed as the average man, and when coarse is the main diet it is often so indigestible as the average human diet. The evil of improper feeding is greatly aggravated if stock are "housed." If they are kept from overdoing their stomachs until a year old, there is little danger after that of hurting them by this time of life. This stomach has become so strong enough to digest almost anything.

Household suggestions.

Ten eggs make one pound.

For moths, says an expert, salt is the best exterminator.

Salt should never be used, hence in preparing milk porridge, gruel, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Old iron may be cleaned to look like new by pouring a little ammonia on it, and scrubbing with a scrub brush, rinse in clear water.

Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it well with clean lard and then washing out with warm water and soap.

Yellow grease, left by sewing-machine oil on white, may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.

Lamp chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a teakettle, and rubbing them with a soft cloth and polishing with paper.

To clean lamp tops and burners, take common salt and strong vinegar, mixed, and rub them well, then rinse in soapsuds and rub dry; they will look like new once.

Sulphur fumigation notwithstanding some opposition on the ground of inefficacy, is still highly recommended by the best authorities as the best disinfectant, after steam, for rooms when properly done. It is certainly a long history to back it up.

To drive away roaches take three pounds of oatmeal or meal of Indian corn, and mix it with a pound of white lead; moisten with treacle so as to form a good paste, and put a portion down at night in the infested building. Repeat for a few nights alternately, and in the morning remove the paste and the corpses to a convenient place.

An Ingalian Anatomist.

The Ledger would invoke the wrath of the more excellent sex on the head of this ingalian cold-blooded anatomist, who thus labels the caput of woman.

The type of the female skull approaches, in many respects, that of the infant, and in a still greater degree that of the lower races, and with this is connected the remarkable circumstance that the difference between the sexes in regards the cranial cavity increases with the development of the race, so that the male European exceeds much more the female than the negro the negress.

How does this ridiculous anatomist account for the fact that nature has given woman an influence over man more powerful, more perpetual than man's over woman? From birth to death man takes help and healing from woman, and under all the most touching circumstances of life; she succors him in infancy, soothes him in sickness and in age, strengthens him at the beginning of the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must determine or improve man's character, must dignify or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradations of woman. It is shameful, shocking, to talk about "the inferiority of woman's brain." Her brain is simply different from man's, not inferior.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Grace Subject.

At Astoria, Oregon, there is an original and unique sign which reads: "Jeff's Restaurant. The Place to Live Well While You Do Live. You Will Be Dead a Long Time."

A Newspaper's Idea of Heaven.

To be a place of complete happiness heaven must be a place where we will be allowed to do the things we think we are fitted to do on earth.—Ex.

Beware of Imitations. Ask for Pearline and see that you get it. It is the only safe, honest, reliable article. It is not sold by peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearline. Pearline is never peddled. If your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, he is trying to sell you something that is not Pearline. It may be good, but if he thinks it is as good as Pearline he should be willing you should have the chance to buy Pearline. It is safe, it is honest, it is right. Pearline is used with millions of people and is their standard. It is the only safe article. It is not sold by peddlers. It is not sold by grocers who are dishonest. It is sold by grocers who are honest. It is sold by grocers who want to do what they think is right. It is sold by grocers who want your trade. It is sold by grocers who want to please you. It is sold by grocers who want to make a good profit on what they sell you. It is sold by grocers who want to make a good profit on what they sell you. It is sold by grocers who want to make a good profit on what they sell