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Editor and Proprietor.

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Mail Orders Attended To Promptly.

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Careful attention given to all work brought in.

Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a workmanlike manner.

Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.

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- - SEASON---1891 - -

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Sash, Doors, Etc.

and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait. Price—$1 50 per M.

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Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

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Acton Lodge, No. 204, I.O.O.F.

MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.

W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

WHERE IS HE?

Oh! where is my beloved, where is he? Since he left me
The world has lost its beauty, my life has lost its light.
Alike of peace and pleasure his absence has bereft me,
Our happy day of love has sunk into a bitter night.

I turned from him in anger. "I loved him not," I told him.
"I wished that I might never look upon his face again."
I'd deem it now a blessing to only once behold him;
If he were safe and happy, I could bear all the pain.

But where is he abiding, or whither is he roaming?
He's never sent a word to us since first he went away;
Day after day I've waited and listened for his coming,
My loving heart believing he will come back some day.

He knows how well I loved him some time he will be dreaming
Of our love's happy waking when he and I first met.
The truth will open to him, my anger was but seeming,
I love him as I loved him then, and as he loves me yet.

O! silvery sunbeams, shining upon the quiet ocean,
Go seek him my beloved, and tell him I am true;
O, tell him that I love him with earnest, fond devotion;
O, tell him I am waiting our love-troth to renew!

No love is like the old love; I never can forget him;
My heart will love and trust him wherever he may be;
And I have loosened love's patience; in sorrow I regret him;
Still hoping that the old love will bring him back to me.

—*Alice Kinge.*

Select Family Reading.

An Eventful Day.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

Some years since, in a pretty hamlet in the Isle of Wight, stood a cottage simple in structure, but charming to the tourist from its quaint, old-fashioned style of architecture (if so dignified a term may be applied to such an humble building.) Nature, also, had outdone herself in the gorgeous beauty of the flowers which seemed to spring up spontaneously everywhere. The passion-vine twined its dark leaves along the wayside hedges, and daily opened its wonderful, intricate petaled blossoms at its own graceful will, and the fuschia hung out its sprays of graceful bells in such bountiful profusion that the village children's chubby hands were as familiar to them in culling their rustic garlands, as are the sweet-scented clover and ox-eyed daisy to our own rosy darlings in their native American fields and wood-lots.

The diamond-shaped leaden panes, which answered to the purpose of glass in the one window which looked out from beside the rustic porch, were fitted into a movable frame that would open outward when—as at the present time—more air was required within the cottage. Near it, upon a bench in the cross-legged fashion dear to tailors from time immemorial, was seated a pleasant-faced old man, humming a merry tune as he stitched away at a costume to be worn by the great man of the village at an approaching fete. His wife was also lending a helping hand, as the time for preparation was growing short. Ever and anon, as the couple worked, their eyes would follow for a moment the movements of their child Freda, the only youthful creature either within or without the place.

It seemed to be a restful sight to the affectionate eyes that followed Freda's graceful motions, as she flitted about preparing the simple mid-day meal.

As one looked at the girl and then at the aged cottagers, the wonder continued to grow from whence she could have inherited her marvelous beauty. Her dull-blue cotton gown would have marred the effect of a less delicate complexion, but it seemed instead to bring out more vividly the soft, creamy tints of Freda's skin, touched upon cheeks and lips with carmine of Nature's own conjuring. Her hair, tied with its maiden snood of blue ribbon, hung in soft, shining waves almost to her feet, and was of that peculiar brownish tint which turns to molten gold in the sun. Straight, dark eyebrows arched over large-pupiled eyes, whose blue looked almost black in the shadow of their heavily-fringed lids.

But what means this gay party of horsemen who are dashing through the usually quiet place? Freda runs to the door, and stands looking out, shading her eyes with one hand, to catch a more distinct view of the caracoling horses and thier riders. Then she shrinks back in confusion, for they have reined up at the gate, and one, evidently the leader from the extra richness of his blue and silver uniform, is dismounting. The next moment he enters the cottage and doffs his plumed hat as respectfully to the humble dame who had come forward to learn his wishes, as though she had been his liege lady.

"My good woman, can you give us something with which to satisfy our hunger and thirst? There seems to be a sad lack of inn accomodation in your village, and we are in need of rest and food."

Dame Brandon dropped a courtesy as she said, deprecatingly:

"My lord, we have naught but the simplest fare; but if you see fit to ride a short two miles farther, you will find a house of entertainment fit for the noblest in the land."

As the young officer listened, his eyes turned with an expression of ill-concealed surprise and admiration towards Freda's downcast face; then he answered:

"It is my fancy to be served here. I care not what the food may be, so that there is no lack in quantity. A glass of milk and a porringer of oatmeal for each will suffice, if you have nothing better."

"As you please, my lord," said the dame, with a smile, "but I can find the wherewithal to fill a hungry man's stomach with viands a trifle more substantial than babies' food. Run, Freda, and bring me the flitch of bacon. While I cut the slices, you can gather the new-laid eggs."

Well pleased at his success, the young officer went out and gave directions to have the horses tilleted under some huge elms, which cast a friendly shadow upon the green sward a few hundred feet distant, while the gay party who accompanied him should amuse themselves with friendly chat and repartee, until the repast was ready. The picturesque group, formed by the handsome young gentlemen, decked out in their fulldress uniforms of blue cloth and silver lace often drew Freda's eyes involuntarily from her work, as some merrier peal of laughter than another rang out upon the air.

At last the meal was prepared. The rustic table looked very tempting. The homespun linen which covered it was to the full as white, if not as exquisitely fine, as the choicest product of the Irish looms; and the glasses of creamy milk, plates of flaky biscuits, golden honey in the comb, and the crisply-browned bacon flanked with delicately poached eggs, looked every whit worthy the praise of an epicure.

Dame Brandon and Freda stood ready to wait upon them, while the good old tailor, whose needle had to keep up its incessant travels in and out of the garment which was to grace yet another festive board, caught up the merry strain of a stirring English war song as the party filed in and took their places around the table.

"That's right; give us some more; it makes one's blood thrill in one's veins to hear that song in this out-of-the-way place."

The old man laughed a merry, gleeful chuckle.

"No, my lords, my old throat is too cracked to keep it up. I thought mayhap it would do in place of a band, such as the quality's used to at meal-time. Freda, lass, what is thee staring at?"

Freda flushed crimson at the old man's implied reproof, and withdrew her eyes hastily from the face which had, in spite of herself, so attracted them. But she was conscious of a mysterious feeling of agitation, as unaccountable as it had been sudden, as she had met the glance from one of the strangers, a tall, fair young man, whose blonde hair and skin proclaimed him to be of a purer Saxon type than most of his comrades.

Her face in turn was proving a subject of absorbing interest to Colonel Maynard, the one in command, though Freda had scarcely noticed him.

He also seemed strangely restless and ill at ease, not partaking of the food he had been instrumental in getting for his party, and peering restlessly around the cottage.

At last his spirit of unrest conquered him completely, and he rose from the table and commenced walking about, keeping time to his steps by humming an air which is as dear to every English heart as is the "Star Spangled Banner" to an American.

As the dame caught the notes, she gave a startled look at the singer, and then, mindless of her guest, she sank agitatedly into a chair, and putting her apron to her eyes, began to sob violently. All turned in great surprise to see what was the matter, with the exception of Colonel Maynard himself, the immediate cause of her emotion.

He went to her, and said:—

"Why do you cry, my good woman?"

"Oh, sir—my lord, I mean—please excuse me; but I can't help it. I was struck all of a heap when you sang that song. I never can hear it without crying. It brings back my poor little Bobby so plain. He was always a-singing of it before he was drowned, and it cuts my heart—it do!"

"Who was Bobby? Your son, I judge, from your loving him so dearly."

"No, not my own flesh and blood at all; but I loved him just as dear. I thought I'd die the day his little boat drifted back with the tide, with nothing in it but his little old jacket and his fishing net. If it hadn't been for Freda here, then a weeny bit of a gal, being left on my hands to cheer me up, I'd have surely died long afore this."

"Thank you would, mother," chimed in the old tailor, heartily. He had dropped his work and hastened to his wife at the sound of her sobs, and stood beside her now in silent, if rather awkward, sympathy.

There was a mixture of emotions apparent on Colonel Maynard's face as he drew the simple story from Dame Brandon's lips of the bright little lad she had taken into her childless home, only to be made lonelier by his young life being thus suddenly cut off. After an interval of silence, he said, with an odd sort of tremor vibrating through his manly tone:

"So, mammy, you are sure little Bob was drowned; but I am not quite so positive for the best of reasons. When you have a tombstone put up for me it'll be at the head of a man's grave."

Dame Brandon rose to her feet in mute astonishment, trying to wipe away the mist from her eyes, and see if they corroborated the wonderful words she had just heard. Could that tall, elegant man really be her Bobby—the "no'er-do-well" of the village? As she looked a merry twinkle stole into his light brown eyes, and he commenced singing an old ballad which she had crooned to him many a time when he had toddled after her, holding on to her gown to steady his uncertain baby footsteps. Then she forgot his grandeur—forgot all but it was indeed her Bobby—and threw her arms about him and kissed him.

"It is indeed my boy whom I have mourned as dead all these years!"

The group of officers had been interested spectators of the scene.

"So, Maynard," said one, "that is why you would come this way, and no other, on our holiday trip. Well, I, for one, congratulate you on the success of your plan to surprise us all."

"And I!" "And I!" came in hearty tones from the rest.

Robert Maynard was the only one among them who was of humbld extraction. All knew that he had risen from the ranks to his present command through his intrepidity and bravery on several trying occasions; and he was withal such a fine, manly fellow that his rapid advancement had not provoked envy, though he had, as it were, been promoted over their heads. They had received him socially as one of themselves, and made much of him, so that his footing in society was as much superior to his birth as was his military position.

The dame listened with wet eyes to the tale of good fortune, now and then ejaculating:

"I always have said if my Bobby had've been spared he'd 've been a great man, bless him!"

"But, mammy," said the colonel, addressing her after his old boyish fashion, as, his story concluded, he turned toward the young girl whose brilliant eyes and changing color, as she had stood listening, told of her intense interest.

"You had no little girl when I went away. Is this tall maiden your own, or some fairy changeling? She looks not like you in feature or form."

The wrinkled face lighted up pleasantly as she turned toward Freda.

"No; my Freda is a gift cast up from an angry sea. She alone was saved of all the human lives aboard a noble vessel which was shipwrecked off our coast. It was just after I had lost you, an I begged to have the pretty creature given to me. The things she wore were marked 'Elfreda,' so she has her own rightful name, though it's grown into 'Freda,' for short. I've got a chain and locket which she wore round it. I've kept 'em under lock and key till she should grow up, but my heart's failed me to tell her she was not my own kith and kin, so she's never seen them."

Lieutenant Allerton, the tall, fair-haired young man who had engrossed Freda's attention upon his entrance, had been listening with keen interest to the story of the girl's origin. At the name of Elfreda he gave a sudden start, and said, with evident agitation:

"Do you know the name of the lost vessel?"

"It was thought to be the *Ocean Queen*, as that was printed on some of the bales of merchandize that were washed ashore."

"And it was reported that not a life was saved. I pray you get me the locket," he continued. "It is from no idle curiosity I ask. Oh, that my hopes may not prove unfounded!" And he walked the floor impatiently until the dame's return.

An intensely sympathizing group awaited the denouement. Why was Lieutenant Allerton so strangely agitated? What interest could he have in the shipwrecked maiden? All was soon explained. The trinket was of antique gold, set in brilliants, which were a fortune in themselves.

Allerton took it with trembling fingers, touched a spring, and it opened, showing two portraits—one of an exquisitely beautiful woman, the other of a dark, handsome young man in naval uniform. Then from a small, jewelled casket within an inner pocket, he drew forth a fac simile of Elfreda's locket, and placed the two side by side upon the table. There was a moment of intense silence. Then Allerton turned and opened his arms with the one word "Sister" upon his lips.

Freda needed no second bidding. The ties of kindred had been tugging at her heart-strings from the first moment her eyes had rested upon his face, and the voice of Nature was all powerful. It was a happy meeting for the brother and sister—the only two left of the family.

Harold Allerton had remained with his grand-parents when his parents had embarked with his baby sister on their ill-fated voyage. The news of their loss had resulted fatally to his aged guardians, and the boy had grown to manhood poor in love of kindred, though rich in lands and gold; and it was the purest joy his life had known to find this lovely, pure, young sister in her cottage home, untrained, it is true, in the petitions graces of the world, but with a natural ease and dignity of bearing to which the effect of the coming culture and education would be as the lapidary's art to the uncut diamond.

In after years, when the impression made upon his friend Captain Maynard by Elfreda at their first meeting had deepened into that love which courts "the world well lost" if only the heart's best treasure is gained, Harold Allerton still rejoiced. His ties of consanguinity were only deepening and enlarging. He had gained a noble, true-souled brother.

The sun of prosperity gilds the declining days of the good old couple in their island home, and once a year their lives are brightened by a visit from the foster-children whose true histories read so like a romance.

How Some Famous People got their Start in Life.

How many men have succeeded in life to whom not a single circumstance was kind. How often we hear people say of some worthless fellow: "Ah, well, he never had half a chance!" But there are plenty of boys who have come to the front in life's battle who never had even a quarter of a chance.

Take Thomas Ball, the sculptor, for instance, says the *Youth's Companion*.

He was but twelve years old when his father died. The poor widow, Thomas' mother, young herself, and far from strong had five children. There was no more school for Thomas after his father's death he must go to work and help support the feat. He got a place in a grocery store, where they gave him one dollar a week.

Not much, that, but what a difference it made to a poor little family!

From the time he was twelve, young Ball always had to work for the others until they were grown up.

He had little instruction even in his art and he never had that little until after he had earned the money to pay for it. But—he succeeded.

Then there was that other sculptor, Hiram Powers. Hiram was the eighth of nine children, and he was a very small boy when his father died, and like Ball, he had to go to work for the family. He had been born in Vermont, but his parents had moved out to Ohio in that way poor people have of running hither and yon after better luck.

It was in Ohio that the father died and in Ohio that Hiram fought his youthful battle. For seven years he had charge of the wax figures in a Cincinnati museum, and it was while there that he felt an impulse towards his future art and tried his 'prentice hand at modelling in clay.

But it was not until he was thirty years old that he was at liberty to strike for himself, and he was thirty-two before he had money enough to go to Italy. Yet he was to be the sculptor of the "Greek Slave."

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, had a still harder struggle, because as a boy his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year of his life, and during that year he could only go every other day. But when he was eight years old he was earning his living by pulling hair from the skins of rabbits his father shot, to make hat pulp.

"He had but half a chance." It seemed almost literally that he had no chance at all. He went to New York when he was seventeen years old to make his fortune. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for five years for his board and $2 a month.

He had neither time nor money for what people call pleasure, but he had the pleasure of hope. While he was working for 50 cents a week he said to himself, "If I ever get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." And he did it.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say: 'Don't talk of what you want to do—do it.' *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Jenkins—"Bagley gave me a cigar this morning." Jones—"Did you smoke it?" Jenkins—"No; I gave it to Bagley this afternoon."

TO MANAGE SERVANTS.

Some Hints That Housekeepers Will do well to Heed.

When engaging a servant be careful to explain her work to her, and let her understand that the work must be done in your way and not in the way of any former mistress she may have had, and this explanation must be made so that it shall not reflect upon the routine of any other household.

Try and arrange the housework so that each servant may have an opportunity to attend church on Sunday.

When your servants do well encourage them to do better by a few words of praise.

Do not allow them to have visitors until after a certain hour in the evening.

Give your orders for the day to the cook as early in the morning as possible.

Insist on being informed when anything is broken or lost.

See that the chambermaid wears a clean apron while making the beds, and that she knocks at the bedroom doors before entering.

Order the maid who opens the door not to leave visitors in the hall, nor to give parcels to strangers without previous instruction.

When you reprove, do so firmly and decidedly.

Only allow your rule to be broken once. Let dismissal, with customary notice, follow the second offance.

Restrain your temper under all circumstances.

Insist upon the punctuality of the family as well as upon the punctuality of the cook.

Be kind to your servants when they are ill, and thoughtful of them always; in nine cases out of ten, the considerate mistress will be rewarded by faithful service.

Pay your servants' wages regularly. Do not allow them to go out without first obtaining your permission.

Brute and the Butcher.

An organ-grinder who was travelling through the west of England, accompanied by a tame brown bear, which he had trained to dance, stopped at a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after greatly amusing the family by his performance—for his organ was a fine one and the bear very docile and intelligent—he had no difficulty in obtaining permission to stay all night. He himself was given a bed in the boys' room, but his furry companion had to be content with a snug corner in the barn.

A little after midnight there came such alarming noises from the barn, which was only a few paces away, as to awaken everybody in the house. Frantic shrieks of "Help! Help!! Murder!!!" and sounds as if a strong man struggling desperately for dear life, issued out upon the still night air.

Hurriedly drawing on some clothes, the farmer snatched up a lantern, and, followed by the organ grinder, hastened to the barn. On the doors being thrown open, the rays of the lantern revealed a large man engaged in a furious wrestling match with the bear, from whose mighty embrace he was vainly endeavoring to escape. As the bear was muzzled and had no claws to speak of, his victim stood in no danger of serious injury. But his position was alarming enough, notwithstanding, and he implored the farmer to come to his rescue.

Divining, however, that this midnight visitor's mission was a dishonest one, for which he deserved to be well punished, the organ grinder called out to his pet, "Hug him, Jack! hug him!" and the bear evidently enjoying the sport, continued to squeeze the man unmercifully, until the farmer, thinking the rogue had sufficiently suffered got the bear's owner to command his release.

It turned out that Brain's captive was a rascally butcher who had come to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he stumbled over the bear, and was at once a prisoner. The farmer was so delighted at the animal's conduct that in the morning he feasted him upon the best in the larder, and gave his master a sovereign as he was leaving.

A Wise Minister.

The minister of a western church not long ago preached a sermon on card playing and at its close he remarked:

"Will the brethren now in the house who know how to play poker please hold up their hands?"

He waited a minute and not a hand went up.

"I am very much obliged," he said, then, "but I did not think so many of you knew how."

There was a sensation in the church but the preacher concluded the services quietly and afterwards a committee waited on him.

"We came to ask what you meant by saying that we know how to play poker, when in response to your inquiry not one of us responded," said the spokesman, hotly.

The preacher laughed soothingly.

"Don't let your tempers get the better of you, brethren," he replied; anyone who knows how to play poker isn't going to show his hand until he is forced to, and you know it as well as I do."

The committee apologized and reported to the other members and the preacher's salary was raised.

LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

A Factory Girl Who Knew a Good Fellow When She Saw Him.

It happened a few mornings ago that my ear caught this:

"Tom," said Mary Tracy to a Hockanum weaver, "I saw you help your mother to wash the clothes the other evening."

Tom's face grew a shade redder.

"You did?"

"Yes," she went on, "and I hear you dust the mats and sift the ashes."

"Well, Mary," said Tom, "you know I have no sisters—never had. My mother is not able to hustle round like a younger woman. She is a good mother and I like to help her."

"Tom," continued Mary, "I wish you were my husband." Tom brightened up; he looked at Mary.

"——!" said he enthusiastically, "I wish I was."

Have factory girls no eyes, eh? Of course they have, and see worth and goodness in a fellow of their own class more readily than a fashionable shop-girl. I am sure that Mary's was the truest leap-year proposal that I have as yet heard of—*Wade's Fibre and Fabric.*

Now is the time to take a good tonic medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the greatest merit, and is a popular favorite.

SUNSHINE.

I never like to see a man a-restin with the dumps
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose; and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble more'n you can drown a duck,
Remember when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And looking like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back and holler "how'd you do,"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-kittin' 'im, and laugh his cares away
And tell him that the darkest night is just afore the day
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a heath of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny and some all slashed with rain,
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to appreciate the bright and smiling sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours!
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path enshroud
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

—*Capt. Jack Crawford.*

A Nursery Peep.

As naturally as a little duck takes to the nearest puddle, does a small boy take to throwing stones, and a small girl to handling a broom.

It is a very curious how instinctively sex shows itself in a young child's selection of amusements.

There have been little boys, it is true, who have played with dolls, and even made awkward attempts with the needle. We consider these bad signs in a boy. We had much rather put up with a little extra boisterousness, even in view of an occasional headache, than to see what in our opinions argues a future lack of energy and efficiency.

That an embryo intelligent man or woman is always the most troublesome in the nursery, needs no proving at this day. And a parent who would avoid properly directing this activity, through indolence, may look to see it forced into mischievous and hurtful channels.

Home education—nursery education—is no pastime to amuse an idle hour. It is a high—holy serious—sweet labor, and so the faithful parent will always find it, notwithstanding all drafts on physical strength. And yet how many careless, unskilful, rude hands sweep over those delicate chords, snapping one, over-straining another, loosening a third, and jarring the whole instrument transmitted to them so perfect from the hands of its Maker, till it sends forth only a life-long discord.

The Wife.

It needs no guile to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidden scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have narrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be injured, spit the injuring one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of a selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, love!, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

Current Topics.

A specimen of bread from the famine districts of Russia looked more like peat than bread. When analyzed by a London medical journal it was found to contain husks, sand and a woody fibre. It was one of the number of the loaves supplied by the Government.

Sir Robert Ball, an English astronomer of some eminence, computes that the solar energy will hold out for about 5,000,000 years. His calculations are based upon the theory that sun heat is the product of combustion caused by the tendency toward increased density. Let us in all meekness accept the conclusions of Sir Robert's and prepare for the worst.

A London journal recently gave a prize to a man who in a contest in its columns defined wit as "the power to say what everybody else was about to say if he had only thought of it." Even so brilliant and ready a talker as Lowell used to declare that it was not until he had finished one of his choice after-dinner speeches that the really bright thing he wanted to say occurred to him.

"Golden Medical Discovery" cures those diseases which come from blood impurities—scrofula and skin diseases, sores and swellings.

But does it? It's put up by the thousands of gallons, and sold to hundreds of thousands. Can it cure as well as though it had been compounded just for you?

Its makers say that thousands of people who have had Tetter and salt rheum, Eczema and Erysipelas, Carbuncles and Sore Eyes, Thick Neck and Enlarged Glands, are well to-day because they used it.

Suppose that this is so. Suppose that a quick-witted man was far-seeing enough to know that to cleanse the blood was to cleanse the life. Suppose that by many experiments, and after many failures, he discovered this golden key to health and that his faith in it for you is so strong that you can go to your druggist; buy a bottle, and if it doesn't help you, you can get your money returned—cheerfully. Will you try it?

The remedy to have faith in, is the remedy the makers themselves have faith in.

It's a mighty big politician that won't take off his hat to a million dollars.