A Gourmand.

Miss Gushah—My lord, during your American tour, which of the belles has proven the most irresistibly hilliring?

His lordship—The—aw—dinner bells, I assure you.

Explained.

Wife—What do you mean by coming home in this condition? You promised that you would only drink two fingers of rye this whole day.

Hubby—Right you (hic) are. I drank it out of a hic baking pan.

"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA
Is Delicious.
Sold Only In Lead Packets.

"STRIKE A LIGHT"
YOU NEVER "MISS FIRE" WITH E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES NO MATTER HOW DAMP THE WEATHER.
IT IS INVARIABLY
100 MATCHES
100 LIGHTS
And no matches wasted.

Cold in the Head
AND
HEADACHE
CURED IN FIVE MINUTES.
Catarrh Cured in A Week, by using
DR. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF
IN BOXES 25 Cents at all druggists, or by mail on receipt of price. Address
THE MILLER EMULSION CO., Kingston, Ont.

Belting
Shafting
Pulleys
Hangers
Order your Supplies of
Oak Tanned Leather Belting
[illegible] four grades, suit [illegible] machinery. Every [illegible] at Manufacturers
Lowest Prices For Cash.
TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY,
14 Bay Street, Toronto.

Ore of Life
Found at Last
[illegible] called Ore of [illegible] Professor Thos. [illegible] which is Nature's [illegible] Remedy [illegible] human ills. [illegible] It is nature's [illegible] Laboratory, [illegible] three [illegible] Adelaide [illegible] JOHNSTON, General

CENTRAL Business College
[illegible] Toronto, Ont. [illegible] School: advan[illegible] students assisted to [illegible] rates. Write [illegible] Elliott, Principals.
No. 28

"Salada."
[illegible] Salada Ceylon [illegible] packages at 35c [illegible] to one ad[illegible]. If ordered [illegible] any quantity [illegible] price list, and buy [illegible] prices.
A. H. CANNING,
Wholesale Grocer.
57 Front St. East, Toronto.

Educate for Business
It matters not whether you are going to work on the [illegible]

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER
Type, Presses, Inks, Ready-Print Newspapers, Stereotype Matter, Electrotyping, Engraving. TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.

At the Woman's Club.

[illegible] Will you be mine?"
[illegible] I'll see about it.
[illegible] consider yourself [illegible] wedding list.

[illegible] ever hope to know as [illegible] as his neighbors do.

[illegible] likely to become any [illegible] than men wish them to

[illegible] repeat the words of [illegible] with a mental [illegible]

The Lake of Blood.

Every polar expedition and whaling vessel which visits the Baffin Bay region [illegible] Yaureke Bank, so as to allow [illegible] and seamen to visit the celebrated Lake of Blood. Of it the author of "My Summer in the North" says: "It is [illegible] considerable extent, lying only a few feet above the level of the sea, and [illegible] a deep dark blood red. * * * Careful examination proved, however, that the water itself was as pure and clear as possible, the red effect being due to the fact that the bottom and sides of the lake, as well as a few stones which were scattered about it, were coated most perfectly with the red snow plant. In some places where the water had evaporated, the withered red plants on the soil and rocks looked exactly like dried spots of blood."

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

"Good-by," I say, in faintest, dreadest whisper; but he does not move or answer, and noiselessly I step past him; but when I have gone a score or so of steps, I pause shuddering, for over the cold desolate fields sweeps the wild and bitter cry of a strong man in his pain: "O God! O God!"

CHAPTER V.

Spring! The dainty, lovely guest has stolen upon us early this year, sweeping away the clinging mists and frosts of the dying winter with her warm, fragrant skirts; touching the sober brown hedges with her fairy wand, until, lo! they have [illegible] forth into sweet tapestry of powdery green and downy delicatest spikes of yellow, starring the banks with faint pale primroses and purple breasted violets, carpeting the woodlands with grayish wind flowers and slender bluebells, that sway all their dainty blossoms with every soft wind that steals about them. She has set all the young leaves waving, the birds singing, and her south wind blowing, and over the pulsing, throbbing, blossoming earth her light feet have skimmed, leaving beauty, life, and gladness everywhere. The [illegible], the lonely, the rich, the happy, the sad, love her equally, and welcome her with eager, smiling faces and outstretched loving arms.

Ay! spring brings a holy, softening influence with her, and jogs the memory of men and women alike to better things and better hopes. And she brings to me no message no less than green leaves, blue skies, and gay flowers. No delight creeps [illegible] me as I see the first early blossom [illegible] the brown earth; no thrill stirs [illegible] as the trees one by one, each after other don their varied livery. I think I shall soon be like the man of whom it was written that:

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

Often I shut my eyes, that I may not see the flowers growing so bravely on the [illegible]. They were here last summer, they will be here next; they are but poor perishable little things, and yet they come back to us every year, unlike the human blossoms that we lay away from our sight with such bitter, passionate tears and cries.

What man or woman mourns his dead in the bitter, ice-bound winter as they do in the tender, warm, passionate spring, when every flower, and bud, and leaf, and bird is quick and living; rioting in life, and praising God each after his kind! All things seem to remember.

The bird's cry, "We are calling him, we are calling him!" The leaves rustle and whisper, "Where is he, where?" The flowers murmur, as they shake their bells, "He used to pass this way." Every tiny blade of grass, every trill of the blackbird brings the past, quivering before us—the days when we had our beloved, and could look in his face, and put out our hands to touch him, that we seek to bridge and cannot, with a bitter, yearning pain that is the intenser by reason of its impotence.

I wonder why I am thinking so regretfully to-day of those poor, voiceless graves. [illegible] my dead, it is true, but [illegible] are not lying under the grass, but [illegible] in my heart. God has not yet come to the names of any of my people or those strangers that I love.

There is some one of whom I always think as dead, though I know that he is moving among the living. Only by thinking of him thus can I keep the high wall standing between us from falling and crushing beneath it my hard-won, icy composure. If I ever thought of him as living, breathing, smiling, laughing, sorrowing, I could not bear my life; every common sight and sound, and act would send my thoughts leaping toward him; and, since I cannot forget, I will not think. I will not stand in a fair garden and, lifting my eyes, behold him—far away, indeed, but still like unto me; suffer as I am to God's sun, and rain, and snow and heat; rather do I set my feet on a barren shore, where no living thing can come; where I can look north, south, east, and west, and see not one speck of aught to break the dull, gray monotony. I did not come out to think dismal thoughts, though. The world looks very fair this morning, like a great, soft, splendid emerald set about with sparkling precious stones. The [illegible]

Flowers purple, blue and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery [illegible]

speckle the meadows and banks in exquisite [illegible] in their [illegible] of thousand, thousand shades of green and yellow [illegible] and fresh are the leaves yet, that they look as though a rough hand would brush the bloom from their surface. The light quivers and plays, hide and seek with them, and shadows glance on the grass as though they were tripping a measure to music from unseen fairies; the bees and wasps mingle in a low symphony, bearing up the exulting songs of birds who sing not because they are bid, or because they have anything in particular to say, but because they are happy; their little hearts are full to rapture, and it overflows in their voices. Down here in the woodland the earth is carpeted with pale azure bluebells that seem but a reflection of the sky overhead, and among them spring the [illegible] swaying their pinkish white heads in the sunlight, and the frail stitchwort [illegible] opens her snowwhite breast to the soft air; the lords and ladies [illegible] and tall, glorious all the little world of flowers, like a proud king and queen set to watch over the revels of the [illegible].

A [illegible] of bells rings out across the fields, and I hit my hands to my ears, trembling violently. Since a certain Christmas morning, three years and more ago, the sound of those bells has been to me like the touch of a coarse hand on an unhealed wound, and I have to hear them so often. All through that desperate brain-fever, I had they jangled and pealed through my head; bells, bells, that almost [illegible] me out of this world and into the next.

[illegible] my hands away from my ears; [illegible] I have to listen to the sound [illegible] years of my life, and think [illegible] wedding-bells they [illegible] exulting hurry in [illegible] they could not utter [illegible] and yet no one is like[illegible] at four of the clock in the [illegible] weird verses always [illegible] my mind when I listen to bells. [illegible] man have caught [illegible] and written it [illegible] is a great gift [illegible] beautiful idea, but to [illegible] the right words. As I listen [illegible] go back to that day, just [illegible] when I looked in my glass [illegible] beginning to grow [illegible] over my head; it has [illegible] to me now, but it is [illegible] as it used to be. When I began [illegible] up a chignon out of [illegible] and [illegible] to put it over [illegible] but I was always, [illegible] at last Pepper found it out [illegible] and there was an end of my first unlawful adornment. I wonder if I look that popular object of [illegible], a blighted being, as I sit under the oak tree in my smart print gown, with all the flowers creeping about my feet and the [illegible] sky over my head? I pull [illegible] my sleeve and look at my arm; it is [illegible] very fat, but it is not lean, and my fingers have dimples in them still—decidedly, grief has not altogether made a wreck and a ruin of me. That is the beauty of never having been particularly handsome; where there is so little to lose, the difference is not perceptible.

Dolly says that if I had more color I should be exactly as I was three years ago, and I believe that she and mother both think that I am beginning to get over it. Well, I live, it is true, and sleep, eat, drink, laugh, even, much as I used to do, but I am like a body of which one half is paralyzed, while the other retains its vigor; the inevitable, every day, common side is quick and capable; the other; God and my own heart only know about that. I never was one to keep up a running complaint about anything; when I was glad or sorry, I always made a great noise over it, and had done with it; so in the fortnight that preceded my illness I think I exhausted all power of active suffering, and that for the rest of my life I can only endure passively.

I do not believe in any healthy man or woman dying for love, unless they set themselves deliberately to do so. They must be either vicious or weak to do so, for it is a little-minded nature that, possessing many good gifts, counts life as stale and worthless because the one thing he desires is withheld from him. Shame and disgrace may well kill, and do, but mere suffering never; the human heart must have something more than simple pain before it breaks.

It is considered a poetical thing enough to die for love; surely men must know by this time how infinitely easier a thing it is than to live for love! The man who takes up his burden and bears it bravely has my honor, but he who lies down, and lets the waters of adversity swirl over his head, has my hearty contempt. I ask no pity, and, what is better still, no one ever offers me any. I make just as much hurry to be down in time for prayers, as ever I did in my life; I still love that unlawful ten minutes in bed after being called, that has cost me so dear on many a terrible occasion: still, with a dexterity acquired by long practice, work at the rusty pump of daily conversation at the family table. I feel snubbed and miserable when the governor calls me by the time-honored title of a dummy, and distinctly indignant when he apostrophizes me as a peacock, when my tail does not even touch the ground, and, though I am growing as old as the hills, I have never yet relieved my feelings by making a good face at him to his face.

I can still see the absurd side of things as quickly as those all, though for the matter of that the one frequently suggests the other. Now and then I feel a desperate distaste for my bright colored dresses and insouciant ways, and lean severely toward sackcloth and ashes, while as to lamentation I doubt not I could lift up my voice in a dolorous howl with the best. These luxuries being denied me, I am garbed like any other Christian, and my voice is seldom raised in anything more distracted than a bellow across country after one of the boys.

I wonder if I shall live to be an old woman? Perhaps, and take to flirting in my old age like Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, and the rest. Until the other day, I never knew that Anthony's goddess was thirty years old when she fell in love with him; that Helen of Troy was forty when she eloped with Paris, sixty when she returned to her long-suffering husband. Madame Recamier was reckoned the most beautiful woman in Europe from the age of thirty-eight to fifty-three; Aspasia ruled royally from the age of thirty-six to that of sixty; and over so many more of them; and to my thinking it is a miracle, with all these frisky matrons on record, that our mothers and grandmothers don't cast about their eyes among the neighboring squires for a Paris, an Anthony, or anything else with a presentable name.

What silly thoughts I have fallen upon! I look at my watch; six o'clock; more than time for me to go home! [illegible] up my hat, almost as shabby [illegible] coming as the one I [illegible] wear at the [illegible] I have never passed, never looked at since that Christmas morning [illegible] at Paul [illegible] I have stopped behind [illegible] fields for another [illegible] the house lies very [illegible] that I shall pass [illegible] but I have [illegible] should even [illegible] and swallow up the [illegible] too sweet [illegible] thinking how [illegible] and Paul [illegible] bring Dolly [illegible] along the lane that [illegible] coming to the [illegible] is visible with [illegible] tering impulse [illegible] bank and look over [illegible] and see, staring [illegible] the top of the [illegible] out at the [illegible] beauty of [illegible]

CHAPTER VI.

"You know?" [illegible] she lay [illegible] and [illegible] into my [illegible]

"Yes, I know" [illegible] twilight I go upstairs [illegible] and white chamber [illegible]

"When the bell rang [illegible," says Dolly,] with a certain anxiety [illegible] body wondered, and [illegible] church to ask the [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Vasher return this [illegible] said; and ten minutes [illegible] I looked for you every [illegible] "Nell! Nell! do you mind [illegible]

"Mind?" I say, [illegible] fresh face of my [illegible] "I don't think I mind [illegible] Dolly."

"What! And spoken to him?"

"No. He did not see me."

"How long ago?"

"Perhaps an hour."

"Don't fret, darling," [illegible] putting her arm round my [illegible] won't stay long, and you [illegible] meet him."

No, I need not; but will he not breathe the same air that I breathe, see the same people that I see? Is he not alive and quick, here, instead of a shadow moving somewhere out of my sight, sooner or later, I have always known, Paul must come to the house of his fathers [illegible] thus—not without warning! He might at least have given me time to [illegible] myself away, and now he is here. The whole world was not wide enough to lie between us; and now there is a patch of grass, a few trees and flowers, and that is all. And the woman is with him who took my life in her hand, and trampled it under her foot; and her son is here, her's and Paul's. Ay! she has triumphed over me in very truth, and she is not only Paul Vasher's wife, but the mother of his child. They must make a handsome family, the dark, strong-faced father, the exquisite mother, the pretty boy. I [illegible] say I shall see it some day. No doubt he has grown to love her. Is she not bound to him by a closer, tenderer tie than he dreamed of, when he swore not to go back to her that Christmas morning? and may not time, man's inconstancy, and her own maddening loveliness, have closed the wounds that gaped so widely three years and more ago? Three years ago! Little enough to a woman, with her empty, uniform days; an eternity to a man who has a man's busy, eventful life to lead. He must have forgotten me, or he could never have borne to come back to a place which must remind him, at every turn, of the old days. And yet the man I saw looking out, over the field of rye, two hours ago, looked like anything rather than a man with his heart at ease. If he would only go away soon, and leave me in peace—or that dull refuge [illegible] I misname peace!—Mother [illegible] sits beside me in the [illegible] light.

"You know he has [illegible] back, dear?" she says.

"I know it, mother."

"He might have stayed away," she says, with a quick anger in her voice; "he ought to have known better than to come!"

She does not love him. Poor mother! to her, he's the man through whom her daughter's life has been spoiled.

"He has been away long enough, mother. He couldn't stay forever. You forget the estate. No doubt he was forced to come."

"Well," says mother, sighing, "the misery of it all we know, the unpleasantnesses of it have now to be faced."

"Yes, they have, surely enough. What mortal can reach to the mountain tops of misery always, and is not obliged to descend to the valleys of commonplace consideration now and then?"

"I don't know what to do," says mother. "As to calling on, and receiving that woman, I will not." (It must be a very bad female indeed that goads mother into calling her "that woman.")

"And if I refuse to do so, your father will insist on knowing the reason, and you made me promise you that I would not tell him about you and Mr. Vasher."

"And you must not," I say, starting up, and sitting down again. "Tell the whole world, but never tell him!"

"Very well," says mother, sighing; "then you must put up with the chance of meeting her; and remember, Nell, that you lay a heavy burden upon me, not only of deceit toward your father, but great unpleasantness as regards myself. It is something, indeed, that I should have to take the hand of a woman who has done you such horrible injury!"

"She won't come here, mother, dear," I say, kneeling down by her side; "and you need only leave cards."

"It is such a pity," goes on mother, "that your father liked the Vashers always; if he were quarrelling with them, as he does with everybody else, there would be no trouble. I am afraid you will have to meet him," she says, stroking my hair gently; then she adds, wistfully: "Is it so very hard to you, dear? It should not be by now."

Mother does not understand quite. My story seems a very long while ago to her.

"Don't be afraid, mother; if we do meet face to face, I dare say I shall know how to behave."

"Supper is waiting," says Dolly, entering hurriedly; and we go down-stairs with much haste and more fear.

The governor's visit to New Zealand has not altered him in any way, neither have the added years made any perceptible change in his appearance. To-night he is in an amiable mood, and there are no desperate pauses and pregnant hiatuses in the conversation. How easy it is to amuse a man when he pulls with you, not against you!

"So Vasher has come back?" he says to mother, when he has got his pipe, and is blowing out long, comfortable clouds that make us all cough and wink again.

"Yes."

"High time he did, too; the estate's going to wrack and ruin. And he has brought his wife and son. There are queer stories abroad, I am told, about his relations with his wife."

Here the governor pauses, and gives an uneasy glance at Dolly and me, as fathers and mothers have a knack of doing when they find the conversation turning more to meat than to milk.

"What are they?" asks mother, with a certain curiosity in her voice, gentle as she is, I am sure it would grieve her to hear evil spoken of Silvia Vasher.

"A pack of lies, no doubt; they always are where a handsome woman's concerned. I am told she is [illegible]. They say he left her two days after he married her, and never returned to her for a year. I don't believe a word of it myself, for the Vashers were never a fickle lot, they always looked before they leaped, and I never heard of one of them marrying beneath them—which is more than one can say of most good families [illegible] where at least one [illegible] moves in the [illegible] Vasher is one of the [illegible]

Never before [illegible] and agreeable [illegible] Plainly the subject [illegible] upon his mind.

"If these [illegible]," says mother, "will you [illegible] call soon here? [illegible] know."

But [illegible] she [illegible] ay, [illegible] her nothing [illegible]

[illegible]

There are certain well-known landmarks in sin that they steer clear of, for the rest it is out of all conscience to suppose that honest, industrious bodies, who say their responses and amens every Sunday of their lives, can be anything but safe for a comfortable place in the next world. Among those simple folk are some wolves in sheep's clothing; men who beat their wives, neglect their children and spend their earnings in an ale-house, who are, in fact, veritable mauvais sujets. But mark the difference! These men come up to time every Sunday morning; in their places they sit with their pomaded wives and hungry children, with a decent coat and a clean face, and steady legs—respectable. Let them commit one tittle of these misdemeanors and stop away from worship, and they are outcasts.

[illegible] the pulpit, in the square [illegible] pew of the Vashers, sits Silvia [illegible] Paul's wife. I knew she is there, but I [illegible] not glanced once in her direction, [illegible] now, as Mr. Shipworth closes his [illegible] and we all rise, I look across the [illegible] and we meet each other's eyes fully [illegible] fairly, face to face at last. The dawn [illegible] look of triumph waves and dies [illegible] cold, steady scorn of mine. Ay, [illegible] alive! though you stand there [illegible] and I am lonely, forsaken—[illegible] your words have come true, and [illegible] your heart's desire—you are [illegible] who are [illegible] Your wife Paul [illegible] meet his [illegible] his [illegible] mine. And you know it. [illegible] by your [illegible] on [illegible] his [illegible] to her [illegible] and then we [illegible] Vasher's carriage [illegible] as are [illegible] and I think [illegible] feel [illegible] away [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] over that [illegible] a person than [illegible] who sought [illegible] a reputation of being [illegible] in the business. He [illegible] the race and was [illegible] his defeat. [illegible] been making a [illegible] in professional [illegible] New York [illegible] his adopted pro[illegible] in the ring [illegible] with young [illegible] himself in good shape [illegible] these any [illegible] Dinny Lacker, [illegible] who has been [illegible] has informed him [illegible] not for any [illegible] to fight the [illegible] the battle. He [illegible] to clinch a meeting.

Unobtrusive.

Knox—How do you [illegible] your money George [illegible]

[illegible]—He told me [illegible] he was willing to live [illegible]

[illegible]

There are [illegible] will not follow [illegible] wagons. They [illegible] are.

Don't Ask Pointed Questions.

There is a plane of [illegible] which is wonderfully and [illegible] That is the asking of pointed questions. No one has any right to demand information of another whose interests are not very closely intertwined with the inquisitor and connected with the inquisition. But it is a thing that many good and kindly people are most careless about, simply from want of thought, far more than the apparent curiosity. A proper interest is one thing; leading questions are quite another thing.—New York World.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

INDUCEMENTS OFFERED BY FRENCH EXPOSITION AUTHORITIES.

The Transmission of Energy the Great Problem to be Solved—A New and Wonderful Scheme Proposed for Consideration—The Alternative.

A general programme is already being outlined for the French Exposition of 1900, in which particular attention will, of course, be given to electrical development.

M. Armengood, jr., asks that prizes of value be offered for three things, viz.: (1) Seeing at a distance; (2) Photography in colors on paper; (3) Electric light without heat. It will be admitted that all these three things, accomplished practically, would add greatly to the eclat of the Exposition; and the actual success already attained along each line affords encouragement. M. Trouve, ever active and ready, has also suggested an electric light cascade falling from the third platform of the Eiffel Tower. It would certainly be a brilliant night spectacle.

We venture, however, to propose a scheme of which we have seen no note thus far, but which would certainly interest not only all classes of engineers, but all [illegible] interested in railways, and the public at large. It is a familiar fact that among the most pressing problems of the day are those that relate to the electrical transmission of energy, and that at this hour some most important work is being done. [illegible] to this time, however, the energy transmitted has been that of water-[illegible] plants and [illegible] such as that for Niagara, [illegible] water power. Now, a great deal [illegible] about burning the [illegible] and transmitting [illegible] instead of [illegible] two well [illegible]

[illegible]

There are eighteen Spanish generals in Cuba at present. Perhaps this is the reason Spain cannot put down the rebellion. Napoleon once said that one poor general was better than two good ones.

GOWNS FOR SERVICE.

Costumes in Gray and Black for the Busy Bees.

The business woman has a weakness for pretty dress and no galaxy of jeweller gowns is to be found than those worn by the independent little ladies who rule the business world with their smiles and blushes.

[illegible] time they cannot storm the stronghold of man's toil with gowns that are [illegible] and [illegible], as a woman is consistent [illegible] in dress. These little ladies wear plain waists, of some bright [illegible] silk and crepon or cheviot skirts. The all-pervading sailor collar adds a [illegible]

GRAY AND BLACK.

[illegible] an ekband [illegible] the [illegible] and face [illegible] for who [illegible] year anything [illegible] of a gray [illegible] A gray [illegible] sleeves, [illegible] but [illegible] in [illegible] to the [illegible]

[illegible] Lettuce.

[illegible] before grown the [illegible] lettuce in your [illegible] this season. Transplant [illegible] rows [illegible] in the greatest [illegible] when fairly [illegible] the heads and blanch them until they are crisp, white, tender and delicious.

Prepare for Spraying.

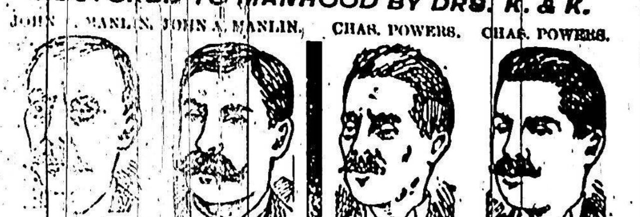
Any farmer who has a dozen or more apple or pear trees should have a spraying apparatus and familiarize himself with the use of fungicides and insecticides. The difference in value between a good and a poor crop will more than pay for the outfit, and it often comes handy for spraying other crops, such as potatoes, [illegible]

[illegible] oil is produced as described. The extraction of the oil is carried on very largely by the peasants throughout Sicily. Every [illegible] of a lemon grove [illegible] makes oil from the small and [illegible] shaped fruit, and [illegible] to market to be [illegible] various parts of the world.

Look Out for Black Knot.

This is a good time of the year to visit with [illegible] and saw and carefully inspect your plum and Morello cherry trees, to see if any black knot is to be found. If found, excise every limb below the knot growth and be sure to burn it. The spores will spread from the dead limb on the ground as well as from the ones on the tree.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!
STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.
CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!
ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength.—WE CAN CURE YOU!
RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.
JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.



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John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable [illegible] to all my afflicted fellowmen."
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Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.
[illegible] laid the foundation of my [illegible] exposure to blood di[illegible] I had all the symptoms of [illegible] emissions, drain in urine, [illegible] Syphilis caused my hair to [illegible] in mouth and on tongue, [illegible] I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy [illegible] They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.
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Science has fully established the fact that all the nervous energy of our bodies is generated by nerve centres located near the base of the brain. When the supply of nerve force has been diminished either by excessive physical or mental labors, or owing to a derangement of the nerve centres, we are first conscious of a languor or tired and worn-out feeling, then of a mild form of nervousness, headache, or stomach trouble, which is perhaps succeeded by nervous prostration, chronic indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a general sinking of the whole system. In this day of hurry, fret and worry, there are very few who enjoy perfect health; nearly everyone has some trouble, an ache, or pain, a weakness, a nerve trouble, something wrong with the stomach and bowels, poor blood, heart disease, or sick headache; all of which are brought on by a lack of nervous energy to enable the different organs of the body to perform their respective work.

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"I owe my life to the great South American Nervine Tonic. I have been in bed for five months with a scrofulous tumour in my right side, and suffered with indigestion and nervous prostration. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I cannot recommend it too highly."

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