CURRENT TOPICS.

A GERMAN steamship recently took to Colon from Africa 700 Liberians, men of gigantic stature and powerful physique. They were half naked, carried queer-looking bundles upon their shoulders and spoke a language which no one else on the Isthmus understood. It is said that 1,500 more will follow, and that these men will work on the Panama Canal.

Rural Canadian: A young and enterprising Canadian, Mr. H. M. Mathewson, who has been carrying on farming operations in Dakota for the past two or three years, states a fact which friends and opponents of freer trade relations with the United States may be invited to make a note of. He has a flock of Shropshire grades, and he sold their clip of wool this year at a village market for 19½ cents per poud. The price paid for the same grade of wool in Toronto was only 14½ cents per pound. The United States duty on such wool is 10 cents per pound. Would the Ontario farmer or any other Ontario man be the worse or better off could an extra 10 cents per pound be procured for our Ontario wools?

MRS. CLEVELAND is winning laurels as a wire-puller, but her "wire-pulling," as it is called, seems to be only the instinctive kindliness of heart that impels her to endeavor to make every one comfortable. A recent incident shows this characteristic: An old man at the St. Louis Fair asked to be introduced to Mrs. Cleveland, as he believed he was related to her. He was presented. "So you are a connection of mine," she said sweetly. "There was an Elisha Folsom some where back four or five generations who was a great-great-grandfather of mine, and, I think, of yours,' the old man answered bashfully. "Now, let me see," she said; "pray, sit down. There was an Elisha Folsom who married ——." The pretty little woman rattled off the names of her relatives, and glibly showed him that of course they were relatives. Five minutes after the old gentleman was relating the incident to everybody. She won him for life.

THE Sultan of Morocco, who was recently reported dead, seems to be alive and kicking. A recent cablegram says he is now engaged in carrying out an original device for preserving discipline in his harem. Having received a bicycle as a present, and being deterred by the appreciation of his own dignity from attempting to conquer it, he used it as an instrument of torture, or a sort of coercion machine, for the unruly among his better halves. A bad wife, if a friend of the Sultan may be believed, is mounted on the machine and condemned to endure from five to twenty-five falls, according to the gravity of the offence. To see such a punishment would be worth travelling miles through the desert, when one considers the helpless rage of a plump lady, transferred from a cushion in the harem to the leather seat of a bicycle, her costume so ill-adapted to such sport, and a picturesque background of the Moorish police force and the black old Sultan laughing until his sides ache at the result of his own cleverness.

HAPPENING to want a place to strike a parlor match to light a gas-stove, says a writer in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, I struck the match upon the stove over the gas. The gas ignited, but the match did not. I laid the match aside, and as the gas-burner was wanted I used the same match until I have lighted it twenty-three times, and the match is apparently as good as ever. Cannot some one invent an improved lighter from this suggestion?

FURTHER investigation shows the New York *Post* that there are thirty-five widows of revolutionary soldiers still drawing pensions, some of them less than 80, in good health and likely to be alive in 1900. It therefore regards it as probable that the United States Government will still be paying pensions in the year 2,000 on account of the war of the rebellion. The marriage of a young woman to an old soldier may come to be regarded as one of the most profitable investments possible.

ASHEVILLE is the only place in North Carolina where the President and his party will stop. Asheville is in Buncombe county. This county was named after Col. A. Buncombe, of Buncombe Hall, near Edenton, who came of a fine old English family. He raised, equipped and led a regiment in the Revolutionary war. Fifty years ago the representative from that county in the State Legislature made a florid speech on a local issue which he innocently explained was especially intended for Buncombe. Thus originated an expression which has now a permanent place in the language.

COL. E. B. DICKENSON, President of the New York State Stenographers' Association, regards Phillips Brooks as the fastest speaker in this country, if not in the world. No one stenographer can report him accurately, and the only way he can be reported with any degree of satisfaction is by two experts who compare their notes after they have written them out. Mr. Beecher, he says, was an easy man to report. He considers ordinary speakers who haven't any idea in their heads and yet think they must speak as giving the hardest work to stenographers.

THE Prince of Wales, when he took his morning draughts at the Homburg Springs, dazzled beholders with an amazing costume. It was made apparently out of a snuff-colored blanket, delicately set off by a red silk handkerchief tied around his neck so as to show above the collar a "thin red line." This striking costume was based on tan leather shoes and crowned by a light gray felt Tyroleon hat. A white Pomeranian dog followed at his heels. His invariable salutation to his feminine acquaintances was: "Are you drinking the watahs this morning."

GOVERNOR OGLESBY, of Illinois, who is just now being watched with particular attention to see what he will do in the case of the Chicago Anarchists, was born in Kentucky in 1824. He began his career as a carpenter at $1.50 a day. He received less than a regular course of common school education, yet after he had worked for some time at the bench he made a strike for the bar. After practising law for a while he fought in the Mexican war, and was one of the California gold diggers of '49. When he came back from digging gold he entered the political arena, and has been three times elected Governor of Illinois.

THE Indian prince, the Thakore Sahib, who recently visited Hamilton and other leading points in Canada, on his departure from here recently, was questioned concerning his impressions of the country. Among other things he said: "I think your women are superior to your men. They are handsomer, better dressed, better conversationalists and apparently better educated; but your men, I believe, are the hardest working and most energetic in the world." The Thakore Sahib may have a hard name, but he evidently has a level head.

IN consequence of the many requests made to Mr. Gladstone for chips from trees felled by him, the following circular has been prepared and is forwarded to applicants: "In reply to your letter to Mr. Gladstone I have to say that, in consequence of the number of similar requests, it has been found necessary to make in all cases a uniform charge for the wood referred to, namely, 1s. 6d. for a small log, or 3s. per cubic foot, exclusive of all railway carriage. Applications should be made to the Bailiff, Estate Office, Hawarden, near Chester, who will attend to any orders as far as he may have the requisite material at hand." It may be explained that the proceeds from the sale of these mementoes go to a fund for the repairs of Episcopal Churches, in which the Liberal leader takes an interest.

IN a recent able address, Sir William Vernon Harcourt remarked that the men who had the best opportunity to judge of the difficulties of ruling Ireland were all in favor of granting Irishmen the right to govern themselves in local matters. He put the case in these telling words: "Why, at present how many men who have been Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland are Home Rulers? Far the greater majority. You will find Lord Kimberley, Lord Spencer, Lord Aberdeen—(cheers)—and I think I may add to them the Tory Lord Carnarvon. (Hear, hear.) How many Secretaries for Ireland who have been responsible for the government of Ireland are Home Rulers? There is Sir George Trevelyan—(cheers)—there is Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and there is Mr. John Morley. (Cheers.) These men, having observed the condition of Ireland, have come to the conclusion, the only possible conclusion, that in a free country you can only govern the people by their own consent."

She Got the Cloak.

When Mr. Montgomery came home the other night he found Mrs. Montgomery weeping. Great, salty tears chased one another down her fair cheek.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked, as he placed a new clove in his mouth and prepared to kiss her.

"Oh, everything is the matter," she sobbed as she placed one arm about his neck and laid her head down on his shoulder. "I want to die."

"Oh no, you don't, dear," he remonstrated. "Tell me what is the matter. Now do."

"Fergy," she questioned, "do you love me as much as you did when you married me?"

"Why, of course I do. What put such a question in your head?"

"Are you sure that you do?"

"What do you mean, Ellen? You know that I love you as much as I ever did, and more if anything."

"Don't be silly, Fergy. How am I to know it? The minister was here to-day and said that a loving husband was continually showing his devotion for his wife. He always bought her everything that she wanted and did everything that she asked him to do."

"Yes. What are you driving at?"

"It pained me when I heard that, and I have been crying all day."

"Have I been unkind to you?"

"No-o-o, but then the minister went from here over to that hateful Mrs. Brown's, and I just know that he said the same thing to her."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only Mrs. Brown is going to have a new sealskin cloak, and she will go around and tell what the minister said. Then she will tell how much her husband loves her and hint that you and I are going to separate."

Mr. Montgomery ordered the new cloak the next morning, and incidentally put out a story about the minister having lost a great many friends, and that he had better look for a different field.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

An Awful Record.

Geo. Whitfield, the youthful prisoner at present confined in the jail, has an awful record of crime already against him. Although he is not yet 17 years of age, still he has been charged with various offences over a score of times. Of this number he has been convicted and sent to jail and Central Prison ten times. The offences and the years are as follows: In 1883, committed for horse-stealing; for larceny in 1884, for larceny in 1885, for trespass in 1885, for vagrancy in 1886, for larceny in 1886, for doing grievous and bodily harm in 1886, and for vagrancy and larceny in 1887. For this latter conviction he put in the time at Cayuga jail; for all the previous convictions, either in jail here or Central Prison. Ten convictions from 13 to 17 years of age, a period of four years, is an awful record for one so young.—*Brantford Telegram.*

In the Honeymoon.

She (beaming)—"What first attracted you, dear? What agreeable characteristic did I possess to place me above all others in your sight and estimation?" He—"H-u-m—le'me see—(ponders)—h-m—oh, darling, I give it up. Cu'ious thing, dear—I never could guess widdles!"—*Punch.*

Pressing Him Hard.

In the future, when a reporter goes armed with a vest pocket detective camera and an improved Edison pocket phonograph, the public man who gets himself interviewed for the purpose of denying the interview will disappear from sight.—*Philadelphia News.*

WASTE OF WATER.—It is estimated that every million gallons of water wasted cost the taxpayers of Toronto $75, inasmuch as a million gallons saved lessens the expense at the pumping station by that amount. The sub-committee on waste water estimate that five million gallons of water per day are wasted in Toronto.

—Milton wants a telephone badly, the *Champion* asserts.

GLADYS' CHOICE.

BY FLORENCE GERTRUDE RUTHVEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Remember, to-night you shape your own future."

Mr. Ainsley, a tall, fine-looking man, in the prime of life, addressed these words to his daughter.

Gladys Ainsley was 17 years of age, rather short of stature, but she carried herself with a certain dignity that became her well. She owned a pair of hazel eyes that peeped merrily from beneath her long lashes. The golden-brown hair fell in little waves on her low, broad brow, and the ruby lips, perhaps a trifle too full, formed a pretty little pout. The aristocratic little nose was elevated in the air as her father repeated the words, "Remember, to-night you shape your own future."

"Now, I don't want any of your nonsense," said Mr. Ainsley angrily. The girl's face fell immediately.

"Yes, yes, I know, I understand," faltered Gladys, "but I love Guy Norwood."

"Pooh, love! some ridiculous fancy you have got into your silly little head," said her father. Gladys drew herself up to her full height and her eyes flashed, but she said nothing. "Getting spunky, eh," said Mr. Ainsley, half aside. "Now, I must be off. One last warning, you are aware that Cyril Vane has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you, I gave my consent; when he proposes to-night you accept him. This is Tuesday evening; I am going to town. I will not return till Thursday evening." Kissing Gladys he left the room. She gave a sigh of relief, and, walking slowly down the handsomely furnished drawing-room, she stood before a mirror and surveyed herself from head to foot. She wore a white dress of soft material, which fell in graceful folds around her dainty little figure; at her throat was fastened a cluster of pale pink rosebuds; she wore no other ornament. After surveying a few minutes, she turned away and paced restlessly up and down the room, murmuring to herself, "Oh! Guy, Guy."

Mr. Ainsley was a wealthy merchant, Guy Norwood a clerk in his office, Cyril Vane a wealthy young man who lived on his means. At last Gladys, feeling fatigued from walking so much, sank down on an ottoman. In a few minutes the footman announced Mr. Vane. Gladys went forward to meet him with a charming smile. In the course of the evening Mr. Vane proposed to her. Gladys asked a few minutes to consider his proposal. It was granted immediately. She arose and went to the library. Sinking down on an easy chair and resting her head on her little jewelled hands, she wondered what her father would say if she refused Cyril Vane, and for a moment she wavered, but the image of handsome Guy Norwood arose in her mind's eye, and she remembered that to-morrow night she was to give him an answer; and she wondered how he would feel if she told him she was engaged to Mr. Vane. Why, he might possibly commit suicide. Men had done such foolish things, all for the sake of the women they loved. Oh! no, no, she could never give him up; and then, like a true woman, she felt sorry when she thought of the pain she would cause Mr. Vane. Rising, she returned to her anxiously waiting lover, and told him gently but firmly that she loved another and, knowing that, she could never become his wife. He asked her if she was quite sure that she would never change her mind? Gladys told him her mind was quite made up. He caught her little hand in his, and pressing it passionately to her lips bade her good-bye for ever.

CHAPTER II.

The next evening, at the appointed hour, Gladys walked slowly down the garden path, and Guy Norwood, standing under an immense fir tree, thought he had never gazed on a more beautiful picture. Gladys was looking charming in a pale, blue silk, cut low at the throat, and the moon's rays shining down on her, showed to perfection the dazzling fairness of her skin.

"Good evening, Miss Ainsley; I will not detain you many minutes. Your friend (a mere slip of the tongue) *your lover, Mr. Vane,* would grow impatient if you remained away longer."

Gladys looked at him with eyes of mild surprise, and thought: here is a nice state of affairs. This *poor* man, for whom she had thrown over a *wealthy* one, and for whose sake she intended to brave her father's anger, was insinuating that she was a heartless coquette. But she immediately recovered herself, and shrugging her shapely shoulders, said, "You must be laboring under a strange delusion, Mr. Norwood; I don't see how that could possibly be, as Mr. Vane left home last evening not to return for years. I refused his proposal of marriage."

Mr. Norwood looked at her keenly a moment, and then cried impulsively, "Forgive me, my beautiful Gladys, I have wronged you."

"I have a mind not to," she said, looking at him coquettishly from beneath her long lashes. Guy stepped forward, and, drawing her to his breast, called her his dear little wife, while Gladys hid her happy, blushing face on his shoulder.

"What will my father say; you know you are so poor?" murmured Gladys at last.

Guy burst into a merry laugh. "I am not poor at all. I have been playing a part. You remember Elmwood, a mile from here, the noble-looking old castle that you have so often wished yourself mistress of?"

"Yes" answered Gladys in surprise.

"Well, I'm master of Elmwood. When I returned from my travels on the Continent I had a great desire to go into an office. If I had allowed the public to know who I was, they would have thought me crazy to do such a thing with my means. I had changed a great deal in my travels, and taking precaution to avoid old acquaintances, people passed me by unrecognized. I took a situation in your father's office, and as a matter of course fell in love with you the first time I saw you. Thinking to try your affection, I led you to believe that I was plain Guy Norwood with only my salary to live on; the rest you know. Do you think your father will say very much more?" asked Guy with a smile.

"I should think not," almost gasped Gladys.

When Mr. Ainsley returned on Thursday evening and went into the drawing-room he was greatly astonished to see Mr. Norwood sitting beside his daughter, instead of Mr. Vane as he had expected. But when he heard the story, he made no objections, as Gladys had prophesied, but blessed them both, and calling them his children, soon left them, muttering to himself, "It was the queerest piece of business he ever heard of," and retired, while the two young people made love in the drawing-room.

Latest Scottish News.

The other day, ten stacks of barley at Invertiel, belonging to Mr. Kininmouth, were destroyed by fire through a boy (8 years old) playing with matches.

Rev. Dr. W. Wilson (minister-emeritus of Free St. Paul's, Dundee) preached the other evening in connection with the jubilee of his ministry.

The death is announced of Rev. John Sharp who was for many years minister of Aberdalgie, and was the oldest member of the Presbytery of Perth. He was born in 1800.

J. Weir, the miners' secretary, has been reading a paper suggesting that M.P.'s should be paid £500 each, and the amount (£335,000) simply deducted from the royal grant.

The Aberdeen police on the 2nd inst. suppressed a Socialists' meeting and arrested one of the speakers, who had previously been warned against collecting a crowd on the streets.

The other evening A. J. Gardner, advocate, Edinburgh, fell over his window, three stories, and was killed. He was 30 years of age, and was a son of the Rev. Mr. Gardner, Brechin.

The keystone of the tower of the new municipal buildings in George Square, Glasgow, was put in position on the 5th Oct., and the final touches were given next day to the structure.

The annual returns of exports of linen and cotton goods from Dunfermline to the United States show a marked increase in the year closed in September. In linen goods the increase is £29,152, and in cottons £6,149.

At a meeting of Aberdeen University Court on the 6th inst., a motion by the Lord Rector that the graduation oath in medicine and arts should be abolished was agreed to.

Among the inventories of personal estates recorded in the Commissionary Court books of the County of Dumbarton during the month of September last was that of Henry Brock, of Auchenheglish, Dumbartonshire, turkey-red dyer and manufacturer in Glasgow; amount, £241,398.

The late Mr. William Nelson, the Edinburgh publisher, has bequeathed to his brother James and three sisters the sum of $15,000 each; and the legacies include $5,000 to Rev. John Tait, of Dumbarton; $1,250 to Rev. Dr. Goold, and $2,500 to his old nurse, Minnie Darg. Mr. Nelson provides that his son, William Frederick, shall succeed to his share of the printing and publishing business.

Marriages in church are becoming the order of the day on the Clyde. Recently there have been two notable examples—one in Skelmorlie Church, where Mr. Cameron Corbett, M. P., was the bridegroom, and the daughter of Mr. John Polson, of Paisley, was the bride; the other in Helensburgh Church, where a daughter of the late Major Gells, of Ardmore, was the bride. At Helensburgh it was the first occasion on which a wedding had been celebrated in the church, and the spacious edifice, gaily decorated with flowers, was crowded.

"As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemmed in by hunters, spears and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring."

So disease, in myraid forms, fastens its fangs upon the human race. Ladies who suffer from distressing ailments peculiar to their sex should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

He was too Popular.

"My dear boy," he remarked with a sigh, "you don't know half the trials of a popular man. Just look at this pile of invitations."

"From whom?"

"My creditors—invitations to come down and settle up."

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

After the fire in Napanee Mr. Leahy, one of the sufferers by it, found in the debris his gold watch and pocketbook containing $65. The bills were singed, but not so as to render them impassable.

A coroner's jury has returned a verdict of wilful murder in the case of Peter Doyle, of Musquodoboit, N. S., the farmer who was found dead on Friday morning. Doyle's wife and hired man are suspected of the crime.

The Locomotive Works Company, of Kingston, has been awarded the contract to build eleven engines for the Intercolonial Railway.

Financial circles in Toronto were excited yesterday when it became known that Mr. H. R. Forbes, of Forbes & Co., private bankers and agents, had suddenly left the city, leaving numerous creditors behind.

A Horse Who Can Talk!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone have been a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is *not* incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time. The world re-nowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when all other means have failed. Thousands can gratefully testify to this. All druggists.

Miss Annie Chastaine died of broken heart at Birmingham, Ala., last week. Her betrothed broke their engagement last July and her grief proved fatal.

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

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 ever 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. 44 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

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.