[THE] BEST OF RESULTS

[ALW]AYS FOLLOW THE USE OF DR. WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS.

[A] Cases in Which They Restored [He]alth and Strength After All Other [Me]ans Had Failed—What They Have [Do]ne for Others They Will Do for You.

[Fro]m the Colborne Express.

[Th]ere are few if any people in Murray township, Northumberland county, [w]hom the name of Chase is not [famil]iar. Mr. Jacob Chase, who has [follo]wed the occupation of farmer and [fish]erman and fishdealer is especially [well] known. He has been a great suf[ferer] from rheumatism, as all his [neigh]bors know, but has fortunately [succ]eeded in getting rid of the disease. [A] reporter he gave the following [partic]ulars: I had been a sufferer from [rheum]atism for upwards of twenty [years], at times being confined to the [house]. At one time I was laid up for [sev]en weeks, and during a portion of [that t]ime was confined to my bed and [perfe]ctly helpless. I had the benefit [of ex]cellent medical treatment, but it [was] of no avail. I believe, too, that I [have] tried every medicine advertised [for th]e cure of rheumatism, and I am [sure I] expended at least $200.00 and [got n]othing more at any time than the [mos]t temporary relief. At last I [was i]nduced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and from that time [it was] my good fortune in getting rid [of the d]isease. I continued using them [for s]everal months and daily found [that] the trouble that had made my [life m]iserable for so many years was [disap]pearing, and at last all traces [of it] had left me and I was cured. I [believe], for I have not since had a [sympt]om of the trouble."

[In] proving the diversity of troubles [whi]ch Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are [able to cure], it may also be mentioned that [they] restored Mrs. Frank Chase, a [daughter]-in-law of the gentleman [above] referred to, to health and [strength] after other means had ap[parentl]y failed. Mrs. Chase says:— "[I] scarcely tell what my trouble [was], even doctors could not agree [as to th]e nature of it. One said it was [a disorder] of the stomach, while an[other] was equally emphatic in declar[ing th]at it was liver trouble. One [thing I] do know, and that is for years [I was a] sick woman. I know that I [was troubled] with neuralgia, my blood [was poor], and I was subject to depress[ing spells]. My appetite was not [good] and the least exer[tion left] me weak and despondent. A [friend who] had been benefitted by [the use] of Dr. William's Pink Pills ad[vised me] to try them, and as they had [helped] my father-in-law, I deter[mined] to do so, and I have much cause [for rejo]icing that I did, for you can [see that] they have made a well [woman] of me. I took the pills steadily [for a cou]ple of months, and at the end [of that t]ime was enjoying the blessing [of good] health. It gives me much [pleasure] to be able to bear public tes[timony] to the value of this wonderful [medicine]."

[Dr.] William's Pink Pills cure by go[ing to th]e root of the disease. They [renew a]nd build up the blood, and [streng]then the nerves, thus driving [disease] from the system. Avoid imi[tations b]y insisting that every box you [buy] is enclosed in a wrapping [bearing the] full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

[KAISER WILHELM AND] THE GERMAN POLICE.

[Dr.] Mullo Tells a Story of His Ex[periences] With Them.

[illegible]

[K]NOWING OF A GUEST.

[Why the] Sleeper Was Determined Ex-Sen[ator] Fessenden Should Appear.

[illegible]

["Mr.] Wiggins I'll be in a little lat[er," said] Judge Fessenden, turning at[tention] to his book.

[illegible]

[W]aggone say she wan' see Mr. [Fessenden] quick, an' she gues' o' do [it. I] say she gon' to see him!"

[W]ith the big landlord swooped [on th]e astonished gentleman, seized [and] led him under his arm and strode [off to] the room of the peremptory [lady] from Maysville.

["Mrs. W]aggones," calmly said the [Judge] as matter of fact as though he [had] delivered a pitcher of ice water, ["this is] Mr. Fessenden." He set the ["caller"] down on a chair and [retired sm]ilingly.—Bangor Commercial.

[W]ebster, lived from 1758 to 1843. [His labor]s on his dictionary covered a [period of] nearly 30 years.

The hair

is like a plant. What makes the plant fade and wither? Usually lack of necessary nourishment. The reason why Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its normal color, stops hair from falling, and makes it grow, is because it supplies the nourishment the hair needs.

[illegible] Ohio, I had a severe [illegible] I found myself [illegible] feared I should be [illegible] Dr. Ayer's Hair [illegible] began to grow, [illegible] hair as one could [illegible] blonde to dark [illegible] Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

WORDS OF CHEER FOR WOMEN WHO WORK.

Dr. Talmage Preaches From the Text, "Every Wise Woman Buildeth Her House"—Honest Independence Better Than Uncongenial Matrimonial Bonds.

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Washington, Jan. 16.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage is a great encouragement to women who have to earn their own living, as well as to all toilers with hand or brain; text, Proverbs xiv, 1, "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

Woman a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the idea entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them because Adam was first created and then Eve. They don't read the whole story, or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument, drawn from priority of creation, might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No. Woman was an independent creation and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to work alone, act alone, think alone and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone, and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage relation would be a thousandfold better off if they were alone.

Unfortunate Wives.

Who are these men who year after year hang around hotels and engine houses and theater doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing, when there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any one city could be taken on this subject, you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage manacled to one of these nonentities needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride instead of a wreath of orange blossoms might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and instead of the wedding march a more appropriate tune would be the dead march in "Saul," and instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom.

Many an attractive woman of good sound sense in other things has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove, noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel, set about to reform it and said, "I have a mission. I will reform that vulture by marrying him." So one day, after the vulture declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen, the twain were married, a bald headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying, "With all my dominion of earth and sky I thee endow and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove in her fright saw the vulture busy at a carcass and cried, "Stop that! Did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, "but you can't like my way you can leave," and with one angry stroke of the beak and another fierce clutch of the claw, the vulture left the dove eyeless and wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past cried to each other and said: "See there! That comes from a dove marrying a vulture to reform him!"

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish or of bad temper and refused the shackles, will bless God through out all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Decreed to Celibacy.

Besides all this, in our country about 1,000,000 men were sacrificed in our civil war, and that decreed 1,000,000 women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if 50,000 men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage that makes in the 33 years since the war 1,650,000 men slain and decrees 1,650,000 women to celibacy. Take, then, the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage and the fact that the slaughter of 2,550,000 men by war and rum combined decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffianced for life, my text comes in with a cheer and a potency and appropriateness that you may never have seen in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house"—that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing those women who have to fight the battle alone, I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risks of unassimilated temper which you will not have to run, of the cares you will never have to carry and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a hard lot as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune and their saw and ax and plane sharpened for its construction, since "every wise woman buildeth her house."

Should Learn Self Support.

As nobody ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household. But one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends come in and hold consultation. "Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes; that is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front door steps of the city. Besides that, the daughters have been playing only for amusement and only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in the stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce and who began as shopboys at 10 years of age. Some kind hearted dry goods man, having known the father, now says, "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, Why do not the female employees of that establishment get as large wages as the male employees? For the simple reason in many cases the women were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males from the day they left the public school have been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters, "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by commercial disaster or old age or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hard-working women as long as yon Pennsylvania avenue.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist; I could render 'King Lear' or 'Macbeth' till your hair would rise on end, or give you Sheridan's Ride or Dickens' 'Pickwick.'" Yes, that is a beautiful art, but overdone. Just now, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragedians dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn 10 cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begins soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women, but our civil war came, and the hosts of men went forth from north and south to settle the business of our cities during the patriotic absence women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places, and multitudes of women who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place favorable to female employment.

Appropriate Occupations.

Among the occupations appropriate for women I place the following, into many of which she has already entered and all the others she will enter: Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings. Savings banks—the work clean and honorable, and who has a greater right to toil there, for a woman founded the first savings bank—Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield? Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship and as amanuensis many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated to her writing. There they are as florists and confectioners and music teachers and bookkeepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy, and wood engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified, and telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices will testify. Photography and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at cheerful work. As workers in ivory and gutta percha and gum elastic and tortoise shell and gilding and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta. As postmistresses, and presidents have given them appointments all over the land.

As proofreaders, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draftswomen, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed, the first teacher of every child by divine arrangement being a woman. As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately and delicately do. On the lecturing platform, for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hallowell and Miss Willard and Mrs. Lathrop. As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrific. As preachers of the gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and a power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all those who have heard their mother pray.

Oh, young women of America, as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung of disaster and your father is dead and all the resources of your family have been scattered, but now, while in a good house and environed by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expend the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacturing of important somethings.

Practical Education.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches" might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry of course, metaphysics of course, Latin and Greek and German and French and Italian of course, and a hundred other things of course, but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else.

"No, no!" says some young woman. "I will not undertake anything so unromantic and commonplace as that." An excellent author writes that after he had, in a book, argued for efficiency in womanly work in order to success, and positive apprenticeship by way of preparation, a prominent chemist advertised that he would teach a class of women to become druggists and apothecaries if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and a printer advertised that he would take a class of women to learn the printer's trade if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and how many, according to the account of the author, do you suppose applied to become skilled in the druggist and printing business? Not one!

"But," you ask, "what would my father and mother say if they saw I was doing such unfashionable work?" Throw the whole responsibility upon us, the pastors, who are constantly hearing of young women in all these cities who, unqualified by their previous luxurious surroundings for the awful struggle of life into which they have been suddenly hurled, seemed to have nothing left them but a choice between starvation and damnation. There they go along the street 7 o'clock in the wintry mornings through the slush and storm to the place where they shall earn only half enough for subsistence, the daughters of once prosperous merchants, lawyers, clergymen, artists, bankers and capitalists, who brought up their children under the infernal delusion that it was not high tone for women to learn a profitable calling. Young women, take this affair in your own hand and let there be an insurrection in all prosperous families on the part of the daughters of this day, demanding knowledge in occupations and styles of business by which they may be their own defense and their own support if all fatherly and husbandly and brotherly hands forever fail them. I have seen two sad sights, the one a woman in all the glory of her young life, stricken by disease and in a week lifeless in a home of which she had been the pride. As her hands were folded over the still heart and her eyes closed for the last slumber and she was taken out amid the lamentations of kindred and friends I thought that was a sadness immeasurable. But I have seen something compared with which that scene was bright and songful. It was a young woman who had been all her days amid wealthy surroundings by the visit of death and bankruptcy to the household turned out on a cold world without one lesson about how to get food or shelter and into the awful whirlpool of city life, where strong ships have gone down, and for 20 years not one word has been heard from her. Vessels went out on the Atlantic ocean looking for a shipwrecked craft that was left alone and forsaken on the sea a few weeks before with the idea of bringing it into port. But who shall ever bring again into the harbor of peace and hope and heaven that lost womanly immortal, driven in what tempest, aflame in what conflagration, sinking into what abyss? O God, help! O Christ, rescue! My sisters, give not your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with in hard times, but connect your skill with the indispensables of life.

Bodily Necessities.

The world will always want something to wear and something to eat, and shelter and fuel for the body, and knowledge for the mind and religion for the soul. And all these things will continue to be the necessaries, and if you fasten your energies upon occupations and professions thus related, the world will be unable to do without you. Remember, that in proportion as you are skillful in anything your rivalries become less. For unskilled toil there are women by the millions. But you may rise to where there are only thousands, and still higher till there are only 100, and still higher till there are only 10, and still higher, in some particular department till there is only a unit, and that yourself. For awhile you may keep wages and a place through the kindly sympathy of an employer, but you will even then get no more compensation than you can make yourself worth.

Let me say to all women who have already entered upon the battle of life that the time is coming when women shall not only get as much salary and wages as men get, but for certain styles of employment women will have higher salary and more wages, for the reason that for some styles of work they have more adaptation. But this justice will come to woman not through any sentiment of gallantry, not because woman is physically weaker than man, and therefore ought to have more consideration shown her, but because through her finer natural taste and more grace of manner and quicker perception and more delicate touch and more educated adroitness she will, in certain callings, be to her employer worth 10 per cent. more or 20 per cent. more than the other sex. She will not get it by asking for it, but by earning it, and it shall be hers by lawful conquest.

Now, men of America, be fair and give the women a chance. Are you afraid that they will do some of your work and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid. God knows the end from the beginning, and he knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full he will end the world, and if need be start another. God will halt the inventive faculty, which, by producing a machine that will do the work of 10 or 20 or 100 men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine, or reaper, ing machine, or corn thrasher, or any other new machine for the next 500 years. We want no more wooden hands and iron hands and steel hands and electric hands substituted for men and women who would otherwise do the work and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

Successful Women.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone with the fact of thousands of women who have won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelia Fisk, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable re-enforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzewska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of the sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but, whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and though unrecognized for the short 30 or 50 or 80 years of their earthly existence shall through the quintillion ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say, for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is despair. My sister, you need appeal to Christ, who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart as he looked into the face of maternal anguish and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying: "John, I cannot take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If, under the pressure of unrewarded and unappreciated work, your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue.

The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all, you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board.
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me. When the billows smite,
I shall not fall.
If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light.
He tempers all.

A Remarkable Physician.

Last spring, in the city of New York, occurred one of the most remarkable funerals over witnessed. The hearse was attended by sixty pall-bearers, and each man of the sixty owed his life, under God, to the ministration of him they bore. Behind the hearse walked eight hundred men in line, hardly one of whom but was indebted to the dead man for his ability to be there.

Two hundred and ninety-three carriages followed, and these in turn were attended by a large number of people on foot.

This man was a simple east side physician, whose patients were dwellers in the tenement districts, and whose mourners were the poor to whom he had ministered.

Doctor Aronson opened, at his own expense, a hospital for consumptives in the poorest part of the city, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of alleviating the distresses of friendless patients. Once he was taken down with blood-poisoning, contracted from a patient, and for weeks lingered between life and death. Then a wonderful and beautiful sight was seen. Hundreds came daily to inquire for the good physician. Scores of people knelt together in the open air around his doorstep, and prayed aloud for his recovery. When he recovered, he said he would gladly undergo the same again to again save life.

At last came a day when, upon his return from a call on a poor patient, this good man dropped dead upon the sidewalk near his own doorstep, his end thus coming, just as he had long hoped and prayed that it might come.

The end came, we have said. But who can predicate an end to a life so filled with the spirit of Him who was pre-eminently the Helper and Healer of men?

Not to Be Trusted at All.

Of special significance as to the character of the liquor and saloon business in general, is the fact that in times of public disorder it is almost the invariable practice of the authorities to close up the drink shops as soon as possible. Such action has been taken in Chicago, Pittsburg, and other cities in recent years in times of mob violence. So in the recent troubles in Johannesburg, South Africa, one of the first movements of the officials was to close every saloon, compensate the owners for their stock, and then destroy the liquor by pouring it on the ground. All such action as this forces the thought upon the mind as to the wisdom and rightfulness of giving public sanction at any time through license laws to a business which is admittedly of such a dangerous character that it cannot be permitted to exist in times of public excitement. It would appear obvious that a traffic which cannot be trusted at such times ought not be trusted at all. The grog shops are the chief fuel makers for mobs and riotous outrages always and everywhere. They are just as bad in times of peace as they are in times of war. There would be few occasions for public disorder if they were closed and kept closed all the time.—Christian Work.

Violet Perfume Tip.

"My!" what a flowery whiff. That handkerchief must have been literally steeped in violets," exclaimed one girl to another who had just shaken out from its folds a fragrant square of linen.

"Not steeped in violets, my dear, but boiled in orris water. The effect is the same, so where's the odds? On washdays I supply the laundress with a good-sized piece of orris root, and she throws it into the water where my handkerchiefs are boiling. When they come up off the ironing board they are as redolent of orris as can be. Then I slip them between the folds of a sachet filled with violet powder, and they never lose their fragrance. Violet and orris scent together, I've discovered, can make a real violet's odor faint with envy."—Philadelphia Record.

Wanted Something Exciting.

Farmer—Come down with me, Jack, and I'll show you the cows.

Jack—Ho! Cows ain't exciting to anything but girls. If mamma'll put my red suit on me I'll go look at the bull.

A Very Slow Train.

"Dear, dear! I suppose, conductor, this slow train has struck another herd of cattle," said a traveller on the old T. G. & B. Railroad.

"Struck another one?—not much," replied the conductor; "we've simply caught up again with the first herd we ran into, that's all."

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Where They Differed.

Miss Kate—I like a man with a past. He is always interesting.

Miss Duplicate—I like a man with a present, and the more expensive the present, the more interest I take in it.

How He Did It.

"How do you manage, doctor, to make yourself so popular with all your patients?"

"That's very simple. I assure those who only imagine they are ill, that they really are ill, while those who are really ill I assure they are quite well."

DEAR SIRS,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds, and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

It Must Fail.

"This here commission," said the bartender, "that is tryin' to figure out a new money system—"

"They are sure on a dead one," interrupted Sporting William. "I've played every system ever got up by mortal man and there isn't one of them that there is any money in."

A BARBAROUS SURGICAL OPERATION

For the Cure of Piles.

It is not only intensely painful, dangerous to life and very expensive, but in the light of modern medical research and since the discovery of Trask's Magnetic Ointment a surgical operation is wholly unnecessary. If you have any doubt on this point kindly read the following letters from people who know that our claims regarding the merits of the Trask's Magnetic Ointment are borne out by the facts.

Dr. Burton Hubbell, Amelia, O., in a long letter, says, among many other things: "I have used the 'Magnetic Ointment' in a number of cases of Piles and in no case has it failed to give immediate relief, and generally a permanent cure."

Wm. M. Watson, La Clede, Mo., says: "My wife was afflicted with Piles for about three years. We tried various remedies, yet no relief was afforded until I bought one bottle of your 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment,' which entirely cured her."

C. L. Root, Mouroeville, O., says: "I have been using your 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment' for Bleeding Piles and find it helps me more than anything else I have tried."

The Trask's Magnetic Ointment is prepared by Francis U. Kahle, Toronto, and it is truly a wonderful remedy for all forms of piles. So great has been the number of testimonial letters received by me from all parts of the country that I have decided to publish each week a number of such letters and never use the same letter twice, but only fresh letters will be published.

All druggists recommend the Trask's Magnetic Ointment, as they know from what their customers say that no remedy gives such general satisfaction. Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay St., Toronto.

Five Arab Maxims.

Never tell all you know; for he who tells all he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Service.

Service is one of the conditions of society. It is due from all to all in different ways, and the more fully and heartily it is given, the more happily and permanently will social life progress. So far from service ever being a mark of degradation, it is the very mark of nobility and he who refuses to render it, whatever be his talents, or power of wealth, or education, is the true object of contempt. It is very often the case that this service is bought and sold, and where the terms of the contract are fair on both sides and honored by both, it is as purely a business matter as the purchase of goods, their delivery and their payment. There is no question of superiority or inferiority, no mark of authority or subjection in the one case any more than in the other.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The city of Toronto is calling for tenders for 3½ per cent. debentures amounting to $1,036,601.

Petitions have been sent to the Ontario Government in favor of legislation for the inspection of private banks.

There is a demand from Manitoba for Ontario oats, owing to the scarcity of that cereal in the prairie province.

Wholesale people report periodical payments on paper matured this week very well met. The percentage of renewals was smaller than a year ago.

The volume of business on the Toronto Stock Exchange in 1897 was the largest in its history—246,000 shares not including $400,000 bonds and a considerable number of mining shares.

Owing to improved country roads in Ontario the farmers' deliveries of grain are increasing. There appears to be less disposition than there was a year ago among the farmers of this province to hold their wheat although prices are now 2c. to 3c. below the price of a year ago.

The Provincial Government has been asked to prevent the export of nickel ore from Ontario by placing an export duty on it, so as to compel the smelting of the ore at the mines or some place in the province. The government has pointed out that it is not within its power to place an export duty on the ore.

The New Year opened with an active demand for staple goods. Dry goods travelers who returned on their routes this week have been taking liberal placing orders for spring goods and report the prospects for the balance of the season very bright. Stocks left in the hands of retailers from last year are small and large purchases will have to be made. Values are generally firm for both domestic and imported goods. More American cotton goods than formerly are offering here. Some houses are bringing in large quantities of American Indigoes, wrapperettes, etc., and as the American mills have changed their prices slightly to catch the Canadian trade these imports will likely expand. Payments are generally good. The payments on paper maturing on the fourth were better than last year.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Definitions of God.

God is truth without a beginning, and love without an ending.

God is "Power guided by wisdom, Wisdom controlled by love."

God is the incarnation of all that is good, pure and holy; the Master of All, the Guide and Father of each. God is love.

God is the one, the necessary being, the Son of Eternity; the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe and the soul of the world.

God: The only being whose atmosphere is love—whose throne is justice. To whom all space is here, all time and eternity is now. All things are mine—mystery is unknown and whose only inability is to sin.

God is spirit, not limited by human attributes; Love, not creating nor suspecting evil; Creator, maker of life, mind and matter; Providence, administering his creation; Father, affectionate to his children; Redeemer, saving men from their sins.

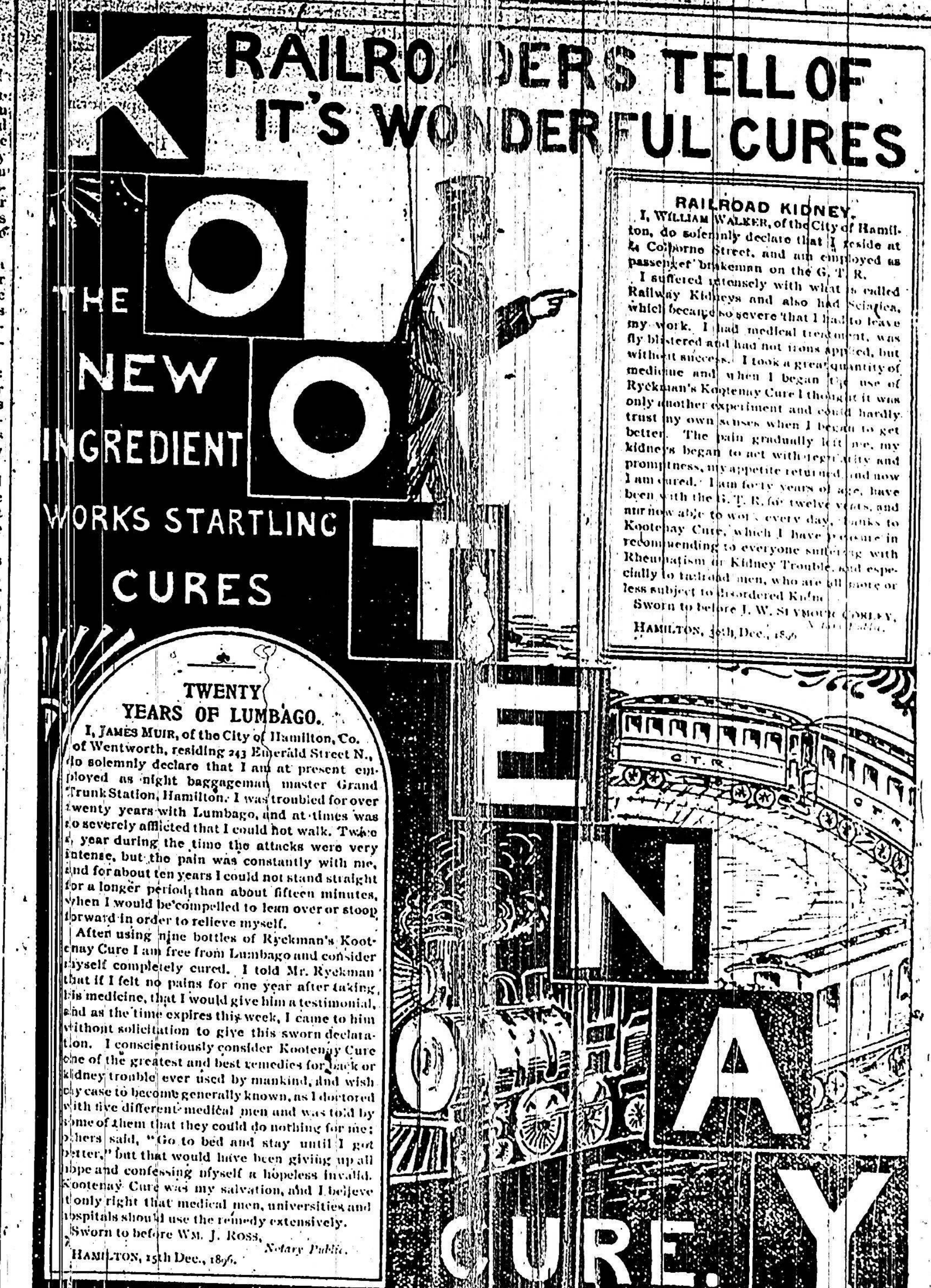
God is the one great eternal and spiritual person who originated all forces, by whose omnipresence, omnipotence, immortality, and presiding intelligence all things are preserved and directed toward their final consummation, and in whom only we find perfect holiness which is displayed by His benevolence, justice, mercy, truth and grace.—Submitted in a contest in the Ram's Horn.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

Required the Dimensions.

Customer—I would like to have a nice gown to wear around the house.

Salesman—Size of the house, please?



RAILROADERS TELL OF IT'S WONDERFUL CURES

RAILROAD KIDNEY.

I, WILLIAM WALKER, of the City of Hamilton, do solemnly declare that I reside at 24 Colborne Street, and am employed as passenger brakeman on the G. T. R.

I suffered intensely with what is called Railway Kidneys and also had Sciatica, which became so severe that I had to leave my work. I had medical treatment, was fly blistered and had hot irons applied, but without success. I took a great quantity of medicine and when I began the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I thought it was only another experiment and could hardly trust my own senses when I began to get better. The pain gradually left me, my kidneys began to act with regularity and promptness, my appetite returned, and now I am cured. I am forty years of age, have been with the G. T. R. for twelve years, and am now able to work every day, thanks to Kootenay Cure, which I have pleasure in recommending to everyone suffering with Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble, and especially to railroad men, who are all more or less subject to disordered Kidneys.

Sworn to before J. W. SEYMOUR CORLEY, Notary Public.

HAMILTON, 5th Dec., 1896.

TWENTY YEARS OF LUMBAGO.

I, JAMES MUIR, of the City of Hamilton, Co. of Wentworth, residing 243 Emerald Street N., do solemnly declare that I am at present employed as night baggageman master Grand Trunk Station, Hamilton. I was troubled for over twenty years with Lumbago, and at times was so severely afflicted that I could not walk. Twice a year during the time the attacks were very intense, but the pain was constantly with me, and for about ten years I could not stand straight for a longer period than about fifteen minutes, when I would be compelled to lean over or stoop forward in order to relieve myself.

After using nine bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I am free from Lumbago and consider myself completely cured. I told Mr. Ryckman that if I felt no pains for one year after taking his medicine, that I would give him a testimonial, and as the time expires this week, I came to him without solicitation to give this sworn declaration. I conscientiously consider Kootenay Cure one of the greatest and best remedies for back or kidney trouble ever used by mankind, and wish my case to become generally known, as I doctored with five different medical men and was told by some of them that they could do nothing for me; others said, "Go to bed and stay until I get better," but that would have been giving up all hope and confessing myself a hopeless invalid. Kootenay Cure was my salvation, and I believe it only right that medical men, universities and hospitals should use the remedy extensively.

Sworn to before WM. J. ROSS, Notary Public.

HAMILTON, 15th Dec., 1896.

How to Hide Blemishes.

Collar bones and a "washboard" chest need not discourage a woman from wearing a low-necked dress if she wants to. Many a neck as yet undeveloped about the chest and collar bones is round and pretty at the back, at the nape of the neck and along the back slope of the neck into the shoulder. Plan the low neck of your gown so that it will mask what is not pretty. You can plan a cut of gown that will entirely obviate the ugly collar bones and ridges of the chest. Let the gown be squared front and back, and it may be a little lower in back than in front. In front it must be only a bit lower than where ugliness begins. In front, too, the cut will narrow a little more sharply to pass over the shoulders than it does at the back.

Into the edge of the gown set a band of insertion as wide as seems needed and finish the insertion by a frill of very narrow lace, tiny ribbon, in beading, being between it and the face. This ribbon will draw the insertion close to the neck and it is a wonder how delicate insertion will not seem to make the neck higher, and yet will mask the scrawnyness and not hide sweetness. [illegible] too young to be [illegible] building along good lines, is not to be deplored. Sometimes the cutting out of a point of material at the shoulder can be managed without seeming to be too much of a calculation, and nothing is prettier than the slender curve of a young throat into a slender but well round shoulder. Take stock of more than collar bones and chest before you decide that you are unfitted for low neck dresses.

The trial is greater with V-shaped cutouts, which the revived favor for surplice bodices will make plentiful, but even they are possible when made with the foregoing hints in mind. This pictured dress was a youthful one, drawn in pale blue surah, lined with rose pink taffeta, its skirt banded with rows of black lace, lily insertion through which the pink lining showed. The bodice had a plain back trimmed with lengthwise folds of lace over pink, and the front were decorated to match. Long ruffles and big bows of pink satin ribbon ornamented the sleeves.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grevious ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Cure for Drunkenness.

It is an [illegible] Dyke Cure [illegible] holic stimulants [illegible] four weeks [illegible] normal con[dition] [illegible] table tonic. [illegible] Can be taken [illegible] treatment, [illegible] no loss of [illegible] further particulars [illegible] TAGGART [illegible]

The following [illegible] Surgeon of the [illegible] way:

"St. Thomas [illegible] My Dear Doctor [illegible] enquiry as to [illegible] cure in the [illegible] most happy to [illegible] sult is most [illegible] over six months [illegible] treatment, and [illegible] has not [illegible] about her [illegible] would indicate [illegible] fresh and [illegible] knew her [illegible] naturally [illegible] through dissipation [illegible] haggard and [illegible] and talk to her [illegible] really pitiable [illegible] she took the treatment [illegible] ful—she is [illegible] regained her [illegible] ake appearance [illegible] home is just [illegible] One can [illegible] seeing it [illegible] every reason to [illegible] cure is permanent. [illegible]

Yours [illegible]

W. E. S[illegible] M.D."

[illegible]

Tourist—[illegible] One hundred [illegible] whonder you are [illegible]

Native—[illegible] in this here place [illegible] took him a sight of [illegible]

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

[illegible]

Bobby was very [illegible] remark of the [illegible] man was made of [illegible]

"Ma," he said [illegible] silence, "was I made [illegible]

"Yes," she replied [illegible]

"Well, how is [illegible] it January?" [illegible]

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

In Perfect [illegible]

Second—You will [illegible] swords. You would have [illegible] everybody. You will have pistols [illegible] chamber loaded.

Principal—[illegible]

Saving Him the Trouble.

Buried in a fur [illegible] with his hands deep in his pockets [illegible] on the boulevard a man [illegible] handbills. Very politely [illegible] taking his hands out, he says [illegible]

"Thank you [illegible]. But will you have the goodness to throw it on the sidewalk yourself [illegible]."

CRAFTED.

[illegible]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

[illegible]

Minard's Liniment Cures [illegible]

"Have you [illegible] a bad egg [illegible] if you have [illegible] bad egg [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

"ARMEDA

CEYLON TEA."

Also Japans and Hysons.

A. [illegible]

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

BOECKH'S

BRUSHES and BROOMS

CHAS. BOECKH & SONS, [illegible]

BOYS AND GIRLS

[illegible] TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS [illegible] QUICK.

[illegible]

The E. B. Eddy Co's Calendar for 1898

Will not be issued till March next at the earliest. We have been too busy to find time to get up a bright and attractive calendar for our friends.

If you want a copy in March send a post card request now to

The E. B. EDDY Co., Limited,

HULL, CANADA.

T. N. U. [illegible]

NORTHERN Business College

IS THE PLACE TO ATTEND if you want either a Business Education or a course in Shorthand.

THE BEST IN CANADA.

Handsome Annual Announcement free. Address—C. A. FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

A Pretty Foot Goes a Long Way

I want to see "Granby" on the bottom then I know what I am getting.

But what is the use of a pretty foot, in this country in the winter time, if you do not have a perfect fitting Rubber or Overshoe. Now, this may be news to you, but you will find it to be a fact: there is only one make of Rubbers and Overshoes, in this country, that are right up-to-date in fit, finish, quality and durability and they are the

Granby Rubbers and OVERSHOES

thin, light, comfortable. Extra thick at ball and heel.

"GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON."