

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer 60 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. The modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—60 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—It's Ayer's.

HER ABILITIES.

Robert Burdette Sums Up What a Woman Can Do in a Unique Way

"True, a woman cannot sharpen a pencil," says Burdette, "and outside of commercial circles she cannot tie a package to make it look like anything. She has a crooked cross section of cheek, but, land of miracles! see what she can do with a pin. I believe there are some women who can pin a glass knob to a door. She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table without going sound asleep the first half hour. "She can ride 500 miles without going into the smoking car to rest (and get away from the children). She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping and have a good time with three or four friends without drinking a keg of beer. She can enjoy an evening visit with her smoking half a dozen cigars. She can endure the torturing distraction of a house full of children all day, without her hand cuffs them all howling to bed before he has been home an hour. "Every day she endures the stress that would make a man's athletic prowess. She will not, and possibly cannot, walk 500 miles around a tankard in six days for \$2,000, but she can walk 200 miles in ten hours up and down the crowded aisles of a dry-goods store when there is a reduction sale on. She hath no skill at fence, and knoweth not how to spar, but when she has a man in the ring at Christmas crowd, that man's whole family howls. She is afraid of a crowd, but she is not afraid of a crowd that can't scare her. She is the salt of the church, the pepper of the choir, the life of the sewing society, and about all there is of a young ladies' school or a nursery."

THE WORST OF IT.

President Lincoln's reputation as a humorist rests largely upon the good stories he could tell, or invent, to illustrate a point. Sometimes, nevertheless, he exhibits himself as a joker in another way, as in this anecdote narrated by Harper's Round Table. "One day Lincoln and a certain judge, an intimate friend, were bantering each other about horses. Lincoln said: "Well, look here, judge, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse trade with you, only it must be on these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until the horse trade is here in the outyard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the horse trade, he does so under a forfeiture of \$25." "Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in search of their respective animals. "A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of a halter the meanest, roughest, starling, out-of-control, blind in both eyes, that ever dressed turf, but presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth of the crowd was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his horse down, and then surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of infinite disgust. "Well, judge," he finally said, "this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse-trade."

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

As the Testimony of Frank S. Emerick, of Alvin, Ont., Says South American Kidney Cure Saved His Life—It Relieves in Six Hours.

"For two years I was greatly troubled with kidney disease. I suffered intense pain, and frequently was unable to work. I doctored at intervals, but got little or no relief. I began to grow worse, and the pains were frequent and intense. About this time I saw South American Kidney Cure advertised as a speedy relief for all kidney troubles. I purchased a bottle, and it gave me wonderful relief in a few hours. I improved steadily, and after taking four bottles I am completely cured. I consider it worth its weight in gold, for it assuredly saved my life." For sale by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

TORN BY A HOG.

Coldwater, Mich., July 2.—An infant son of George L. Lantman, of Grand, was left in the house asleep, with the doors securely fastened. The little one did not burn as usual in the stoves, but he crawled out, got into an orchard, and was nearly killed by a vicious hog before his grandmother could rescue him. One arm and leg were broken, and an ugly gash torn across the forehead. He may recover.

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

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A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	E.	A.	E.		
McDonald, r.f.	3	0	1	1	0	1	0		
Dean, 2b.	4	0	0	4	0	4	0		
Phillips, c.	4	0	0	4	0	4	0		
Lauer, 1b.	3	2	2	14	0	0	0		
Mallott, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0		
Conwell, c.	4	0	1	2	0	0	0		
McAndrew, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0		
Hoffner, 1b.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0		
Carney, p.	1	0	0	0	2	0	0		
Totals	29	4	8	27	16	1			

LONDON.									
A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	E.	A.	E.		
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Keenan, 3b.	4	1	1	0	0	4	0		
Hickey, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0		
Sechrist, 1b.	3	0	1	0	0	0	0		
Johnson, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0	0		
Kershaw, r.f.	3	0	1	2	0	0	0		
Totals	31	1	7	21	11	4			

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