Paul.

"I've learned," he said, "to be content
In whatsoever state;
I care not where my life be spent,
In cell or temple gate.
If only I may bring the news
Of Christ to those who need,
May prove to Gentiles and to Jews
His love in word and deed.

"This love it is constraineth me
To mind not fire or sword,
To dare all danger eagerly,
If I may preach the Word;
To welcome shipwreck, hunger, cold,
And manacles and chains,
For they will turn the dross to gold,
And wash out all the stains.

"I am persuaded that my loss
To Christ is over gain;
And so I gladly bear the cross,
Chastisfied of the pain;
For all who in Christ Jesus live
Shall persecuted be;
But He will full deliverance give
And sweetest liberty.

"So to the weak became I weak,
That I might bring them in;
And to the strong who Jesus seek,
Became I strong to win.
Persuading thus both bond and free,
Lest any go astray,
I've fought the fight and joyfully
Press forward on my way."

O Paul! our prophet, teacher, friend!
Our martyr and our saint!
What blessed comfort thou dost lend,
When flesh and spirit faint!
Such courage makes us strong to bear
Whatever may be sent;
And whether well or ill we fare,
Paul bids us be content.

PEARSON EDGE.

MORE THAN THRENSCORE AND TEN.

John Battle died in Montreal the other day, aged 112.

Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the oldest man in Texas.

Mary Fornas died in Little Valley, N. Y., at the age of 107.

Margaret McMahon died in Durham, England, in her 113th year.

Aunt Sarah Hicks, in the county hospital in Flatbush, L. I., is 104.

A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.) school is 82 years old. She is a negress.

Lake Coderville, 102 years old, hanged himself in a pig pen on a poor farm.

Rouse Kemp, 96 years old, of Calloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges, aged 16.

Lucy Kersey of Lansing, Mich., was 55 years a slave and over 60 years free.

Andrew Jung, 93 years old, of Columbia, Pa., served under the first Napoleon.

Thurlow Weed saw the first steamboat and rode in the first steam railway train.

After living more than a century, a Michigan man committed suicide by hanging.

Diana Dorsey of Springfield, Florida, was supposed to be 115 years of age when she died.

Over a century ago Mrs. Ann Collins of Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers Washington.

Peleg Sprague of Maine is 90 years old, and blind. He was a United States Senator in 1829.

Mary Donohoe, whose great father died in his 121st year, recently died in New York aged 112.

Mrs. Pitcher, landlady of the Farmers' Home in South Burlington, Vt., died on Saturday week, aged 102.

James Smith of Somerset County, N. J., now 109 years old, was sold as a slave thirty years ago for 60 cents.

Thomas Howe of Barrington, N. H., lately made a marriage proposal to a lady 85 years old and fifteen years his junior.

A negro died not long ago in New Haven, Conn., leaving a family of orphans from 60 to 80 years old. The father was 108.

The eleven daughters of the late Robert Johnston of Middleton, Conn., are alive, the youngest over 50 years old, the oldest over 80.

Armstrong Porter of Lenoxville, Pa., died last month, aged 98. He voted for Thomas Jefferson for President, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the same office.

Although 102 years of age, Jesse Gilbert, who is living at 26 Vine Street, Baltimore, is in excellent health. She remembers the bombardment of Fort McHenry and saw Gen. Washington once.

A North Carolina couple, who are each over 90 years of age, desire to die at the same hour. They have completed their funeral outfit even to their tombstones. They live in Iredell County.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish banker, is in his 97th year. He served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1837, the year of the Queen's accession to the throne, and was knighted by her Majesty that year.

The First English Academy of Music.

From the time when Alfred went as a harper into the Danish camp to the day when Richard of the *Lion-heart* captivated his Austrian jailers by his equal powers of singing and drinking, until the legendary Blondel sang beneath his prison-window, and, hearing the responsive refrain, discovered where the lost monarch was held captive, and took home the news to confound the recreant John, the story of the Troubadours and the great freemasonry of music is the story of England and of the English possessions in France. There is evidence, too, that some distinct recognition in the nature of an academical degree was given to proficients in an art which was held to be an essential part of the education of every gentleman; but it is not till the reign of Edward IV. that we find, as Burney says, music, after long living a vagrant life, and being passed from parish to parish, seeming at length by the favor of this monarch to have acquired a settlement. By this time all kinds of itinerant musicians, mere rustic players of pipe and tabor, rude husbandmen, laborers, and handicraftsmen, had assumed the tits and dress of the King's minstrels as an excuse for begging; and a disorderly crew they were, creating scandals in various parts of the country. There was only one prompt remedy, and the King, on the 24th of April, 1469, granted a charter to his own proper minstrels, forming a guild, to be governed by a Marshal appointed for life, and by two wardens chosen annually, who were empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the guild, and to examine the pretensions of all such as assumed to exercise the minstrel profession. Here we have in effect the first Royal Academy of Music, and it is significant that it was formed somewhat on the plan of those trade guilds or associations of craftsmen which have since been recognized as city companies, having their special charters, privileges, and liveries.—*London Society.*

Miscellaneous.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES calls a kiss a labiating consonant. He should have added that it usually follows a vowel.

A BOOTMAKER has this extraordinary announcement in the widow: "Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-five cents a pair."

"I HAVE a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they are killed by being studied too hard."

A SENTIMENTAL young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins."

IF a man is dissipated, it is true that he will not live out half his days, but then young Keepitup says he lives out about two-thirds of his nights and that makes a good average.

SWITZERLAND is this winter almost one mountain of snow; trains, steamboats, and telegraphs have been in a chronic state of interruption.

PROFESSOR R. A. Proctor, who is now forty-three years old, is said to have been devoted to astronomy even in his boyhood.

De Moria's Great Work.

Containing an Exquisite Knothole and Four-Quart Cow.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

A dame well along in years yesterday got into a Michigan Avenue car with a pound of tea under one arm and a chrome under the other, and she was hardly seated before a man leaned forward and asked:

"I beg pardon, but have you any objection to my inspecting that work of art?"

She handed it over and he looked at it closely for a long time and then said:

"How beautiful and life-like! If I ever get rich I shall have at least three of these beautiful oil paintings. I don't want to seem impertinent, but may I ask if you purchased that beautiful masterpiece for less than $5,000?"

"Y—yes," she admitted.

"Ah! perhaps they made a discount in order to secure your patronage. Perhaps you got it for forty-five hundred. Cheap enough. I wish I had a million dollars. How I do revel in these delicious landscapes!"

The woman looked from her tea to the picture, then at the man, and her eyes began to bulge out in astonishment.

"Yes, this is indeed a masterpiece," he sighed as he held it up. "No one but a lady of refinement and culture could have selected it. Pray, madam, let me ask if you recognized the handiwork of Gonzia de Moria in it as soon as you saw it?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, while her eyes grew larger than ever.

"If I had $5,000 to spare I should try and purchase it of you, but as it is, I certainly wish you much joy over its possession. Had you noticed that tree in the background?"

"Y—yes," she answered, as she leaned forward.

"How wonderfully true to nature! That knothole there was never excelled by the hand of man. I always identify the works of Gonzia de Moria by the knotholes in the trees. Will you bear this in mind in your future selections?"

"Yes, sir, and I am very much obliged."

"And in the foreground you observe a cow standing under a tree. This is a tree without any knothole, but what foliage! Ah! if I only had money—money to enable me to indulge my taste for such exquisite things! See what a cow! See that expression of contentment on her face! Observe the majestic curve of those horns! Here is the figure I was looking for. Ah! it is a cow. This cow gives four quarts of milk per day. Gonzia de Moria always marks the quantity of milk on every cow, and customers then know what they are buying. If I should send a friend to you to buy this picture for $3,000——, But no! You are able to hold it. You cannot be tempted."

"I'd sell it for——"

"For five thousand," he interrupted; "but alas! I cannot raise that sum! Here in the foreground is an opening in the rocks. Do you know what is in there?"

"No."

"A jug!" he hoarsely whispered—"a jug containing a remedy warranted to take off moles and freckles. Try it once and be convinced!"

He sank back and shut his eyes. She sat up very straight and seemed to reflect. She had moles and freckles, but it was none of his business. Presently she stood up, rang the bell, mashed the chrome over his head, and walked out without a word. Every man laughed but the man with his eyes shut. He opened them after the car started, looked at the ruined chrome, and sadly sighed:

"Ah! masterpiece of Gonzia de Moria, alas is that such a fate should come upon thee!"

He Failed.

When a Quincy lady came to the front door in answer to the bell, she found there a well-preserved specimen of the genus tramp. Removing his tattered hat he essayed a polite bow and said:

"Madam, when I lost my little all in the fire at Chicago, and there received injuries which rendered me totally unfit to perform labor"——

"That will do, sir," interrupted the lady.

"That dodge died from overwork years ago. I cannot help you."

"Four years' hard fighting in the glorious army, which, by proxy of arms crushed that hydra-headed monster rebellion, should entitle me to the consideration of all loyal people, madame. It cannot be that the glowing fires of patriotism are so soon smothered in the breasts of our loyal women."

"How old are you, sir?"

"Twenty years ago to-morrow, madam, my first infant weil was born upon the air of this glorious free country."

The lady smiled and replied:

"How noble must have been the feelings which actuated your parents to offer as a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country their darling year-old infant!"

This rather stumped the tourist, who began to perform a mathematical problem upon his smutty fingers. After a moment's reflection, he again came up to the scratch:

"Madam, can a poor wanderer, who lost every friend he had in the world by the yellow fever in Memphis, successfully strike you for a little sustenance?"

"Yellow fever sufferers are entirely too numerous. I just turned away seven of them in one crowd."

"Well, good-bye madam; but remember my words. When you hear of the exiled nobleman having returned to his beloved France, and when the Quincy papers publish the account of his dying and leaving a fortune to a poor family who fed him while a wanderer in this city, you will just git up and howl, and swear at yourself for refusing him a cold bite."

He dodged the umbrella hurdled at him and sailed for the gate. From the sidewalk he yelled:

"Se-e-ay; when the Western Senator that's awaiting for funds from home, and the man that was blowed up by a cannon last Fourth of July trips you for a hand out this morning, tell him they'll find Hungry Jim from Toledo, working the free lunch saloons on Hampshire street," and he marched off singing:

"Heavy beams, jolly old chums,
We live like royal Turks,
When we have luck, a bummin' our chuck,
No help for the man that works."
—*Modern Argo.*

Some Skeletons.

At Highgate, near London, stands a public house, from the window of which a skeleton cat challenges the notice of passers-by. In its teeth it holds a skeleton rat, caught no one knows how long ago. Just as we see them now, cat and rat were taken from the chimney when the house was undergoing alteration. A most grisly chimney-fiend fell to some workmen a few years since in the old house in the High-street of Hull, notable as the birthplace of Wilberforce, the slave emancipator, for the skeleton they disturbed was a human one. A banking business was at one time carried on in the house so the bones were set down to belong to a thief who, hiding in the chimney, either preliminary to committing felony, or to escape pursuit after committing it, had been suffocated.

THE Baptists were the pioneer missionaries in Liberia, Africa, being in the field 11 years before the Methodists. They organized their first church in 1821. Now their associations has 22 churches, with 1,600 communicants.

Lord Penzance, of the Court of Arches, has been compelled to pronounce judgement in a very painful case. It was shown beyond dispute that the Rev. Charles Miller, Vicar of St. Mary's, Harlow, who is 83 years old, had long been in the habit of conducting services in a state of beastly intoxication. He even retired from the services for drink, and acted in a most disorderly manner.

A Great-Grandmother.

(From London Society.)

To the latter venerable condition our Queen attained before she had completed her 60th year, a circumstance which we believe cannot be said of any of her predecessors on the throne, scarcely any of whom, indeed, lived to see their children of the third generation. There was a time,—"'tis sixty years since" and more,—when the nation was confidently looking forward to the birth of a great-grandchild of the reigning monarch and his Queen, a child who might now have been our King had he lived. Who shall say that Providence has not ordered events otherwise for the great good of this nation? Who that considers the percentage from which she sprang can wish that the Princess Charlotte had lived to succeed her father? Little did those who mourned in November, 1817, imagine what compensation was in store for all who loved their country's best interests, under the rule of another Princess not born until eighteen months later. That Queen Victoria should have lived already to see her eldest daughter a grandmother seems to be in accordance with those outward signs of prosperity which, by the rules of poetical justice, such a life and such a reign as her Majesty's deserve. And when we pray that Regina may live to be a great-great-grandmother." In the classics who marry early, which are the highest and the lowest it is not such a very uncommon thing for persons to live to be great-grandparents. Probably every country parish can produce one or two specimens among the poor. And in the annals of the great and noble, carefully preserved by such chroniclers as Sir Bernard Burke and Capt. Dodd, we sometimes meet with curious cases of longevity, and (to coin a term) great-grandparentage. We could name, for instance, a noble Duke and Duchess who are great-grandparents, though wanting still two or three years of seventy; a Viscountess some years younger than the present century, who has a great-grandaughter aged twelve; one Earl whose son is sixty-one, and another whose grandson is thirty-seven. It is less than ten years since the widow of the twentieth Lord Grey de Ruthyn died, and had she been living now she would be, though not older than eighty-seven, a great great-grandmother, for her Ladyship was the grandmother of the late Countess of Loudoun, whose grandson, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, was born last September.

Lascars.

The men, who called themselves lascars, belonged to almost all Asiatic races, except the Chinese—your Chinaman wants full wages, and when he goes to sea is always a carpenter, or sail-maker, or skilled operative of some kind—Philippine Islanders, Malays, Maghs, (from the old Burmese coast,) Shadees, Cutchees, Arabs, Somalees, and even, though rarely, Pathans from the Hills, and pure blacks from Nubia; but they were all strong, all amenable to discipline, and all very pleasant to Captains, because they required so very little accommodation. Any covered place was better than their own huts, and if there were none available, they slept about as they could. They all obeyed their own elected officers or gang-masters, and they all, as long as their wages were paid, did their work steadily and perseveringly, mutinying quite as rarely as Europeans. The Captains liked them, they persisted in employing them, and gradually the lascars came to form a large proportion of every crew—a proportion which of late years, and in non-fighting services, has steadily increased. There was, however, always the doubt, about the lascars. Captains, unless extremely familiar with them, and personally popular with them, distrusted their nerve in battle—that is Capt. Marryat's grievance—and believed that whenever tried at once by danger and cold, they would absolutely refuse to do their duty. We do not remember the incident on which the belief rested, but it was nearly universal among the very experienced and competent seamen who made up the old Company's Naval Service—a curiously separate and estimable class—and was embodied in a story almost certainly fifty years old, for we heard it ourselves as an old legend of the service 31 years ago. One of the company's Captains was running down the Channel in bitter weather, when a gale came on, and the ship being in extreme danger, all the lascars suddenly sat down. They struck nobody, insulted nobody, and made no rush for liquor; but there they sat, with that passive, inoffensive, and unendurably irritating obstinacy which none but Asiatics and Red Indians can display. The Captain, after vain efforts to rouse the men with exhortations, orders and ropes'-endings, delivered through subordinates, at last went down to them himself, and said, in Hindostanee, "You must pull the ropes, my men; for if not, in ten minutes you will all be in hell!" "*Ulcha*" ("*Tree bien,*") was the humble reply, "*ulcha, Sahib*; so much the better. We shall be warm there." The very desire of life had gone out of them, and more they would not and did not, and the work which saved the vessel was done by some recruits on board.

The Dream and the Problem.

A well-known and esteemed Edinburgh advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following: While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last session of his school-life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honour. On regular recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labour and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem late into the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamed that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamed about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercises without the slightest difficulty. The sequel to the story was, I think, that the two boys were bracketted equal, and that each, therefore, received a prize.

Charitable Jewesses' Societies.

(From the Jewish Messenger.)

There are at least ten prominent ladies' societies among the New York Jews devoted to various charities, and interesting probably 4,000 of the sex in the condition and wants of the poor. Fifteen years ago, only two such societies claimed support, and these, attached to rival synagogues, were rivals of each other, and did a limited good to the community at large. It is a good sign of the times that our ladies feel so strong an interest in the work of charity; they are the best almoners, the best visitors to the poor. Much is said against their religious spirit, that, as they remove into the fashionable wards of the city, they forget the lessons of ceremonial religion that they learned from their mothers and used to practice in their humbler dwellings, that too many of them are Sabbath-breakers and synagogue forsakers; but it can not be said of them that they are indifferent to the sufferings of their unfortunate sisters and brothers. New York Jewesses were never more practical and earnest in their good work than to-day.

Aunt and Nephew.

A Queer Suit for Breach of Promise of Marriage.

(From the Syracuse Courier.)

Argument was heard recently by Judge Wallace, in the United States District Court, in a breach of promise suit involving some very nice points of law. Nancy V. Campbell has brought a suit against her nephew, Dr. Orson L. Crampton, for breach of promise. The defendant is a leading physician, practising his profession in the City of Mobile, Ala. The two parties to the suit were residents of Mobile for several years up to 1877, and, owing to their kinship, were frequently in each other's company. Although Miss Campbell was several years the senior of the visting young doctor, their constant companionship fed the flame of love, which was finally fanned into a blighted truth. The engagement of marriage was made in 1878. It was not long after this strange and unusual proceeding became known, that Dr. Crampton was admonished by his friends that a union of blood relations like themselves would be thought and treated as incestuous. This warning to alarm the young doctor that he sought legal counsel, and was informed that a marriage such as he proposed would be null and void. Dr. Crampton carried the sad tidings to his lady-love, but she could not see any good reason why they could not be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony so long as they loved one another.

Time rolled on. In 1877, Miss Campbell came North and established herself with friends in the State of Michigan. A year later Dr. Crampton had him Northward on a visit to Lockport, N. Y. While there he was arrested by officers of the law charged with breach of promise by his maiden aunt, Miss Campbell. She, too, claimed residence in New York State, instituting suit in the Supreme Court. The case was transferred, upon the application of Dr. Crampton's attorney, W. B. Douglas, of Lockport, to the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of New York. Last October, at the session at Albany, the case was brought before Judge Wallace and a jury. The case was given to the jury, without argument being heard upon the various questions of law, it being understood that argument should be listened to at the time of the raising of the question of granting a new trial. The jury found for the plaintiff in the sum of $10,000. Yesterday argument was heard, in accordance with the previous understanding, for a new trial.

The case is a very complicated one, and raises so many intricate and delicate questions that its trial will make it a celebrated one. Among the questions which the decision of this case will settle are those of domicile and what constitutes it; whether a nephew can marry his aunt; how far the laws of England govern the laws of the United States; whether first cousins can marry; whether a man can marry his brother's wife, in fact, all questions relating to Levitical or forbidden degrees of marriage.

Two Americans in Mexico.

Narrative of One of the Two Men who Slew Thirty Armed Bandits.

Our readers will remember a brief Associated Press despatch which appeared in the *Press* the other morning, telling how two men in a stage coach in Mexico, named Frank Senter and George Green, drove off a band of highwaymen with Winchester rifles. Frank Senter is a Portland boy, a nephew of William Senter, Esq., and was until lately in the jewelry business with his uncle on Exchange street. We extract the following account of the affair in Mexico from a private letter written by Mr. Senter home:

We left Guanajuata at 3 o'clock A. M., Dec. 16. The weather was biting cold, but as usual we took our seats on the top of the coach with revolvers and cartridges about us and Winchester carbines on our knees. After riding about three hours, and just at light, we heard a rush of horses at the side and a shot fired over our heads, with an order to get down and surrender. We answered the summons with two shots into the crowd, and the man in front of George's rifle fell and his companions started for the leading mules to stop them and tangle them up, but when twenty yards from me I rolled him from his horse and did not see him move a limb afterward. We then turned to see thirty well armed and mounted Mexicans following and firing. We put in quick shooting and soon drove them back seventy yards or more. They then tried to circle us, but as we turned our attention to the head men they all broke and collected in a bunch. We then had coats off, and placed in front of us, with a hundred rounds between us, and we ordered the coach to be stopped and began our fine work at sharp shooting. This seemed to make them wild, and with a yell, like Comanche Indians, twenty or thirty of them came down on us at full speed, firing all the way, and a wilder fight I never care to see. It was no use to give up then, as they would have cut us to pieces if we had surrendered, so we met them in solid style, showing what a Winchester rifle was good for, and, as luck would have it, after firing twenty-five shots, we drove them back at full speed. One fellow whose horse I shot from under him, jumped behind the dead animal and deliberately emptied four shells at me over the saddle, and dodged, under the horse, two of my shots, but my third "took his wind." In the affray George was shot in the shoulder, but it was only a flesh wound, and we kept on our way with a guard of eleven furnished us at the next city, four miles beyond. There were so many bandits we could not tell exactly how many were killed, but we are sure five robbers and four horses will not trouble travellers again.

Inside the coach was a Spaniard who threw his revolver from the window, a Mexican who wrapped his head in a blanket and put his revolver under him, a German who had a pocket pistol and wisely did not shoot, and a lady who did she praying; so you see what a party we had to depend on, and what a lucky escape we had. I shall never get better help from any one than I did there from George.

Read and Learn for Yourself.

Many valuable discoveries and much useful knowledge is kept from the world, because of the immense expense in making them known to the people. This is not the case with BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP; although but a few years introduced into this country its sale now reaches in every town and village in the United States and Canada. Its wonderful success in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Pneumonia, Asthma, and all other diseases of the throat and lungs, was first made known by distributing every year, for three years, over 400,000 bottle to the afflicted, *free of charge*, by Druggists. No such test of merit was ever given before to any other preparation. Could you ask more? Go to your Druggist and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

THE question has been raised by *The Jewish World*, of London, (Eng.) whether the Afghans are not of Jewish origin. That paper asserts that the prevailing type of the Afghan physiognomy is strongly Jewish—more so than any other living race, while in their religious customs considerable analogy can be traced between them and those of orthodox Jews. In the case of certain branches of the Afghan people this is particularly striking—so much so that one writer went so far as to conclude that he had found in them the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. All the native Afghan histories contain detailed accounts of the early history of the Jews from Abraham down to the captivity; and, although the bulk of the population was converted to Islam years and years ago, it is stated in a local history that it was not until the middle of the tenth century that Judaism was entirely given up and Islamism had become the prevailing religion.

A Remarkable Ivy.

The property ivy has of adapting itself to circumstances is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Miss Strickland. The body of Catharine Parr, buried at Sudley, was disinterred, through curiosity, on several occasions. The last time the coffin was opened, it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself around the temples of the royal corpse. A berry had fallen there at the time of the previous exhumation, taken root, and then silently from day to day wove itself into this green sepulchral crown!—*Chambers' Journal.*

"TEABERRY," the new powder for whitening the teeth, stimulating the mouth and purifying the breath; the brightest, neatest, most perfect toilet gem extant. Ask your druggist for "Teaberry." Price 35 cents.

FARMERS, feed your Horses, Colts, Cows, Fat Cattle, Calves, Sheep, Pigs and Fowl *Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food*, sold everywhere. More agents wanted. Manufactory, 48 John St. S., Hamilton.

To be thoroughly happy you must be well. To be well, in thousands of cases, you should take the great medicine which relieves, regulates, and renovates, discriminately, systems—Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursa. For Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, and all diseases of the urinary system, its timely use is very beneficial. For sale by all dealers at $1 per bottle.

FOR gents' underwear in fine Scotch and Canadian goods at prices as low as the lowest, go or send to Cooper's great American shirt factory, 109 Yonge st., Toronto.

A Cure for All.

To persons suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps in the Limbs, pain in the Side, Back or Chest, Corns, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scalds, Burns, or Pains and Aches, from any cause will find quick relief from the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil for man and beast. Pain cannot exist where it is applied.

AGENTS.—Gen. Grant's Tour Round the World; fastest selling book now offered; exclusive territory; for terms address at once, Oberlolitzer & Co., Buffalo.

What is Catarrh?

There is perhaps no complaint so common as Catarrh, or cold in the head. It occurs both in winter and summer. Symptoms—pain in the limbs and back, lassitude, and a sense of tightness across the forehead, repeated sneezing, watery and inflamed eyes, and increased discharge from the nose; in fact the whole mucous surface appears to be affected and coated with phlegm. In the first stages use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which will remove the phlegm and allay the irritation. Also use Hagyard's Pills or some other mild purgative to remove the tightness across the forehead, etc. Full directions accompany each bottle, price 25 cents.

THERE is a curious diversity of taste among smokers as to the kind of pipe they prefer. Some like the clay pipe best, others prefer the briar root, others again the meerschaum, some must have their pipe well seasoned before they can enjoy it, others again must have a new pipe and throw it away when over it becomes a little old. But though there is a diversity of taste among them is curious, it is not at all curious that there is substantial unanimity among them about the kind of tobacco to be used, experience has proved to them that the "Myrtle Navy" brand of Messrs. Tuckett & Billingate the genuine article.

Our food furnishes material for the growth and nourishment of the body by absorption and assimilation. In like manner Victoria Hypophosphites acts in the cure of disease. When swallowed, it is absorbed, taken up by the veins, and circulated through the system, with the blood reaching the most hidden and remote parts. It is evident, therefore, that the whole system must feel the effects of the remedy. For sale by all dealers.

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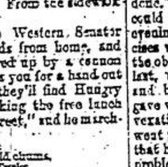

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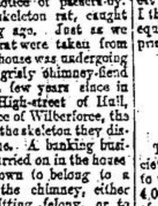

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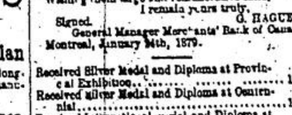

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