A TRUE GHOST STORY.

The following is related by an English clergyman, and copied as we find it in *Temple Bar*. The names only are fictitious:—

The tale I am about to tell is a simple statement of facts, without embellishment or explanation.

My wife's mother had in her service a coach man named Philips, apparently an old bachelor, but in reality a widower with one son. The name of the son was James Henry Philips, who had been brought up by friends at a distance, and was apprenticed to a trade in London. With the exception of his own father, no one in the neighborhood but myself was aware of his existence. Nor did I, again, know much about him, for his father had only twice casually mentioned him to me, though we were on very friendly terms, together.

After a time, however, Philips married again, and I performed the ceremony; but the son was not there, nor did I even notice his absence. In fact, he had almost entirely slipped out of my mind, for with a large seaside parish on my hands, of which I was curate, my time and attention were fully taken up with matters nearer home. I mention this lest in the course of the following story my readers should chance to think that a deep impression, previously made on my own mind, had predisposed me to see what I saw, and afterward to regard it in a supernatural light. I can not, therefore, too emphatically repeat that I knew next to nothing about James Henry Philips, my friend's son; that I had never seen him; and seldom, if ever, thought of him at all.

The next thing I have to state is that when Philips married again, he gave uy his situation as coachman, and settled with his wife in a street in my parish, called Dunton Street.

And here it is that the extraordinary part of my story begins. And yet, after all, I have no midnight horrors to relate; but only something very curious and strange, and that happened, too, in the broad face of day.

It was a hot and bright afternoon in summer, and I was unrobing in the vestry after service in the church, when my parish clerk, a white-haired old man, with a merry, mischievous twinkle in his eye, ushered in a lady, desirous, as he meaningly said, of an interview with me in private. Her errand was this. She had heard that there was sickness in the town, and for her children's sake (and they were legion) she wished to know if the report were true. If it were, for she was but a visitor, she would seek for lodgings elsewhere. I told her that I would make enquries, and let her know, if she would kindly leave with me her name and address. She gave me her name, which I have forgotten—let us say it was Mrs. Timidity—and her address was Dunton Street, a place already mentioned in this narrative.

Now in Dunton Street there lived at that time, among others,, three persons in particular: viz, my friend Philips; my new acquaintance Mrs. Timidity; and an old lady named Jackson, with whom I was engaged that very afternoon to drink tea. Off then I set, after service in church, like a boy let loose from school, for Mrs. Jackson's house in Dunton Street, which I very soon reached. As if it were only yesterday, I remember perfectly well walking down the broad, bright street in the broad, bright afternoon. And in going to Mrs. Jackson's abode, I had to pass the house of Philips. I remarked indeed that all his window-blinds were carefully drawn down, as if to screen the furniture, of which his wife was inordinately proud, from the despoiling blaze of the afternoon sun. I smiled inwardly at the thought. I then left the road, stepped to the side pavement, and looked over the area rails, into the front court below. Why I did so, I can not exactly say. A young man, dressed in dark clothes, and without a hat, and apparently about twenty years of age, was standing at the door beneath the front steps. On the instant, from his likeness to my friend Philips, I seemed to recognize his son. We both stood and looked very hard at each other. Suddenly, however, he advanced to that part of the area which was immediately below where I was standing, fixed on me a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare, and halted. The desire to speak was evidently legible in his face, though nothing audible escaped from his lips. But his eyes spoke; every feature in his countenance spoke;—spoke as it were a silent language, in which reproach and pain seemed equally intermingled. At first I was startled: then I began to feel angry. "Why," I said to myself, "does he look at me in that manner?" At last, annoyance prevailing over my surprise, I turned away with the half-muttered thought: "He certainly knows me by sight as a friend of his father, and yet has not the civility to salute me. I will call on the first opportunity and ask his reason for such behaviour." I then pursued my way to Mrs. Jackson's house, and thought no more of what had just occurred.

On the next day, Monday, true to my appointment, I called on Mrs. Timidity in Dunton Street, and relieved her mind of all unnecessary fears. On my way home, however, finding myself thus inadvertently in the neighborhood of Philips' house, and feeling certain in my own mind that it was Philips' son I had seen, I determined to call on him at once. My hand indeed was actually on the knocker to seek admittance, when the thought struck me that I had another engagement for five o'clock: and as it was close upon that hour, I gently replaced the knocker, saying to myself as I turned again to the street, that I would make a point of seeing the young man before the week was out.

Next day was Tuesday; and out of sight was out of mind. On Wednesday it was my turn to officiate at the local cemetery. I went there in due course, and read the service over a little girl; and was preparing for instant departure, when the sexton informed me that there was another funeral still, but that the hearse and mourners had not yet arrived. On my asking who was to be buried, I was told that it was a young man from my quarter of the town, who had died of consumption. I can not give the reason, but immediately I felt startled and ill at ease. It was not that I had the least suspicion that anything extraordinary was about to happen. I had quite forgotten young Philips. The feeling which I think was uppermost in my mind was annoyance at the fact that any one should have died, of such a slow disease in my parish, but without my knowledge. Accordingly, I waited impatiently for the arrival of the funeral *cortege*, which I beheld approaching in the distance. As soon, then, as it stopped at the cemetery gates, I asked without delay for the registrar's certificate. I took it at once with eager, outstretched hand; I opened it immediately; and to my surprise, my horror,—I was going to say, terror—my eyes fell on the words, "James Henry Philips, aged twenty-one years." I felt stunried. I could scarcely believe my own senses; and my surprise was increased, not to say my alarm, when I looked up and saw Philips and the wife as the mourners. With an effort, however, I mastered my feelings for the moment; and with calm lips, but with an agitated heart, and confused thoughts, I read the service through to the end.

Need I say that for all that day, and for some time afterward, I felt strangely nervous and upset? My mind was a chaos of doubt. I perpetually asked myself the question, wherein my fault lay that the young man should have looked at me in such a manner, that the mere recollection of his glance should pierce me to the very soul? Was I the victim of my own imagination, building up unnecessary horrors out of a chance coincidence, singular indeed, but in no sense preternatural? Had I known of his presence in the town and yet have left him unvisited in his illness, then I could have understood the pain visible in his face, and could at once have felt that he had come to me with a message of blame from another world. Oh how that look of his haunted me, mingling with my dreams, and disturbing my working thoughts! Nay, to this very day, though years have passed, I can not recall the story without a shudder and a thrill.

Under the pressure of such feelings, it may be readily imagined that I lost but little time before calling on Philips and his wife. I found the latter at home, and what she had got to say only made me more uncomfortable still. James Henry Philips bore such a close resemblance to his father, that all who had seen him remarked on the striking likeness. In addition to this during the last three months of his life, which he had spent under his father's roof, he had often wondered that I did not come to see him. His longing for an interview with me had been most intense; and every time he saw me pass the house without going in, he had both felt and expressed a keen disappointment. In fact, he died terribly in earnest, wishing in vain to the last that I would come. The thought pierced me through and through. I had not gone to him, but he had come to me. And yet I would have gone, if I had but known. I blame the doctor for not telling me; I blame the parents for not sending for me; and with that awful look he gave me in my remembrance, I blame myself, though I can not tell why.

But there is something else I have to have to tell in order to make this sad, short story complete. James Henry Philips had died on the Thursday before the Sunday on which I had seen him. He had died too in the front room, on a level with the area, into which its window opened. He had also lain there till the Wednesday following, awaiting burial. His corpse was then lying in that very room on that very Sunday, and at the very moment, too, when I had seen his living likeness, as it were, in the area outside. Nobody, I found, had passed through the area that day; the door there had been locked and unused all the Sunday. The very milkman, the only person who called, had come by the front steps to the house; and Philips and his wife were the only inmates at the time.

Finally, let me observe again that all this happened in the full blaze of day, and so I leave my story with my reader. In short, the tale itself is so extraordinary, and I know it to be so true, that its plain and bare recital is its own and very best witness.

Japanese Wrestlers.

There are at Tomioka several small temples, but of only local interest, and once a year, on the 18th of September, there is a grand *matsuri*, or feast day, celebrated, when the doors of the temple are opened and services performed by the priests. On this feast day celebrated wrestlers congregate here and contest the championship. In front of the temple an elevation of sand about two feet high and twenty-five feet square is made, the sides protected by matting to keep the sand in place. On this the wrestlers try their skill for supremacy in the art. They are entirely without clothing, offering their bare bodies only to the grasp of their opponents, with the exception of a narrow band which bisects the lower part of the body and is also wound about the loins a number of times, and securely fastened. It is a sight that would delight the fancy wrestlers of the Western World to witnes. these chaps tug at each other for the mastery. As they take their places preparatory to the trial of strength and skill they place themselves in a partially squatting position, placing their limbs wide apart and slap first one leg and then the other, at the same time raising the foot and leg and then bringing it (the foot) down again with an energy and force that portends a determination that their feet shall not be tripped from under them. They then squat facing each other, and, upon a signal, spring upon one another as they rise, catching such hold as they are able to. Such wrestling never came under our observation elsewhere. The style is peculiar to Japan and appears to be more a demonstration of power then skill, as they make heavy work of it, sweating and steaming as men only do when putting forth their utmost strength. Some heavy falls are sustained, while it can hardly be seen how the thing was accomplished. At this masturi large numbers of contestants appear in the arena, so there is a large showing of glistening anatomy as they stand together under the full blaze of the sun.

Fierce looks they assume as they spring upon one another in the tussel, grimacing in all fashions of contortions. Yet the best good nature prevails at these contests. It is ludicrous to see them, after they have been thrown again and again, leave the arena and perform their acts of posturing, taking positions and going through manouverings that would impress one with the idea that they were the king-pins of the lot if they only let themselves loose and did their best. With all the crudity of movement there must be very much skill in the methods of these wrestlers, for the falls come rapidly. The victor of the company is a proud man and knows it—intimating by actions that he is capable of immense achievements of skill and dexterity in his art.

Some Arabian Yarns.

In the way of serpents, a skipper named Abou Mohammed, son of El Hassan, son of Amr, had a strange experience, the authenticity of which was vouched for by Ismail, son of Ibriham, already cited. Running into a creek for shelter during a violent gale, he observed on the following morning a gigantic serpent, fearful to behold, plunge into the water, traverse the creek, climb the opposite bank, and glide away with startling rapidity. Toward nightfall it returned, but its movements were then slow and heavy. The same thing happened for five consecutive days. On the sixth the skipper bade some of his men follow the reptile and mark whither it went. On their return they reported that the snake repaired to a marshy ground completely covered with ivory tusks voided by that devourer of elephants. For seven successive days the crew were employed with filling up the ship with ivory, throwing overboard their less valuable cargo. Almost incredible was the value of the tusks they collected during their 20 days' detention. Another celebrated mariner named Djafar, son of Rashid, spoke of a serpent that entered the bay on the Malabar coast and swallowed a crocodile. The Governor of the place forthwith despatched a body of troops to seize the monster. It took 3,000 men to master it and place a rope around its neck. It was sixty feet in length and weighed some thousands of pounds.—*All the Year Round.*

How Mr. Dawson Lost his Sheep.

Mr. Andrew Dawson was crossing a flock of 700 sheep over Rock Creek, near his house. He had taken some waggons, removed the end gates from the beds, put them end to end, and was running the sheep through. They had been taken through to an island, and the waggons were taken to the other side, placed in position, and the sheep started on across. About 200 had got through when a roaring noise was heard, and the men on the island looked up and saw a wall of ice and water about four feet high rushing down upon them. In an instant they were engulfed, with the 500 sheep remaining on the island. The two men, Mr. Dawson and his son, succeeded in getting out, but the sheep were swept away.—*Winfield Courier.*

A Tea-Drunkard.

The term "tea-drunkard" is known throughout Russia, and implies, not the abuse of *robur* or any spirit distilled from the herb, but that the cup which cheers intoxicates also, if zealously adhered to. Strong tea is well-known to be a powerful though fleeting excitant of the nervous system; and if the reader likes to make the experiment let him drink a dozen or fifteen cups of tea in the Russian style—that is, without cream or sugar, but flavored with a drop of lemon-juice—in the space of a couple of hours, and he may arrive at the conclusion that there is something rational about such a epithet as tea-drunkard after all.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Singing in a Chinese joss-house is done by a Celestial choir.

SEA-WEED.

An Effective Appetizer and a Nutritious Food—How it is Gathered and "Saved" in Ireland—An Industry Giving considerable Employment.

The New York *Times*, in a recent issue, gives an interesting issue of the uses of the "flowers of the sea." It says that, in Ireland, sea-weed as an article of food is not new to the people who dwell along the coasts. In the very best of times they consume a considerable amount of the choicest varieties for medicinal purposes. That which has the greatest popularity grows luxuriantly upon rocks that are submerged during the high tide. The saving process is a very simple one. At low tide the wives and daughters of fishermen gather it in baskets and spread it in such a way that it will catch the sun. The effect of this treatment changes its greenish color to a dark purple, and it is then stored in bags. On the western coast the people call it *dilusk* and sell it to summer visitors. As an appetizer it is considered very effective. It is a common sight at the western watering-places to see the children munching it during the midday airings on rock and heath. But as the effect of this kind of sea-weed is to increase rather than allay hunger in those unaccustomed to its use, the natives of the coast line cannot be expected to derive much nourishment from it as a continuous diet. As a matter of fact, they do not. A woman in the County Clare a few years ago, through the desertion of her husband and her inability to walk to a village a few miles distant, was compelled to subsist wholly on sea-weed. She ultimately died of starvation, and the stomach was found to be almost full of sea-weed. In the County Donegal, according to the latest cable report, the residents of the vicinity of Gweedmore, a little postal village, have been driven by the scantiness of provisions to make the principal meal of the day on sea weed. It is, therefore, not surprising that every house has one or more of its inmates on the sick-list. If the kind of sea-weed which is known in this country as Irish moss and in Ireland as carrageen was more plentiful in Donegal the sufferings of the people would not be so great. That is really capable of affording a much more nutritious food than any other of the five hundred or more varieties. Scores of peasant women live by gathering it from the rocks in summer. They spread it upon the grassy slopes near the ocean until it whitens and hardens in the sun, and then pack and ship it. It is the Irish "mild-cure" bacon—too valuable to be kept for home consumption. Carrageen is still used by well-to-do Irish families for blanc mange making. It is first steeped in cold water, then strained and the liquor boiled in milk. When poured into molds, sweetened, and flavored with lemon or vanilla, it becomes as stiff as corn-starch, and far more palatable. Before its medicinal virtues were proclaimed to the world the peasants of the coast had it nearly all to themselves. During late years they have been content with an occasional meal.

A Cat's Reasoning Power.

"Our servants have been accustomed during the late frost to throw the crumbs remaining from the breakfast table to the birds, and I have several times noticed that our cat used to wait there in ambush in the expectation of obtaining a hearty meal from one or two of the assembled birds. Now, so far this circumstance in itself is not an example of abstract reasoning. But to continue: For the last few days this practice of feeding the birds has been left off. The cat, however, with an almost incredible amount of forethought, was observed by myself together with two other members of the household to scatter crumbs on the grass with the obvious intention of enticing the birds." A somewhat similar incident is recounted by another of the author's correspondents: "During the recent severe winter a friend was in the habit of throwing crumbs out of the bedroom window. The family have a fine black cat, which, seeing that the crumbs brought birds, occasionally hid herself behind some shrubs and when the birds came for their breakfast would pounce out upon them, with varying success. The crumbs had been laid out as usual one afternoon, but left untouched, and during the night a light fall of snow occurred. On looking out next morning my friend observed puss busily engaged in scratching away the snow. Curious to learn what she sought he waited and saw her take the crumbs up from the cleared space and lay them one after another on the snow. After doing this she returned behind the shrubs to await further developments. That was repeated on two other occasions." Now, we learn from Dr. Klein that the cat which he watched had also indisputably established a definite association between crumbs already sprinkled on the garden walk and sparrows coming to eat them; for as soon as the crumbs were thrown upon the walk the cat used to conceal himself in a neighbor's shrubbery, there to await in ambush the coming of the birds. In this instance the reasoning observation of the animal—"crumbs attract birds, therefore I will lie in wait for birds when crumbs are scattered—" was as complete as in the first stage of the feline proceedings recorded by Dr. Frost, but the reasoning in the latter case seems to have proceeded a step further—"therefore I will scatter crumbs to attract birds."—George J. Romanes.

Street Flirtation.

So much has recently been written in condemnation of the "masher" that a few words on the other side of the question will not be amiss. While not designing to present the masher as a saint, we would suggest that the burden of responsibility of street flirtations be placed upon the shoulders of those who justly should bear it. Brazen as the male street flirt appears, he will not often speak to a woman who offers him no encouragement. It would be poor sort of fun for him to invite attention all day long if his invitation met with no response. It is manifest that the girls are to blame for his presence upon the streets. Let them lay aside their dashing boldness of manner, which they often foolishly imagine denotes independence, but which is as dangerous as it is unseemly. Such a demeanor provokes remarks from men and women which would make the ears of the average maiden tingle with indignation could she but hear them. There is no doubt that many girls are lacking in that modesty which would entitle them to consideration. With these the street flirtation, frequently resulting in acquaintance, is a great frolic; but these very girls would soon assume a manner not in accord with their character could they see themselves as others see them. Very few girls wish to be considered fast, yet they can by a certain recklessness of conduct while in public places easily learn the appellation. They may not be guilty of any crime, but they will as certainly lose the respect of every one whose respect is worth having as though they were. This particularly applies to women who have reached or passed beyond the age of 20. What may be readily overlooked in the school-girl of 15 will not be forgiven in her sister of maturer years. In no other country are unmarried women allowed so much freedom as our own. In view of the disastrous results of this custom it would seem to be the part of wisdom to adopt the Old World fashion of chaperones. If, however, the girls and young women can be made to understand the use of liberty, and will conduct themselves accordingly, the mashers's avocation will be gone, and he will gradually disappear from the public places.

The prayers at the daily opening of the session of the New York state assembly costs $3, which seems extravagance, as it is impossible to discover $3 of goodness in the body.

Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, is to be the guest of the New York Bar Association in the summer.

RELIGION RUN MAD.

The Shocking Penance Done by New Mexican Zealots.

Sin Driven Out by Terrible Flagellations and Torture—A Trail of Blood.

The Hermanos penitents, a fanatical religious sect, numbering about two thousand in the territory of New Mexico, who believe in the periodical atonement of sin by inflicting on their bodies agonizing tortures were originally within the Roman Catholic church, but Archbishop Daney, shocked by the barbarous cruelties, promulgated a decree banishing them from communion. The members have greatly thinned since, and they now inhabit principally, but four counties in the territory. Great care is taken to prevent the discovery of their indentity by the spectators and all are masked while they conduct the annual penance. The devotees often travel hundreds of miles to undergo the prescribed torture, Los Griegos, a small Mexican village near Albquerque, boasts a body of penitents. The fact is known only by the brutal ceremonies taking place there every year. The ceremonies were inaugurated by an introductory procession, containing about thirty men and women. The process of purification by torture began at 10 o'clock. Five men naked to the waist, barefooted, wearing black robes, and hoods to completely conceal their indentity, were seen to issue from the above lodge house of the sect, led by the master of ceremonies, carrying a veritable cat-o-nine tails. Two huge wooden crosses, weighing 250 pounds each, were placed on the naked shoulders of the two self-torturers. The sharp edges cutting into the naked flesh caused the blood to spurt out and drop to the ground. One penitent produced a sharp goad, which he thrust into the flesh of his fellow-sufferers from time to time while the procession moved up the street to a wild gibberish in Spanish. Halting once crosses were transferred to other shoulders, the attendants applying the raw-hide whips mercilessly, each blow taking off the skin and bits of flesh. The procession took its way to the goal, half a mile away.

During the march not a groan was heard nor a word spoken, but just before reaching the goal, a small adobe hut, an ordeal was enacted which tried the nerves of the boldest. For some distance before the door cacti plant had been strewn thickly on the ground, and as the barefooted crossbearers approached it, one hesitated. Instantly half a dozen whips descended on his bare shoulders, and with a bound, he sprang into the cacti, his every step and those of his followers marked with blood. As the torture grew more terrible the chant grew louder, and the thongs fell with more vigor.

Reaching the door of the house they are lost sight of, sentinels guarding the entrance, and only broken whips and pools of blood bore witness to what had transpired within. Issuing from the house the procession reformed and turned to the house of worship, and so the horrifying exercises continued, one batch of penitents succeeding another, until night, when a grand procession and chant wound up the exercises for the day.

During these marches to and from the house of refuge the scene at times was too sickening for description. Powerful men submitted their bodies to the most terrible flagellation, until, in some instances the bare muscles could be seen quivering at every blow. The whole proceedings were a savage attempt to honor the Easter season. Hitherto the law has made no attempt to check the wild exercises, although, once a penitent who threw another bearing the cross into the river, near San Juan, and drowned him, was lynched by the infuriated witnesses.

"THREE BARLEY-CORNS."

An Ohio Man whose Story Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

There is a man employed at the Union depot, in Cleveland, says the *Plain Dealer*, who, were it not for a taste for mining and other ventures, in which he has lately sunk $20,000, could sit at ease on $10,000 a year. His fortune cost him but "three barley-corns" and the history of it reads like a fairy tale.

Many years ago his grandfather leased 600 acres of rocky mineral land lying on each side of the line between Vermont and New York State. The land was regarded as so worthless that he was given a lease of 999 years—practically a perpetual lease—for three barley-corns, being a mere form to make the contract valid by some consideration. It was his impression that the lands might contain valuable minerals; but after prospecting over the tract for some years he abandoned it, and it passed out of the recollection of his family when the old gentleman died. About two years ago his grandson, now a middle-aged man, was examining old papers which had belonged to his grandfather, and among them discovered the "barley-corn" lease. He took it to his father, and at once started him to Vermont to investigate the matter. The gentleman found that their claim could be established, and so set about learning of what value the tract was. He was surprised and delighted to discover that slate existed on it in almost unlimited quantities and of good quality. He had a quarry opened and put in operation, and shortly afterward a railway was built which gave them excellent shipping facilities. It must not be imagined that they were left to undisputed possession. When they had demonstrated that the land was valuable, heirs of the original owners tried to oust them, on the ground that the lease had been outlawed; but their efforts were unsuccessful.

"And now," said the gentleman, "we can sit down and do nothing, and take a clear $10,000 a year out of those slate quarries. There is copper ore there, too; and we are just now having assays made to learn whether the ore is rich enough to pay for working. If it is, of course we have a vastly better thing yet."

Drunk Under Water.

"I once knew a diver, Tom Brintley by name, who, though a thoroughly competent man and a good fellow, was a little too fond of stimulants. On one occasion he went down with a pretty good cargo of spirits aboard, and the men above not knowing his condition, became seriously alarmed when several hours passed by without their receiving any signals from him or any response to those they made to him. Another diver was sent down to look for him and found him lying on his back on the bottom of the ocean, sixty feet below the surface, fast asleep."

An Elder was cramped with an ache,
St. Jacobs Oil did the pain slake;
He was so highly pleased,
That again he was greased,
And took a lot home to Salt Lake.

A soldier on guard at Fort Wayne,
Was suddenly stricken with pain,
He thought he was gone,
But when he rubbed on
St. Jacobs Oil, was all right again.

For the discovery of a Northeast Passage, Baron Nordenskjold, the Scandinavian explorer, has notified the French Minister at Stockholm that he intends to claim the reward offered in 1569 by Holland, of twenty-five thousand guilders.

A new instrument of war is in the mole torpedo, which can burrow in the earth or under a wall, and then either explode at once or wait a while, according to the will of its master.

Mr. Tilton of South Norwich writes:—Two years ago I suffered with Rheumatism. I was helpless and so bad that I was not out of my chair for seven days and nights only when helped. I could not lie in bed for pain. I took eight 25-cent bottles of Rheumatic Repellant, and was cured, so I had no return of it. I worked hard on farm ever since, and advise all troubled with the horrid disease to use this remedy.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in pulic favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruption, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."

Minnedosa has been accommodated with a post office money order office.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

The people of East Selkirk want the Indians removed from St. Peters's reserve.

What Physicians Say.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.:—*Dear Sir*—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them.

J. A. MILLER, M.D.

The members of the I. O. F. in Winnipeg are organizing a band in connection witn their order.

No person can enjoy health while suffering Constipation of the Bowels. Harsh purgatives always do harm. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own Cathartic; it unlocks the secretions, regulates, purifies and strengthens the system. (7)

Odanah and Minnedosa are seeking incorporation as one town.

A Hearty Recommendation.

Jacob A. Empey, of Cannamore, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all. (11)

The Rev. Mr. Bowman of Harrison, Ind., scandalized by the offensive conduct of a young man who was calling on his daughter, captured and handcuffed him and led him off to jail.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, despairing of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing tonic—Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your Druggist for proof. (12)

For the purpose of studying commercial and manufacturing systems, with the idea of introducing them into China, a high official of the Celestial Empire, Ton Kin Sin, is making a tour of Europe, and will visit America in July.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

The most universal favorite among English statesmen is the blind Postmaster-General.

The worst Scrofulous Sores, the most indolent Tumor, and the most foul Ulcer known, may be cured by the combined use of Burdock Bitters and Burdock Healing Ointment. Ask your Druggist for these infallible remedies. (9)

Miss Sherman, daughter of General Sherman, and the Hon. Lionel Sackville West and his daughter have been visiting the Marquis of Lorne at Ottawa.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The best story-teller in Nebraska is said to be Senator-elect Manderson.

A Secret.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek. (8)

One of the most admired women of Rome is the Princess Brancaccio, *nee* Field, an American.

The only natural hair renewer is Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, prepared without distillation or rectification with acids or alkalies, containing no mineral or other poisons, delightfully perfumed and as clear and pure as spring water.

Two special through freight trains will be despatched weekly from Montreal to Winnipeg.

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"A. P." 119

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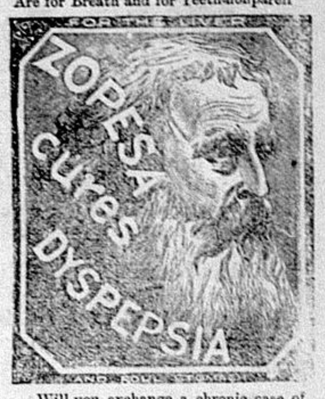

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