## CRIMEAN INCIDENTS.

### A Rather Mute Breakfast Party—Dan. at the Front—Lost His Nose.!

Cordial terms prevailed between the British and French officers of corresponding rank. There was no more striking instance of this among the older men than that of Sir Colin Campbell and Gen. Vinois. The one commanded the Highland brigade at Balaklava, and the other was at the head of the nearest French brigade on the heights. Although the Scotchman could not speak a word of French nor the Frenchman a word of English, they were in the habit of breakfasting together every Sunday, alternately in each other's tents, without an interpreter. There they would sit smiling on the opposite sides of the table, helping one another to the best of everything, but only saying:

"My friend, Vinois!"

"*Mon ami*, Campbell!"

Whether or not the Frenchman proved constant in his kindly feeling is not recorded; but it is a historical fact that years afterward, on the Scotchman's death as Lord Clyde, a sum was found appointed in his will for the purchase of a mourning ring to be sent to his friend Vinois.

Lieut. Elliot, of the 5th Dragoon guards, saved the life of Gen. Scarlett by his admirable devotedness. A tall Russian officer, perceiving the officer leading the charge must be of high rank, placed himself so as to cut him down when he should reach the column. Gen. Scarlett, being extremely short-sighted, was not prepared to guard his left. Elliot, who was riding close behind him as his aid-de-camp, gave his horse the spur, and dashing past him just as the Russian had raised his arm to strike, ran the latter through the body with such force that the thrust went home to the hilt. The Russian was turned quite round in his saddle before the sabre could be disengaged, and then he fell dead to the ground. Gen. Scarlett recommended him for promotion and for the Victoria cross, on account of his distinguished conduct in this charge of the Heavy Brigade; but neither of the application was entertained by the Horse guards; for what reason no mortal man can tell. This "beau sabreur," as he was dubbed by many of his friends, received no less than fourteen wounds on that ill-fated day. After the battle, one of his brother-officers went into his tent and found him standing before a looking-glass.

"Halloa, Elliot. Beautifying, are you?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I am sticking on my nose."

It had been slashed nearly off his face in the melee. He was a most agreeable and kind-hearted companion, and a very able cavalry officer; but his modesty never permitted him to talk of his services. When Gen. Scarlett's two recommendations were negatived, Elliot said that he could not expect to be rewarded for having done only his duty, and nothing more than any other English officer would have done. Capt. Morris, of the 17th Lancers, grievously wounded in the head, was lying with his horse's bridle in his hand, when a young cornet of the same regiment, Sir George Wombell, whose horse had been shot under him, ran past him in the vain attempt to catch another, which was galloping riderless.

"Take mine," said Capt. Morris. "My riding is over."

"No, no," answered Wombwell, "I will help you to mount and you will get back all right."

The captain became insensible, and Wombwell, thinking him dead, got on his charger and rode to the lines unhurt. Capt. Morris recovered his senses when some Cossacks were robbing him. He lay still, less they should dispatch him if they saw that he was alive. After they had left him up came an English troophorse, with his nose on the ground, evidently seeking his fallen rider. Capt. Morris took hold of the bridle, and contrived to mount the animal, which stood quiet for him to do so. He rode in the direction of our lines, till the horse was killed by a round shot. The fall rendered him insensible once more. When he regained consciousness, he tried to walk. Stumbling often, and sitting down when he felt exhausted, he found himself at last beside the body of an officer, whom he recognized as Capt. Nolan. Knowing thus that he must be near the lines, as poor Nolan had fallen at the beginning of the charge, he summoned up the remains of the indomitable resolution for which he was noted in the army, and finally staggered into the camp of the Light brigade. I saw him often during his slow recovery from his wound, and conceived the highest admiration for him. He was most deservedly promoted, and after the Crimean war was over went with his regiment to India, where he died.

One is always sorry to hear of the death of one's comrades at the front; but, whether it be that it happens so frequently that it ends by leaving one callous, more or less, or that the uncertainty of one's own fate encourages egotistical indifference to the fate of others, it is certainly a fact that an intrenched camp is not the most favorable sphere in the world for the development of altruism and benevolent sympathies. I recollect a case of an officer, noted for his kind-hartedness and affectionate manner toward those around him, having to give a message to his favorite aid-de-camp to carry, when the latter was struck dead by a round shot.

"I must ask you to carry this message," said the officer, turning to another aid-de-camp, and explaiuing the particulars, which he entered into as if nothing unusual had taken place.

Another friend of mine, a most worthy officer, never could speak seriously on any subject whatsoever. He had received a bad wound while going his rounds in the trenches, and had been conveyed to the hospital at Scutari, where Miss Nightingale nursed him. One morning he complained to her most bitterly of the noise which other wounded officers in the same ward had made in the night, having kept him awake when he wished to sleep. She told him that those officers had died in great agony.

"Well," he said, "I should feel so much obliged to you if, next time, you would ask any mortally wounded officers you would be taking care of in this ward to die quietly without disturbing others in the night.."—*Temple Bar.*

### A Smart Dog for Cashier.

Alpena can boast of possessing the champion dog wonder of Michigan in a little black-and-tan, the property of Mr. Dann of the Fletcher House. This canine has developed the strange faculty of being able to distinguish between counterfeit and genuine coin when the same may be thrown upon the floor before him. The good coin he will grasp frantically in his mouth and return it to the owner, with every demonstration of doggish joy. The base money when thrown down will cause him to run eagerly after it, to immediately turn from it in disgust the moment he puts his nose to it. He has been tried by very many people and with various descriptions of counterfeit money (coin), but with the same result in every instance. How the dog can distinguish the difference is the enigma, but he certainly does so unerringly. He has never been taught, and this strange instinct was discovered by accident two years ago, since which time this bank detective feature in his dogship has proved a source of endless amusement and surprise to the many who have witnessed his mysterious accomplishment.—*Alpena Pioneer.*

A very wise man will always have sense enough to see that he is a great deal of a fool; but a very big fool always looks upon himself as a very wise man.

Courting episode: The gothic style of hand-writing, now so popular among young ladies, may have its disadvantages. It is said that a young man who recently received a specimen of it could not tell, for the life of him, whether it was "Yes, with pleasure," "No, thank you," or a sketch of a picket fence.

### Long Ago.

You were only a boy then and life was one long summer day of pleasure. You had not advanced into this world of toil and strife and tumult and trouble. No dark cloud had overshadowed you, no nights of waking and days of woe had then come up to meet you and to cause the frosted threads to gather round your brow. You looked forward to a long life of happiness and pleasure—you decided to walk your life path fearlessly and boldly, and to strike only for God and the right. Courage was in your heart and strength nerved your arm. You felt that it would be almost impossible to fall by the way, for the blood of youth danced through your veins and all your surroundings urged you on to a life of activity and usefulness.

But a change came. The clouds gathered in the sky, and the wind howled around your pathway. The sun gave no light, and you groped around in the dark. How hard to find the way! One by one your friends fled from you or fell by the wayside, and alone and unaided you travelled on in your uneven pathway. Your wife, who had assisted you to walk in the right way, was taken from you, and the light failed, the sky grew darker, and the clouds seemed to come down and rest upon you. Business troubles followed, one upon another, and now you are weary and disheartened and ready and willing to go at the Master's call to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

A bright flame leaps up in the grate and carries you back to the time when you spent your days in the little brown schoolhouse under the hill. You see the master's green chair, you see the long row of "dinner-baskets," and in the corner near the creaking door you see the old dinted bucket which held the sparkling water from the deep crystal spring in the meadow. Down near the second window you again see the little low seat which was occupied by you and Harry Ray. And then you glance across and your heart sinks in sadness as you think of the little girl with sunny face and golden curls who sat opposite. That little girl became your wife and assisted you nobly in your life work. But at last she passed away and left you alone.

You go again, in imagination, to the cool sparkling spring out in the meadow. You can hear the water as it gushes out of the rock and comes plashing down, bedewing the "silver leaves," the tender vines and the wild roses with its sparkling drops. When you were lying upon a battle-field wounded and nigh unto death, your mind went back to the days spent in the old brown school house. You thought of the refreshing shade under the mulberry, and you longed, oh! so much to have a drop of water from that cool, sparkling meadow spring. As if to make your thirst more intolerable, you could see the water as it gushed out of the rock—and you could see the "silver leaves" floating in the spring, and you could hear the purling sound of the water as it wandered on down through the green, quiet meadow.

You see again the little white church in the valley, and as you come down that long hill you see the people gathering in for the morning Sabbath school, just as they did in the days gone by. The bell peals out its call, and again, with your books under your arm, you take up your walk across the lawn, under the cool maple trees, into the church, and down the broad aisle, to your accustomed place. You see again your kind and faithful teacher, with her smiling face and gentle voice. Her words of counsel and advice sank deep into you heart, and were often remembered in the storms and struggles of your after life. She, too, is gone to the "golden shore."

You remember the minister in the high pulpit, and how earnest he seemed as he brought to the people the "glad tidings of great joy." That earnest and white-haired minister many years ago left his little flock and passed over to receive his reward from the Great Shepherd on high.

You are old and worn and weary, and you are now only waiting for "the sweet by and by." Your faithful and loving life companion has "gone before," and you look forward to the time when cares and trials and vexations of this life shall end and you shall meet her on the other side, in the jasper walls of heaven, where no farewells are said and where all is peace and joy and love.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### What Smokers Smoke.

Fifteen factories in New York employ chemists to "flavor" cigars. They can not do much with the wrapper, but they can "heighten and develop" the fillings. It is a relief to know that opium is not used, although it used to be formerly in England, but stringent laws laws broke the practice. The substances used to flavor tobacco are numerous. Every manufacturer has his own formula. Vanilla is the most common. This is employed in the form of an alcoholic tincture to flavor fillings. It is said that few cigars are free from vanilla. Its effects are not harmful if not used to excess. The tonka bean and balsam fir are both used in the same way for the same purpose. Cedar oil is also introduced. The best imitator of the tobacco flavor is valerian. Valerian and vanilla are the most valuable chemicals now in use by tobacconists. By their use the poorest stems may be converted into fair tobacco. Into cigarettes enter not only valerian and vanilla, but cascarilla bark. To make cigars burn ammonia is used, and they are soaked in saltpetre. The latter is injurious and makes young men old with dispatch. The object of its use is to cause the cigar to burn freely.

It has been noticed by some smokers that an intoxicating effect has been produced by some cigars. This is produced by dipping the fillings into a solution of sulphuric ether and bromide of potassium. When it is known that rum is used, with vanilla and valerian, it is nothing to wonder at that the cigars so treated produce intoxication. To make tobacco, or aid in its adulteration, such other things as potato leaves, sugar, potash, tamarinds, aniseed, gum and various oils not heretofore mentioned are used to a greater or less extent. In New York alone $26,666,000 cigars are made annually, besides 229,800,000 cigarettes, and 25,000 persons are employed.

### Jumping Sheets or Fire Escapes.

An unhappy accident, by which an English fireman was seriously injured while practicing with the jumping sheet, has given rise to something like a revulsion of feeling with regard to their utility. The superintendent of the Manchester Fire Brigade has made inquiries to discover instances of their use in saving lives, during the years in which jumping sheets have been carried by European fire companies, and finds but one instance, in Vienna.

It is only when the person to be rescued is at a small distance from the ground—say, thirty feet or under, he says—that the sheet may be safely used; above that height those who jump run the risk of having their bones broken, while those who hold the sheet are liable to a spinal shock.

To be really serviceable in rescuing fire-beset persons from upper floors, the jumping—or, rather, catching—sheet should, in our opinion, be raised ten, fifteen, or twenty feet from the ground, on strong but somewhat elastic standards. In this way the fall would be sooner broken, the shock would be less, and would be met by the standards and not by human backs, and a longer time and space would be provided for reducing the momentum of the body gradually as it neared the ground.

Two ladies exchanging notes on the method in which they spend the day: "You see, I always get up at 10, and ring for my maid and get dressed." "How long does that take?" "Oh, ever so long. You see the girl takes a full hour to do my hair." "A full hour? Mercy! What do you do while she is fixing it?" "I go out in the garden and take my morning walk."

Admiration is a forced tribute, and to extort it from mankind, envious and ignorant as they are, they must be taken unaware.

## A DUCK OF A WIFE.

### Incubating Eggs by a Novel and Original Process.

About four weeks ago Mr. James Shaw, proprietor of the English tap-room at 244 Plane street, Newark, N. J., put twelve selected duck eggs under a setting hen, and he counted upon having all the ducklings hatched out on Wednesday last. But on Sunday morning the hen quitted the eggs and would not return to the nest again, very much to the disappointment of Mr. Shaw and his wife, both of whom had set their hearts upon having a fine brood of ducklings. No other setting hen could be found, and Mr. Shaw was about to throw the eggs away, when his wife proposed a novel plan. She is young, pretty, and a rather plump German woman. Her plan was to hatch out the ducklings herself. She reasoned that if the heat that had been supplied by the setting hen could be continued by artificial means the ducklings might break through the eggs in a day or two. Therefore she put the eggs on her bosom, laying them against the flesh, and keeping them in place with a covering of thick woolen cloth. At night she kept the eggs beside her in bed, taking care not to break them. On Monday afternoon she felt something pecking in one of the eggs, and upon taking the latter from her breast she saw that a duckling had forced its tiny bill through the shell. An hour afterwards a second duckling had done the same thing, and in the evening both of them had got clear of the shells. She kept them on her bosom until Tuesday morning, when she placed them and the remaining eggs in a box under the stove. She then went to one of the cemeteries to deck a grave with flowers, but as soon as she returned home she began the novel incubating process again, and on Wednesday five more ducklings appeared. She broke the other five eggs and found the ducklings dead. Had she not gone to the cemetery these would probably be hatched out all right. Scores of people have since called at the tap-room to see the ducklings. On Friday afternoon a reporter saw them in a box in the yard, where they were toddling in a shallow pan of water. They flocked to the side of the box when they heard Mrs. Shaw's voice. She is very fond of the little pets.

"At first I didn't want to tell you I hatched them myself," said Mrs. Shaw to the reporter, as a bright blush spread over her fair features, "for our friends have been joking me about being the duck woman. You see, Jim and me were very anxious to have the eggs hatched out, and when that hateful hen ran away I thought of the plan to save the ducklings, for I knew it was about time for them to appear. I had heard of chickens being hatched by artificial heat, but I don't think that anybody ever tried my plan before. I was careful to keep the eggs warm day and night, and you may be sure that I was awfully pleased when I heard the first little duckling break through its shell. I do wish that I had stayed at home on Decoration day, for I did hope to hatch out the entire brood. I wouldn't sell the ducklings for anything, for I call them my babies, and Jim now calls me a duck of a wife. Ain't they cunning, the little ducklings? I didn't mean to tell how I hatched them, but the story got about so much that I have told you all."

### The Little Woman.

In daily life, who is the really formidable woman to encounter? The black-browed, broad-shouldered giantess, with arms almost as big in the girth as a man's; or the pert, smart, trim, little female, with no more biceps than a lady-bird, and of just about equal strength with a sparrow? Nine times out of ten, the giantess with heavy shoulders and broad, black eye-brows is a timid, feeble-minded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything harsher than a mild remonstrance with her maid, or a gentle chastisement of her children. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, so that she would swear that the moon shone at midday, if it were his pleasure that she should make a fool of herself in that direction. One of the most obedient and indolent of earth's daughters, she gives no trouble to any one, save the trouble of rousing, exciting and setting her going; while as for the conception or executing of any naughty piece of self assertion, she is as utterly incapable as if she were a child unborn, and demands nothing better than to feel the pressure of the leading strings, and to know exactly by their strain where she is desired to go and what to do.

But the little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow, what can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple sheet of brass, the angriest dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed, of that exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly defiance.—*Quiz.*

### M. de Lesseps on Egypt.

I have recently, says the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, heard the views of M. de Lesseps about Egypt. He thinks the Egyptians are well qualified to govern themselves. The Copts are very intelligent, and would be progressive if they had fair play. They form an excellent material for a governing class. There is no country in which there is so little need of a public executioner as Egypt. Because the Egyptian is gentle it does not follow that he requires a Turkish or other foreign master. From a Christian point of view his meekness should be a title to citzenship. M. de Lesseps regards the Egyptian fellah as superior to the French peasant in thrift and fertility of money making resource. The account to which a soldier in Cairo will, in the hours when he is free from military duty, turn a donkey that he has hired shows financial talent of a superior kind. In the Egyptian army before the Control was established pay was always in arrears, and arrears were never paid. The soldier had to do for himself, and he managed to create a fund which would enable him to bear up against weighty imposts. When he returned to his native village he bought and sold, swapped and bartered, and turned over a great deal of money, in the periods which would have been spent in idleness and dissipation were he in a European army. Wherever there is a free school in Egypt it is well attended; the poor people there understand the value of knowledge and accept it from teachers belonging to Catholic and Protestant missions, although attached to their own form of Coptic Christianity. Reading and writing are much more general than Europeans imagine. M. de Lesseps could almost now form a staff of Egyptian clerks for the adminstration of his canal. The negroes who were imported to labor as slaves on the domain of the ex-Khedive have many excellent and useful qualities. M. de Lesseps has a very kindly feeling toward the dark races of the world, among whom he has lived a great deal. He is convinced that Egypt will be in the future, as she has been in the past, a civilizing State in Africa.

A good-looking lass loves a good looking-glass.

Self-love would be a necessary principle in every one if it were only to serve each as a scale for his love to his neighbor.

## CAPT. DRISKO'S GHOST STORY.

### How the Good Ship Harry Booth Was Saved from Wreck.

At a meeting of religious reformers held in the house of Mr. William H. Banks, East Boston, a few evenings since, Capt. C. P. Drisko, who is well-known as an able and experienced ship-master, spoke in substance as follows:

In the winter of 1865 I commanded the ship Harry Booth, bound from New York for Dry Tortugas, with a cargo of government stores and two hundred mechanics and laborers to be employed on the fortifications then in the course of construction. When the ship reached the vicinity of Abaco the wind blew a fierce norther, with heavy rain; the sun had gone down, and the weather soon became quite dark. To haul off was impossible, the wind blew too fresh to carry sail, and the only rational course left was to incur the risk of crossing the Bahama banks. The ship drew fourteen feet, and I could not expect that there was much more than fifteen feet of water on some parts of the banks. A foot is very little to spare under a ship's keel; but I resolved to take the chance, and accordingly squared away—that is, put the ship before the wind—and took my departure from Berry island. Having seen everything in order on deck, I left the chief mate, Mr. Peterson, a careful and trustworthy officer, in charge, and went below for a little rest. At 10.50 o'clock I heard a voice, clear and distinct, say: 'Go on deck and anchor!' 'Who are you?' I demanded, and sprang on deck, for I was not a man to take orders from any one. Thinking it may have been hallucination, I went below again. About 11.50 a man with a gray great-coat and slouched hat entered the cabin, and, looking me straight in the face, commanded me to go on deck and anchor. He left the cabin deliberately. I heard his heavy tread as he passed before me. Once more I sprang on board, and found the ship all right. Sure of my course I was not disposed, even with this second warning, to obey any man or anything else; no matter what appearance it might put on. Again I went below, but not to sleep, for I had everything on ready for a spring on deck. At 12.50 a. m. the same man entered the cabin, and, more imperiously than before, said, "Go on deck and anchor!" I recognized at a glance that the speaker was my old friend, Capt. John Barton, with whom I had sailed when a boy, and who treated me with great kindness. I sprang on deck, rounded the ship to, and anchored her with fifty fathoms of chain. All hands were called and the sails furled. Shortly afterward I felt the ship touch, but neither the mate nor any one else noticed it. A few minutes later, however, all hands felt it. I threw the lead first from one side, then from the other, and found five fathoms (thirty feet of water.) I was perplexed, and asked myself what it could mean, when the same voice sang out: 'Throw the lead over the stern.' I did so, and to my dismay found only thirteen and a half feet. (The ship fourteen feet.) I immediately set the mizzen, topsail, and spanker, and backed her clear off the reef, against which she sheered every time she brought a strain upon her chain. The danger was past; the ship rode clear of the reef and sustained but little damage where she struck. A ship which spoke me in the early part of the evening, and whose captain was not familiar with the Bahamas, said that he would follow me, and for this purpose I hung a light over my stern. Watching my movements closely, he rounded to almost as soon as I did, and thereby saved his vessel. No doubt the norther had shallowed the water on the banks, and if we had continued in our course we both might have been wrecked. Will those who assume that the spirits of our departed friends do not take an interest in us please explain? What I have stated is true. It was the spirit of a departed friend, Capt. John Barton, well known as one of the best ship masters in the country. He commanded among others the ships Talleyrand and Superior, and was esteemed by all who ever knew him. My voyage in the Harry Booth was entirely successful.—*Boston Traveller.*

### Just at the Wrong Time.

Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Surveyor's office, and Street Commissioner, of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., who is very fond of shooting, says: "To lose a duck hunt is a loss for which there is no adequate recompense. This misfortune lately overtook me. The boys got together recently and made arrangements for a good hunt. At the time the arrangements were entered into I was in good health generally; but, just as the shooting was to take place, my old enemy, the rheumatism, came back to stay awhile with me again, and I had to forego the pleasure The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. When this last attack came on me and crippled my hands so that they were drawn up, a friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it. I am happy to say, and the result is that I am now cured and as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil succeeded where more than a score of other liniments and medicines had failed."

In all sciences the errors precede the truths, and it is better they should go first than last.

We beg to intimate that every well regulated household should have a bottle of Star Cement, as it mends everything as good as new.

Briggs' Botanic Bitters are the cheapest, and we believe the best, tonic in use. Sold in packages at 25 cents and makes one-half gallon of the finest mixture. As simple as making tea or coffee.

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ALWAYS KEEP COOL.

To stick to your subject and the truth is an excellent plan, and whether it be in questions of finance or fishing, or any topic whatever, civil or political, always keep cool and tell the truth. However, there is a certain margin allowed for lying, when it comes to fishing, that is permitted in no other subject, and no doubt our friends in the picture are indulging in that special employment, as well, perhaps, as in a little scientific swearing. Their bodies and tempers are hot and the air is cool as they should be, but are not, and they are apparently in the condition when it is much easier to catch rheumatism than fish, in which case it would be well for them that they be provided with a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy for this as well as other painful ailments.

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*WE'LL NAIL ITS COLORS TO THE MAST.*

"Hello, Denny! what is the trouble?" "Oh, I'm all broke up," was the response to the inquiry of an old shipmate of William G. Dennis-ton, one of Farragut's war-worn veterans, well known in the southern section of this city, who came limping into the American office yesterday. "I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denniston. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet if a friend had not recommended ST. JACOBS OIL to me. I hesitated some time before getting a bottle, thinking it was another one of those advertised nostrums, but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief, and my faith was pinned to ST. JACOB and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for ST. JACOBS OIL I should, in all probability, be still housed. My foot pains me but little, and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of, and any person who doubts it send them to me at 1724 South Tenth st.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PAINLESS AND SAFE.—PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, the great remedy for corns, is absolutely safe and painless, does its work promptly, without in the least interfering with the comfort of patients, and is absolutely alone as a safe, painless remedy for corns. Do not be imposed upon by dangerous counterfeits. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of base substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine.

"How doth ye little busy B,
Improve each shining hour,'

If you wish personal and practical illustration of the above couplet, go to Bruces Photographic Art Studio, 118 King street West, the first time you visit Toronto, and secure a photo of yourself that you will be proud to give away and your friends pleased to receive. Don't pay for caricatures. The best are cheapest.

Take no more nauseous purgatives. Burdock Blood Bitters act mildly, pleasantly and thoroughly upon the Bowels, and occasion no inconvenience, while it regulates the Liver and Kidneys and tones the enfeebled system. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Rheumatism is greatly dependent on a vitiated condition of the fluids, and may be eliminated from the system by cleansing the Blood and regulating the kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters will do this most effectually. Trial bottles 10 cents.

The public has long since awarded to Ayer's Hair Vigor the foremost place among reliable Hair Restoratives. It is effectual, agreeable and absolutely harmless. It makes the hair fresh and luxuriant and old age scarce and unfashionable.

Dropsy is essentially a watery condition of the Blood, dependent upon disordered kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters are strongly Diuretic, and consequently the best known remedy, acting as it does upon the entire Secretory System.

Physicians and Druggists have been in the habit of charging patients and customers more than many of them are able to pay. We are glad to inform our readers that Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold at the low price of fifty cents a box, a quantity sufficient to last over two weeks. Read the advertisement in another column.

Consumption, that dread destroyer of the human race, is often the result of bad blood and low vitality, and scrofulous condition of the system. Burdock Blood Bitters cure Scrofula in its worst form.

VEGETINE will regulate the bowels to healthy action, by stimulating the secretions cleansing and purifying the blood of poisonous humors, and, in a healthful and natural manner, expels all impurities without weakening the body.

Nervous debility is a result of indiscretion in the mode of living. Heed nature's unerring laws and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great System Renovator and Blood Purifier, Liver and Kidney regulator and tonic. Sample bottles 10 cents.

MOULDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, MIRROR PLATES, CHROMOS, &c. Price List to the trade on application. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge St., Toronto.

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ALL KINDS OF COTTON AND WOOLEN rags, waste paper, books, bagging, rope, etc., bought at highest market price. TAYLOR BROTHERS, Market square, Toronto.

BAND INSTRUMENTS—CHEAP FOR cash. Good second hand instruments taken in exchange. Catalogues of band music and piano music free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-st, Toronto.

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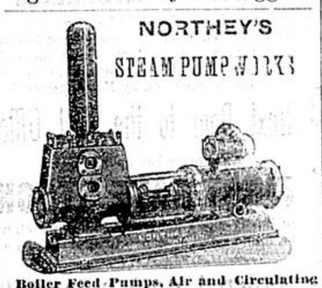

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