The Man in the Case.

Since a woman was created there has been an awful stir
About the part she plays on earth—all blame is laid on her.
Let any wickedness be done, at any time or place,
And saints and sinners do declare, "A woman in the case!"

Some fool to suicide inclined blows out his little brain,
"Now, mark my words—a woman!" every prophet will exclaim,
Or if some fool another fool despatches from this life,
It's significantly mentioned, "He has a pretty wife."

If a man, a thief my nature, steals his employer blind,
And goes alone to Canada, the girl was "left behind,"
Or if he's seen a-talking with a woman on the way
"The woman in the case goes, too," the daily papers say.

Now this thing makes us women all too miserably feel,
But for our dire existence, men would never kill nor steal;
In fact if Eve to Adam the Lord had never given,
This earth had so continued a suburban sort of heaven.

It occurs to me, however, from another point of view,
Had we ne'er been given Adam, we could have a heaven, too.
If the world were only women, we could keep it free from crime,
For doesn't the "old Adam" work the mischief every time?

It was Eve who gave the apple that has brought us all our woe;
But with no one there to take it, she could never have done so.
Though men will kill and steal for us, because we are so dear,
You should mind they fix our value by their own existence here.

When you come to think it over, one conclusion's very sure,
Had they never been created we would ne'er have sought to lure
Their poor souls from paths of virtue; they from blame are not exempt—
Do we lead them to temptation, they have tempted us to tempt.

With this new light on the subject, rather singular it seems;
But instead it's plainly plural, in reality it means,
When the blame for any action to its fountain head you trace,
You will ever find a woman and a man are in the case.

—*Flora McDonald.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget of Domestic Gossip.

CHRYSANTHEMUM DRESSES

Miraculous Court Costumes to be Worn by Japanese Ladies.

Some Remarkable Dresses.

Mrs. Crawford's first November letter from Paris to London *Truth* contained the pleasing paragraph that follows:

I have been seeing some miraculous court dresses for the Empress of Japan and her ladies, which are to be sent out next week to Yeddo. They are to be worn at the flower fetes which will come off in 1888. Each flower that gives in spring, summer and autumn the prevailing flush of bloom to the Japanese groves and gardens has its day. Instead of Easter, Whitsun Monday, Michaelmas, etc., the Japs have Lilac day, Maybloom day, Laburnum day, Rose day and the culminating festa is Chrysanthemum day. The dresses had worked into the ribbons, tabliers, and so on, the flowers of the day on which they were to be worn. The Empress and the ladies of honor, in point of floral motifs, are to be in the same livery. The differences showing the gradations of rank will be in the quality and quantity of the trimming. The laburnum toilets must be miracles of gorgeousness and beauty when their wearers are to appear in them in the throne-room. Chrysanthemums are disposed of in separate colors for the several dresses or groups of dresses. There will be a group of yellow, another of white, another of violet, another of ruby and another of rose. The rosy ones are to belong to maids of honor of the lowest grade, and her Imperial Majesty, as representing all ranks, will be gorgeous in chrysanthemums of all colors. The flowers are "grown" in Paris workshops. The taste with which they are brought into *fioriture* of ribbons, lace and hand embroidery is inconceivable. Japanese ladies abhor the tailor-made style of dress. They like bright fancies to be expressed in raiment, and are fond of what is in keeping with mirthful conversation.

Women Too Tired to Dress Well.

If a woman works for her living or toils at home all day to help her husband earn one, she is likely, at the present rate of pressure and struggle, to be too weary to pay more than a fitful and careless attention to dress, and the careful consideration of harmony and of the suitableness of one garment to another is often pressed out of her mind by matters of more importance. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but it is. The small refinements and thoughtfulnesses of dress, which give it, as it were, its grace and wit, maybe cost little money, but much thought and care; and so a woman, who is keenly sensitive to beauty or raiment, often shows little sign of the instinct, and is dreary, even if neat, in her attire; she has so many other things of which to think that dress gets "crowded out." And yet it is a pity, for to most women dress is a pleasure, and a right one; and when the feminine instinct is crushed or lacking in a woman, so that she does not care how she looks, it shows a want in her nature. I am not speaking of slovenly women; they are rightly an abomination in all eyes, but of the women who, from economy or carelessness, or want of time or taste, or from religious opinion, may be and most likely are neat—painfully neat, but whose gowns are dreary, dull, unfitted to the wearer, or possessed of no individualities whatsoever.

Wash the Dishcloth.

Now that diseases are known to be caused by germs, one is on the lookout for death in almost anything. Even a dishcloth may generate the germs that cause sickness and death. If it is black and stiff and sour, throw it into the fire. Keep your dishcloth clean. If you have to eat without a tablecloth, do without curtains to your windows and cake for your tea, and have to let your face dry after washing it. Let the weeds grow in your garden, let the holes in the heels of your husband's or children's hose go undarned, let the shoes go, but do not neglect to wash the dishcloth.

A tidy housekeeper writes: "I have smelled a whole house full of typhoid fever in one dishcloth. I had some neighbors once—clever, good sort of folks. One autumn four of them were taken sick with the typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about 40 cents' worth of carbolic acid into the swill pail department. I went into the kitchen and made gruel, I needed a dishcloth, looked around for one and found several. And such rags! I burned them all and called the daughter to get me a dishcloth. She looked around on the table. 'Why,' said she, 'there was about a dozen here this morning.' She looked in the woodbox, on the mantelpiece, and felt in the cupboard. 'Well,' I said, 'I saw some old, black, rotten rags lying around and I burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths, and you must never use such again.' I took turns in nursing that family for weeks, and I believe those dirty dishcloths were the cause of all that hard work."—*Good Housekeeping.*

Teach the Girls to Work.

Girls instilled with habits of industry are more safely provided for than if they had had a fortune given them, for there is no art or science too difficult for industry to attain. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy." Industry qualifies us in all our various classes for the highest and lowest employment; it inspires us with fresh vigor in the performance of social and religious duties, and it gives a wider scope for the display of our talents. The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well being of woman as of man.

Two Imported Recipes.

A delicious way to warm up cold beef or mutton is to mince it carefully in the machine, excluding all bits of sinew or gristle, lay it in the bottom of a pie-dish, scatter pepper and salt over it to taste; cover the meat with a layer of peeled tomatoes; add more salt and roof in the whole with mashed potatoes. Only a very little stock is needed, as the tomatoes make excellent gravy. Bake in a not too quick oven for three-quarters of an hour. Brown the pie before the fire for another quarter of an hour.

Try the next pair of fowls stuffed with real forcemeat, chopped ham and button mushrooms. — *Cousin Madge in London Truth.*

Fashion Notes.

A variation on the plush wraps so popular just now is to have the outside of cashmere edged with fur and the lining of plush of a contrasting shade. A pretty one is of pale brown, edged with brown fur and lined with emerald green plush.

A novelty in cloth for long coats is called "shadow cloth." It is soft and furry on the reversible side, but smooth, in dark brown, green and Gobelin blue shades, covered with figures in shadow or only seen in certain lights. A fichu collar of light, long fur and a muff to match are the fashionable accompaniments to these cloaks.

An economical use can be made of the lace dresses made up last summer over black silk which have lost their freshness by putting them over a cheap silk of some evening shade, either rich red, bright blue or yellow. They make charming toilets for unceremonious occasions, and the lace being over a color does not show its loss of freshness.

Curled lamb's wool is something like Astrakhan, but is much softer and finer and more expensive. It is much used in its natural white tint for trimming evening and opera cloaks, and is shown in brown, black and gray for street wear. Several of the imported London tailor gowns are of Lincoln green, trimmed with black lamb's wool. These have usually a muff to match made entirely of the fur, while the little, low English toque of green velvet is trimmed with it.

"Mufflom" and "Labrador" are the new names for fur. The Labrador is a rich brown fur, with a deep pile, not glossy, and very suitable for trimming brown cloth or velvet. A brown costume has a plain skirt of velvet, on which a band of Labrador fur a foot and a half wide is set on about two inches from the edge. The short brown drapery and bodice are of smooth-faced cloth, and a velvet wrap is trimmed with the fur. Both muff and velvet toque also have a fur border.

In evening dress it has become very much the fashion to veil the neck and arms with tulle. A single thickness does not conceal them at all, but adds much to the appearance of whiteness and smoothness and greatly to be desired. The sleeves are of one thickness, made perfectly plain and edged where they finish slightly below the elbows with a bit of lace laid on flat. The shoulders are veiled with it by tucking two narrow breadths of the tulle into the corsage behind and crossing and tucking the ends in front.

A new use for camel's hair shawls is to cut them into long dolmans. These are wadded with a layer of gray cotton wadding and lined with heavy silk. They are most effective when the shawl is made entirely of mosaic without the plain centre, but a very handsome evening wrap is composed of one whose centre is a creamy white from age, with much red in the border. It was lined with white silk and so cut that the scarlet border and fringe formed the edge of the cloak, which also had a long fichu collar of the same.

Miss Nettie Hooper, daughter of the well-known Paris correspondent, Lucy Hooper, wore at a reception lately an ideal *jeune fille* costume. The white silk skirt was of dancing length and frilled at the edge with a little plaiting. The long tablier overdress was of white crape drawn high on the hips. The low-pointed silk bodice was covered with a little kerchief of the crape that crossed on the bosom, and wreaths of the palest pink roses completed the costume. She wore long primrose gloves, white slippers and pale pink silk stockings.

A pretty evening gown is composed of ecru silk mull made over the same shade of China silk. The skirt was trimmed with a deep double box plait of the mull, on which was set six rows of narrow scarlet ribbon. The drapery was of ecru China silk, which had a little red figure of the same shade of the ribbon. The low-neck bodice was of plain ecru silk and with bretelles of the mull barred with the red ribbon. The stockings were scarlet with black patent-leather slippers, and long red loves and an ecru gauze fan finished his pretty dress worn by a still prettier brunette.

Famous Unmarried Men.

Bacon says that "certainly the best works and those of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from unmarried or childless men."

Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, appears to be of the same opinion: "For men of higher intellectual avocation, for poets, philosophers, for all those in general who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to the married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating great works."

Moore has expressed the same belief, asserting that in looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets it is evident that they have been, with scarcely an exception, "restless and solitary spirits, with minds wrapped up, like silkworms, in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to the domestic tie."

Dante, Milton, Shakspeare and Dryden are instances of the saddening effect of married life upon poets. Dante went through life away from his wife and children, nursing in his mind the immortal dream of Beatrice. There is that oft-told jest of Dryden, which sufficiently exhibits his view of the subject; when his wife told him that she wished she were a book in order that she might have more of her husband's companionship, he said: "Be an almanac, my love, so that I can change you every year."

Scott's remark about Dryden was that "on no occasion when a sarcasm against matrimony would be introduced has he failed to season it with such bitterness as spoke of an inward consciousness of domestic misery."

But the same is true of other artists as well—of musicians and painters as well as poets. Wagner, when a young man, married an actress, "pretty as a picture," but she appears to have had but little sympathy with his aims, and he lived apart from her. He afterwards married a daughter of Liszt, who did appreciate his genius, and with her he was very happy.

The girl whom Haydn married turned out a shrew. Berlioz wrote: "O, that I could find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart call to, that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows! Could I but rest in her arms one autumn evening, rocked by the north wind on some wild heath and sleeping my last sad sleep!"

We are told that a few years after these effusions were written he arranged an amicable separation from his wife, his former divinity, and he left her to die in misery and solitude.

Handel was never in love, and had an aversion to marriage. In 1707 he went to Lubeck to compete for a position as organist, but, finding that one of the conditions for obtaining the place was that he should marry the daughter of his predecessor, he fled precipitately.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

He Mistook His Man.

Two men were standing on the corner, talking. Both were well dressed and seemed to be gentlemen. One was a quiet, undemonstrative man, while the other was a very enthusiastic personage.

A man passed by, saluting the enthusiastic individual, who failed to recognize the courtesy, but continued talking to the quiet gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but a gentleman spoke to you just now."

"Yes, I noticed it. He is a carpenter, who did some work for me recently. Those fellows are such a nuisance; if they happen to do a little job for you they presume to speak wherever they meet you. I don't like it, eh?"

"If he is a gentleman, I would not hesitate to speak to him, no matter where I met him," mildly observed the other.

"Oh! You wouldn't, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't; but pardon me again if I am presumptuous, but I would like to know if you paid that carpenter for the little job he did for you?"

"I don't see how that can interest you, or why I should make you my confident."

"Perhaps not; men who talk as you do don't generally see very far."

"Will you explain yourself, sir?"

"Cheerfully! You see I know you; you didn't think so, but I do. You want to be so much better than that carpenter, and I know you are not half as good or near so deserving of the title of gentleman as he is."

"You know this, eh?"

"Yes, and I know more. I know your history from away back, and I can assure you that my opinion of it would not be at all complimentary. When I worked at the bench I was just as much a gentleman as I am now; and if I had known it was for you that my workman, who just passed, did the work, he wouldn't have done it until you had paid for it. Do you want to know why? No? I thought so."

Vagaries of the Law.

"City of Muskegon vs. a red heifer," is the title of a civil suit in a Muskegon (Mich.) Court.

Sam Thomas, of Benton county, Tennessee, was arrested and taken to the Federal Court for holding a funnel for another man to pour whiskey into a bottle.

Dogs are dogs in Texas. A jury in that State recently gave a verdict of $19.75 to a man whose favorite hound had been run over and killed by a railroad train.

Three months' imprisonment was the sentence given an Englishman who attempted, but failed, to steal a hot plum pudding, but found it too hot to carry and dropped it on the floor.

FEMININE RHYMES.

And all afresh each morning,
Her braided locks adorning,
My prudent counsel scorning,
The precious time she's pawning.

But ever through her dreaming,
She has been deftly scheming,
How, in this idle seeming,
The hours she'd be redeeming.

For thus she says and sigheth:
"Ah, me, who these locks spleth,
He straightway hither hieth
And yields him here or dieth."

—A man in this city calls his wife Ann Archy, because she is always blowing him up.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" MODERNIZED.

What Was Revealed in a Recent London Tragedy.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that many people have thought that Shakspeare strained probability a little too far in the incidents which close the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." A case investigated before the coroner for Central Middlesex on Wednesday shows that similar incidents actually occur in real life. An elderly Frenchman, separated from his wife, took a young French lady vocalist into his house at Euston Square as his mistress. On Tuesday morning early the man swallowed poison, and seemed to be dying. His mistress, terrified at being left alone in the world in a discredited position, seized the poison bottle and drank a deadly draught. She died. The man recovered, and discovered to his horror that his Juliet was dead. After trying in vain to resuscitate her he seized a revolver and shot himself through the heart. This occurred, not in the tombs of the Capulets in the ancient city of Verona in the middle ages, but in 12 Euston Square last Tuesday morning. Romeo's name was Ernest Carlin and Juliet's Jane Hures.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Mrs. Cleveland's Able Move.

Mrs. Cleveland has been making all of her bonnets this fall, thus setting an example which will alienate the support of every milliner in the land. But it makes all the husbands solid, and, mind you, it's the husbands that have the votes, not the milliners.—*Chicago Herald.*

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Bo dly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

In Maine.

Mrs. Brailer—Here's Deacon Cudds right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train-boy comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be interesting and instructive.

Mr. Brailer (looking over the deacon's shoulder)—Larry Donahue's "Bar-Keeper's Guide."—*Puck*

Suit Yourself,

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, biliousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

They Leave Nothing.

First Burglar—"Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill—take it along?"

Second Burglar—"Yes, slip it in the bag. We can get something for it."

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

He Knew His Business.

Lady (in a bric-a-brac store)—"Let me see something handsome but cheap."

Clerk—"Yes'm; something for a wedding present?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Far Reaching

Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

Considerate Grocer.

Pretty Servant Girl—You don't give full weight.

Grocer (sighing)—I know it, but you alone are to blame for that.

Servant Girl—How's that.

Grocer (beaming on her)—I want to make your burden as light as possible, my dear.

OUR lady friends will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated COOK BOOK, *free*. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

POSTMASTER ENGLISH, of New Haven, Conn., recently received a letter addressed "To the most beautiful and intelligent lady in New Haven of from 18 to 24 years of age." Not feeling competent to make the decision Mr. English consulted the postal authorities at Washington, and has just been directed to send the epistle to the Dead Letter Office. How little romance there is about a Government bureau!

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, will spend Christmas with brother Grover.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Prima Facie Evidence.

"Mamma," said a young lady just home from school and gazing upon Alexander Harrison's "Open Sea," "is this an oil painting or a water color?"

"Sh," answered her mother, with a look of surprise and chagrin. "It's a water color. Don't you see the water?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mr. Seth Cohoe, foreman of the oatmeal department of Mr. H. S. Moore's roller flour mills at Norwich, is about to leave for Rockton, where he will start in business for himself.

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 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 U N L. 50 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 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.