… human are more charming than a … Burmese girls going up to the pagoda to worship at a festival. With her rainbow tinted silk tamein, fastened tightly round her slender figure, her spotlessly clean short jacket modestly covering the bosom, and with her abundant black tresses smoothly coiled on to the top of her head, in the braids of which sweet-smelling flowers are stuck, the Burmese girl knows full well she is an object to be admired. Perfectly well-pleased with herself, and contented with her world as it is, she gaily laughs and chats with her companions, while puffing from time to time at an immense green cheroot.

Amiable she is as a matter of course, for are not the laws of Menu and Burma very particular in their denunciation of all who speak harshly and who use abusive words? Besides, what is there to vex her soul about? She has not the thousand and one cares which harass the poor European housewife. Her home, built of bamboo and plaited mats, costs but a few rupees to erect and can easily be restored if burnt down or shaken down in an earthquake. Her household gods can be numbered on her five fingers and could be carried on her back. Her boys are taught free at the monastery; and till her girls are old enough to have their ears bored, clothing for them is an item of the smallest expenditure, for often enough one sees little children wearing nothing but a necklace and amulet. Her stall at the bazaar will give her earnings enough to buy the brightest silk tamein to wear at the next pagoda festival or street play or the boat races and perhaps the money to win merit by purchasing packets of gold leaf to plaster on the stately statue of the holy Gautama at the next full moon. Her husband treats her well? if not. If he neglects her, fails to provide for her, is unkind or abusive, she has but to go before the nearest magistrate and state her case and he will grant her a divorce, and she can depart with all her possessions and her earnings. She has every reason to be happy, and to laugh gaily from pure light heartedness, as she carries her tray of goods to the bazaar or her offering of flowers and fruit and gold leaf to the pagoda.

His Kindly Feeling.

The patient had been sick a long time and the doctor had done his best, but in vain, and the end was approaching.

"If you have anything to say before going," said the doctor, "it will be best for you to say it now."

"Well, doctor," replied the patient cheerfully, "I have only the kindliest feelings for you, for I'm sure you wouldn't lose so good a customer as I've been if you could possibly prevent it."

THREE MINUTES TO 12.

I had visited an old friend who lived about six miles from the city, in an Ober… Unfortunately, one of the buggy horses of my friend had become lame a few days before, and I had to transact business in the city the next morning. I had no alternative but to walk home.

Under the first lamp post I stopped to look at my watch, which was a matter of difficulty. At last I succeeded in recognizing the hands. It showed 11:57.

When I looked up again I involuntarily started. Close beside me stood a man. I … for a moment silently into his face. But this moment was enough to impress its countenance upon my memory.

He lifted his shabby hat and said in a tone, whose politeness astonished me, "May I ask you, sir, to tell me how late it is?" I naturally was careful not to pull out my watch again. "Three minutes before midnight," I replied.

He thanked me with the same politeness with which he had formerly spoken, lifted his hat again and disappeared in the darkness as noiselessly as he had come.

Next morning a letter from a business … called me to M—— on a matter of … I had an hour to catch a train. When seated in the car my adventure of the night before would not leave …

… fellow passengers three gentlemen … elderly and a younger one, who … conversation. I soon found … were lawyers. Their conversation … a murder case which … tried in the district court at …

… lawyer recognized me; we … times together some time … asked him for particulars: … the case about? I have not regularly … recently."

"… a very interesting one. A … who … his position is in … murder and robbery of the … firm. The defense … an alibi, but, unfortunately, a missing link, just the … which the deed was committed. … here we are already at …"

… pushing my way into the … court room, but I had to be … seats where I could see … broad backs and ladies' …

… for the defendant did his … that the crime was … at midnight. Several witnesses … stated that about … help were heard from … the cashier had been …

… during the whole trans… maintained that he … in the city at that time, … prove it by a single witness.

… the gentleman in front … a little to the side, and I … defendant, but not his face, … to the judge.

… there is a God I am innocent … with a calm, deep voice, … me strangely. He … and looked sorrowfully … lines of the audience.

… some man in the world … can save me, and—" … stopped. "There is the … out and his outstretched … at me.

… the man; he was the same … before.

… brought the missing link … proof of not guilty.

… the time of the crime, was … strolling through the city.

… enough, the moment he … the hands in the clock … pointed to three minutes …

To Measure For Paper.

… paper hangers pursue different … in hanging paper, so there … rules and forms for measuring … We therefore append several … of which will bring the de…

… paper when trimmed is eighteen … wide and twenty-four feet to a … a piece will contain thirty-six … feet.

Measure the length and height of each wall in feet and multiply. Add together the number of square feet of each wall, … the total number of square feet. Divide this total by thirty-six which will give you the number of pieces required for … wall. Allow one half piece of paper … each door and window. … for waste in matching it is … divide by thirty-three instead of … six.

To find number of single pieces required … ceiling, multiply length by width, in … and divide by thirty-three.

A Mental rule.—Suppose a room to be … yards long by four yards wide, which … eighteen yards around the room. … is equal to thirty-six half yards or … widths of paper. For each door or window … allow two breadths. Our example … having two doors and one window, … allow six breadths which brings us … to thirty breadths. The room being … feet high, we divide by five, which … us a result of six double or twelve single pieces.

If a room seven feet high divide by … A room eight or nine feet high, divide by five. A room ten or eleven feet high, divide by four.

To Clean Knives.

To clean knives without spoiling your … use a good-sized piece of cork, which … be rubbed on the knife, and in a little while will give all the brightness and cleanliness desired.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

[CONTINUED.]

I hang up my black bombazine to try and get some of the creases out; then I dig out a pair of very large, very baggy old white kid boots at least four sizes too big for me—family heirlooms that were originally worn (I think) by my grandmother, then by mother, now by me, and will be handed down in turn to future generations. They are as yellow as autumn leaves; surely their complexion might be improved. Not unlikely! So might my own, so might the bombazine, by upsetting a pot of ink over it. It would then at least be black; but I am not going to take the trouble.

I put my hat under my arm, and go downstairs with a pleased smile on my face, for I am not going to clean it, and is not this duty a real labor of love with … Half-way down I meet a servant, who says:

"If you please, miss, you may put on your hat and go over to the parsonage, Miss Tyburn says."

I put away my hat and fetch my hat, nothing loath, and set out immediately. Arrived at the house I find no one visible, but after some search discover Mr. Vasher in the orchard, swinging in a hammock under an apple tree. Very cool, and lazy, and comfortable he looks, with the September sun glinting through the green leaves, and on the sides of the rosy apples that hang over his head; though I … a smart shower of them upon his … would not improve the flavor of his … He looks rather astonished as my head suddenly appears at his elbow, and lays down his book.

"How do you do?" I said, quickly. "Don't try to shake hands, you will only … I have come to ask you something very particular."

"Well, what is it?"

"You like to do things, do you not? You like to please people?"

"That depends on who they are."

"Oh, they are rather nice," I say, nodding; "they can't help being only girls, you know."

"Only girls," says Mr. Vasher; "and … can't please them?"

"We are going to have a party," I say, seriously; "and you are going to be invited, and the Buffs were talking about it on … saying it is a matter of course that you would come; but somehow I felt … my bones that it was not the sort of … you would care about, and I made … my mind to ask you to come as a great favor to us all."

"And why did you think I should not … care about it?" he asks, amusedly.

"Because," I say, confidentially, "I know that as a rule, men do not care for girls in a lump; they do not mind a few, but they can't stand fifty."

"Only fifty? I thought I saw over a hundred on Sunday."

"Oh, no," I say laughing; "do not make us out worse than we are. And so—and so I thought I would just tell you how anxious we are for you to come, because I know that however much you disliked … you would come as a matter of …"

"… must think me a good-tempered … fellow," says Mr. Vasher, scrambling out of his hammock somewhat clumsily (the handsomest man alive could hardly perform that feat gracefully): "Let me promise tell me what my duty will be."

"There will be fifty girls," I say walking by his side "without teachers and you will have them all to yourself to pick and choose from, and you need not hurry yourself in the least about a partner or be afraid of anyone saying no for you will be the only young man there!"

"Delightful privilege!" says my companion.

"You will not be expected to dance with us all," I say, reassuringly; "not more than seven at most. The other girls can dance with each other."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I never dance," I say shaking my head. "I have never learned and it is better not to make a spectacle of myself."

"Then you will not dance with me?"

"Oh no," I say "I could not think of such a thing. Even if I knew how I should be ashamed to deprive the other girls of … You sometimes you know and they … would think it mean of me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Thursday evening has arrived and eight o'clock is striking. We are all assembled in the big dining-room, and our petticoats … voluminous and our bodies so … forth that, instead of fifty souls, we look as though we numbered two hundred at the very least. If a Frenchman were let loose among us, he would clasp his hands in speechless admiration at the amount of raw material before him; the …, the abundant hair, fair skins, … imperfect teeth; but he would also deplore from the bottom of his soul, our …, coiffures, and choice of colors … lament the total absence of style, …, chic, whatever it may be … that in England is so conspicuous by its absence, and, while he hankered after our red and white charms, would … himself with the recollection of his … matchless tasted and costume in every detail.

… a little card, or at least everybody … but me, upon which are inscribed the partners selected for the dances, although it is an understood thing that if a man should miraculously appear and request the honor, the former engagement is to be considered null and void.

After all, we have not had a lottery on Paul Vasher's account, and he will be free to go where he lists, although I privately entertain very grave doubts whether he will trot out one half of the damsels who confidently expect to be asked.

The … opens and our little music-master appears, followed by his son bearing a fiddle out of which he will presently harry up our souls with shrieks that might wake the dead.

Miss Tyburn comes in. She wears maize silk, and black lace; very imposing she looks as she bends in answer to the crackling bows every one makes all around the room. And now enters the Rev. Thomas Shrubb … of an adjacent parish), with his wife, who wears a blue gown and … gold cap. Their son follows—a … parboiled youth of eighteen—who looks like a beast led to the slaughter, and while he gazes fatuously about him, seems dimly to understand that he has fallen among thieves. We are not proud, we … girls; anything in the shape of a man is comely in our eyes, but we scorn to fee… in this fat youth as a man, or anything approaching to one.

At a sign from Miss Tyburn the fiddle strikes up, the little music master thumps at the piano, and a quadrille is formed.

Mr. Shrubb leads out Miss Tyburn with … steps … his time of life he ought. … his wife sinks into an easy chair, the fat boy advances a step, apparently meditating a plunge into the sea of … muslin before him, gasps, blinks, … thinks better of it, and finally sits down, putting apologetically. "Gentlemen's girls" fetch out their lady partners, and lead them to their places.

"… there is anything I hate," says Laura Fielding, as she sweeps her pale … over her feet, "it is having a girl's arm round my waist!"

… is one struggling mass of tarlatan, …, and barege; every now and then a … occurs, and half a dozen young women get firmly wedged together by their …, and are disentangled with great difficulty. In the ladies' chain, too, there is … confusion, but one can't expect everything. The old vicar sets, blows, and shuffles with the rest most valiantly; … the … of Artemus Ward memory. The dance over, every one who can … down and drinks negus; which might be better, but, then, on the other hand, might be worse. The fiddler is just executing a preparatory scrape that seems to take his hearers into the very bowels of the earth, when the door opens and enter Mr. Frere and Mr. Vasher. As the latter stands talking to Miss Tyburn, I see him glance about him with a keen amusement; then, as the music strikes up, he cleaves … and comes straight to the corner where I lie perdu.

"This is our dance," he says, placing … froid.

I feel my shortcomings … as he leads me forth. How I wish my gown were not so rusty, and that my boots did not curl up at the toes quite so much, seeming to require chains, as did those of our ancestors long ago. He puts his strong arm about my waist, and away we go; but alas! if a lamp-post and a bottle elected to dance a jig together they would bear about the same proportion to each other that Mr. Vasher does to me.

"Stop!" I cry, when we have taken one round and a half; "it is no good."

So he stops, laughing, and takes me to a seat.

"Long and short," he says, "and decidedly too much long?"

"I told you how it would be," I say, ruefully; "you see, I am only a little above your elbow! If one could only roll one's self out!"

"Supposing you grow up like that?" he says, glancing almost imperceptibly at a May-pole of a girl who is standing near, and who measures five feet ten in her stockings.

"One can always avenge one's injuries when one is that size; and, after all, must it not be nice to be able to snub people?" I say, laughing.

"That is a pretty little girl," he says, looking at Kate Lishaw, who has paused for a moment in her dancing near us.

"She is a duck," I say, quickly; "do take her to dance."

In a moment I have fetched her, and they go off together, he looking with real admiration at her fresh, bright young face. I leave my place and go to the top of the room; hard by Miss Tyburn is speaking to Mrs. Shrubb, and as her voice is raised in rivalry with the fiddle, I cannot avoid hearing what she says.

"Remarkably lovely; but you will be able to judge for yourself, she is coming to-night with her aunt, Lady Flytton. I was calling there yesterday, and happened to mention Mr. Vasher's name; she said she knew him very well, and seemed to like the idea of seeing him again, so I asked her to come."

"Miss Fleming is coming! I wonder what Paul will say?"

The music ceases in a crescendo of shrieks that might well make Weber, whose waltz it is, stir in his coffin. The room is scarcely clear again when the door opens, and a little withered, bent old woman in a pearl-gray satin, half-covered with lace, totters in. Behind her comes her niece, Miss Fleming. More than ever like a white-and-gold lily does she look as she advances by the side of that brown old witch, and pays her devoirs to Miss Tyburn. She wears white garments that sweep in great soft folds to the ground; they are bordered with a Greek pattern of gold, and about her neck, arms, and waist are clasped heavy dead gold coins. She looks all white and gold, from the crown of her head to the tips of her embroidered brodequins. The scanty folds of the Greek bodice fall away exquisitely from the gleaming white shoulders and bosom; the arms bare from shoulder to wrist taper divinely, and are softly nicked at elbow and wrist like a baby's. We all hold our breath as we look at her; and Paul Vasher, standing hard by, marks every matchless point of face and figure as no feminine eye ever could, and—does not go near her. On the contrary, he says something to Kate, who leads him up to Mary Burns—comely, gentle honest Mary—and she goes off with him looking hugely flattered. Miss Fleming is seated in a low chair talking Mrs. Shrubb, fanning herself slowly with a quaint fan of crimson feathers. The fat boy on seeing her has gasped once and never got his breath back. His father is sitting with a hand grasping each knee, surveying her with a senile admiration. Why is not Mr. Vasher by her side? Why is she sitting there alone? She looks as though she did not care, and yet I am sure she does; not often can it fall to her lot to be slighted and set aside for school-girls.

He goes up to her by and by though, when the evening is wearing away; and surely she is not proud, for she lays her hand upon his arm, and they waltz together, melting into the long gliding step that each possesses in such perfection. For a time I sit still and look at them, at the dark magnificent looks of the man and the fair, luxuriant beauty of the girl, and think that never surely did a more splendid couple stand together; they seem to be made for each other. Presently I leave my seat and go out into the corridor which is bright as noonday in the clear, pale beams of the September moon.

The hall-door stands widely, invitingly open. Beyond it lintel lies the broad, sleeping moon-washed earth, and down below—oh, so sweet!—gurgle up the glad notes of the nightingale. For a moment I hesitate—over that threshold I am forbidden to go; then as the tread of many feet comes down the corridor, I snatch up one of the wraps lying about and step forth into the silver peace and beauty of the night. Just outside the door is a dark corner, formed by the protection of the porch, and into this I slip, lest a teacher or Buff should come to the door and discover my unlawful whereabouts.

The flowers are all fast asleep; they look ghostly and weird in the glistening light. I wonder if they will wake up by and by, as Hans Andersen's flowers did, and trip a dainty measure to the music the nightingale yonder furnishes? Somehow I never can believe that these flowers are but colored shapes; they seem to me to be as much more worthy of souls and nerves than the ugly, stupid folks that walk about the world. There is not a breath of air abroad; the land is as still and as unruffled as the dark-blue vault overhead, in which the stars glitter countless and brilliant, as though a royal hand had strewn them. We think queer thoughts sometimes, when we stand perfectly alone and in utter silence, face to face with the great mystery of Nature; the common, prosaic, every-day life falls from us, habit fades away, and custom is not; the thousand ways and words and thoughts that lie as a screen between us and her great truths, vanish like thin air; the coil does not press so heavily upon us at these times as at others, and some dim perception of the universal law that governs God's earth breathes itself imperceptibly into our souls.

I think I must have been out here a long while, for I am growing cold. Time to go in. I am just emerging, when, down the corridor, click, clack! click, clack! come the taps of high-heeled shoes, and I hastily draw back into my corner, as the new-comer steps over the threshold and stands, face and form and robe, bathed in a flood of pure silvery light. It is Miss Fleming, and she stands quite motionless, looking up steadfastly at the sky overhead. All the soft beauty of her face is gone; in its place there reigns a cold, determination, that contrasts almost violently with the youth of her lineaments. As she slowly lifts her arm and right hand to Heaven, her lip moves, and she looks like some relentless goddess, who had been turned to stone in the act of calling down confusion and curses upon her enemy. More foot steps—a man's this time—come down the passage and approach the door, pause for a moment, then come on again.

"Had you not better have a shawl, Miss Fleming?" inquires Mr. Vasher's voice. "You will take cold."

At his polite, chill words she neither turns nor looks: she stands motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking with her straight brow and antique raiment, like a Greek slave standing before her master. He looks at her with a keen, devouring scrutiny from head to foot, and turns to go. He is within the house when she calls to him.

"Paul!"

"Do you want me?" he says, pausing; but she does not answer and he comes back slowly and stands a little apart from her. "Is there anything more to be said between us?" he asks. "Is it not all finished—done with?"

"To you, perhaps," she says; "but not to me—not while my life lasts!"

"You will forget," he says, looking down with a dark and bitter frown; "you are young yet."

"Have you forgotten?" she asks below her breath. "Do you find it so easy?"

"God knows!" he says lifting his head and staring up at the sky, that is so thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." "Women can't feel things as men do."

"Do they not?" she cries with a fierce jangle at her sweet voice. "Have you forgotten that it is the one who sins, not the one who is sinned against, that suffers the … happier than I should have … heavily as I do now, knowing … own doing?"

"Why did you do it?" he says, looking down on her with an infinite agony in his voice.

"We could have been so happy child."

"You were too hard upon me," she says, with a shuddering moan. "Any other man would have forgiven me if he had loved me."

"And did not I love you?" he asks, quickly.

"You cast me off," she says, lifting her lovely face to his; "I did not you."

"I never loved, never wanted any woman but you," he says, slowly. "I chose you out of the whole world for my wife. I would have worn you as my fairest honor, my priceless pearl; and how did you reward me?"

"I was never unfaithful to you," she says, drearily. "If ever I did anything wrong it was before I knew you."

"And there it was that you deceived me," he says, with a heavy sigh. "You had seemed so pure, and honest, and true!"

"And so I was to you," she says, swiftly—"always true to you!"

"Heavens!" he says, throwing back his head with a quick, sudden gesture, "when I think of it all! It was much such a night as this three months ago—only three months—that you and I stood together in that garden, and I asked you to be my wife, and you put your arms about my neck; and, as we stood together, your lover came toward us and looked first on one, and then on the other, and went away. You never said, 'That is my betrothed husband, whom I have kissed and betrayed, as I will kiss and betray you if I have the chance.' When he rode that steeple chase next morning so madly, so recklessly, that all saw the goal he strove to reach was death, and a quarter of an hour later was carried back to his mother's carriage dead, did you feel no remorse—no sorrow? You gave no sign. You were shocked; but he might have been a common acquaintance, no more; only later, in looking over the poor lad's papers (for I was a friend of his mother's), I came upon a packet of your letters, and you being my promised wife, I thought no shame of reading on." He pauses, she droops her head in the moonlight and shivers. Is she cold and shamed? "You know the story," he says, wearily, "and how we parted. I loved you then; I love you now but differently—and it is all over."

"You love me," she says, in her low, passionate voice, "I—my God! do I not love you? And yet are we to live apart! Must it be so beloved—must it be so?"

"It must be," he says, very gently. "We can never be anything to each other—never any more!" She lifts her head, and the agony on her face shows clear and strong in the moonlight, as they stand looking at each other, she is so surpassingly fair, he is so lofty of stature and dark of face; it seems sad, unnatural, that they should suffer so. As she turns away he puts out his hand and draws her back. "Silvia," he says, hoarsely, and in the September evening he shivers like a reed, "I would have gone to the world's end rather than have met you here to-night. What evil fate has brought us together again so soon—so terribly soon? Since we parted I have been trying with all my strength of body and soul to forget you, and it seemed as though I were beginning to succeed; and now you have appeared before me, to dash my hard-won peace from my hand, and give me all the raging pain and misery over again. If I were differently made—if I could forget everything and love you in the old fashion, I would do it; but I cannot—I love you still, but with the worst half of my heart, not the better. Something has gone from you in my eyes that will never come back. Though I married you I should have no respect for you; in my eyes you would be no more than a beautiful toy. The old worship is dead, and it will never come back. And though you think you love me now, a woman who betrays one man will betray another; and it would not please me to see my wife's eyes roving among my friends in search of admiration."

"I would have been faithful to you," she says, very low.

"No, you would not," he says, with a heavy sigh; "it is not in you to be true to any man. You only care for me because I am out of your reach. If I were your husband, you would not rest till you had played me false."

"And I have loved you so well, so well!" she says, with a sob, lifting the pale, lovely face that has so changed during the past minutes to his.

"God help us both!" he cries, passionately.

He takes the soft face between his two hands and gazes into it eagerly, devouringly, as a man may look his last on his heart's delight, lying in the envious coffin that will by and by hide her from his sight forever. "Kiss me once, love, before we part, and then pray God that on earth we may never meet again."

She lay her arms, white as any lilies, about his brown throat; she lifts the beautiful lips, out of which all color has fled; and kisses him—once. And he snatches her in his embrace, and kisses her, not once but many times, on lip and brow, and shoulder, with a strength that seems to crush her. Then he sets her down abruptly, and strides away into the night, and the girl stands breathless, panting, with a deadly pallor upon her face, a wild agony in her eyes. "My love—" she says, "my—love" She puts her hand suddenly to her heart, as though a knife had struck her newly; then she turns and steps over the threshold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Most extraordinary!" says Laura Fielding, resting her chin on her hands and her elbows on her desk. "He actually left his hat behind!"

"Does anyone know what became of it?" asks Kate Lishaw.

"It was put in a bandbox," says Dora, "and carried to the parsonage by a maid-servant, who made him a courtesy, and said, 'I've brought you something as you dropped among our young ladies, sir!'"

"Nonsense!" says Kate; "but I must confess I am disappointed in him! After all, he proved a very little more valiant than Mr. Russel's friend! He is very nice, though, she adds, "and he dances splendidly."

"He is magnificent, says Belle. "Did you ever see such shoulders on such a head? And then his style—unimpeachable!"

"His moustache is—" says Laura "it has that long bold sweep that you never see on a plain man's face; and as to his eyes—"

"Bravo! Laura says Kate.

"He was a man"—you know the rest. I'll tell you one thing," says Belle, "that I am sure of; that exquisite piece of white and gold, Miss Fleming, as at the bottom of his sudden departure; and I am certain that if they are not lovers now they were once with a vengeance. They disappeared together that night. I would have reconsidered but was curveting in the Lancers. After that, you know, he went."

"I should not mind being you, Helen Adair, says Kate," patting me on the shoulder. "You do the visiting while we all stay at home."

I am sitting in my bonnet and jacket, awaiting the carriage that is to take me to Lady Flytton's.

"I don't want to go," I say earnestly, "indeed I do not. Why Lady Flytton asked me I cannot think, for she did not know mother very well."

"What it is to have so many friends!" says Belle; "I wish I had some!"

"And you are coming home on Monday, child?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if Mr. Vasher will go there!" says Kate. "Keep your eyes open Helen Adair, and tell us all you see when you come back. Hark! there is the carriage."

We go out. Yes, there it is, and the spirited black horses, with their scarlet rosettes, look far more fitted for a drive in Hyde Park than to bowl along these country lanes.

Ejecting the Wrong Man.

One morning there stood at the basement door of a South-side druggist's home a forlorn-looking man. He carried under his arm a book and on his face there was a look of stolid patience. He was a shabbily-dressed, dejected-looking Swede. The girl who answered the bell was herself a native … of Sweden, … and when he offered to … a few chapters of the Bible to her she bade him welcome and gave him a seat by the kitchen stove, where he opened the good book and commenced to read aloud, while she continued at her ironing. Chapter after chapter read he, till finally, Tilley's ironing was done, she brought from the pantry a plate of cookies and the missionary refreshed himself, after which he began where he had left off and read steadily on, while Tilley prepared luncheon and washed the dishes thereafter.

There is a limit to even the patience of a Swede, and as the afternoon wore on Tilley began to show signs of being bored, and finally politely requested Mr. Missionary to "move on." He was deaf to all her entreaties or threats, and it was only late in the afternoon when the druggist returned home and was appealed to for help that the ardent reader was ejected from the house.

A week from that day a man wearing a loud, checked suit came to the door and said: "I would like to read the gas bill," whereupon Tilley ran to her master, who had not yet gone to his store, saying: "O, Mr. C——, dis anudder one of dem men to read the gospel," and the business-man, much wroth, ordered the man out of the house. The stranger demurred, so without further parley the druggist used the same athletic measures that worked so well with the Swede.

That evening the family was astonished to find the gas turned off, and early the following morning the druggist presented himself at the gas office, sternly demanding an explanation.

"Sir," said the clerk, "if our agents cannot be treated with courtesy by you we cannot supply you with gas. Yesterday the man who reads your meter, a polite young Englishman, was thrown out of your house without any apparent cause."

There were explanations.

A Little Confused.

"It's a shame, the way these police act," said Mrs. Gudley; "a downright shame."

"What's the matter?" asked her neighbor.

"Scarcely a day passes without you read about some horse that gets pulled. The horse doesn't know that gambling is wicked. The owner's the one that ought to be pulled."

Bromine was discovered by Ballard of Montpellier, in 1826.

Getting Out of a Tight Place.

An old admiral, well known for his power of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night. "While cruising in the P——," he said, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters." "But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled." "Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral; "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs!"

Wanted To Scare His Wife.

John Miller, of 415 West Thirty-fifth street, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday on the charge of attempted suicide, says the New York Recorder.

At 10 o'clock on Friday night Mary Miller, John's young wife, rushed breathlessly into the West Thirty-seventh police station, screaming:

"My husband is going to hang himself! Come quick, oh! come quick, or he'll be dead!"

Policeman Pepertld hurried off with the woman, who explained that she had had a row with John, and he said he was going to kill himself.

"Why, he had the rope around his neck when I came out," sobbed she.

The door of the Millers' rooms was locked. The policeman forced it open. There was no light. There was the stillness of death, as the policeman and the wife groped their way toward the bedroom. This room was black as ink, and the frightened gasps of the woman blew out the first match which the policeman lit.

Another match flickered for a minute, the gas was lit, and what the policeman saw made him fall over on the bed and laugh until he cried. Even the sad-faced wife smiled.

There in the bed, sleeping comfortably, was John Miller, with four yards of clothesline coiled about his neck. The policeman woke him up. John's eyes blinked, but as he was fully dressed Pepertld yanked him out of bed and took him to the police station, where he was locked up. In court he denied that he had any desire to kill himself, only to scare his wife.

"She's been gettin' purty flip with her tongue lately, and needed quietin'."

Mrs. Miller refused to make a charge against him, and he was discharged.

Unveiled Once a Year.

According to a dispatch from Constantinople, in consequence of the rumors circulated regarding alleged plots organized by the Mussulman element which is discontented with the present government and especially by the Softas, unusual precautions were taken on the occasion of the sultan's annual visit to the Mosque of Top-Cadou on the Old Seraglio Point on the 12th inst., says the London News. This day, the fifth of Ramaban, is the only one in the year on which the sultan, as commander of the faithful, leaves Yildiz Kiosk in order to perform the ancient ceremony of unveiling and exposing to public veneration the reliquary containing one of the prophet's mantles. It is stated that his majesty would this year have gladly delegated the duty to a representative, but such a course is impossible, as it is for the caliph alone to expose the relic with his own hands and be the first to kiss it in the presence of the imperial princess, the clergy and the high dignitaries of state.

As the sultan was thus obliged to perform the ceremony the greatest precautions were taken to prevent any untoward incident. Yildiz Kiosk was literally surrounded by a picked regiment of Albanian troops, who sedulously guarded all the entrances to the palace during the sultan's absence. The route to Old Seraglio Point was lined with soldiers through its entire length and on the day previous to the ceremony, which is known as that of Hirkal-Cherif (the kissing of the mantle), a special commission commanded by a naval captain and composed of ten officers, under the direct authority of the ministry of marine, made a minute inspection of the great bridge of Karakieul, which was, moreover, carefully guarded by sailors. The imperial procession, however, reached the mosque without incident.

FORGOT HIS OWN NAME.

But Jefferson Remembered That He Played Rip Van Winkle.

Some of the most amusing stories of the tricks of memory are those which illustrate the facility with which proper names escape the recollection. They elude you like greased pigs. "Then I had it on the end of my tongue," and "I recall your face, but for the life of me, I can't place you," are so commonly heard as to excite no comment. "By the way how do you spell your name?" inquired a young lady of an old acquaintance. She took this way of recalling, without embarrassment, a name that unaccountably escaped her recollection. "S-m-i-t-h," he replied to her confusion. It is related of Joe Jefferson that he was one day introduced to General Grant, an event that naturally impressed him strongly. Later in the day, according to the New York Mail and Express, he got into an elevator of the hotel at which they were both stopping. A short heavy set man also got in, lifted his hat to Jefferson, and made some remark. "I beg your pardon. Your face is familiar to me, but I cannot recall the name," said the actor. General Grant courteously gave his name. "I got off at the next floor, for fear I should ask him if he had ever been in the war," Jefferson said in relating this story. Worse than that, he once forgot his own name. He had gone into a postoffice at some small resort where he was unknown and asked the clerk if there was any mail for him. "What's the name?" asked the clerk. "Name? Oh, yes, certainly. Why, let me see! I play Rip Van Winkle, you know." "Jefferson," said the astonished and delighted clerk. "Yes, Jefferson, thanks," he answered, politely, as he received his mail and bowed himself out.

THE FARM AND GARDEN

HINTS AND NEWS NOTES.

For City and Country—Clippings and Original Articles which have been Prepared for Our Readers.

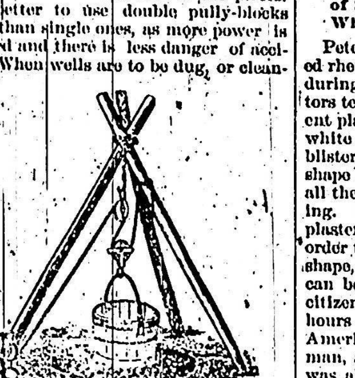
An Effective Fumigating-Box.

Very few window plants are entirely free from that troublesome insect, the green aphis, and the problem of getting rid of it is not always an easy one, on account of want of a place in which to fumigate with tobacco. Our illustration shows a convenient box in which may be placed plants infested with green lice while a smudge of tobacco is being given. There is a piece of zinc in the bottom of the box, to prevent its taking fire from any dropping coals. On this set three flower pots, and on these the pan containing the leaves. The pan should have a hole in it the size of an egg, to give sufficient draught that the leaves will be all consumed. In starting the smudge, place a few shavings first, then the tobacco leaves, slightly moistened. Those leaves termed "sand leaves" by

the growers are best, but stems may be used and are much cheaper. The shelf over the smudge-pan should be full of holes, or made of lath, in order that the fumes may rise. A large dry goods box will answer the same purpose if it is not desirable to be at the expense of a specially-made box, but it should be quite tight, in order to retain the smoke. Many plants will not bear a very strong fumigating, an example being the heliotropes and cinerarias; but if these be sprinkled before fumigating, it will decrease the danger of their being injured by the smudge. After a trial one will readily learn about what quantity each plant will stand.

Simple Well-Tackle.

A tackle of the kind shown in the engraving can be rigged and put in use in a very short time, and out of material which is altogether at hand. Stout, sound poles are lashed together, forming a tripod, and a common pulley-block is attached where the poles are joined, another one being fastened to a firmly driven or planted stake at the foot of one of the pieces. It is better to use double pully-blocks rather than single ones, as more power is obtained and there is less danger of accident. When wells are to be dug, or clean-



ed out, or deepened, on the farm, this cheap, simple contrivance will be found to be the right thing in the right place."

Outlet for The Drains.

Farmers spend time and money on tile or stone under drains, and then leave the outlet of the main wholly unprotected. Consequently, in a year or so, the cattle or other stock and the action of the frost displace the drain, and partly or wholly fill up the channel. If the fall is but slight, the whole work sometimes proves worthless. For a proper outlet lay a large flat stone, two or more feet square, above the tile, making it firm and strong. Place a number of small stones each side to aid in supporting the stone in a proper position. If stone can not be had, use a wide piece of plank about three feet long. It will last much longer if the surface is first charred. If stones can not be obtained for the side supports, use blocks of wood or even whole or broken sections of tile. After heavy rains, or at least several times a year, examine the outlet and remove all accumulations of mud or gravel.

A Forest Convenience.

The engraving represents what is known among woodsmen as a "brake," and is made to take the place of a vise to hold a stick while it is hewed or shaved. It con-

sists of a forked piece of timber supported as shown in the engraving. The stick to be worked is inserted in the fork and is held fast by its own weight, aided if desired by pressure on the outer end. It is used for sharpening posts and similar purposes.

Ice to Cure Colds.

The latest idea of French physicians is to cure colds by applying ice to the spine. Just now, when the abrupt changes in the weather have brought influenza, bronchitis, and some kindred trouble, one is always glad to hear of some new remedies for the "cold." But few, we imagine, will be daring enough to apply this one. Yet the inflammatory sore throat that a few years ago most people treated by poultices and warmth is now quickly cured by sucking ice and keeping the victim in a low temperature, and in a really feverish cold ice might be of genuine use.

A stolen kiss once brought the culprit into possession of a fortune. He was a butcher at Sydney, and had taken the liberty of kissing one of his customers, a pretty girl, who resented the affront and had him prosecuted for assault. He was fined heavily by the local magistrate, and the case was commented on freely by the press. The publicity thus given to the affair happened to arrest the notice of a firm of solicitors in Sydney, who had been appointed trustees of some property which had been left to the man by a distant relative twenty years before. They had failed to trace the heir, but when his name appeared in the papers in connection with the case of assault they communicated with him, and he was able to establish his identity.

A certain Senor Talca, of Valparaiso, however had a very different experience, and paid heavily for his momentary freak of kissing a lady on the Plaza without her permission. She prosecuted him, and the magistrate, as indignant as the lady, sentenced him to sixty days' imprisonment. This severe penalty Senor Talca considered himself justified in appealing against, but the higher court, so far from bestowing any sympathy on the offender, sentenced him to an additional thirty days' imprisonment. The amusing part of the affair is that the higher court took 200 days to consider the appeal, and during the whole of that time the senor had to remain in jail.

A UNITED CLERGY.

With One Consent Clergymen of Leading Denominations Speak in High Terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In matter of doctrine, and creed the clergymen of the various religious denominations will differ. It has been said, however, that in this day the trend of religious thought through all denominations is towards union on the main essentials. It is certainly the case that the clergy seem well of one mind regarding he merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. In the Episcopal Church the Bishop of Toronto, Rt. Rev. A. Sweatman, D.D., D.C.L.; the Rev. John Langtry, M.A., D.C.L., and the Rev. W. R. Williams, names familiar to everyone, have spoken in warm praise of this excellent specific for cold in the head or catarrh. This medicine has been used in the home of the Rev. A. H. Newman, D.D., LL.D.; Rev. T. Trotter, B.A., and Rev. Malcolm S. Clark, B. A., prominent members of the Faculty of McMaster University, and like their Episcopal brethren they say good things of it. A kindred opinion has been expressed over their own signatures by leaders in the Methodist Church, like the Rev. A. S. Chambers, LL.B.; Rev. William Galbraith, L.LB., and the Rev. W.H. Withrow, D.D. Just as heartily the Rev. S. Nicholls of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, writes of this medicine, and so the list might be extended.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten or fifteen minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3-cent stamps. S.G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Each Year Heart Disease Claims as its Victims Tens of Thousands of Our Best Citizens.

It is almost impossible to pick up a paper without seeing a notice of the sudden death from heart failure of a prominent citizen, who, prior to the attack, was in the very best of health. But this condition was only apparent, the disease had been at work for months perhaps years, and its warning had been unheeded. Such a course is suicidal. When any of the symptoms of heart disease are noticed, treatment of some kind is imperative.

Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart is adapted only to the cure of diseases of this organ. It not only gives relief within 30 minutes to all sufferers from organic or sympathetic heart disease, no matter of how long standing, but effects a radical cure by its direct action on the nerves and nerve centres, which control this most important organ, and supply it with the necessary power to perform its great work. A single dose of this remedy will convince the most incredulous, as it never fails to relieve at once."

Left Leg Enclosed in Plaster of Paris Cast Four Months—Hands Drawn Out of Shape and Body One Mass of Deep White Scars.

Peterboro: "For four months I endured rheumatism in every part of my body, during which time I was blistered by doctors ten different times in as many different places, and am now covered with deep white scars, the result of action of fly-blisters. My hands were drawn out of shape and fingers almost destroyed, and all the time the pain was most excruciating. My left leg had to be encased in a plaster of Paris cast for four months in order that it might not be drawn out of shape, and now hear the statement that can be vouched for by physicians and citizens of Peterboro'. In twenty-four hours after beginning the use of South American Rheumatic Cure, I was a new man, and in one week from the first dose was able to go to work. This remedy is a blessing to mankind. D. DESANKETELS.

THE BEST LEMONADE.

Try this Way Once and You Will Never Make It Any Other Way.

"I learned a new thing," said a woman recently, "while visiting an English friend who is living in the country. We had a small dance one evening of my stay, and my hostess served the most delicious lemonade I ever drank. I spoke of it the next day, and she told me it was made with freshly boiled water—the secret, she said of thoroughly good lemonade. I have a regular rule," she further informed me, "which insures success if I am making a quart or a gallon. For a quart I take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. I am careful to peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside; this I cut into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which I use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is just at the tea point, I pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let it get cold."

His Golden Opportunity.

"What's the matter, Gerald?" exclaimed his horrified wife.

"The matter?" shouted the young doctor, turning a handspring on the parlor carpet, dancing a jig, throwing his hat violently against the ceiling, and stamping on it as it came down. "The matter?" he repeated, catching her round the waist and whirling her in a mad waltz about the room. "Oh, nothing—only my bottle of anti-toxine has just got here, I'm the only doctor in fifty miles that has any, and I have a lovely case of diphtheria over in the next block!"

Save the Tender Fingers.

Little holders for lifting the 5 o'clock tea kettle, the chafing dish or the heated handle of a coffee pot at the table are of sateen on one side, interlined with leather and of colored satin or silk on the other side. They are made gay by crossing the silken side through the centre and diagonally with a metal ribbon of gold or silver. Sometimes the ribbon has a row of heavy white lace insertion on each side.

Library In Her Head.

The newest society "sensation" in St. Petersburg is an old peasant woman with a wonderful memory. Her name is Irina Andrejena Fedosova; she is seventy years of age, can neither read nor write, but knows by heart over 19,000 legends, folk-songs and poems! When she gives a public recital the scene is a striking one. A little bent figure appears, hobbles on to the platform, sits down on a chair, with hands folded, and withered face quite expressionless. Amid a hush of expectation she begins to speak; then her face brightens, her eye open widely and sparkle, while her voice grows clear and penetrating. She looks ten years younger in her enthusiasm, as she half speaks, half sings the legends of her youth, tales of great wars, old fairy tales, long-lost tragedies or tender love stories, while the audience, carried away by her strange magnetism, listens spellbound, laughs and weeps at her will. She is the "rage" in the Russian capital, and we hear that two eminent literary men have written down a number of her memory-stored treasures which they intend to publish in book form, when it should prove a rich find for lovers of folk-lore.

Divorce In Burmah.

Suppose a Burmese husband and wife quarrel and determine to separate. The wife—who always does all the marketing—goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for him, the other for her. The one whose candle burns out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longest, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and the division of the property—if you can call that a division—are settled.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

$300 OFFERED IN PRIZES.

By the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont.

With a view to assisting in the development of literary talent in Canada, The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award prizes amounting to $300 among the writers of the best five short original stories submitted in the competition as follows:—

For the story pronounced the best $100 will be given.
For the second best $75.
For the third best $50.
For the fourth best $40.
For the fifth best $35.

The competition is open to residents of the Dominion of Canada, who have never won a cash prize in a story competition, and is subject to the following rules:—

Each story to contain not more than three thousand words.

The writer of the story shall affix a pen name, initials or motto to his or her manuscript, and shall send with the manuscript a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the pen name, initials or motto attached to the story, and containing inside it the full name and address of the writer thereof.

We impose no limitations whatever as to the nature of topic written upon, and the scene of the story need not necessarily be laid in Canada, although competitors must be residents of Canada, as above stated.

Stories entered in the competition must be written on one side of the paper only, and when possible should be type-written.

Manuscripts to be sent flat or folded—not rolled.

All stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked "For Literary Competition."

Decision will be made as follows:—All stories submitted will be referred to a competent committee who will decide which are the best five stories. These stories will then be published in pamphlet form, which pamphlets will be distributed throughout the Dominion, and each will contain a voting paper upon which readers will be invited to express their preference. The story obtaining the highest number of votes will be awarded the first prize. The one obtaining the second highest number will be awarded second prize, and so on until the five prizes are awarded.

The voting will close on the first day of December, 1895, and the committee will then publish the names of the successful competitors and the order of merit.

Unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned when stamps are sent for postage.

The five stories selected are to become the absolute property of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., with their copyright in perpetuity.

The decision of the committee and the counting of votes to be absolute and final; and all persons entering the competition agree, by doing so, to accept the decisions of the committee and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. as final on all points whatsoever.

Correspondence in regard to unsuccessful MSS. declined, even when stamped envelopes are sent; any stamps so sent (for any other purpose than the return of the MS. at the time of first sending) will be put in the poor box. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., will take all precautions to safe-guard MS. entrusted to their care, but in no case do they assume any responsibility for fire, accident or loss of unsuccessful MS. Authors are therefore advised to keep copies.

The stories must be original. Any one sending copied matter will be liable to punishment for fraud, and a prize of $25 is offered to the first person who points out the fact that any story passed by the committee is otherwise than original, in the unlikely event of such an oversight occurring.

All stories entered in the competition must be addressed to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and marked on the envelope "For Literary Competition."

Wonders of the Sea.

The sea is estimated to contain 2,250,000,00 cubic miles of water.

The saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its weight.

No part of the Atlantic ocean between Europe and Newfoundland exceeds 2,400 fathoms.

When the Gulf Stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about 70 degrees.

The Red Sea takes its name from the presence of numbers of an animalcule of that color in the water.

Every tiny protuberance on a branch of coral represents a living animal which grows from it like a plant.

It is estimated that two years are required for the gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, earth and stones brought from the north by icebergs.

Sea water contains silver in considerable quantities. It is deposited on the copper sheathings of ships in amounts sufficient to make its reduction profitable.

The phosphorescence of sea water in the tropics is due to the presence of millions of animals, some microscopic, others like the jelly-fish, of considerable size.

The sea has no herbivorous inhabitant. Its population live on each other, and the whole of this immense expanse of water is one great slaughter-house, where the strong forever prey upon the weak.

Quaint Proverbs.

Each vine needs its stick.

One cap is worth one hundred hoods.

Love and musk soon betray themselves.

A girl that spins thinks of her wedding dress.

A man is never too old to love or commit nonsense.

"But sister, he is blind!" "So much the better!"

People in love believe everybody else can't see.

People in love have bells dangling from their eyes.

The favor of woman makes a knight of a cow-herd.

Love is discovered easier than a hole in the stocking.

A man in love doesn't need eyeglasses—for he is blind.

Getting married makes golden plates of earthen dishes.

Man is like fire, and woman like straw; the devil blows in between.

"Should I take him? Advise me well, but don't dissuade me from taking him."

People in love believe everybody else can't see.

People in love have bells dangling from their eyes.

Opium is the unripe capsules of the poppy.

An Independent Lawyer.

A lawyer with his client called one day at the office of a gentleman who is considered to be one of the leading men of the Philadelphia bar. The lawyer had an important case and he wanted to take the legal big gun in as advisor. He explained his business and said he and the client would be back in the afternoon. "I won't be here then," said the legal giant. "I have an engagement at 3 o'clock and I won't be here after that hour." "But there is a $5,000 fee in this for you," explained the young lawyer. "Can't help it; I won't be here. You will have to come to-morrow."

"But my client can't come to-morrow."

"Well, I can't break my engagement," said the senior. After some further talk it was agreed that a meeting be held that night. That afternoon, having nothing else to do the young lawyer and his client went to a ball game. The first man they saw inside the grounds was the great lawyer, who was hurrahing for the "Phillies" with all the vigor of his lungs. That was his important engagement. Needless to say the lawyers' practice got him enough money each year to make him independent.

"What does the word 'littoral' mean?" asked the teacher.

"Along the shore or pertaining to the shore," replied a boy who had studied his lesson.

"Now," she said to the next one, who was too bright to study very hard; "How would you use the word in the sentence, 'The passengers were transferred from the stranded steamer to the shore?'"

Possibly the teacher didn't mean it just that way; in any event the boy didn't understand very clearly, but he went at it just the same.

"Well," he replied; I'd call it a littoral and let it go at that.

The new fish hatchery built on one of the islands in the Sault Rapids in Michigan, will be the finest in the world when completed. It will have a capacity of 15,000,000 whitefish and 5,000,000 trout. Ponds will be built around it, and the facilities for propagating fish can not be excelled anywhere.

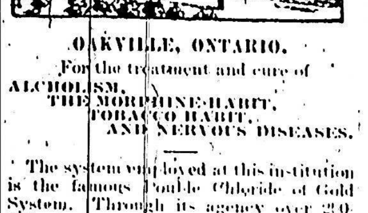
Never warm butter for cakes in the pan it is to be beaten in, as it will be likely to make your cake heavy. If the weather is cold let the butter stand in the warm kitchen for some time, and it will be soft enough to the action of beating the butter and sugar, and the friction produced soften the butter sufficiently.

9/10

If E. B. Eddy's were not the best matches made, they would not be in constant use by nine-tenths of the people.

In giving general satisfaction they leave absolutely nothing to be desired.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM



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For the treatment and cure of
ALCHOLISM,
THE MORPHINE HABIT,
TOBACCO HABIT,
AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

The system employed at this institution is the famous Double Chloride of Gold System. Through its agency over 20,000 Slaves to the use of these poisons have been emancipated in the last fourteen years. Lakehurst Sanitarium is the oldest institution of its kind in Canada, and has a well-earned reputation to maintain in this line of medicine. In its whole history there is not an instance of any after ill effects from the treatment. Hundreds of happy homes in all parts of the Dominion bear eloquent witness to the efficacy of a course of treatment with us. For terms and all information write

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" F—Window Collection, 1 each, Fuchsia, Dbl. Fl. Musk, Ivy and Sweet Sc't'd Geranium, " 50c.
" F—Manetta Vine, Tropaeolium, Mex. Primrose & Heliotrope
" E—8 Geraniums, finest assorted " 50c.
" R—12 Coleus, fine assorted colors " 50c.
" S—5 Iris, finest varieties . . . " 50c.

Any 2 collections for 90c.; 3 for $1.25; or 5 for $2. By Mail, post paid, our selection. A Snap!

Catalogue Free.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS, MARCON SEED CO. LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

TO THE PEOPLE!

VITÆ ORE. Nature's Blood Purifier and Nerve Tonic, discovered by Professor Noel, Geologist, of Chicago, is a Magnetic Mineral Rock, hard as adamant, mined by blasting it in the bowels of the earth, when becoming oxydized and after many tests, geological and chemical the Professor, finding out its great curative properties, and combining science with experience, prepared it in the several forms known as V. O. Elixir, V. O. Pills, V. O. Suppositories, V. O. Ozo Bacteriacide and V. O. Dianoma. These several preparations from the fixed, unchanging and Double Compound Oxygen nature of the Ore becomes Nature's own most efficacious Life-giving Antiseptic, Germ-killing Constitutional Invigorating Tonic ever before known to man, catching the blood (life's fountain), enabling the vital organs (liver, kidneys, stomach, etc.) to perform their functions, thus making life pleasurable and worth living.

VITÆ ORE preparations cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, will cure Diphtheria while there is life in the body; cures all Throat Diseases, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores of every description, Dysentry, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Piles, Deafness, Female Weakness and all Female Complaints, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, etc.

VITÆ ORE sufficient to make one quart of the Elixir sent safely sealed to any part of the Globe by mail, postage paid on receipt of price $1.00 each package, or three for $2.50.

AGENTS WANTED in unrepresented localities. Send stamp for particulars. No attention given to postals. Address THEO NOEL, Geologist, Toronto.

Cut out this advertisement and enclose 35 cents to pay postage and packing and I will send you a trial package.

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CURED IN FIVE MINUTES.

Catarrh Cured in A Week, by using

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