

### The Last Hymn.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea  
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly  
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing light  
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.  
But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there.  
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air;  
And it lashed, and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed;  
And amidst for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.  
Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,  
Lest the coming of the morrow should be telling awful tales;  
When the sea had spent its passion and had cast upon the shore  
Bite of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.  
With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,  
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise;  
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be!  
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore in such a sea.  
Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,  
Oh! for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach!  
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,  
And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.  
She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down,  
God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who have flown?  
Lo! when next the white shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,  
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.  
Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,  
And the man still clung and floated, though no earthly power could save.  
Could we send him a short message? Here a trumpet's shout away!  
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it and he wondered what to say—  
Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!  
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe:  
So he shouted through the trumpet, Look to Jesus! can you hear?  
And "Aye, aye, sir," rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.  
Then they listened—He is singing! "Jesus lover of my soul!"  
And the winds brought back the echo, "while the nearer waters roll!"  
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, fill the storm of life was past,  
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh receive my soul at last."  
He could have no other refuge! Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, O leave me not—the singer dropped at last into the sea,  
And the watchers, looking homeward, through their eyes by tears made dim,  
Said he passed, to be with Jesus, in the singing of that hymn.

### A WILD RIDE FOR LIFE.

Reminiscences of the Flight of John Wilkes Booth from Washington.  
From the Traveller.

On a cool, cloudy day in March '69, I drove with a wagon and team of horses over the ground covered by Booth in his wild flight from Washington the night he assassinated Lincoln. I followed the exact route Booth pursued, for a distance of nearly forty miles, to the house of Dr. Mudd, near the village of Beantown, St. Charles County, Maryland, where he had his broken ankle set. After this he and his companion, Harold rode seven miles further, where they struck the ferry on the Potomac to Virginia across the river, and penetrated as far as Garrett's farm, where the one was shot and killed and the other made a prisoner.  
The object of my mission was an interview with Dr. Mudd, one of the alleged conspirators in the murder of Lincoln. He had returned to his home from the Dry Tortugas, where he had been banished for life, but was pardoned by President Johnson after four years' confinement. On the trial of the conspirators he came within an ace of being hanged—in fact, it was as close a shave of the noose as any I ever remember—and yet, practically, Mudd had no more to do with the assassination of Lincoln than the child unborn. But in those days (1865) a fierce and vindictive wave of passion rolled over the country, and victims were demanded to appease the cry for blood. Any one against whom the least suspicion existed was ruthlessly seized and hurried off to the old Capitol Prison in Washington.

Booth's original intention was to abduct President Lincoln, and to carry him down to Virginia, over precisely the same route that he took when he attempted to make his escape, and deliver him over to the rebels.  
For six months before the fatal Good Friday evening, April 14, 1865, Booth had frequently travelled over this route between Washington and Virginia via Maryland, and had made himself acquainted with every house, every tree, and every turn on the road. He visited the houses of the people, paid attention to the girls, stood unlimited whiskey to the men, and made himself generally popular. All this time he was preparing for

#### THE ABDUCTION OF LINCOLN

and it is understood by those who know the facts of the case best that the idea of assassination never came into his head, and was never hinted at until the surrender of Gen. Lee, less than a week before the awful crime was committed. Among those whose acquaintance he cultivated was Dr. Mudd, but to none with whom he sought to ingratiate himself did he breathe the purpose he had in view. He pretended to be very fond of hunting and fowling, and as St. Charles County, Maryland, is famed for its wild game and sportsmen, no suspicion of his motives was ever entertained. There was a numerous Catholic population in the county and Booth was on the best of terms with Father Flanagan, parish priest of Beantown and was well recommended to his congregation. At a place called by two letters, T B, was a tavern where Booth was well known, and where hundreds of dollars were spent by him on drinks for the rustic frequenters.

At the moment when Booth shot Lincoln, Spangler, the stage carpenter of Ford's Theatre, was standing in the lane back of the rear entrance to the stage, holding Booth's horse, a fine, well-groomed blooded bay. It took less than three minutes from the time Booth jumped on the stage from the President's box, after doing the fatal deed, until

he was mounted on his horse and breaking away down the cobble-paved lane with the speed of the wind, the sparks flying from his horse's hoofs as they struck the uneven paving stones. From the lane he turned into F street, continued along to Four and a Half street, and then down to Pennsylvania avenue, wheeling to the east and bearing on by the north wing of the Capitol. He swept swiftly past the east front of the white and silent building, and struck the continuation of Pennsylvania avenue. Here he gave his horse full rein for he had a straight and level course before him, as far as the bridge leading across the east branch of the Potomac into Maryland. At the Marine Hospital Harold, mounted on a horse, was waiting to receive him, and here the course of the narrative has to be checked for a momentary digression.

#### DURING THE WAR

and for a while after its close, military sentinels were posted at both ends of the bridge that crosses the Anacostian or east branch of the Potomac from the District of Columbia to Maryland. These sentinels sharply challenged and inquired the business of every one crossing the bridge. To get over this difficulty it was arranged between Booth and Harold that the latter should stay in Union City, on the Maryland side, until night, and then about 10 o'clock, ride down to and cross the bridge, answering the challenge of the sentry of "Who goes there?" by replying, "A messenger going for a doctor." This answer was, of course, bound to pass him over. On returning, and after meeting Booth near the Marine Hospital, Harold was to ride back ahead, and after answering the sentry's challenge again of "Who goes there?" by saying, "The messenger who went for the doctor," Booth was to ride up, and to the challenge of "Who goes there?" answer, "The doctor."

This arrangement worked to a charm. Harold met Booth at the appointed place and they crossed over into Union City, a small village on the Maryland side, without suspicion or molestation. At the other side of the bridge the road turned to the left, and for some distance was up hill. The night was fine, but cloudy. The roads were heavy here and there from recent rains, but Booth took little thought of that. When the level road was reached he dashed ahead at the fullest possible speed, and never drew rein till he reached the place oddly called T B, sixteen miles from Washington, where he was forced to dismount, owing to a broken saddle girth. This was quickly repaired by a handy man in the tavern, who remembered well, four years after, what an enormous drink of brandy Booth swallowed before remounting his horse. No time was lost in getting forward. Both fugitives kept well together on the wings of the wind. Beyond T B the road becomes very lonely, and the country wears a desolate and deserted look. Groves of tall pine trees on one side, and dreary stretches of marshland on the other, are visible.

#### FLYING ALONG THIS DARK

and gloomy highway, what thoughts must have filled Booth's mind! In every nodding pine branch he must have imagined an arm of vengeance stretched out across the road to smite him! When nine miles from Beantown he had to turn to the left, and take a kind of bridle path through a strip of pine forest. Who will envy his thoughts as in the darkness and solitude created by the overhanging trees he could not help reflecting that, no matter to what end of the earth he might fly, the avenging hand of an outraged nation would reach him and punish him or his unpardonable crime? After emerging from the forest path he had to ride through a number of fields, the road taking that course along the headlands.

At 4 o'clock in the morning he reached the fence that surrounded the point on which stood Dr. Mudd's dwelling. Booth and Harold dismounted. The latter opened the wicket in the fence, with Booth leaning heavily on his shoulder, for his broken ankle was now giving him great pain; both moved forward to the entrance door. The knock was answered by Mrs. Mudd, with a light in her hand, and, as she told me four years subsequently, she was shocked at the appearance of Booth. "His eyes," she said, "had a most unnatural expression, either from excessive drinking or excessive mental excitement. I don't know which. His hair was in disorder, his clothes covered with mud, and he appeared unable to stand." Booth was taken into the parlor and laid upon a lounge.

Dr. Mudd was then called and asked by Booth to examine his leg and see what was the matter with it. To do this it would be necessary to pull off his boot, but, as it was very close fitting, the pain of the operation would be excessive, so the Doctor took out his knife and cut the boot leg down from the top and around at the instep. He then slipped off the remainder of the boot from the foot, and Mrs. Mudd offered one of her soft woollen slippers in its place.

The Doctor spent some time feeling for a fracture or an induration, and could discover none, but at last found that it was a clean

#### BREAK OF THE LEG.

just as a stick of candy might be broken in the middle and leave two clean smooth surfaces. He then dressed the leg and bound it tightly at the point where the break occurred, putting on a boot made of pasteboard, extending from the instep to a point below the knee. The bootleg that he cut off he threw away in a corner, and never thought no more about it, and yet it was this bootleg that came within a hair of having him hanged, and as it was had him sentenced to the Dry Tortugas for life.

Neither Mudd nor his wife had the faintest idea that Booth had assassinated the President, and in the remote part of the country where they lived they were not likely to hear the news for several days. Booth told them a plausible story about being out hunting and falling off his horse. After an hour's stay in Mudd's house, during which time he consumed a bottle of whiskey and three ham sandwiches, both he and Harold started on horseback, Booth feeling much pain from his leg, for the Virginia ferry, seven miles away. They crossed the ferry, with their horses and, pulled up at Garrett's farm, where Booth was killed a few days after, and that was the end of the wild ride for life of John Wilkes Booth.

To go back to Dr. Mudd. Little did that unsophisticated physician dream of the trouble he was destined to undergo from having entertained Lincoln's assassin.

On the following Monday a company of cavalry, under the command of Col. O'Beirne, which was then, in conjunction with several other companies, scouring the country in all directions, stopped at Mudd's house and made search for Booth. One of the cavalrymen picked up the discarded boot leg lying in the corner, and scrutinizing it all over found inside on the leather the initials "J. W. B." That was enough. To the cavalrymen it was proof strong as holy writ that Mudd was one of the conspirators. They then threw a rope round his neck, fastened one end to the pommel of a saddle, and literally dragged him on foot all the way to Washington, leaving his beautiful wife in an agony of grief, and with a family of four children to look after.

Booth rode the forty miles from Washington to Mudd's house in six hours. It took my team of fast steppers ten hours to cover the same distance. The breaking of the saddle girth of his horse was an evidence of the helter-skelter pace at which he rode, but in vain the riding, for if he had ridden to the end of the earth he could not have escaped the fate that befel him.

HENRY V. O'CONNOR.

#### Frescoed Checks.

A San Francisco sign-painter, who does a large business in disguising black eyes, sailed for Europe recently, the profits of the holiday trade having justified him in taking a pleasure trip across the Atlantic. Just before he started he told a *Chronicle* reporter that his ordinary price for fixing one eye was \$2.50. He made the astonishing statement that some of his best customers are ladies. "Yes, sir," he said, "accidents, you know, will happen in the best regulated families, and the feminine weakness for black eyes must be gratified in some way. Nearly all the black eyes are obtained in the same way, if my information is correct. It's always either a piece of stove-wood that jumps up and hits the unfortunate ladies, or a piece of bric-a-brac that drops down and caroms on their lovely eyebrow. Poor things! It's astonishing what dangers they incur in performing their household duties. It's astonishing that the legislature or the board of the supervisors doesn't do something to suppress the quarrelsome disposition of stove-wood and bric-a-brac. There's a collection of old plates and mugs in a house on Van Ness avenue that I'd back for \$1,000 to whip Paddy Ryan or any other prize-fighter in the country."

"Have you noticed that these inhuman acts of bric-a-brac and stove-wood are affected in any way by the seasons?"

"Well—yes. Such festive occasions as Christmas and New Year seem to excite the brutal instincts of both to the highest pitch. I have noticed, though, that other articles are much more affected by seasons and by outside events than bric-a-brac and stove-wood are. The latter are always filled with an implacable animosity to married women, and gratify their hatred whenever the defenseless victims give them a chance. Rocking-chairs, hat-racks, stair-ways, mats, doors, and mantels are only the mortal enemies of the male sex, and do more to keep up the price of sticking-plaster than Harry Maynard's gymnasium. Hardly a day passes that I don't have to fetch up some worthy citizen who has been knocked off his pins by a rocking-chair or garrotted by a hat-rack. The other night one of the most sedate merchants on California street was quietly crawling up stairs to his family, boots in hand, when a treacherous hat-stand dealt him a blow under the ear that nearly lifted him out of his stockings. Before the astonished citizen could defend himself the stairs joined in the brutal attack, and belabored him so unmercifully that when he dropped into my shop the next day I thought he must have come down head first through the stove-pipe. This is one instance of the murderous instincts of the articles I have mentioned."

#### Spiritualism Exposed.

S. S. Baldwin, a Cincinnati spiritualist, tells the *Enquirer* that he came to New York expressly to investigate the performances of Slade, the noted medium, who was then giving seances here. He had about fifty sittings at \$5 to \$10 each, and it was not until his seeming credulity had disarmed Slade and made him a little careless that any trickery was discovered. Beyond leading the medium to transmit numerous messages from persons who were not dead, not much was accomplished until four months of effort had been made. Then materializations were called for, and the spirit of a female put her hand and forearm into tangible shape under the table. "On the night fixed upon for an exposure," Mr. Baldwin says, "I took my friend with me. I requested the materialization of my deceased female friend. The light was turned down, and she was promptly produced, and her hand extended to me to fondle as before. The hand was quite adroit, but after a while I succeeded in grasping it. I gave a signal to my friend, and the table at which we sat was turned over. I drew from my pocket a little bomb prepared with chemicals for the purpose, threw it upon the floor, and instantly the darkened room was illuminated as with an electric light. There was the whole secret exposed to view. My female friend from the shades of the blest was a 16-year-old boy." Mr. Baldwin mentions the Rev. George H. Hepworth as cognizant to this event.

#### A Royal Diary.

The Austrian Crown Prince has published the diary he kept in his tour made last February in the Holy Land. He wanted to see the countries in which the ancestors of Western civilization were obliged by the sea and the desert to halt in their migrations, to take up their abode, and to found the primitive societies and those Biblical beliefs which the Caucasian race has assimilated and lived upon for thousands of years. That is the Prince's expression in the opening chapter. When he descends to ordinary prose he is more interesting. His taste, amounting to a passion, for natural history frequently breaks out. He brought back with him a large collection of birds that he had shot and plants that he had gathered for a museum that he is founding at Prague. No technical detail as to the manner of preserving them is left out. There is a complete list in the appendix of all the birds, beasts, curious stones, shells, and plants that he obtained by his personal enterprise and patience in the Holy Land.

### An Editor in Luck.

St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism; of this I am convinced. For years I suffered with rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attending to my duties, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. A few weeks ago a severe attack of this trouble struck me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil. I must acknowledge, with but little confidence in its merits. I freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been of no avail. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with rheumatism and kindred complaints. G. A. HEILMAN, Editor *Republican*, Pittsburg, Pa.

The problem how to get the Czar to Moscow safely, in order to have him crowned, is solved by one official with a suggestion to take him by the carriage road instead of by rail, and then to completely isolate the imperial procession from the crowd by trenches and barricades lined with troops. This would be a queer ceremony, and one that suggests anything rather than an irrepressible desire of the people to accept their sovereign. It would be like a coronation in a state of siege.

Colds, coughs, and such diseases as lead to consumption, may be checked, and often cured, by the use of one 25-cent bottle of Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup of Wild Cherry and Horehound. It is worth a trial.

BIGGS' BOTANIC BITTERS are the cheapest, and we believe the best, tonic in use. Sold in packages at 25 cents and makes one-half gallon of the finest mixture. As simple as making tea or coffee.

We beg to intimate that every well regulated household should have a bottle of Star Cement, as it mends everything as good as new.

#### Lumbago.

Lumbago, Kidney complaint, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all pain and inflammation are speedily cured with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Croup, sore throat, colds, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, chilblains and all wounds of the flesh are quickly healed by Yellow Oil.

#### "Don't Give up the Ship"

were the memorable words of Commodore Perry. We repeat, "Don't Give up the Ship," poor, despairing invalid, but try Burdock Bitters. It cures others, why not you? It renovates, regulates and tones all the organs of secretion, and restores lost vitality.

A. P. 50

#### A REGULAR CIRCUS.



If there is one thing in all the world that all the average boy and girl delights people generally, it is a well managed and thoroughly equipped circus. The children of a city or town seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully directed into an old collection in the cellar corner for prospective use, and scrap-metal, old paper, etc., do substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—rather its proprietors and employees—experimentally believe in St. Jacobs Oil, the Great Pain Reliever of the age. Hon. P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and Com's Monster Show can be taken as typical cases. The former says: "We take great pleasure in stating that St. Jacobs Oil is in use by many ringmasters now engaged with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and with the Great London Circus, Sangar's Royal British Menagerie and the International Allied Shows. From its happy effect upon those who have occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing St. Jacobs Oil the best liniment ever brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain."  
(Signed) BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON.  
"The Press Agent of Com's Monster Show says: "In cases of rheumatism or complaints of that kind our artists know how to cure themselves very speedily. St. Jacobs Oil is a very popular remedy among our people for rheumatic pains, and as long as they get it they won't suffer much."  
"Mr. Frank L. Frayne says: "I have suffered terribly from rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm, and at the same time I had severe pains in my chest. Sometime since I read something in a newspaper about the remarkable cures of St. Jacobs Oil, and I thought I would try that remedy. I tell you I am mighty glad I did, for after using one or two bottles of that preparation I felt no pain whatever, and have had none since. I am firm believer in St. Jacobs Oil, and I want everybody in my company to keep it near them."

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#### How to Cure a Cold.

Upon the first feeling of chill or shivering remain indoors if possible, bathe the feet in tepid water, gradually increasing the heat as long as it can be comfortably borne, to induce perspiration, and take Hagyard's Pectoral Balm according to directions on the bottle. Hagyard's Balsam cures coughs, asthma and bronchitis.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its original color and promoting its growth.

We all consider Iron the embodiment of strength and power, but how few are aware that it is this same element in the system that gives us strength and vigor, and that an insufficiency of it causes weakness and debility. The Peruvian Syrup, a protoxide of Iron, is prepared expressly to supply this vitalizing element.

#### Timely Warning

Now is the season for sudden colds and distressing coughs, treat them with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, it cures influenza, asthma, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints leading to consumption.

At the Centennial Exhibition, 1876, the Wheeler & Wilson received a silver medal. The Wanzel Sewing Machines were awarded a gold medal (the only one given to the Sewing Machine Trade). The public can decide as to which is of the most value. The Wanzel C and F machines are all the rage this fall, and deservedly so, owing to their many improvements and general excellence.

#### Had Suffered many Phytolans

and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after dismissing his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 60, he says he feels young again, and is overjoyed at his wonderful recovery.

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### MANITOBA!

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D. A. HOLBROOK, North-west Emigration and Real Estate Agent, 61 King-st east, Toronto.



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To its Natural Vitality and Color.

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth; and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brassy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened, lost hair regrows with lively expression, falling hair is checked and established; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hairs resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the Vigor is prized for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and value for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

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