OUTRAGEOUS OPIUM.

Its Dreadful Effects.

Although quite common in almost all the large cities in the West, the pernicious habit of opium smoking or "hiting the pipe," as it called, is quite unknown in some districts.

This habit has grown to an alarming extent on the Pacific slope and in all other localities where Chinese are to be found in any great numbers. I have visited many of the Chinese opium joints, both in New York and San Francisco, and can tell at a glance whether a person is addicted to the use of the deadly drug or not. I have had strangers come into my store whose facial appearance indicated that they were the slaves of the habit, and so far as I know there is no sure cure for it except to shun the drug as one would a viper.

The opium used by the Chinese is of an inferior quality, and is brought to this country in the form of a paste, put up in small round foil-lined boxes similar to those used for pills. The pipe is a curious-looking contrivance, and might be taken for a common walking stick were it not for the little metallic bowl placed midway between the mouthpiece and the end of the stem. The stem itself is constructed of bamboo, one end being plugged, the other fitted with an amber or metallic tip. In the bottom of the bowl are two small holes, one of which leads through into the stem, the other only about half way.

In using the pipe a small quantity of the opium paste is rolled up into a pellet and placed on a wire, the end of which is inserted in one of the holes in the bow of the pipe. The smoker stretches his or her form on the floor or a low divan, as the case may be, and ignites the opium by applying the bowl of the pipe to the flame from a charcoal brazier. If it be his first attempt the initial whiff will be sufficient to partially strangle him, as the fumes of burning opium are exceedingly pungent and distasteful. Very soon he becomes accustomed to the peculiar taste, and gradually succumbs to its influence, as one does in taking an anæsthetic, and finally drops off into a deep sleep. I tried it once and that proved sufficient for me. I had the most delightful dreams, and imagined that I owned the earth, and had a chattel mortgage on the other planets. When I regained consciousness my head felt as large as a Saratoga trunk, and for two days at least every bone in my body ached as badly as if I had been punished with a club. I had no desire to try it again.

"Second Wind."

The reader may not be aware that in ordinary respiration we only use a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason why those who are not "in training," and who try to run any distance, soon begin to gasp, and, unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop. But if they will persevere, the choking goes off, and the result is what is technically known as "second wind." When the second wind is fully established, the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him. I know this by experience, having been accustomed for some years to run three miles every morning over a very hilly road. The fact is, that on starting, the farthest portions of the lungs are choked with effete air and the remainder do not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise. By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play, and when the entire lung is in working order the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and the "second wind" is the result. Now, let the reader repeat his experiment of holding his breath against time, but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep breath as his lungs will hold. If this be repeated some seventy or eighty times, by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find that he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience. Should he be a swimmer, he should always take this precaution before "taking a header," and he will find that he can swim for a considerable distance before he needs to rise for breath.

Red Pheasant.

This Indian Chief is the head of a band Crees, about one hundred and forty in number of whom sixty-nine are men and women able to work, who have for some time been settled upon a reservation a short distance to the south-east of Battleford. While that post was the Indian headquarters for the North-West, this band received a great deal of attention, but while they were encouraged to break up land, given implements and tools and were provided with houses, they appear to have become atcually pauperized. They are spoken of in the last reports as being "apathetic," and as having made but little progress. In all they had twenty horses and about fourteen oxen. The first offensive act of this band was the breaking in upon their instructor, Mr George Applegarth, and their pursuit of him and his wife as they escaped over the plains toward the south. Poor Payne, the instructor upon the adjoining reserve, was not so fortunate, having been killed. The two bands, which in all would amount to about 450 souls, then appear to have abandoned their reserve and gone north-west to join Poundmaker the leader of the Indian rising west of Battleford, as when Col. Otter's column reached the reserve, it was entirely deserted, and as our correspondent stated in his dispatch, the dead body of the murdered man was discovered and has since been buried at Battleford.

Domesticating the Indian.

One of the experiments in the civilization of the Indian undertaken at Hampton, Mass., this year is taking several young married couples from different Indian tribes and teaching them how to make a home. It has been very successful, and the dawning gentleness of the men to their wives and children, the new tenderness and pride of the women, their eagerness to learn how to sew and their pleasure in cleanliness are encouraging in every way. It is funny, and yet touching to see the men with their children, their awkwardness in handling them and yet their determination to carry the heavy youngsters and share the care of them with their squaws. And these are not the Creeks and Cherokees, but the warlike Sioux and Omahas.

The Necessity of War.

I hate it. I have no pride in victory. But when men do make war they ought to be in earnest. Their weapons should be the deadliest they can use, their blows the heaviest they can deal. To say that they may make war, indeed, but that they must not make it too effectively; that to kill a man with a solid bullet is legitimate, but to wound him with an explosive one is atrocious; that to blow your enemy to fragments with gunpowder is civilised warfare, but to employ dynamite for the same purpose is worthy only of savages, is a species of cant born of the idea that war is a magnificent game for kings and nobles, and must be carried on under rules that disguise it from being too dangerous or disagreeable to them.

The Weird Bird of the South Atlantic.

As the craft bowls along in the South Atlantic a new world seems to open on the voyagers. The constellation of the Southern cross has scarcely become familiar to him before he begins to see animal, or rather bird, life altogether new to him. One of the greatest novelties of this kind that can ever impress itself on the mind of man is the albatross. Some morning the lounger will reach the deck and, casting his eye in the wake of the ship to judge her speed, will see a speck just above the horizon far astern. Growing larger and larger as it approaches, it finally develops into a gigantic bird, and the old sailor, conning the helm, will gruffly suggest the fact that it is proper for the tyro to wet his first introduction to an albatross. There is something inexpressibly wierd about the bird itself, as well as in its manner of flight, and it is matter of little wonder to those who have seen it that a brain such as Coleridge's should have hit upon it for the text of his Lay of the Ancient Mariner. Without a beat of wing, without motion of the body, the bird will, by long, easy-going tacks, swoop up from astern until it gets within easy watching distance from the ship it chooses to follow. It will then "lay too" at that respectful distance, and after taking thorough stock of the stranger that has invaded its domain will, with no apparent effort, swoop past the ship to port or starboard, as the case may be, pass it by several cable lengths and then, laying too on the opposite hand to its advance, allow the ship to pass it, and will then once more take up its post as rear guard of the procession. Nothing can be more ghost-like than the action of the albatross in thus passing or being passed. No stroke of the wing occurs and all the motion apparent, except that of the almost unintelligible cleaving of the air, is the half turn of the bird's head towards ship, made as if to see what manner of beast this was that had come to bother it. Though sailors are over prone to superstition, they seem not to be very particular as to the sacredness of the albatross and will always assist in a capture in spite of the curse Coleridge associates with its killing.

Increasing Size of Ocean Steamers.

The Etruria, the latest addition to the Cunard fleet, has made her trial trip. She is said to be the most powerful steamship in the world. Her dimensions are: Length, 520 feet; breadth, 57 feet 3 inches; depth, to upper deck, 41 feet; to promenade deck, 49 feet; tonnage, 8,000; horse-power, 10,000.

Comparing these with the dimensions of the first steamships that crossed the Atlantic by use of steam during the entire voyage, and it will be seen what amazing progress has been made in increasing the size of sea-going steamships. The dimensions of the Sirius, which left Cork on the 4th of April, 1838, and arrived at New York on the 22nd of that month, were; Length, 178 feet; breadth, 25 feet 8 inches; depth, 18 feet 3 inches; tonnage, not, 450; horse-power, 270. The dimensions of the Great Western, which left Bristol some days later than the Sirius and arrived a few hours later on the day of the arrival of the latter vessel, were: Length, 236 feet; breadth, 35 feet 4 inches; depth, 23 feet 3 inches; tonnage, 1,340; horse power, 400.

The difference in the speed of the two classes of ships is also nearly as great as the difference in tonnage. Thus, the Great Western's best time was 12.88 miles, while that of the Etruria is expected to be twenty-one miles per hour. On her last trip from Queenstown the Umbria, the sister ship of the Etruria, for twenty-four hours made twenty nautical miles per hour.

Yet, after all this enlarged size and this increased speed, it is only the great ocean steamers carrying large numbers of saloon passengers that are at present, on account of the great trade depression the world over, making money.

It may be interesting to the marine antiquary to know that the Sirius, which was built in 1836, was stupidly lost a few years after she had made two trips to New York, on the Smith's rocks, to the east of Cork harbor, and that the Great Western, which was built in 1838, was broken up in 1858.

A Retired Beggar.

An old woman whose face had been familiar for years about the streets as a beggar, had been missing for some time, and kind-hearted young fellows of the Oil Board, who had known her well, remarked her absence. After a while she reappeared, looking much younger, and free from any crook in her back. Her rags had given place to a tidy dress of neat black cloth, and she nodded pleasantly to her old friends, who hardly dared to believe they saw "Old Mag" before them. She explained, however, that she had begged for twenty years, and had saved persistently. When going from office to office she learned the condition of the market, and she had profited by taking turns on her own account. "But Mag, you can't have enough to live on always, can you?" asked a broker whose mouth was open with astonishment. Mag laughed quietly. "Why not? my friend," she said. "I sail for Europe, Saturday, and I propose to spend $12,000 during the year, and that is not one-third of my income. "How old are you? You look twenty years younger" "I was thirty-nine last birthday. When I was eighteen I commenced to make my way down here, and that was twenty years ago." "With your knowledge of the street, why don't you stay and speculate?" "No, sir, my son," she said with a smile. "I am not a fool. I have my pile and out I go. I have seen the rich grow poor. I have gone cold and hungry to become rich, and now I shall live well. And, if I stay here, why, all you boys will want to marry me to protect me, I suppose. Good-bye. This is my last day in Wall street."

No "Lodge" Nonsense.

Many wives have complained of their utter inability to keep their husbands at home on "lodge nights," but Mrs Alexander Harvey, of Gloucester, N J, is a woman whose brain is fertile in expedients. She made up her mind shortly after her marriage not to stand any "lodge" nonsense from her husband. With Mrs Harvey to resolve was equivalent to carrying out her purpose, and it soon came to pass that Mr Harvey remained away from his lodge-room night after night. He remained at home because he was physically unable to go out, but the cause of his disability he did not learn until later. Finally he discovered that Mrs Harvey was in the habit of applying croton oil to the inside of certain of his garments, and the result was a number of eruptions on his limbs, which caused him great pain. For twelve months he was subject at odd times to these eruptions, and when the cause was explained it may be readily understood that he was the maddest man in New Jersey. A separation took place, and upon Mrs Harvey's application for alimony the injured husband made all facts public. The case excites great merriment, and bids fair to rank as a *cause celebre*.

The Warning from the Bake Oven.

Not long since there moved to Chesterton a middle-aged man and his wife, together with a large family of children. They came from New England, and purchased a place on which stood one of the oldest and best known houses to be found in the whole country. They moved in early spring, and when May came, naturally began to explore the place more fully. One day Mrs. Charles, a large, whole-souled woman, with a strong religious temperament almost verging upon superstition, came upon an old bake-oven which had been used in early times, but long ago abandoned. As Mrs. Charles' family was large, she determined to make use of the oven, for the next Saturday's baking. She hated it, put in her dough, and the result was six magnificent loaves of very tempting bread. But on the bottom of one of the loaves appeared the statement: "Died June 15," in old fashioned but well defined text. The fact disconcerted the family, and their feeling amounted to consternation, when week after week the same statement appeared on the bread—"Died June 15." Mrs. Charles, with her slightly superstitious turn, thought it meant her, and, as the date approached gradually grew ill. So strong was the power of imagination, in fact, that the day before the fatal one named found her in bed a very ill woman, and firmly convinced that the next day would be her last. The news of Mrs. Charles' illness spread abroad and finally reached the ears of an old residenter, who lost no time in getting to the home of the sick woman. He found her in what she thought her last hours, but quickly explained that, many years before, he had helped to build that bake-oven, and had used for one of the bottom slabs a part of an old tombstone that had been spoilt in the cutting. Everybody in the neighborhood, he said, knew about this peculiarity of old Hannah Kendrick's bake-oven and should have told the newcomers. It only remains to add that Mrs. Charles' superstition rapidly gave way, and her health as rapidly improved.

A Highway Tale.

I was "on the tramp," finding my way to Cambridge by the turnpike road. When about three miles from the end of my journey I saw a chap drop slowly out of the wood that lined one side of the road. I pushed on with my wallet over my shoulder, dreading nothing. As I came up he met me in front. I expected to have his "good morning," salutation, but he silently and sullenly put his hand on my bundle and said, "I want this." Well, I did feel he was a cool chap, but I answered him by saying, "Now, It's a pity that you wants my wallet, as I wants it too—my working togs is in it." He made no reply, but simply put his hand firm on my bundle to take it off my stick. I began to think I must look sharp to hold my own. So I slips out my rung and leaves my old togs in his hands and without a word I brought it down on his head with such a thud that he fell, and set the old togs at liberty. I picks 'em up and adjusted my bundle over my shoulder, and thought I should part kindly with him; so I lifted my right foot, heavily laden with a shod clog, and drove it into his ribs, saying, "good day friend I 'opes you're comfortable." I left him lying there *very* quiet, and trudged onwards Cambridge. When I got to the toll-bar I saw a spring-van standing at it, and two blue-coats beside the horse's head. I began to see I might be in a trap now. You know a guilty man is cowardly, but I faced up and was a-passing 'em when one of 'em shouts, "Hillo, did yo see anybody on the road?" Well, I wondered if the telegraph had been a-telling tales, but as I had only defended myself, I tells 'em I had met a chap, and how he had coveted my bits 'o things, 'ow I declined parting with old friends as might be useful; and as we could not agree, we differed and they might find him taking an involuntary snooze two or three miles on the way. They henjoyed my yarn, and says they, "Now, see here, 'ave you any hobjections to go back and show us the fellow?" "Oh no," says I, "providing you drive me back to town." So as I drives with them they tells me 'ow a gent had got a bundle of Bank of England notes taken off him out here by a fellow as came out of the wood. I then began to see 'ow I had hescaped a regular 'ighwayman. We gets up to him; there he lay as I left him. The bundle of notes was found on him. We pitched him into the van; and in due course he was punished.

Greeley and the Mediums.

In the ante-telegraph days, Hon. Horace Greeley, whose handwriting was atrociously bad, wrote to a country correspondent in relation to a lecture engagement: "Will be with you on Tuesday—or, if I can't, will rap." Such, at least, was presumed to be the tenor of the communication. At this day the "autograph," preserved as a curosity, may be read in that way, as well as in any other. The "rap" hardly needs explanation, but there may be here and there a person who does not understand that "raps" were once on a time the only received method by which the disembodied "spirits" communicated with the living. Perhaps Mr. Greeley thought, or pretended to think, that he could induce some of those imponderables to throw their mysterious weight into the business. He did not in this instance try. Indeed the famous "founder" of *The Tribune*, himself eminently a practical man, found the "spirits" impracticable for any sensible purpose. Always ready to listen to anybody or to test any new proposition, Mr. Greeley having attended a "seance" offered a handsome engagement to the "medium." "If," he said, "you will give me, daily, the London Mark Lane reports, I will pay for the exclusive intelligence such a price as will make it worth your while." The reports were not to be paid for until verified by the than slowly transmitted foreign mail. The "medium" declined the offer, and Mr. Greeley turned away from him and called "next," on the roll of eccentric matters in which he loved to experiment.

A Match for the English Sparrow.

Among the feathered migrants now loitering around our hedges is a fox-colored little pugilist who is fully a match for the English sparrow. His color gives him his name, and the fox sparrow is one of the handsomest birds among the many that fly northward during April and May. Not quite twice the size of the English sparrow, he seems fully as ready for a fight, every bit as impertinent, and quite as fond of disregarding the rights of others. He builds his nest in the Hudson bay country. The male and female are equally rich in coloring, but the female is less ready to quarrel. For a day or two a couple of them have been observed hunting the feeding places of some English sparrows, and, as the latter have few friends, it is without regrets that they have been seen to suffer numerous assults. In one instance the attitude taken by the two birds suggested a pair of gamecocks, but after the first blow the English champion fled.

STORY OF A BOTTLE.

A Love-Letter From Mid-ocean Reaches Its Destination.

A sea captain says the Boston Herald, relates that on June 4, 1884, the schooner R. Bowers, Capt. Thompson, bound to Gloucester from Messina, was pitching about in a long ocean swell in latitude 42 deg. 46 min., longitude 60. deg. 47 min. We had made a good run thus far, but on this particular day struck a dead calm. There was little to do, except to watch the vessel and whistle for wind, and several schemes were invented by the officers to pass away the time. The second mate of the schooner, Mr. Cruikshank, had left a sweetheart at home, and naturally his mind drifted across the watery waste to her bright eyes. Noticing his preoccupied manner, the captain's wife suggested that he send his love a message from the sea. The idea seemed a good one. He wrote a note, inclosed it in an envelope, addressed it to the young lady at Big Brook, Cape Breton, inclosed the whole in a bottle, and threw it overboard.

Their was great speculation at the time as to where the bottle would bring up; but in a few hours a breeze sprung up, and, in working the vessel, all thoughts of the bottle and its contents were forgotten. The schooner in due time arrived in Gloucester, and Mr. Cruikshank started for Cape Breton. His arrival was expected, but his astonishment may be imagined when his lady-love brought forth the identical bottle which the mate had thrown into the sea, and produced the note contained therein. The story of the drift was a singular one. It had been picked up on the shores of Little Dover Bay, on the east end of Nova Scotia, after a drift of forty-one days' duration, and the finder sent it to the young lady. Another singular circumstance connected with the finding of the bottle was the fact that the finder turned out to be a near relative of Mr. Cruikshank, although they never had seen each other.

Postal Cards and Envelopes on Tap.

A curious invention called an automatic postal box is being exhibited by the agents of its inventor. It is a device to supply postal cards or stamped envelopes and paper from a receptacle to be placed in all public places, streets and resorts, by means of mechanism operated by the coin which the purchaser drops into the machine. The inventor of this contrivance is an Englishman, and he made a successful experiment in introducing it in his own country.

The apparatus consists of a box, somewhat larger than an ordinary lamp post letter box. In it are two compartments, one containing postal cards, the other, stamped envelopes with sheets of paper enclosed in it. Behind these is a compartment enclosing the machinery. In the lid on the top of the box is a slit over each compartment. When a coin of the denomination (involving a certain size, thickness and weight) for which the machinery has been constructed, is dropped into the slit, the lock of a drawer in the bottom of the box is released, and on the drawer being pulled out a postal card or stamped envelope is found in it. Any other than a proper coin will not release the lock, but, running through the machine, is expelled upon a board at its base. If the coin is bad, it is retained in the machine and the lock is kept fastened. When all the cards or envelopes have been sold a plate rises over the slit marked "empty," and no more coins can be put in.

The machinery of the box may be adapted to the delivery of a variety of articles, such as theatre tickets, ferry tickets, prize packages or fancy cards, and it is expected that it will be employed by many of the larger shops and hotels for this kind of delivery.

Third Marriage. First Husband

The marriage at Mount Sterling, O. recently, of Jerome R. Burton to Mrs. Annie Evans, though a quiet affair, was really the acme of one of the prettiest romances in real life. Mrs. Burton, recently Mrs. Evans, nee Annie Tipton, is now but 35, is pretty, petite, and Mr. Burton is her third husband, and yet her first. Eighteen years ago Miss Tipton was a student in a Cincinnati school, and while there she met Mr. Burton, then a student in a medical college. Burton was of a good Kentucky family, a man of fine appearance and he soon won the young girl's heart. By the aid of a mutual friend a license was procured though the girl was not of age, and they were secretly married. Both continued in school, giving no outward sign of their changed relationship. A few weeks later the young bride was summoned to her home to attend a sick mother. The girl herself was seized with illness, and from letters received during this illness and from the girl's talk in her delirium, the secret of the marriage was obtained. Her parents were greatly angered and set about to discover means to untie the nuptial knot, and as the girl was not of age at the time of the marriage, and as her parents' consent had not been obtained, the first point was to have her, immediately on coming of age, repudiate the contract. This was accomplished partly by coercion and partly by persuasion. The young man was seen, and the terrors of the law were held up to him. Young, inexperienced, and fearing the wrath of his parents, who as yet knew nothing of the wedding, he consented to the separation and a suit for a divorce. The divorce was quietly obtained—scarcely a score of people knowing anything of the affair. Burton went West, and in the course of time Miss Tipton married and came to this place. Three years ago her husband died, leaving her a comfortable property. A notice of the event, giving the lady's maiden name, drifted, quite by accident, into Burton's hands less than two months ago. He had lost sight of his former wife and sweetheart altogether, but had never ceased to love her and had never married. He resolved to see if it were the same person and learn, if possible, if she had been a willing party to the separation years ago. He came at once to see her. Explanations were offered on both sides and, finding that each loved the other, they resolved to marry. The ceremony was performed quietly at the bride's residence, her parents coming a distance to witness it, without suspicion as to who Burton was. Other explanations occurred later in the day, and so far as is known no ill will exists among any of those who have a right to be interested.

Goat's milk ought to make good butter.

The most popular book—The pocket-book.

England wants Komaroff to "come off," as the boys say. She thinks he is lieing

It is a bachelor who always knows how a child should be brought up, but he forgets it after marriage.

"A harmonious color gives a feeling of repose in the home," says an art journal Therefore if you have a red-headed wife furnish your house in the same tint.

A Hackensock woman set a speckled hen on a dried apple pie, and in three weeks the hen hatched fourteen nightmares with blue ribbons on their tails.

An Exploit of Oregon Bees.

A short time ago Samuel, Asa, and Joe Holliday, of Scappoose, took a trip over to the Lewiston river in order to look into the resources of that region. They found it a most beautiful country, and one that offers many inducements to settlers. The part visited lies off in the direction of Mount St. Helena, and is composed of both timber land and fine open tracts which abound in game, large and small. While encamped on the river they discovered an object that was as novel and interesting as it was beautiful and striking. In their rambles through the pine woods they suddenly came upon a fallen tree across the path which, on inspection, they found to be hollow. Through a knot hole they could see something white, and at once began to investigate. They sawed into the log and were surprised to find that the whole interior of the log was filled solidly with honey. They at once brought from their camp some of their vessels to fill with this sweetest of all nature's productions. Their buckets and pans were soon filled. Then they sawed off another length of the log and found it still solid with the honey. This they repeated and took from it honey until they opened up ten feet of pure, lovely honey, which yielded a comb that was in many places four inches thick. Of this find they carried away 180 pounds, which they declared was the finest they ever tasted, being far richer than the tame honey which they raise.

Another strange thing which they observed was the taking of salmon by the bears, which are abundant there. The bears go down to the river at night, catch the fish, bite off their heads, eat them, and leave the bodies untouched. Their distaste for the body seems strange, and their preference for the heads has never been explained, even by the Indians.

A ten strike—A blow with both fists.

Will you Try Nerviline

For all kinds of pain. Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago, and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains, Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. Large bottles 25 cents.

Speak well and little if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.

Personal.

This paper makes a practice to examine closely and reject all matters of such a character as could be in any way objectionable to our readers, but the following, drawing as it does to your notice the name of an article of sterling merit, known throughout the land as the only sure and non-poisonous remedy for corns, is welcome to a place in our columns. Putnum's Painless Corn Extractor now finds its way to nearly every part of the world, which is in itself a guarantee of its merit. We advise our readers to buy it, and also to make sure when purchasing to get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprs.

The first newsdealer was Joseph. Pharaoh made a ruler out of him, and he became stationary.

Pile Tumors

when neglected or improperly treated often degenerate into cancer. By our new and improved treatment without knife, caustic, or salve, we cure the worst cases in ten to thirty days. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Beryl green comes with a bluish metallic lustre among the spring greens in millinery goods.

It Should be Generally Known

that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning thier delicite tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Many a dandy before marriage becomes subdued after it.

To gain the public confidence is essential to business success, and it can only be gained by a steady course of faithful dealing with them. It is by this course that Messrs. Tuckett & Son have secured the great success of their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. This confidence is not only a source of business to the firm, but also a source of economy which the consumers get the benefit of. The merchant never loses a moment of time in examining the quality of the tobacco. The name fixes the quality as absolutely as the mint stamp fixes the value of the guinea. It is not even necessary for the commercial traveller's trunk to be burdened with a sample of "Myrtle Navy," all his customers know what it is, and know in an instant when it has been supplied. There is no room for any dispute about it. No waste of time or postage in writing complaints about it. These may look like trifles to the uninitiated, but they save money, and enable merchants to perform the work of distribution at the smallest possible cost. They are part of the reasons why the finest quality of tobacco grown can be sold at so cheap a price.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich offer to send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt, and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Jotham Johnson, of Durham, Me., read a newspaper without the aid of glasses on his one hundredth birthday.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

Important.

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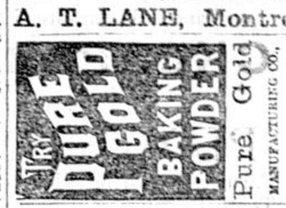

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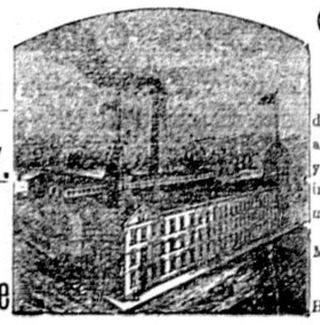
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