Kitty of Coleraine.

The quaint old Irish ballad, "Kitty of Coleraine," is charmingly illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey in the May "Harper's." As this little ballad is seldom found in collections of poetry, it is here given entire:

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.

Oh, what shall I do, now? 'Twas looking at you, now.
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her. Before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas the haymaking season. I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single—that's plain—
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

The authorship of these verses is generally given as anonymous, but careful investigation has recently discovered that the writer is Edward Lysaght. Mr. Abbey's illustrations are four beautiful pages, beside a head-piece and tail-piece. The climax expressed in the last line is the title of one of the pages which is assigned the position of honor as frontispiece of the number.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SALT LAKE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

Summer waned, and the autumn came with a breath of freshness and a sobering touch that lent a fuller charm to the mulga ridges, and chastened the sun's heat with gentle breezes. Its first month brought no new experience to the two lonely dwellers by the Salt Lake further than that testified by the change in heir surroundings. They lived their solitary life—undisturbed, except by the rare visits of the sheep overseer from the head station—pursuing a daily routine that seldom altered. The old shepherd fulfilled his trust to the uttermost letter. He scarcely ever allowed the child out of his sight. He made her a bunk in his hut, and every night undressed her, and remained by her till she had fallen asleep. He looked after her with a tenderness her own mother could not have surpassed. His quiet flock required little care; of their own accord they would come and go to the yards at the accustomed time; and so he was able to devote himself almost entirely to his little charge. No act of his that could give her pleasure was too much trouble for him. He lived in the child. Her slightest wish was law. Almost the whole day was spent in trying to amuse her.

At first little Lizzie enjoyed to the utmost the liberty and independence of her new life. She had no lessons to do now—no reading or spelling. And Scotty cooked her nice things. She could have as much "brownie" as she wanted. It was very nice to have so much cake; and sometimes he made her "lolly" from the brown ration sugar. Then he got her luscious currajong roots—bush cocoanut, as he called it—and wild fruits and berries and nice sour binil grass. It was all very pleasant at first, and Lizzie felt herself a veritable queen. Scotty would do anything she asked him—make her toys and tell her stories and carry her pick-a-back when she was tired, and catch a sheep for her to play with, and hold her hand at night till she fell asleep. But soon the solitude began to weigh upon the child's spirits. She longed for her father and mother again, even for the sound of the hammering and the ring of the axe strokes that used to make her head ache so. The bush was so silent now that sometimes it frightened her, and even the battering of the mawl on the iron wedges would have been a welcome change. As the days dragged on their weary length this feeling became stronger and stronger. The child began to pine for other companionship than that of the half-witted old man; the very intensity of his affection became irksome to her.

And so the months of autumn passed, and then a sudden change came to the mulga ridges and the silent Salt Lake. The wet season was unusually late that year, but when at last the rain did set in, it fell in unusual quantities. For two days it came down in an almost continuous downpour, and then cleared off, only to recommence in lighter showers. During that time little Lizzie was confined to the hut; and a weary, weary time she found it. The old shepherd would take advantage of any temporary break in the weather to let his flock out, in order that the sheep might pick up a mouthful; but he would not allow Lizzie to accompany him, fearful of her getting wet.

The rain came down, and the patient sheep stood nearly all day long with hanging heads under the lee of the brush yards; the mulga ridges and the Salt Lake were blotted out; the air was heavy and moist; and the hut was so dreary that poor Lizzie, used to being out in the fresh air all day long, hardly knew what to do with herself. All Scotty's efforts failed to amuse her any longer. She longed for some change in her dull life; she sighed for the return of the sunshine, for her father and mother to come back again.

It was better when the rain cleared off, and the warm sun came out again, and made everything bright and pleasant. As though by magic the mulga ridges, with the stoney hollows between, assumed a new appearance. Two days of bright weather were sufficient to bring the sweet-smelling herbage out, and to cause the grasses to put forth their tender green shoots. Pools glistened in the hollows; the red loam—before so parched—was moist and soft, and exhaled a fresh earthy smell that mingled with the more delicate perfume of the young herbage. The mulga trees assumed a fresher green; the drooping fronds of the tall peppermint trees dripped a resinous thanksgiving for the fresh nutriment their spreading roots sucked up; even in the patches of scrub the rain seemed to have washed off some of the dinginess. All was bright and fresh, and Lizzie, freed from her imprisonment, forgot, for the time, her weary longing and impatience.

The two were seated one day near the gibbera hole, now overflowing and filling the narrow gully. The sheep were scattered along the edge of the Salt Lake, nibbling greedily at the tender young herbage that had sprung up, as it were, almost by magic.

Old Scotty was gazing out at the desolate waste of the Salt Lake.

"Why are you looking like that?" asked Lizzie curiously, laying her hand on the old man's knee.

"I'm thinking what a terrible place it is," he answered mechanically. "Look at it. It's nothing but a steaming bog. And see, it's trembling and shaking like a hungry thing. It's hidyus."

The lake presented a strange appearance. A gray exhalation, drawn out of the rain-sodden, spumy soil by the heat of the sun, partially hid its surface; through it the vilty incrustations glittered with a strange salorless shimmer. It may have been the cobration of the heated air, or it may have been the quivering of the rising mist, but the whole surface of the lake seemed to be trembling and shaking.

"Ay, it's the curse," muttered old Scotty, fearfully. "It's a drefful thing to see it; it drors the life out of you. It's always worse after the rain."

"Couldn't you walk across it now?" asked the child, gazing with a shudder at the misty waste.

"Walk! It's nothing but a hungry bog that would swallow you up. Nothing dare go on it now, after the rain. See how the sheep keep away from it. They know what a hidyus thing it is—and I know it, too. Look at it shaking. Come away, child, or it'll blight you the same as it has done me."

The next day, as they were returning with the sheep, toward sundown, the crack of a whip in the distance suddenly broke the stillness of the bush.

"It's mother and father!" cried Lizzie, with a joyful cry. "Oh! they've come back at last."

She ran in the direction of the sound, leaving old Scotty to yard the sheep. Soon the creaking wheels sounded near at hand, and the dray slowly came into view, surmounting the last of the mulga ridges. When it stopped at length, before the tent left standing by the fencers, the little girl, weeping bitterly, and with her hand clasped n that of Duke's mate, approached the old man.

"They've not come," she cried, sobbing pitifully. "It's only Larry come alone."

The man nodded to Scotty, and gave him the usual bush greeting.

"Yes, I'm by myself this time, Liz," he said. "But don't you cry. I've come to take you to mother."

"To take her away!" cried Scotty in a scared voice.

"Ay. Her mother's waiting for her at Gidanga. But I'll turn out the horses first. They've had a heavy time of it. I was near boiled up by the rain. Them mulga ridges are as soft as butter now; it was as much as the horses could do to pull the empty dray. They'll be glad of a spell."

He unharnessed the horses, and then, leading them down the gibbera hole for water, hobbled them out. Scotty watched him as though in a dream. It had come to an end, then, at last! The child was to be taken away from him. Their happy life together was over. He would see her no more; hear the sound of her voice and her happy laughter; hold her hand in his; watch her untroubled sleep, no longer. She was to be taken from him. His feeble mind had hardly realized that such a day must come in the end. Happy in her companionship, he had never thought of separation. It had seemed as if their peaceful, happy life must go on forever. And now the evil day had come. He was to lose her. A terrible despair—all the more powerful by reason of its dreadful suddenness—took hold of him. Heart and brain felt numbed and stupified. He uttered one hoarse cry, but that was all. His grief and despair were too deep for outward expression.

That evening, when little Lizzie had been laid tenderly to rest by the old shepherd, the fencer told his story.

"I didn't tell her," he said, seated on a wooden block before the fire, "because I didn't want to frighten her. But there's been an accident. Poor Duke's dead—crushed under the wheel of the dray. It was at the Culgoa crossing. There wasn't much water in the river, but the crossing place is a bad one. I was in the dray holding his missis up, preventing her from being jolted, for it was nigh on her time, and she was very weak. The place was pretty steep and rough, and he was leading the horses down. There isn't a brake to the dray, and the leader fell, coming down on him. The wheel went right over poor Duke, crushin' his head in. He was dead when I jumped down and pulled him out. He never moved. It was orful sudden, poor fellow."

The old shepherd listened as though in a dream. He was dead, then—her father—and still they wanted to take her away from him.

"I took his missis into the township," Larry continued, "and poor Duke's body, too. She had a bad time of it, poor soul; but I got her in safe to the doctor's, and she's there now. She got a child—a boy, and I've come out to take little Liz to her. She isn't comin' back here now her old man's killed, and I ain't either. I've given up the fencin' contract, the boss allowing me and her for what work me and Duke did. She hadn't got the heart to come out here again, and I'm going to stop and take care of her. Duke and me were mates for nigh on five years, and I'm going to look after his missis and the kids. We're going to get married when she's better. So I've come out with the dray to get the tent and tools, and take little Liz back with me to Gidanga."

Poor Scotty! His paralyzed mind hardly understood what the other was saying. Only one idea whirled through his brain. Her father was dead, and they still wanted to take the child from him.

"No, no," he exclaimed, answering his thoughts more than the other's words. "Don't take her away. Leave her with me."

"Leave her? What would I leave her for? Her mother wants her."

"But I want her," he cried in tones of agony. "I can't give her up. She's mine. I love her so. Oh, leave her with me."

The fencer looked with an air of astonishment at the trembling old man.

"Why, you're off your head, mate," he said, with rough good nature. "I suppose a mother can have her own gal. No; I can't leave her. I've come out special for her."

"I love her so, I love her so," muttered poor Sctty.

"Oh, you'll get over that. There's others coming out to take up the fencin'. There's a contractor coming with five or six men and his family. He's got four children. You'll find one of them to take up with."

Scotty made a hopeless gesture, and his head sank on his breast in mute despair.

"Well, I'll turn in. I'm pretty tired," said Larry, rising and laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. Don't be downhearted, mate. You'll soon take up with them others. I'm going to spell the horses for a couple of days. Then I'll pull down the tent and load up and be off."

"Little Lizzie," murmured Scotty, wagging his head unmeaningly. "No, no; don't take her away."

The next two days were spent by the old shepherd in a state of pitiable collapse. The shock was so sudden that it seemed completely to take away the remnants of reason that remained to him. Almost for the first time during all those long years he neglected his flock. He never went near it, but sat for hours together holding the girl's hand in his; or else, when she ran away to join her newly-found companion, in gazing vacantly out at the Salt Lake. His mind seemed to be completely unhinged. He mumbled unmeaningly to himself; his head wagged from side to side; his bleared eyes were sometimes dimmed by moisture, sometimes lighted up by a gleam of excitement. At times he followed the child about like her shadow, praying her in broken accents to stop with him, wildly offering her every inducement he could think of. At night he sat by her bed, gazing absorbedly at her peaceful face, listening to her regular breathing. He would sit motionless like that all through the night, listening, watching, bowed down with anguish and despair.

Toward the end of the second day a change came over him. He muttered constantly to himself; his hands and arms moved restlessly; his eyes gleamed with excitement. Her father was dead; why should she be taken from him? That was the one thought that surged through his mind. The man who had come to take her away was nothing to her; he should not have her. The old man's mutterings and his wild exclamation showed what was passing in his mind; but he made no further appeal to the fencer.

And so the evening of the second day came, and on the morrow Lizzie and her new protector were to take their departure. The tent had been struck and rolled up, the tools collected, the dray laden, and everything was ready for an early start at sunrise.

Scotty passed the night at the child's bedside, at first in dumb despair, then in gradually increasing excitement. It was the last night. In seven hours she would be taken from him—in six—in five. The thought was madness. Once he woke her gently to ask if she would not stop with him, and when she answered yes, fretful at being aroused, but knowing with childish intuition that that answer would satisfy him, a gleam of wild joy lighted up his face. After that he never stirred again during the whole of the night, but sat there with bowed head watching the sleeping child.

With the first gray streak of dawn a footstep outside the hut aroused him. It was the fencer, who had camped for the night under the dray.

"Hullo! You up?" he said, peering into the dark hut. "You're early. I'm going after the horses, for I want to make an early start. Make up the fire and put the billy on, will you? Liz and me have got a long day's journey before us. I'll wake her up. It's nearly time she got dressed."

It had come at last, then.

"No, no," cried Scotty, suddenly starting up and brandishing his arms in mad excitement; "leave her be. She's not going. She's going to stop with me; she said so."

"Goin' to stop with you! You're off your head. Here, get out of the way and let me pass."

"No, no; stand back."

The man made his way into the hut; but Scotty, whipping up the child from the bed, with a hoarse cry darted past him in the obscurity, and gained the door. Rudely awakened, little Lizzie began to cry.

"Where are you off to, you looney?" exclaimed the fencer. "Come back, will you?"

But the old shepherd, still grasping his burden, ran quickly from the hut. Uttering a startled oath the man followed, trying to overtake him. Outside, a grey mist obscured everything. Nothing was visible but the nearest trees, standing shadowy and impalpable like phantom forms. The mulga ridges were veiled by the dense fog; the Salt Lake was nothing but an indistinguishable mass of shadows.

The old man's flying steps took him in the direction of the gibbera hole; he staggered along the top of the rock, the child crying bitterly in his arms. He did not seem to know where he was—his sole idea appeared to be to escape with his burden from his pursuer. He staggered blindly across the plateau of rock, slippery with the fog.

A shrill cry broke from the fencer's lips, and he stopped suddenly, with blanched face.

"Stop, stop, you madman," he screamed. "The Salt Lake! The Salt Lake!"

Right beneath the feet of the flying shepherd curled the chill mists that hid the lake. But he did not seem to be conscious of anything. He staggered on, stumbled, recovered himself, and then tottered blindly over the edge, the crying child tightly pressed to his heart.

There was a loud scream from little Lizzie—a hideous, dead thud as man and child fell into the morass—a dull splash of the foul spume—a sickening gurgle as the choking slime closed over them—and then all was quiet. The Salt Lake had its victims at last.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies yesterday passed a Bill to increase the army, entailing an additional charge of $2,200,000.

Herr Krupp has finished a 40-centimetre gun, the biggest ever made, at Essen. At a trial of the weapon it shot into pieces armor 97 centimetres thick at a distance of 3,000 feet.

Germany is contemplating a common legislation for all her colonies, and the Governors of the various dependencies will meet in Berlin at an early date to interchange views on the subject.

MEXICO SHAKEN.

An Earthquake Shock Yesterday Morning Scared the Natives.

A last (Sunday) night's City of Mexico despatch says: A heavy earthquake shock was felt in this city and throughout the valley at 2.50 this morning. Saturday afternoon had been extremely warm, in fact the weather for the last four days had been extraordinarily warm for this region, which generally enjoys a very mild degree of temperature even in summer. Late Saturday afternoon there were several whirlwinds in the valley and in the city, carrying clouds of dust and fine gravel high in the air. Old citizens, with the memory of previous earthquakes in mind, predicted shocks here, and to-day they are regarded as prophets. At exactly 10 minutes to 3 o'clock there was felt, not only in the city but suburban towns, a violent shaking of the earth or sort of lifting motion which lasted five seconds. Next there came, prefaced by a low roar as from the bowels of the earth, and accompanied by a stiff breeze, a violent oscillation of the earth from east to west, which awoke nearly every one, lasting, as it did, thirty-nine seconds. Houses swayed as if they were ships at sea, and persons arising from their beds were in some cases thrown with force to the floor. Bells were rung in hotels, and everywhere doors were forced open. Then came still another oscillation of much violence, proceeding from north to south. During this shock crockery was thrown down and pictures demolished in several houses. A scene of the wildest confusion followed. Thousands of persons dressed themselves and did not go to bed again. Reports received to-day do not show any fatalities as the result of the earthquake. At the School of Mines the seismic instrument showed that a heavy shock had taken place. These instruments are self registering, and prove that the shock this morning was a severe one. The weather to-day is still warm, and another shock is predicted.

The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of Man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung scrofula) is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid, or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

One of the latest devices is a hinged lamp-post. Its chief advantage is that no ladder is required to enable it to be cleaned and repaired. It can be lighted by bending it over, the lamplighter carrying a key for that purpose.

I feel it a duty to speak in highest terms of McCollum's Rheumatic Repellant. I was laid up six months with rheumatism, and suffered intensely day and night. I tried doctors and remedies without relief, but was perfectly cured by taking this remedy. —W. W. Austin, Springford, Ont.

An Exception.

Colonel May, the Michigan prohibition leader, declares that there is no middle ground. All men must be drunk or all sober. Now, as for us, we only want a little at sheep-shearing time.—*San Francisco Alta.*

$500 Reward

s offered in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

Frank Boynton, an old soldier, committed suicide at Bar Mills, Me., rather than testify against a neighbor accused of selling cider.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

There is some doubt as to whether Maxwell, the St. Louis trunk murderer, will be hanged or not. If he doesn't die of old age his prospects are believed to be fair.—*New York Mail.*

Struck With Lightning,

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Mr. Henry Hart has been elected President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Mr. Geo. Gould having declined the position.

It is estimated that the recent forest fires in the northern peninsula of the State of Michigan have caused a total loss of $7,000,000. Eight lives are known to have been lost.

A boarding shanty at Merritt's Corners, N. Y., at shaft No. 2 of the new aqueduct, was burned shortly after midnight Saturday night. There were seventy-five men asleep in the house at the time, but all escaped except two, who were burned to a crisp.

Some Lost Arts

Making glass malleable.

Being courteous in public conveyances.

Coloring and gilding glass by the Assyrian process.

Tempering bronze and copper to the hardness of steel.

Making Damascus blades.

Painting and powdering the female face so as perfectly to imitate nature.

Lifting monoliths to such heights as the tops of the Pyramids.

Growing brave without growing bold.

Making iridescent glass.

Being satisfied with the Present as certainly as good as the Past and possibly better than the Future.

In Paris the use of bicycles is only permitted on certain streets, while tricycles are allowed on all the avenues and public drives of the city.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. SIZE OF PELLETS. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

PROF. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L. 23 87.

$500 AT MARRIAGE—DON'T marry until you have joined the Mutual Endowment Association, of Altoona, Pa. (Incorporated.) Money paid immediately after marriage, not three and five years afterwards as in other societies; or, if you don't marry, a most excellent investment to join. Costs only $3 to become a member, both sexes eligible, married or single. Send for circulars, Secretary Mutual Endowment Association, Schenk's Block, Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa., P. O. Address, Lock Box 379.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.