LOVE'S REWARD;

Or, the Rival's Plot.

They made a pretty couple as they stood in the shadow of the vine-covered cottage in that quaint old German town. A fair-haired girl with flaxen hair and violet eyes and the sun-browned youth, in picturesque garb, at her side. The girl was saying, as she smiled through her tears: "I wish I were a man, Conrad. I would go with you to the wars. What will your poor mother do in your absence?"

"I shall expect you, Zina, to comfort her in my absence," he said, sadly. "See these gold pieces," opening his purse. "I shall leave her with enough money for some time to come."

As the time for parting drew near and they had exchanged a last embrace, Zina said firmly:

"Whatever happens to you I will be true. If God wills it that you fall in battle I shall live faithful to your memory as if I were your widow."

So they parted with heavy hearts, he to the wars and she to the dull routine of her daily life.

Zina was also beloved by another village youth, Heinrich Altman, and the news that Conrad had gone to the wars filled him with new hope. He was the telegraph operator in town and through his hands passed all the telegrams from the seat of war for the morning paper. He brought Zina all the news.

One day he brought her the copy of a despatch describing how Conrad had acted in a cowardly manner during an engagement. Zina refused to believe a word of it and told Heinrich to leave the house at once.

As time passed and no news came from Conrad, it was rumored about town that he was disgraced, and Zina's mother now worried her daughter early and late to marry Altman, who had come into money.

At last, nearly crazed by the constant strain upon her mind, Zina made a sudden resolve. She would leave home secretly and go and offer herself as a nurse for the wounded soldiers, and thus by relieving the sufferings of others mitigate her own anguish.

Had Conrad's mother been living, Zina would not have had the heart to go, for the lonely old woman had been dependent upon her for many kindly services. But about a week after Conrad's departure she was found one morning apparently in a deep sleep, so peaceful and quiet that at first Zina hesitated to disturb her, but it was the slumber that knows no waking.

Great consternation prevailed in the household when Zina was found to be missing. As often happens, when it was too late to change their course of action Zina's parents regretted their harshness.

Heinrich, too, felt the pangs of sorrow and of unavailing remorse as he saw how useless his plotting had proved, and that it had brought misery to the girl he loved. He found that a true heart will be still true, though the object of affection be faulty; that to hate the sin is not necessarily to hate the sinner.

As Zina started out alone and unprotected on her tedious pilgrimage, oftentimes her heart throbbed with fear as she met and passed groups of rough-looking men. But her chosen garb of a Sister of Charity proved a most effectual safe guard. The most rude and reckless respected its sanctity and made no attempt to gaze at the face sheltered in its sembre hood.

When about three days' journey from home she came upon a temporary hospital which had been fitted up for the accommodation of wounded soldiers. Here she proffered her services, which were gladly accepted. She was taken at once into the ranks of nurses, for the supply was far short of the demand. For days she worked faithfully among the poor fellows of one ward, binding up their wounds and lending a sympathizing ear to their messages for distant friends.

Then she was changed to a different ward. As she entered it and glanced pityingly around, what was her surprise to see Conrad's face lying pale and disfigured upon one of the snowy pillows.

She gave an involuntary cry and started forward. Mingled with her sorrow at sight of a ghastly wound which stretched across one cheek and extended to the temple was a surging tide of joy at the thought that here was evidence to prove that her confidence had not been misplaced. No coward could carry a mark like that. He had received it face to face with his foe. And, conspicuous from its bright-colored ribbon, a decoration lay upon his breast. Zina recognized it to be like the one worn by an aged veteran at home, who had won it by bravery which had caused him to be ever after incapacitated from active duty, but which had made him the one person in the place sought out by visitors of notability. Often had her tiny fingers touched the old man's precious badge reverently and admiringly, and Conrad wore one.

With the speed of light these thoughts and conclusions flashed through her mind as she stood beside his bed. Suddenly his eyes opened and turned toward her.

"Oh, Conrad!" she murmured, sinking upon her knees beside him, "I am here! Do you not know your own Zina?" for a wild fear had darted into her mind as she met his indifferent, unmeaning stare. Had he been bereft of reason by that terrible wound? But, no; he knew the voice and put forth a hand to grope aimlessly about until it closed upon Zina's slender fingers. Then he said:

"Thank God that you have come to me—that I can hear you speak once more before I die!"

"Don't talk of dying. I cannot bear it. I have come to take such care of you that you will live," sobbed Zina.

"I do not wish to live. Do you see that I am blind? It is better for me to die than to drag out a wretched, burdensome existence."

The girl bent and covered his hand with passionate kisses.

"Blind or not, it matters little to me, so that you are alive. If you could only know how I have longed to see you."

From the day that Zina found him Conrad began to grow better, and in a few weeks was able to be moved. To the joy of all his friends he returned home entirely cured, even of his blindness. There was a great wedding in the church, but Altman was not there—nor did the happy couple miss him.

Rev. Sam Small's wife died last week.

NO GHOST AT GLAMMIS.

A Visit to the Castle Where Macbeth Slew Duncan in His Sleep.

Whether Macbeth killed Duncan, his cousin, at Inverness or at Botgoswane, or at his paternal castle of Glammis, this last will ever the readiest appeal to the imagination as the fit scene of the crime. Chroniclers and antiquaries may therefore say what they please; the romancer will ever associate Glammis with the ghastly story. "The owl that shrieked" was in the ivy of the Glammis watch tower. Lady Macbeth, with trembling assurance, stood on familiar flooring when she whispered to herself: "He is about it." Nearly 900 years have passed since Macbeth was king, and Glammis Castle still stands. It is not quite the gloomy beetle-browed sort of pile one would wish it to be, but it is suggestive enough for minds in touch with the metaphysical. You walk for a mile from the little railway station of Glammis (about twenty miles east of Perth), of which the very material advertisement of patent sheep dip upon its walls stays oddly in the memory; you follow a high road like any other high road, with a landscape of fir copses and blue hill to the right and the Glammis woods of ash, oak, beech and walnut bounding the road on the other side, and at the end of the mile the wood breaks to embosom the castle lodge and the castle gate. Here the person of sentiment may get a pleasurable shock. The Glammis entrance is as forbidding as it ought to be. Imagine a low, machicolated building, somberly mossed and weather-stained, rising in the middle to a dark portal of stern, undecorated stone, with, for a garnish upon either side, the figure of a naked man, life size, standing before a stone lion, with an arm outstretched toward the distant hills of Dunsinane. From the fashion of their hair the men may be ancient Gaels. But, whatever they are, Glammis lodge keeper's wife dislikes them. "Such naked loons!" remarked the old lady with a curl of the lip at them. Nor had she any more respect for the Glammis ghost when I inquired about it. "I dinna believe in them," she said. Macbeth and Duncan she dismissed peremptorily as idle tales, excrescences that got foisted upon the castle history, like the lichen upon its stones. Her theory of the origin of such legends was simple. In olden times men were both stronger and wickeder than now; they did deeds we would shrink at and thought nothing about them. Glammis was not a whit more deserving of a ghost than any other old house in the Highlands. Such treason as this was only to be met by an abrupt walk away into the woods toward the castle itself. There is no show road to Glammis. One winds up and down in the copses, frightening a fawn or a hare from the middle of the path, and with the song of linnets and thrushes, in the overarching trees. Lord Strathmore, when he is here, lives in oblivion, untroubled by the tramp of inquisitive tourists. The wood suddenly falls and then ends, a trout brook is crossed by a bridge, and Glammis castle is before us on a glade of velvety turf, and the fir-clad hillocks beyond it. And now the earlier allusion may well revive. The castle is old, though not in its superstructure so very old. Doubtless, however, Macbeth's foundations are still Lord Strathmore's foundations. And the two truncated guardhouses which rise a few feet from the lawn, with the ruins tenderly ivied, take us back at a plunge some seven or eight centuries. Modern Glammis is of the Gothic so common in French chateaux. A multitude of "extinguisher turrets" soar at different elevations from its blue slate roofing and at its loftiest part it is crowned by a dainty cupola, like a rustic temple of Diana, with a chiseled balcony of much taste and beauty. The pink stone of the building is jewelled with stone escutcheons, inscriptions and dates. One tower is of 1606; a florid window is marked 1646, and a later water 1699. Here one reads how "Patrick, Lord Glammis, and D. Anna," his wife, made alterations in such a year, and how their successor added to them. One wonders what Macbeth and his wife were to these good people.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How to Save Doctors' Bills.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in regular condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth almost closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.—*American Analyst.*

No Ear but a Warm Heart.

A bit of musical anecdote was told me the other day. On the first appearance of a famous pianist in Boston, Mr. A. found himself seated in front of his neighbor, Mr. B., whom he had always supposed entirely devoid of musical taste, but who proved especially demonstrative in his applause. In the intermission Mr. A. turned to his seat and observed to the other: "I am glad you are enjoying the concert so much. I didn't know you cared for music to such a degree." "Oh, I don't," Mr. B. responded with great frankness; "it's all Greek to me, but I think one ought to welcome a stranger."—*Boston Letter to the Providence Journal.*

A DAUGHTER SUES FOR $25,000

Extraordinary Action for Libel Against a Slanderous Papa.

Yesterday, before Judge Bayley and a jury, the case of "Stokes vs. Stokes" came on for hearing. It was an action brought by Miss Laura Stokes to recover from her father the sum of £5,000 as damages for libel and slander. It appeared that the plaintiff lived with her father and mother both in London and Brighton. The libel consisted in the defendant writing letters and stating that his daughter stole his money and pawned his goods to the amount of from £30 to £40 per week. The plaintiff denied that she had ever stolen her father's money or pawned his goods. She had greatly suffered through her father's statements. Mrs. Stokes, the mother of the plaintiff, stated that she was security for her daughter's costs in this action. Her husband's statements about the plaintiff had become a by-word in Brighton. The defendant had made those statements before the workpeople in Coventry street. The trouble between her and the defendant arose through witness seeing him with a woman at the Inventions Exhibition. The defendant was a very wealthy man. He was now living with another woman. She had no vindictive feeling against the defendant. The slander which he had uttered about the plaintiff was known at Brighton as well as in London.

The defendant, Mr. Stokes, was called, and gave a complete denial to the charge of libel. He deposed that he had received considerable provocation from Mrs. Stokes and the plaintiff as from his other children. He was being continually robbed. He charged his children with the robberies, but only in a fit of anger. His wife had left him, taking the furniture with her, and he was served with two writs. He settled it by making her an allowance of £6 per week and £500 down. Then he was assailed by his son, who asked him for £25 down. He paid him £125. He was asked to send a letter of apology, which he did, and, notwithstanding this, he was served with a writ. The letter of apology was read in court by Mr. Kemp, Q.C., who, with Mr. Ross-Innes, was counsel for the defendant, and stated that the defendant had no recollection of saying that Laura (the plaintiff) had robbed him, but if he had he would fully apologize. The letter further stated: "God knows that I have worked hard enough, and it is very hard that Laura, my favorite child, should turn against me." The action was not brought for damages, but merely from the vindictive motives of Mrs. Stokes. The latter had not always been his wife, her real name formerly being Laura Reynolds. He had lived with her for thirty years. His children and Mrs. Stokes had insulted him and annoyed him for years, and if he had said anything against the plaintiff it was only in anger. Witnesses from the household of the defendant deposed that they had heard the defendant call the plaintiff a robber, but they considered they were only angry words. Mr. Kemp, Q. C., argued that if a verdict were given for the plaintiff it should be with damages of the smallest coin of the realm. The learned counsel said that the defendant's wife was keeping up the action merely for revenge, she having quarrelled with the defendant. Mr. Kemp characterized her as a cruel, wicked and vindictive woman. In the result the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff; damages, £250.—*London Daily News.*

CAPTURING A SCHOOLMA'AM.

The Difficulties the Young Man Experienced in Phrasing His Proposal in a Proper Way.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty schoolteacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but——"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole I would fly to you. I——"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Let the curtain fall.—*Boston Courier.*

Russia's Great Population.

According to the latest report of the Russian Statistical Committee for 1885 the gross population of the empire was at the close of that year 108 787,235. The total urban population is given at 13,766,000, resident in 1,274 towns. The villages and parishes contain a population of 77,545,271. There are only four cities in the empire containing more than 200,000 inhabitants—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and Odessa. Nine towns have a population varying between 100,000 and 200,000, and twenty-three towns between 50,000 and 100,000. The number of scholastic institutions is 41,492, with a male attendance of 1,850,964, and of females 638,070. Of schools of agriculture and forestry there are only sixteen in the whole empire, with an attendance of 2,156 pupils, or, say, one such school to every 5,862 of the population.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

He Must Relieve the Strain.

Little Bobby (tired of the service and whispering to his mother)—Ma.

Mother—Sh! What is it, dear?

"When we get home can I go out in th back yard and holler just once?"

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Grievous Troubles That Beset the Family Medical Man.

The individual, no matter what his profession may be, who imagines that he is going to give satisfaction to the general public in anything he may undertake is certainly the victim of a delusion. It is impossible to please everybody. The man, be his station in life what it may, who comes up to the expectation of the multitude, has not yet been born. The editor, in particular, soon makes this discovery. The clergyman also knows that there are people in his congregation who are never satisfied with what he does or leaves undone. The doctor is another professional man who has a hard row to hoe. If a doctor dresses well and wears a high hat, people say that he is a medical dude. If, on the other hand, he pays little or no attention to his toilet, then he is accused of lack of dignity. If he goes into society, attends balls and parties, then the impression is that he is fishing for popularity. If he does not he is accused of putting on airs.

If the physician visits his patients while they are in good health, he is accused of foisting himself upon them. He comes to the house in order to be invited to dinner. If, on the other hand, he never comes unless he is called, the inference is that the only use he has for his patients is to make money out of them when they are sick. If the doctor attends church, of course he is a hypocrite who is trying to work on the religious feelings of the community. If he does not attend church, nothing can be plainer than that he is an infidel or a socialist. If the doctor's wife does not return the calls that other ladies make on her, then she is stuck up, turning up her nose at her betters, etc. If she does return the calls, then she is flushing patients for her husband to shoot at.

If the doctor's horse is fat, that is a sure sign that he has not got much to do. If the animal is emaciated, he is a brute for not taking better care of his horse. If he drives fast, he is trying to create the false impression that he has been called to the bedside of some important patient. If he drives slowly he does not care a cent whether or not his patients die before he gets to them.

If the patient recovers his health, he is indebted to a kind Providence or a strong constitution, or to the care that was taken of him during his illness. In no case is the doctor entitled to any credit for his recovery. If the patient dies, he was undoubtedly murdered by his physician. If the medical man is sociable and talkative, the people say, "we don't want a doctor who tells everything he knows." If he is a silent man, then they say a doctor should encourage his patients to be communicative.

If he talks politics, they say that a doctor should have no politics; and if he does not talk politics, then he is a sneak and a time server who either has no politics or is afraid to own up what his politics really are. If he does not send in his bill, his object is to prevent the patient from engaging another doctor. If he does send in his bill, he is in a fearful hurry for his money, and so on to the end of the chapter.

A Woman Worth Two Men.

Mrs. Phillips, a white lady, some 30 years old, made last year thirty odd bales of cotton and plenty of corn, peas and potatoes on Capt. G. O. Riley's place, in Great Cypress Township, Barnwell County, S. C. She ploughed an ox and did all the work of preparing, planting, cultivating and gathering. This year she has bought a mule and is all ready to plant.—*Savannah News.*

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen; his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder we call him a madman? If you are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death.

Premier Mercier, of Quebec, has been appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by President Carnot.

Use the great specific for "cold in the head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

While a herd of cattle were being driven through a piece of woodland in Maine three bears were encountered sitting in the roadway as if waiting for them. Without a moment's hesitation the oxen in the herd charged ahead and drove the bears before them until they were lost in the forest. One ox pursued a bear for nearly a mile and tossed the animal with his horns a number of times.

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceed that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active catharic, according to size of dose.

A London society journal publishes the following story of "a certain British peer who suffers from kieptomania," and whose name as well as his distressing malady is kept carefully covered up. The other day His Lordship purloined his Countess' false teeth and hid them in his boot. His valet, who empties the boot every night and restores stolen property, thought the teeth belonged to another lady and sent them to her with a politely worded note which he has always used for similar emergencies. It was not till the Countess had inquired for her teeth and the messenger was kicked by the other lady's husband that things were put right.

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 obtanedof druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked. "Fifteen." "Mercy on me! But think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I am really glad that I'm a widow!"

An Extended Experience,

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

Enough is a Feast.

Gagley—Won't you have some refreshments, Miss Wiggle?

Miss Wiggle—Thanks, no. I'm sufficiently refreshed now, Miss Howler has stopped singing.

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. 10 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 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.

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.