What the Poets Say about Christmas.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly 'round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth
And sadly fell on Christmas eve.

Tennyson.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the babe was born,
Sang with many a change
Christmas carols until morn.

Longfellow.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball
To welcome Merry Christmas.

Spencer.

It is the Christmas time,
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

D. M. Mulock.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

Milton.

BYGONES.

(Charles Mackay in "Temple Bar.")

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words, of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel—
We have outlived your foolish day;
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!

But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Endearments fond, and pleasures past,
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last—
Ye charities and words of peace,
Affection's sunshine after rain;
Oh never let your blessings cease,
Bygones! Bygones! come again.

Not Altogether Friendless.

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"Tain't so. I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

An Unnatural Mother.

"I believe I've got the meanest ma in Texas."

"What did she do?"

"Just before Christmas she put me into long trousers. She did that so I would have to wear short stockings that wouldn't cost much to fill. What do you say to that for meanness? She'd make a nice step-mother, she would."—*Texas Siftings.*

Adding Insult to Injury.

Mr. Oldboy (a bachelor)—It's all over, Gussy, my boy. Miss Smith has refused me.

Gussy—I suppose she let you down easy by promising to be a sister to you?

Mr. Oldboy (bitterly)—No, b' thunder; she said she would be a daughter to me!

"Without Point or Epigram."

Sheridan used to pretend that he put Law down effectually. "When Law said, 'Pray, Mr. Sheridan, do answer my question without point or epigram,' I retorted, 'You say true, Mr. Law; your questions are without point or epigram.'"

What She Would Call Him.

Young Mr. Cilly—I say, Cousin Amanda, would you—aw—call me a dude?

Amanda—No, dear; just a little harmless dudelet, that's all.

The Year of Jubilee.

The Prince of Wales is delighted with John L. Sullivan. And Sullivan is pleased with the Prince. This is a year of international amity.—*Athens Banner Watchman.*

Miss E. M. Voth, a young woman, who some time ago took up a claim near Aberdeen, Dak., recently rescued from death a young man who had been caught in a blizzard on the prairie and had taken refuge in a deserted claim shanty near her farm.

—Anxious father—"I wish you would tell me what to do with my boy. He is wilful, disobedient and surly. I dress him down with a horsewhip a dozen times a week, and sometimes lock him in the coal-house for half a day to discipline him, but it does no good. He comes out as defiant as ever. What does such a boy need?" The Rev. Mr. Surplice (decidedly)—"He needs a change of fathers."

THE *Shoe and Leather Reporter* points out that the feet can be kept warmer in cold weather by wearing a shoe with a light sole than a thick one; with the former the foot has a chance to work, thereby keeping up a circulation; this, of course, applies only when the weather is dry. But when it is wet and rubbers are necessary, it is best to wear a single-soled shoe inside. In the summer the thick sole should be worn, for it keeps the heat from striking through to the foot. This is all so contrary to the preconceived opinions of the public that it is doubtful whether it will receive much credence, but it is the fact, all the same.

A traveller, recently returned from a trip to New Mexico, says that in a little valley in the south of the territory he saw ripe apples, green apples and apple blossoms all growing in the same orchard.

Says the Boston *Journal*: A picturesque street scene is made by the yoke of pure white oxen drawing the advertising cart. As the farmer in frock and broad brimmed hat guides the slow beasts along the pavements a characteristic bit of the country draws many affectionate glances from the city crowd.

In an envelope recently opened at Washington was a $5 bill, which the sender said had been exposed to a contagious disease, and, although fumigated, had better receive careful handling. When the young woman who received it read the warning, it is told, she dropped the bill with a scream, which brought fifty other young women in the division crowding around her desk.

The fair at the Masonic Temple, New York, in aid of the erection of an asylum for aged Freemasons and the widows and orphans of deceased members of the fraternity, has now closed. The result is that over $70,000 in cash has been deposited in bank in favor of the building fund, while promised donations, and outstanding claims in connection with the fair, will bring the total amount very nearly to $100,000.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

A Christmas Incident.

Ushered in by a heavy fall of snow, at last Christmas Eve had come, after long and anxious waiting on the part of the little ones throughout the city; and even the older people welcomed it with feelings of pleasure as they saw the hopes of their own youth revived again in the faces of the children, bright with thoughts of the morrow. Happy fathers and mothers, laden with presents, were hurrying homeward; their purses were perhaps almost empty, but their arms were full, and their hearts were fuller yet. Now and again, far away through the falling snow, would be heard the faint but clear tinkle of the chiming sleigh bells, then a rush of horses, a flurry of snow and a peal of silvery music dying away in the distance. The markets were filled with people buying provisions for the holidays. The tradesmen were busier than they had ever been before. Joyous laughter kept breaking forth from the groups surrounding the gay shop windows, as some object more amusing than the rest caught their eyes. Every one seemed to be full of enjoyment. No one, as he looked at the others, could help involuntarily voicing the thought, "All Christendom must be happy at this time." For there is scarcely ever a joy existing in this world without a sorrow to equal it; great indeed is the burden, therefore, when it falls on a few saddened hearts to counter-balance the happiness of a city. So it was in this case.

In the attic room of a many-storied tenement, in the humbler part of the great city, sat an aged man. It was a poor little room. There was no furniture in it, unless the little three-legged wooden stool on which he sat, or the black case on the one shelf that had not been burnt for fuel, might be termed furniture. Off one corner of the roof the rafters had been swept away in the storm of the previous night, and the snow was slowly drifting in along the bare floor. There were holes in the window panes; some he had filled with straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew keenly through the others. It tossed his long white hair over his forehead. He shivered, and drawing his ragged coat closer round him, he bent forward on the rude stool toward the meagre fire of coke. His face, sad and careworn, was ghastly thin and drawn with the pangs of hunger, for "Old Franz," as the neighbors had nick-named him, had not tasted food for days. Down stairs in the flat below he could hear the voices of the children, as they gaily hung up their stockings, well-darned to hold carefully the presents that Father Christmas might give them. He heard their childish prattle and sighed, as memory wandered back to his own early days in the dear old home in the country. Nine, 10 and 11 rolled out the city clocks, and gradually all the sounds ceased except, now and then, the muffled footfalls of a late traveller hastening over the snow-covered sidewalk to his home. The old man dozed. His dreams were sorrowful for a tear glistened for a moment in his eye, and then trickled over his wrinkled face; even while he slept his sorrows were with him. The fire went out, but the wind grew bitterly cold and the old man moved uneasily in his sleep; he moaned once or twice, and sometimes he would mutter indistinctly.

Thus the night passed and the morning came. Christmas morning! and the children were joyfully examining the toys and playthings that Santa Claus had brought them in the night. Still 'Old Franz' dreamed on. The sunbeams creeping farther and farther over the floor made the room feel warmer, and as at last they played over his face, he smiled in his sleep and awoke. The smile changed as he remembered he was starving. He rose up with difficulty, and immediately fell back exhausted; he waited a little and then, slowly rising, he staggered to the shelf and took down his last, his only friend, his violin. For Franz was a musician; ay, he had been a great master one, but for years his hands had trembled too much to play, and he had been forced to teach for his daily bread. And now his pupils had left him; they said he was too old even to teach. Poor Franz! He held the violin tightly in his arms as though he thought some one would take it from him. "Shall I sell thee for bread, my own? Shall I beg?" he murmured. "No! No! 'Old Franz' may be poor, but he would rather die than become a beggar, and he will never part with thee." Then his mind wandered. The past came before him. He hugged more closely his violin to his breast. It was for love of music that he had left the happy farm home of his boyhood. It was for music he had braved his father's anger and the tears of his mother, and had gone to the great city and had suffered so much. Perhaps there is no moment in the life of an unsuccessful man so full of sadness and of joy, so filled with a longing that is strangely sweet and yet so full of the most intense regret as that in which he reviews the years that are told. He sees again the triumphs of his boyhood; the well-earned prizes of his college life; he had worked hard to gain them, and, as he received them from the hands of his old masters, what hopes did he not form, what ambitions did he not cherish, what fame did he not see crowning his after life? Ah! all that is passed now; the hopes were soon blighted, almost in their youth, never were the ambitions fulfilled, the fame always fades away before his eager grasp. True! he can remember some of his companions, but how few they are, who have attained the goal of their wishes; they have indeed achieved success; but for him life has been a failure. In the years of his past he can see only disappointment succeeding disappointment, misfortune rushing on misfortune; once more, as long ago, he can hear the bells ringing in each new year full of promise for the future. Ah! they were also tolling the burial of the hopes of the year before. Franz thought of the past. He remembered again his early struggles; the old master that had had faith in his genius; his brilliant successes won at last after many years.

With his shaking hand he placed the violin to his shoulder, and drew the bow across its strings. The tone was rich and pure. His hand gained strength. Again he was in the great audiences; again bouquets were showered upon him; again he heard their plaudits and he bowed his head to thank them. The bells of the city churches began to ring for the morning service. He started and murmured "It is Christmas." He thought of Christmas on the old farm, of his gray-haired father, of his tender, loving mother, of her teachings, of the holy service in the quaint old church, he was happy then but now—he bowed his head, overwhelmed with anguish. There comes a time in our lives when we near the final goal; behind us stretches the past with its mingled shadow and sunlight, but round us the mists of the evening are gathered, the shades of darkness deepen, sorrow after sorrow falls upon us with crushing force, the gloom increases, the light fades away and the night ensues, the darkness is intense, black heavens frown upon us, earthly supports give way beneath us and we feel we are sinking. In that moment, if never before, we remember our Creator. Franz thought of his God, and bowed his head in prayer. Presently he took up his violin and began to play again. The neighbors in the rooms below stopped their gossip to listen.

"It is the angels," whispered the children.

"It must be 'Old Franz,' said one of the men.

"Hush," said another. And silently one by one they stole up the stairs and stood with listening ears at the door of the garret room. They held their breath as the music, rising upward, swelled into an anthem of praise. It seemed like the morning carols of the birds returning thanks to their Maker that the day had come. Then the melody slowly died away into a wail of anguish, and as it rose again more softly they thought they heard a sorrowful child sobbing itself quietly to sleep in its Father's bosom. It ceased and all was still.

There were tears in the eyes of the neighbors as they opened the door and looked in. The old master leaned forward. His head fell upon his violin. "He is sleeping," they whispered to each other. Ay! they were right. "Old Franz" was sleeping—forever. And presently the choir in the neighboring church began to chorus the Christmas anthem, "Peace on earth! Good will to Men." It was his requiem. ERNEST L.

A Difference in Dudes.

Fashionable Americans are often reproached with Anglomania, but the dude is occasionally capable of an original idea. It would never occur to an English dandy to wear an insect round his neck with a gold chain attached to one of his legs. Yet here in New York you will sometimes see a Mexican beetle crawling lazily over an expanse of shirt-front. The Mexican beetle is a large creature, with yellow head and back, and black legs. He was offered to me in a shop the other day for $5, having enjoyed two or three days of freedom on the floor. "Is he expensive to keep?" I inquired. "Not at all," was the reply "Give him a little sugar about once every two months, and he'll be quite happy. This insect has an affectionate disposition and never bites.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Mayor in a New Role.

The following letter, addressed to "Santa Claus, City Hall," found its way into Mayor Hewitt's official mail in New York

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I am writing to you to tell you that my sister Maggie is very sick, and she says that you sent her a dollar, and she wants a big French doll and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy; and Santa Claus will you please send me the game of Chit Chat and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy, and send my sister Nellie a doll and a bank and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy, and my brother John wants a hobby-horse and a velocipede and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy. My name is Mamie Lyons, No. 8 Gansevoort street.

Before the Battle.

Fogg—Who was the man that just bowed to me, do you know?

Blogg—Which? The one who is raising his hat to that servant girl in the doorway opposite?

Fogg—Yes; who is he?

Blogg—Why, he is one of the new candidates for alderman. There he goes, shaking hands with a policeman on the corner.

Her Standby.

Happy man (to widow of three husbands)—Whom shall I ask to perform the ceremony, darling? That matter, of course, I shall leave to you.

Widow (hesitatingly)—Well, dear, I haven't any very particular preference, although I've always had the Rev. Mr. Goodman.—*New York Sun.*

Go One Voyage to Learn.

Mrs. Honeydove—Dear me. I can't see what can keep Charles out so late! Here it is 11 o'clock. He's a regular slave to his business.

Mrs. Twicemarried (pityingly)—That's what I thought of my first husband, dear; but the second knows it's always best to get home by dinner time.—*Judge.*

Well Supplied With Grandparents.

A son of Mr. William Strader, of Morrisburg, is burdened with grandparents. He has five living grandfathers, the eldest of the five being Mr. Strader, of Matilda, aged 101 years. He has six living grandmothers, the eldest of these being Mrs. Reddick, of Williamsburg, aged 93 years.

A Female Kilrain.

A Galena grocer named Scott offered to let a woman named Taylor strike him with a codfish for 25 cents. It was all a joke, you know, but she paid the money, gave the codfish a whirl or two, and when it hit Grocer Scott it broke his jaw and tore off part of his ear.—*Lee County (Ill.) Times.*

Not Dimmed by Time.

Caller, to little Bobby—Bobby, what makes your eyes so bright?

Bobby (after a little thought)—I des it's tause I haint had 'em in very long."

—The *War Cry* reports "a wonderful defection from the devil" at Hamilton.

—Agent (to man at the door)—"Is the head of the house in sir?" Man at the door—"Yes, she's in. What do you want o' her?"

BUFFALO BILL ABROAD!

A Little Love Affair—What the Cowboy Think of It.

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to his thousands of admirers on this side.

There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry:

"What are you doing in England?"

"Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses."

The English nobility quickly "cottoned to" Buffalo Bill because they recognized that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society.

His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, woolly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher. Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he—collapsed.

After a time he braced up, bought some books and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are due to her.

Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be "Bill's boys" are not perfection. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co., London, Sept. 19th, 1887," D. W. Shoemaker, of the Cowboy Band, writes: "Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kidneys and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and after taking three bottles, I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West Show, Mawe Beardsley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate and mode of life, and severe riding, they became subject to liver and kidney diseases, and they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Mawe Beardsley says: "I constantly recommend it to my friends."

Buffalo Bill has pluck and courage and hard sense, and not only controls all the wild elements that make up the Wild West Show, but controls himself.

His experience as a scout makes him wary, discreet and shrewd. He quickly learns the best way to secure results, and, like a true man, has no prejudices against anything that proves its merits.

Buffalo Bill is so popular in England he may come home a "Sir William." But if not he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

A Baby in the House

is the source of much sunshine and joy, brightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joys continual abide only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvellous Laboratory reveals its secrets to man only by long and searching [illegible] have attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce: nor devised for suffering humanity a greater production than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

A Pedler Puzzled.

Pedler—Does Mr. Smith live here? Mrs. S.—Yes. Pedler—Is his wife in? Mrs. S.—Certainly, I am Knott Smith's wife. Pedler—Well, is his wife in? Mrs. S.—Certainly, I am Knott Smith's wife. Pedler—Who said you was? Where is his wife? I want to see her. Mrs. S.—I am Mrs. Knott Smith. Pedler—Ah, yes, you are Mrs. Knott Smith, are you not? Beg pardon.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure every time.

Would Rather Have Her Sister.

A Scotch Presbyterian minister who married a couple of his rustic parishioners felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wife by his scratching his head and saying, "Ay, I'm wullin' but I'd rather hae her sister."—*The Thistle.*

Have You Thought About It?

Pain is one of the sure things of life, and it becomes then a most important question to have at hand the quickest and most efficient remedy. Polson's Nerviline cannot fail to cure cramps, toothache, neuralgia, headache and all pain, internal or external. Nerviline is the most perfect combination ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. It will not cost you much to try it, for you can buy at any drug store for 10 cents a trial bottle, which will convince you of its mighty pain relieving power.

More Ways Than One.

The City Clerk of Ashland, Wis., shot a deer and wished to send it to some friends at a distance, but the express company refused to receive it. He thereupon placed the deer in a cheap pine coffin, marked it "John Deer, deceased, aged 1," and shipped as a corpse.

—"Know all men (and women) by these presents"—— that Christmas is at hand.

—Mr. Fred. Carling, son of the Minister, is down with a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Ah, Pat, my friend, they tell me,
You've donned the matrimonial chain;
All fools are thus not dead, I see,
"No, sur," said Pat, "you still remain."

In the Brampton branch of the Central Bank over $180,000 belonging to the people of the place is locked up.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangement. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

A Long Ten Years.

Miss Prime—Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?

Doctor (meditatively)—Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between 29 and 30. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her 29th and 30th birthday.—*Judge.*

Gout, Rheumatism and No Dog.

"How is it you have so many young men call on you?" asked a jealous girl.

"Because," was the reply, "father has the gout in one foot and the rheumatism in the other; besides, we don't keep a dog."

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."

DONL. 1-8.

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.