Roses Pluck—But Not a Thorn.

What is life? It is a garden,
Where are weeds and fragrant flowers,
Briers, brambles, spreading shade trees
Glaring heat and cooling bowers.
One will find serenest pleasures
Where another will but mourn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

If you look for joy and gladness,
They will come at your command;
If you seek for woe and sorrow,
They will be on either hand.
Many a thorn, or blooming flower,
Will annoy you, or adorn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

Crabbed, cross, despondent, gloomy,
Heavy-hearted, you complain;
Joyous, cheery, gleesome, smiling,
You feel nought of grief or pain.
Glowing sunlight, midnight darkness,
Cheers, or leaves you sad and lorn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

Whatsoe'er you choose to gather,
Care or comfort, peace or strife,
Such will be the good or evil
You will scatter through your life.
Seek to find the good and pleasant,
Of the slightest evil shorn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

Together.

We two in the fever and fervor and glow
Of life's high tide have rejoiced together,
We have looked out over the glittering snow,
And knew that we were dwelling in summer weather.
For the seasons are made by the heart, I hold,
And not by outdoor heat or cold.

We two in the shadows of pain and woe,
Have journeyed together in dim dark places,
Where black-robed sorrow walked to and fro,
And fear and trouble with phantom faces
Peered out upon us and froze our blood,
Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights,
We have battled in tears, we have sunned in laughter,
We have known all sorrows and all delights—
They never could keep us apart hereafter.
Wherever your spirit was sent I know
I would defy earth—or heaven—to go.

If they took my soul into paradise
And told me I must be content without you,
I would weary them so with my lonesome cries,
And the ceaseless questions I asked about you—
They would open the gates and set me free,
Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CANADIAN CUSTOMS DECISIONS.

How the Taxes on Various Articles are Collected.

The following decisions have been made by the Dominion Board of Customs at Ottawa during the month of January: Artotype, 20 per cent.; Alhambra colored cotton quilts, 25; bagatelle balls, 35; billiard balls, papier mache, 35; billiard balls bone or ivory, 30; billiard balls, celluloid, 20; counterpanes or quilts with woven colored border, 25; carpenters' tool baskets, 10 cents each and 30 per cent.; composition buttons, 25; cocoanut pudding preparation, a mixture of cocoanut, rice, tapioca, etc., 8 cents per pound; cuticura resolvent in dry powder, 25; coppered iron or steel wire, 15 gauge or coarser, 30; copper sheets or plates half inch thick, free; corn flour not capable of being used as starch without further change, 20; the *Dental Journal*, an illustrated advertising periodical, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.; earthenware door knobs, 35; electric light apparatus, such as lamps, carbons, etc., that cannot be used for any other purpose, 25; fire brick for gas work furnaces, free; fruit tree seedling, grafted, are to be rated according to their kind under tariff items 473 to 479; gluten flour and special diabetic food, 20; hats or caps, linen or cotton, 25; harness for cotton looms, manufactures of twine, 25; homœopathic alcohol, $1.75 per proof gallon; homœopathic tinctures, $2 per Imperial gallon and 30 per cent.; Lessive Phœnix washing preparation, 3c per lb.; lap dusters of cotton, woven colored border, but not embriodered, 25; lap dusters, linen, plain, 25; patterns of iron and brass, 30; plant bed muslin, low grade unbleached cotton, 1 cent per square yard and 15 per cent.; raw hide pickers for cotton looms, 20; sapolio, 3 cents per lb.; sugar discs and globules, 1¼ cents per pound and 35 per cent; sugar of milk, 20; sugar of milk tablets, 20; Sappota gum, 20; steel discs for harrow, 35; travellers' official guide, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.; wheat meal as wheat flour, 50 cents per barrel; waggon and cart bushes, 35; watch keys, steel or brass, 30; Yuggy's anatomical study, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.

Husbands as Nuisances.

Sometimes the effect of marriage is to transform a male exquisite into a sloven, especially if the cares of poverty and an increasing family rest upon his shoulders; or it may be that he is by nature slovenly and easily relapses into that ideal destroying condition when the vanities of youth cease to act as a spur. Husbands of this kind commonly let their beards grow, neglect to polish the heels of their boots, and develop an irritating tendency to affect rubbers in all weathers. Their hats, if not actually shabby, are usually antiquated and their trousers being worn too short invariably bag most ugly at the knees They wear long overcoats, and either carry no umbrellas (caring nothing for their dingy old clothes) or umbrellas of prodigious circumference, of cheap material, and warranted to turn inside out every time the wind happens to catch them right.

These men, if living out of town, are almost sure to hatch a fondness for poultry and to spend their Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings pottering about hencoops and watching the strut of their favorite roosters. They care nothing for society, not much for the opera or the play, and are alarmingly prone to fall asleep over their newspapers in the evening. They usually prefer a pipe to a cigar, and they are mighty consumers of beer. Even to such base uses may the married man descend.—*Herald of Health.*

—He—"Max O'Rell says that wealth is a destroyer of wit, but Max must be wrong." She—"Why so?" He—"Your father is worth a million, isn't he? Did you ever know anybody not to laugh at his jokes?"

—Judge—"What is your name?" Witness—"Matilda Flanders." Judge—Where do you live?" Witness—"See here, jedge, I ain't here to be insulted. I had that air masher run in for axin' me that wery same question."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The man with a magic lantern cannot be expected to hold your opinion. He may have other views of his own.

HER FIRST MARKETING.

Extraordinary Experience of an Aesthetic Housekeeper.

She was a graduate of Girton College, England, and when she married Julius Augustus Smythe was very much like another young lady who has been embalmed in song:

Miss Pallas Andora Von Blurky,
Who didn't know chicken from turkey,
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

However, she told Julius Augustus that she was a good housekeeper because her mother and grandmother were, and it ran in the family. So, on the strength of this, he went into housekeeping. She bought a sweet little morocco-covered note book, and carried a gold pencil, wore an æsthetic morning costume and appeared like a vision of delight before the magnates of the cleaver at the Central Market.

"Oh, the dear, sweet, cunning little pigs," she exclaimed, stopping at an aldermanic stand where several little roasters were on exhibition. "I'll take a couple of those. How much are they a pair?"

"A sovereign for two," was the realistic answer.

"Isn't that rather high? I guess I'll take a yard of beefsteak instead, and some—Oh, yes—some sweetbreads. Julius said he wanted some; nice fresh ones, please, with plenty of raisins in them."

Then she stepped over to the poultry stall.

"Have you any chickens?" she asked of the woman in attendance.

"Heaps of them," was the reply.

"How much do they cost a heap?" she asked in a rather faint voice.

"Two shillings apiece mem."

"Well, send up a piece to my residence," and she turned to the next stall and picked up some little packages that looked very nice. "What is this sweet stuff that smells so lovely?" she asked of a red-headed boy behind the table.

"Limburger, Miss, and it's just splendid; tastes ever so much better than it smells—have one?"

She took one, and then asked the boy where they sold their quail on toast.

"Ain't any in the market," answered the young reprobate. "Mother's gone after a load, though, and we'll send you some as soon as they're in."

"What are these lovely navy-blue berries?" she inquired. "They will just match my china. You may send me a bushel."

Finally she decided to try a quart, which she carried herself in the artistic basket.

"Have you any hen fruit?" she asked sweetly of an old fellow in a white apron.

He scratched his ear with a pencil for a moment. "Mebbe you mean eggs," he volunteered.

These she also took charge of, as she wanted to make an omelet for Julius Augustus.

But she never did; or rather when she got home the omelet was made within a liberal admixture of blackberries, and the front of her æsthetic dress was ruined. Added to this was an odor which sent Julius into spasms and frightened the cat to death. The Limburger had melted.

The Girton girl did justice to the high Spanish and Greek in the explanation that followed, and the next day they burned the morocco notebook and went to boarding.—*London News.*

Commerce of the Congo.

The fact that fifteen or twenty-five steamers a month are now arriving at the mouth of the Congo illustrates the growth of commerce in that region since Stanley showed the importance of the great river. One ocean steamer has already ascended the river to Boma, fifty miles from the sea, and the best channels are being marked by buoys, so that deep draught vessels may safely navigate the lower river. Little hotels for the entertainment of travellers have been built at Banana and Boma. One reason why the whites on the lower river enjoy far better health than formerly is said to be because they have discarded canned meats, and now raise their own beef. Cattle thrive finely at Boma, and it takes a steer every three days to feed the whites who are now living at that station.—*New York Sun.*

Calling for the Doctor.

A physician in extensive practice was lately asked: "What proportion should you say of those people who send a servant flying to your office with 'Come right away!' or make the telephone jingle with 'Come as quick as you can' are suffering chiefly from fear and imagination?" The learned medicine man replied: "Well, I might safely put it at two-thirds. When I arrive the mere announcement that it is nothing serious allays the fear. While I am writing the prescription and chatting pleasantly on some other topic the last stage of convalescence has been nearly reached, and when I say, in an assuring tone, 'Take this and you will be all right in the morning,' the case is settled."

Intuition, Not Conscience.

"Did you never think," asked the chaplain, "did there never come to you a conviction, in your sinful life of robbery, that you were doing wrong?" "Often there did, boss," replied the burglar—half-pay, retired—"many a time it has flashed on me that I was in the nursery, where the first flash of the bull's eye would waken half a dozen howling kids, when I ought to be in the old man's bed-room a-skinin' his trousers and goin' through the wardrobe and bureau drawers regular. Oh, yes, I've often felt as I was doin' wrong. But"—apologetically—"that was when I was a green hand at the business, don't you know."—*Burdette.*

A Legal Technicality.

A French provincial lawyer recently died. In his will he directed that an annuity of $400 a year be paid to the servant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who performed this office jumped with joy; but his delight was speedily dampened by the nephew and heir of the dead man, who reminded the servant that his master had only one eye. And the servant actually failed to get his legacy on this absurd technicality.—*N.Y. Times.*

—Some days ago Mr. P. C. Morden, of Rockview, Beverly, whilst in his bush preparing wood, froze both feet so seriously that the doctor says he will have to remain indoors for a couple of months.

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

Why Chamberlain Lingers After His Mission Has Failed.

When Joseph Chamberlain first came to Washington it was thought his social campaign would amount to more than his diplomatic mission. The fisheries negotiations have practically failed, but the Britisher's admiration for the daughter of a Cabinet officer is one of the current rumors. Mr. Chamberlain appears to be "having a very good time," and is not in any hurry to close the negotiations. He is either the guest or the host at a dinner nearly every night. Theatre parties are frequently given in his honor, and at the balls he is among the most active dancers. His attentions to the young woman referred to have been so marked as to cause comment. The rumor is of course denied by her friends, but there is a certain amount of basis for it. Mr. Chamberlain has been twice left a widower. Although about 50 years of age, he does not look more than 30, and shows the enthusiasm of a boy without sacrifice of dignity. When he came to the United States his attention to the many pretty young women he met were impartial. He for a time made his compliments to them all in such a way that no one could flatter herself that she monopolized his admiration. Of late, however, he has not been so impartial, and this has given rise to the latest story. The young woman, whose friends deny there is anything in it, is a brunette, tall and stately, and noted for her simplicity in matters of dress. She is good looking, but by no means the handsomest girl in official life at the capital. The best blood of New England courses in her veins, and she has all the Boston culture without its affectation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Very Natural Mistake.

Herr Klimper is a very stout man weighing upwards of 200 lbs. He is a professor of music, and gives lessons on the piano. He is also somewhat of an inebriate. He recently moved into rooms in the fifth story of a Harlem apartment house. He celebrated his moving into new quarters by getting drunk. He came home about 12 o'clock, and the fact that it took him three-quarters of an hour to ascend the stairs to his rooms proves that he must have been having a very nice time of it with his boon companions.

Next morning two old ladies living on the floor below conversed about the new tenant.

"Have you seen the new tenant, Herr Klimper?"

"No, I've not seen him, but it is very inconsiderate in him to have his piano brought up into his room at 12 o'clock at night, disturbing the boarders. It must be an awful big piano by the trouble they had with it."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Canal in the Ear.

They had had several lessons on the ear, and had been so thoroughly drilled on the names and uses of all its parts that when some visitors dropped in the teacher was glad it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions and receiving prompt and correct answers, she said: What is the name of the canal in the ear?"

The children hesitated a moment, and then one of them spoke up, loud and plain: The E-rie canal?"

A Linguistic Blizzard.

Of all the beastly, outrageous, disgusting, unnatural, degenerate, deformed, ill-gotten, misconceived, unlawful, illegitimate, diabolical, hypocondriacal, incongruous, erratical, nonsensical, heterogenous, heteroclitical, dough-headed, brain-spavined, idiotic, snidish, incomprehensible conglomeration of typographical bulls ever perpetrated upon an innocent and unoffending public the indescriable mass appearing in the Boise City *Republican* of a recent date takes the cake.—*Malad (Idaho) Enterprise.*

Never Waver.

American papers feebly opine that the late blizzards in the Western States came from Manitoba. Says one:

"If Britannia rules the waves, why does she not, in the name of humanity, keep the Manitoba article on her own territory?"

Britannia waives all claim to have anything to do with such waves as have been troubling Dakota.—*Ottawa Journal.*

Oh, So Sorry.

We sympathize with the people of Minnesota and Dakota; we are sincerely sorry for them in their grievous losses, but if some of them feel lively enough, after what has happened, to try to saddle their blizzard on Manitoba's shoulders, we feel quite equal to the task of summarily removing it and placing it where it belongs.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

Nothing to Bother About.

Miss Clara (to Featherly, who is making an evening call)—Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to-day, and we've all been so much worried about it.

Featherly (somewhat at a loss for words of encouragement)—Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara; a penny is not much.

Precaution Against Blizzards.

"Mamma" said a little Dakota boy, as he came into the parlor, "where is papa?"

"He is crawling up the chimney, dear, to see what kind of a day it is."—*Epoch.*

A DILEMMA.

"'Tis winter, my daughter, the coal's going fast—
I really can't tell where it goes to;
The period for trifling, it seems to me's past—
You could marry next week if you chose to.
And this is leap year, dear, and youth cannot last,
An offer make one of your beaux to."
"Oh, pa! I've so many," the maid cried aghast,
"I cannot tell which to propose to."

—*Boston Courier.*

—Annie Rahl, the 13-year-old incendiary who burnt down Mr. Levi Shantz's barn in Woolwich, has been sentenced to one year in the Mercer Reformatory.

—A man in Brantford township gets his living by trapping skunks. During the season of 1886-87 he caught 208 skunks, for the skins of which he receives from 50 cents to $1.50.

—Miss Elation—Congratulate me, Marie, Mr. B—— has just asked me to be his wife, and I have assented. Miss Acidity—Poor girl; he asked me the same question last evening and I gave him a decided negative.

DIVINES DISAGREE.

A Discussion Not Decided by Prayer—Intolerance of Opinion.

The following is an extract from a late New York *Tribune* editorial: "There is, perhaps, no mental vice so common as intolerance of opinion. Even such as think they have emancipated themselves from the clinging defect find it hard to acknowledge frankly to themselves that the opinion of some one else upon a matter they have studied may very well be as deserving of respect as their own, if it differs radically from their own. If we could all get rid of this 'last infirmity,' not only of 'noble minds,' but of nearly all human minds, how much less friction there would be in life, how much less bitterness and heartburning and envy and all uncharitableness."

In an adjoining column of the same paper was found the following peculiar commentary on the editorial:

"The bitterness of the controversy in the American Board over the question of probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded and earnest foreign missionaries who attended the sessions of the Board, one of whom said he had always thought such questions were decided by prayer. But if the debate was not altogether Christian in spirit, it was strictly parliamentary. The brethren didn't forget to put a copy of Cushing's Manual in their valise along with their Bible, and apparently some of them consulted it oftener than the Bible."

Is it a fact that there is but little toleration in this country, and less than in others?

"Comparisons are odorous," said Mrs. Malaprop. Perhaps we have been claiming too much for this free nation.

We must admit that in the professions there is yet much of the old time prejudice against new ideas. Preachers preach the old doctrines and doctors prescribe the old medicines. Bitter controversies arise when anything new is proposed.

But the march of progress is not stayed. Men are travelling heavenward under new creeds and being cured by new medicines.

Much the same state of facts seems to exist in other countries.

When Dr. Robson, a leading physician of London, formerly of the Royal Navy, proclaimed that Warner's safe cure was a specific in kidney derangements, the hidebound school to which he belonged threatened to debar him from practice, if he did not recant. But he replied that his statement was based on such evidence that he could not recant.

Since then, Dr. Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health," a recognized English authority, announces in his magazine that "Warner's safe cure is of a perfectly safe character and perfectly reliable." Many English physicians are now prescribing it.

The "schools" in this country still bar all proprietary medicines. But Dr. Gunn, Dean of a New York Medical College, long since published: "Warner's safe cure is a very valuable remedy;" and he says he knows that many physicians prescribe it, though not by name.

Good things in creed or practice are not to be cried down by the old fogies simply because they are new. The spirit of toleration thrives on opposition.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a time no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands go every year untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

No Use to Him.

Book Agent (to one of the "several times" a millionaire lumber "Barons" of Michigan)—Let me show you, sir, the "New American Encyclopædia"—

Lumber—No; never mind. I am very busy to-day—

Agent—But it will surely require little time to examine—

Lumber—No, no; I tell you I am very busy! And if I weren't I couldn't ride one of the infernal things any way.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

Following History.

Mr. Moxey is giving a masquerade party, and is found by Mrs. Moxey in the wine-cellar during the height of the festivities.

Mrs. Moxey—Nathan, this is abominable! Nice looking Charles the First you are! Aren't you?

Mr. Moxey—S-sh! Thish rep'sents way he looked after the executionsh!

Do Not Forget It.

It is a fact that NERVILINE cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain, internal, external and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle. It will cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles only 25 cents.

The Cumbrae Collegiate building and Cathedral of Argyle and the Isles have, it is said, been finally closed, and their connection with the Episcopal Church in Scotland has now ceased.

Australia now exports oranges to England.

—It is as dangerous to interfere between a philanthropist and his philanthropy as between a dog and its bone.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates must be free from nervous debility and female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women it is unequaled.

A Definition.

Clara (who is charming)—Charley, dear, what is an agnostic?

Charley (who is clever)—He is a fellow who pretends he can know nothing and thinks he knows it all.

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 taking 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 Rhoda, 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, *Runyon 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."

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

D U N L. 7 88.

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 lifelong 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.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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