## STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

It was a small room, scantily furnished, with the same marks of neglect and decay which met us at every turn. The walls were hung with discoloured tapestry which had come loose at one corner, so as to expose the rough stonework behind. A second door, hung with a curtain, faced us upon spigot in it, and as I had eaten little during the same instant I heard a cry, and there the other side. Between lay a square table, the day, I was glad of a cup oi claret was Duroc, thrown against the wall, with strewn with dirty dishes and the sordid take nothing but paced up and down the remains of a meal. Several bottles were scattered over it. At the head of it, and "I'll have him yet !" he cried every now its body, but it was not until I blew out facing us, there sat a huge man, with a lion and then. "The rascal shall not escape its brains with my pistol that the iron like head and a great shock of orange. | me !" coloured bair. His beard was of the same! glaring hue; matted and tangled and my supper, that this youngster was think- woman's scream from in front-a scream of coarse as a horse's mane. I have seen some ing rather too much of his own family mortal terror—told us that even now we strange faces in my time, but never one more which he had got me After all his brutal than that, with its small, vicious, biu father had been dead fourteen years eyes, its white, crumpled cheeks, and the and nothing could set that right; but The blood was streaming from Duroc's neck thick, hanging lip which pretruded over his here was Etienne Gerard, the most dashing and dyeing the grey fur of his pelisse. Such monstrous beard. His head swayed abou on his shoulders, and he looked at us with the vague, dim gaze of a drunken man. Yet he was not so drunk but that our uniforms carried their message to him.

"Well, my brave boys," he hiccoughed. "What is the latest news from Paris, en? You're going to free Poland, I hear, and bave meantime all become slaves yourselves-slaves to a little aristocrat with his grey coat and his three-cornered hat. No more citizens either, I am told, and nothing but monsieur and madame. My faith, some more heads will have to roll into the sawdust basket some of these mornings."

Duroc advanced in silence, and stood by the ruffian's side.

"Jean Carabin," said he. The Baron started, and the film of drunkenness seemed to be clearing from

He sat up and grasped the arms of his business safe and sound."

"What do you mean by repeating that name, young man ?" he asked.

"Jean Carabin, you are a man whom I have long wished to meet,' " Supposing that I once had such a name how can it concern you, since you must have been a child when I bore it?"

" My name is Duroc."

"Not the son of -- ?" "The son of the man you murdered."

The Baron tried to laugh, but there was terror in his eyes. "We must let bygones be bygones, young man," he cried. "It was our life

or theirs in those days: the aristocrats or starved here. They must come to us if the people. Your father was of the Gir- they are to kill us. Behind a barricade of Most of my comrades fell. It was all the five rascals whom we have seen. That is, and learn to know each other better, you er for assistance.' and I." He held out a red twitching hand " Enough," said young Duroc. " If I

were to pass my sabre through you as you cried. sit in that chair, I should do what is just it with yours. And yet you are a Frenchder the same flag as myself. Rise, then and pates.' defend yourself. "Tut, tut !" cried the Baron. "It is all

very well for you young bloods --- " Duroc's patience could stand no more. He swung his open hand into the centre of with blood, and two glaring blue eyes above thing glittered between the fingers.

" You shall die for that blow. "That is better," said Durce. " My sabre !" cried the other ; " I will

not keep you waiting, I promise you ?" and Your lives are at stake. Ah, I am lost ! I he hurried from the room. I have said that there was a second door

covered with a curtain. Hardly had the Baron vanished when there ran from behind it a woman, young and beautiful. So swiftly and noiselessly did she move that she was she had come. "I have seen it, all," she cried. "Oh.

sir, you have carried yourself splendidly." She stooped to my companion's hand, and kissed it again and again ere he could disengage it from her grasp. "Nay, madame, why should you kiss

my hand !" he cried. " Because it is the hand which struck him on his vile, lying mouth. Because it may be the hand which will avenge my mother. I am his step-daughter. The woman whose heart he broke was my mother. I loathe him, I fear him. Ah there is his step !" In an instant she had vanished as suddenly as she had come. A moment later, the Baron entered with a drawn sword in his hand, and the fellow who had admitted us at his heels.

"This is my secretary," said he. "He will be my friend in this affair. But we shall need more elbow-room than we can find here. Perhaps you will kindly come with me to a more spacious apartment." It was evidently impossible to fight in a chamber which was blocked by a great

table. We followed him out, therefore, into the dimly-lit hall. At the farther end a light was shining through an open "We shall find what we want in here," said the man with the dark beard. It was

a large, empty room, with rows of barrels and cases round the walls. A strong lamp stood upon a shelf in the corner. The floor was level and true, so that no swordsman could ask for more. Duroc drew his sabre and sprang into it. The Baron stood back with a bow and motioned me to follow my companion. Hardly were my heels over the threshold when the heavy door crashed behind us and the key screamed in the lock. We were taken in a trap.

For a moment we could not realize it Such incredible baseness was outside all our experiences. Then, as we understood how foolish we had been to trust for an instant a man with such a history a flush of rage came over us, rage against his villainy and against our own stupidity. We rushed at the door together, beating it with our fists and kicking with our heavy boots. The sound of our blows and of our execrations must have resounded through the Castle. We called to this villain, hurling at him every name which might pierce even into his hardened soul. But the door was enormous-such a door as one finds in mediaeval castles-made of huge beams clamped together with iron. It was as easy to break as a square of the Old Guard. And our cries appeared to be of as little avail as our blows, for they only brought for answer the clattering choes from the high roof above us. When you have done some soldiering, you soon learn to put up with what cannot be altered. It was I, then, who first recovered my calmness, and prevailed upon Duroc to join with me in examining the apartment which had become our dungeon.

There was only one window, which has no glass in it and was so narrow that one could not so much as get one's head through. It was high up, and Duroc had to stand each other and placed it above them, so as their bivouac by that same black-bearded upon a barrel in order to see from it.

"What can you see ?" I asked. "Fir-woods, and an avenue of snow be

tween them," said he. "Ah !" he gave a

Let us see if we cannot find a way out of there was a smack like a bursting boom.

take nothing, but paced up and down the

This was all very well, but it seemed to head in this hole-and-corner business, which | Castle of Gloom. into all sorts of private quarrels as well.

"I owe a duty to my father." "That is mere foolishness," said I. "If

you owe a duty to your father, I owe one "Jean Carabin," said Duroc, once more. to my mother which is to get out of this no space for swordmanship. My young My remark brought him to his senses.

> that they have shut us up here among the gave him the advantage. Besides, he was cheeses. They mean to make an end of us an admirable swordsman. His parade and if they can. That is certain. They hope riposte were as quick as lightning. Twice

"I said nothing." "Hum! It is clear that we cannot be onde. He fell. I was of the mountain. barrels we could hold our own against the fortune of war. We must forget all this probably, why they have sent that messeng-

"We must get out before he returns." "Precisely, if we are to get out at all." "Could we not burn down this door?" he

"Nothing could be easier," said I. "There and right. I dishonor my blade by crossing are several casks of oil in the corner. My only objection is that we should ourselves man, and have even held a commission un- be nicely toasted, like two little oyster

"Can you not suggest something?" he cried, in despair. "Ah, what is that ?" There had been a low sound at our little window, and a shadow came between the stars and ourselves. A small, white hand the great orange beard. I saw a lip fringed | was stretched into the lamplight. Some-"Quick! quick!" cried a woman's

> We were on the barrel in an instant. "They have sent for the Cossacks.

am lost !" There was the sound of rushing steps, a hoarse oath, a blow, and the stars were once more twinkling through the window. We stood helpless upon our barrel with our even after the final thrust had come, and blood cold with horror. Half a minute between us in an instant, and it was only afterwards we heard a smothered scream, the shaking curtains which told us whence ending in a choke. A great door slammed somewhere in the silent night. "Those ruffians have seized her. They will kill her." I cried.

Duroc sprang down with the inarticulate shouts of one whose reason had left hm. He struck the door so frantically with his naked hands that he left a blotch of blood with every blow.

"Here is the key !" I shouted, picking one from the floor. "She must have thrown it in at the instant that she was torn away."

My companion snatched it from me with a shrick of joy. A momont later he dashed it down upon the boards. It was so small that it was lost in the enormous lock. Duroc sank upon one of the boxes with his head between his hands. He sobbed in his despair. I could have sobbed, too, when I thought of the woman and how helpless we were to save her.

But I am not easily baffled. After all, this key must have been sent to us for a purpose. The lady could not bring us that of the door, because this murderous stepfather of hers would most certainly have it in his pocket. Yet this other must have a that meaning might be.

united strength we rolled it out, and there heap beyond. was a little low wooden door in the wainscot behind it. The key fitted, and with a cry

way in, followed by my companion. We were in the powder magazine of the all round it, and one with the top staved was another door, but it was locked. "We are no better off than before," cried

Duroc. "We have no key." "We have a dozen," I cried.

"Where?" I pointed to the line of powder barrels. "You would blow this door open?" "Precisely."

"But you would explode the magazine."

the door of the magazine behind us. the time for the thudding of the hoofs of title of the Baron Straubenthal, which just above the surface of the water, only "What does that mean?" asked Duroc. the Cossacks who were coming to destroy showed him to be the owner of the blacken- the wheel comes partly beneath it. "No good for us," said I. "He may have us. I had almost made up my mind that ed ruins of the Castle of Gloom. gone for some brigands to cut our throats. the candle must have gone out when this mouse-trap before the cat can arrive. our door flew to bits, and pieces of The one piece of good fortune in our favor cheese, with a shower of turnips, apples, was that beautiful lamp. It was nearly and splinters of cases, were shot in among full of oil, and would last us until morning. us. As we rushed out we had to stagger

door had been. The petard had done its

In fact, it had done more for us than we had even ventured to hope. It had shat- A Montrealer Relates His Wonder tered gaolers as well as gaol. The first (which lined the walls. In some places thing that I saw as I came out into the there was only a single line of them, while hall was a man with a butcher's axe in his in one corner they were piled nearly to the hand, lying flat upon his back, with a ceiling. It seemed that we were in the gaping wound across his forehead. The storehouse of the Castle, for there were a second was a huge dog, with two of its great number of cheeses, vegetables of legs broken, twisting in agony upon the various kinds, bins full of dried fruits, and floor. As it raised itself up I saw the a line of wine barrels. One of these had a two broken ends flapping like flails. At pushed it off with his left hand, while room in a fever of anger and impatience. again and again he passed his sabre through jaws relaxed, and the fierce, bloodshot

eves were glazed in death. me, as I sat on a great round cheese eating There was no time for us to pause. A lieutenant in the whole Grand Army, in was the lad's fire, however, that he shot in imminent danger of being cut off at the front of me, and it was only over his very outset of his brilliant career. Who shoulder that I caught a glimpse of the was ever to know the heights to which I scene as we rushed into the chamber in might have risen if I were knocked on the which we had first seen the master of the

had nothing whatever to do with France or | The Baron was standing in the middle of the Emperor? I could not help thinking the room, with his tangled mane bristling what a fool I had been, when I had a fine like an angry lion. He was, as I have said, war before me and everything which a man a huge man, with enormous shoulders could desire, to go off upon a hair-brained and as he stood there, with his face flushed expedition of this sort, as if it were not with rage and his sword advanced, I could enough to have a quarter of a million Rus- not but think that, in spite of all his sians to fight against, without plunging villainies, he had a proper figure for a grenadier. The lady lay cowering in a "That is all very well," I said at last, as chair behind him. A weal across one of I heard Duroc muttering his threats. "You her white arms and a dog-whip upon the may do what you like to him when you get | floor were enough to show that our escape the upper hand. At present the question | had hardly been in time to save her from rather is, what is he going to do to us?" his brutality. He gave a howl like a wolf "Let him do his worst !" cried the boy. as we broke in, and was upon us in an instant, hacking and driving, with a curse at every blow.

I have already said that the room gave companion was in front of me in the narrow passage between the table and the "I have thought too much of myself !" he wall, so that I could only look on without cried. "Forgive me, Monsieur Gerard. being able to aid him. The lad knew Give me your advice as to what I should something of his weapon, and was as fierce and active as a wild cat, but in so narrow a "Well," said I, "it is not for our health space the weight and strength of the giant that no one knows that we have come here, he touched Duroc upon the shoulder, and and that none will trace us if we remain. then, as the lad slipped up on a lounge, Do your hussars know where you have gone he whirled up his sword to finish him before he could recover his feet. I was quicker than he, however, and took the cut upon the pommel of my sabre.

"Excuse me." said I, "but you have still to deal with Etienne Gerard." He drew back and leaned against the tapestry-covered wall, breathing in little, did not do anything for about a year, as I hoarse gasps, for his foul living was wished to get cured. All this time my

await your convenience.' me," he panted.

"I owe you some little attention," said I, "for having shut me up in your storeroom. Besides, if all other were wanting, of physicians was held and an operation I see cause enough upon that lady's arm." "Have your way, then !" he snarled, and leaped at me like a madman. For a minute I saw only the blazing blue eyes, and the red glazed point which stabbed and stabbed, rasping off to right or to left, and yet ever back at my throat and my breast, I had never thought that such good swordplay was to be found at Paris in the days of the Revolution. I do not suppose that in all my little affairs I have met six men who had a better knowledge of their weapon. But he knew that I was his master. He read death in my eyes, and l could see that he read it. The flush died from his face. His breath came in shorter and in thicker gasps. Yet he fought on. died still hacking and cursing, with foul cries upon his lips, and his blood clotting upon his orange beard. I who speak to you have seen so many battles, that my old memory can scarce contain their names. and yet of all the terrible sights which these eyes have rested upon, there is none which I care to think of less than of that orange beard with the crimson stain in the centre, from which I had drawn my sword

It was only afterwards that I had time to think of all this. His monstrous body had hardly crashed down upon the floor before the woman in the corner sprang to her feet, clapping her hands together and screaming out in her delight. For my part I was disgusted to see a woman take such delight in a deed of blood, and I gave no thought as to the terrible wrongs which must have befallen her before she could so encouraged and got three more boxes, defar forget the gentleness of her sex. It termined to make a thorough trial of Pink was on my tongue to tell her sharply to be | Pills. After I had finished the second silent, when a strange, choking smell took the breath from my nostrils, and a sudden, yellow glare brought out the figures upon taking two after each meal. When I had the faded hangings.

"Duroc, Duroc!" I shouted, tugging at his shoulder. "The Castle is on fire !" The boy lay senseless upon the ground meaning, or why should she risk her life to exhausted by his wounds. I rushed out the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of place it in our hands? It would say little into the hall to see whence the danger health shows itself in my face. To think for our wits if we could not find out what came. It was our explosion which had set | that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth alight to the dry framework of the door. I set to work moving all the cases out Inside the store-room some of the boxes from the wall, and Duroc, gaining new hope were already blazing. I glanced in, and as an operation in vain is a puzzle to mel from my courage, helped me with all his I did so my blood was turned to water by and I am sorry that I didn't know about strength. It was no light task, for many the signs of the powder barrels beyond, of them were large and heavy. On we and of the loose heap upon the floor. It went, working like maniacs, slinging might be seconds, it could not be more barrels, cheeses, and boxes pell-mell into than minutes, before the flames would be the middle of the room. At last there at the edge of it. These eyes will be closed only remained one huge barrel of vodki, | in death, my friends, before they cease to which stood in the corner. With our see those crawling lines of fire and the black

How little I can remember what followed. Vaguely I can recall how I rushed of delight we saw it swing open before us. into the chamber of death, how I seized With the lamp in my hand, I squeezed my Duroc by one limp hand and dragged him everyone should try them." down the hall, the woman keeping pace with me and pulling at the other arm. castle-a rough, walled cellar, with barrels | Out of the gateway we rushed, and on down the snow-covered path until we were in in the centre. The powder from it lay in on the fringe of the fir forest. It was at a black heap upon the floor. Beyond there that moment that I heard a crash behind Don Ramon Barea, of Spain, Invents a me, and glaccing round, saw a great spout of fire shoot up into the wintry sky. An instant later there seemed to come a second crash far louder than the first. I saw the

my comrade. It was some weeks before I came to myself in the post-house of Arensdorf, and It was true, but I was not at the end of longer still before I could be told all that had befallen me. It was Duroc, already able "We will blow open the store-room to go soldiering, who came to my bedside and gave mean account of it. He it was who I ran back and seized at in box which had told me how a piece of timber had struck been filled with candles. It was about the me on the head and had laid me almost size of my shako-large enough to hold dead upon the ground. From him, too, I several pounds of powder. Duroc filled it learned how the Polish girl had run to while I cut off the end of a candle. When Arensdorf, how she roused our hussars, and we had finished, it would have puzzled a how she had only just brought them back colonel of engineers to make a better in time to save us from the spears of the petard. I put three cheeses on the top of Cossacks who had been summoned from to lean against the lock. Then we lit our secretary whom we have seen galloping so candle-end and ran for shelter, shutting swiftly over the snow. As to the brave lady who had twice saved our lives, I could It is no joke, my friends, to lie among all not learn very much about her at that those tons of powder, with the knowledge moment from Duroc, but when I chanced I sprang upon the barrel beside him, that if the flame of the explosion should to meet him in Paris two years later, after There was, as he said, a long, clear strip of penetrate through one thin door our black- the campaign of Wagram, I was not very rapidity of motion which it affords is snow in front. A man was riding down it, ened limbs would be shot higher than the much surprised to find that I needed no worthy of notice. flogging his horse and galloping like a mad- Castle keep. Who could have believed introduction to his bride, and that by the First of all, the new design is not in the man. As we watched, he grew smaller and that a half-inch of candle could take so queer turns of fortune he had himself, had shape of a boat, and does not admit of the smaller, until he was swallowed up by the long to burn? My ears were straining all he chosen to use it, that very name and carrying of passengers. The machinery is

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A wealthy citizen of Berlin will erect Y. M. C. A. building there.

ed to examine the packages and cases was a glimmering square where the dark I ling among girls.

IN DEEP DESPAIR-

ful Experience.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physi cians and was operated Upon Without Success-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When all Other Medicines From the Montreal Herald.

Instances of marvellous cases by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pals for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below 18 of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also the fact that in the present instances the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Aqueduct street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Ave. in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the town of Callander to get some velvet Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty matched. Having procured what she was rough time of it for a while. I evidently in search of, she was about to pay for it, must bave injured myself internally, al- when she discovered that she had left home though I felt nothing wrong as the time. without her purse. Explaining the matter On my way home, however, I fell helpless to the draper, and promising to send the on the street and had to be conveyed home money next day, the Princess was greatly in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to amused at receiving the characteristic rehold me up. I was confined to bed for ply: "Dinna fa h yoursel', mem; yer several days in the same helpless condition, mither has an account here." when I rallied, but found that my arine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in a



CAUGHT IN A STORM ON THE CLYDE.

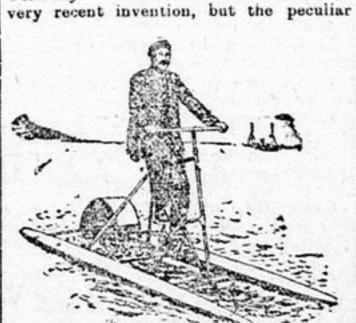
physician, who perscribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M.D. who also perscribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I urine was tainted with blood, although I "Take your breath," said I. "I will was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. "You have no cause of quarrel against I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again ; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but nothing could cure that strange bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety. as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking no doubt owing to the loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Dyspepsia in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt box I found my urine was getting clearer. so I continued the use of the pills. finished the third box my arine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after trying s number of physicians and undergoing this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been

guaranteed a cure by anyone." "I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow-men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think

A NEW TREADLE BOAT.

Novelty in Water Cycling. Our illustration represents the latest departure in water cycling, which is proving fir trees and the stars whirling round me, very popular in some of the large parks of and I fell unconscious across the body of Germany. Treadle boats are not of such



NOVELTY IN WATER CYCLING. construction of this latest contrivance and

The position of the man in the boat is exactly like that of the rider on his bicycle. The weight of the entire apparatus does not exceed fifty kilograms. It is asserted that a ride on the lake on one of these machines is exceedingly pleasant and exhilarating, and in smooth weather more In the dark our situation would have been through an impenetrable smoke, with all Governesses able to cycle will soon be in than ten miles can be covered in an hour. far more difficult. By its light we proceed- sorts of debris beneath our feet, but there demand in Paris, such is the rage for cyc- The inventor is Don Ramon Barea, of Commercial. Address: President Austra, Madrid, Spain.

IRELAND'S VICEROY.

The Earl of Cadogan Makes His State Entry Into Dublin.

A despatch from Dublin says :- The formal State entry into the city of the new Irish Viceroy, Earl of Cadogan, took place on Thursday afternoon. Upon his arriva at Kingstown the Viceroy was met by the commissioner of that place, who presented him with an address of welcome as landed. In reply to the address, the nev Lord Lieutenant said that he would spare no efforts to promote the material interests of Ireland, and expressed the hope that the administration of his vicerovalty would conduce to the peace and happiness of the country. On reaching Dublin city, the streets of which were lined with military and crowded with sightseers, Lord Cadogan was presented with an address of welcome by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, but he was not similarly received by the corporation authorities.

"Dinna Fash Yoursel, Mem."

During the stay of the Queen some years ago in the vicinity of Loch Vennachar, the Princess Louise, who lacks none of the love of her sex for shopping, drove into the

Strictly Educational.

Many people afflicted with stammering are under the impression that they cannot be cured, this is a mistake as many testimonials are in possession of the Ontario Stammering Institute from leading physicians showing that permanent cures have been made. The Ontario Institute have removed to a large residence at 76 Bond street where patients are as much at home as in their own house, and by strict attention to the traching, cures can be effected in four weeks. Write for

Lenity has almost always wisdom and ustice on its side. - Hosea Ballou.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find the doing. - Quarles.

Korns. Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and the other sort don't need planting; they growquite naturally on men's toes and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sorts-one gentle or tender like until Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the extracting medicine, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

Certainly.

Now, sir, what do you mean by telling people that I had a reputation as a barroom fighter? I have been a most persistent fee of the rum shops for years. Yes; that is what I said.

nerve pain cure-cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science, may be used for all perve pains. Test at once its efficiev. Cold in the shead. Nasalbaim gives in-

at once to the diseased nerve. Nerviline-

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Magical in potency and power, penetrating

stant relief ; speedily cures. Never fails A. P. 777.

The Magic Touch Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at at the idea. But if you suffer from

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses,

you will involuntarily think, and no

doubt exclaim, That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Pills cure liver ills.



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