

Mabel.

Dainty maiden, dark, yet fair,
Gay Queen Mab, with regal air,
If perchance, I've been too free,
Sending my devotion to thee,
Let my passion be my plea.

May I say, yet not be bold,
I prefer black hair to gold,
I prefer black eyes to blue,
Why? Forsooth I thought you knew!
Both of these belong to you.

Why she Bangs her Hair.

"What ails that maid?" said Spilkins,
As he met a passing fair,
And saw her eyes, "neath 'wave' and 'crisp,'
Which o'er her forehead dangled limp,
Give forth a stony stare.
"Methinks," said Wilkins, scornfully,
As he tossed his head in air,
"She has no brains to cudgel,
And so she bangs her hair."

THE JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Her Last Cruise.

"She formerly showed the name Flying Sprite on her stern moidin," said Capt. Trumbull Cram, "but I had that gouged out and planned off, and Judas Iscariot in gilt set that instid."

"That was an extraordinary name," said I.

"'Stronary craft,'" replied the captain, as he absorbed another inch and a half of nigger-head. "I'm neither a profane man or an irreverend; but sink my jig if I don't believe the spirit of Judas possessed that schooner. Hey, Ammi?"

The young man addressed as Ammi was seated upon a mackerel barrel. He deliberately removed from his lips a black briar-wood, and shook his head with great gravity.

"The cap'n," said Ammi, "is neither a profane or an irreverend. What he says he mostly knows, but when he sinks his jig he's ailers to be depended on."

Portified with this neighborly estimate of character, Capt. Cram proceeded: "You lair at the idee of a schooner's soul? Perhaps you hev sailed 'em forty-odd year up and down this here coast, an' 'quainted yourself with their dispoitions an' habits of mind? Hey, Ammi?"

"The cap'n," explained the gentleman on the mackerel keg, "hev coasted an' hev fished for forty-six year. He's lumbered and he's iced. When the cap'n sees fit to talk about schooners he understands the subject."

"My friend," said the captain, "a schooner is a soul like a human being, but considerably broader of beam, whether for good or for evil. I ain't a-goin' to deny that I prayed for the Judas in Tuesday 'n Thursday evenin' meetin', week after week an' month after month. I ain't a-goin' to deny that I interested Deacon Plympton in the rascal for her redemption. It was no use, my friend: even the deacon's powerful petitions were clear waste."

I ventured to inquire in what manner this vessel had manifested its depravity. The narrative which I heard was the story of a demon of treachery with three masts and a jibboom.

The Flying Sprite was the first three-master ever built at Newagen, and the last. People shook their heads over the experiment. "No good can come of such a critter," they said. "It's contrary to natur. Two masts is masts enough." The Flying Sprite began its career of base improbity at the very moment of its birth. Instead of launching decently into the element for which it was designed, the three-master schooner slumped through the ways into the mud and stuck there for three weeks, causing great expense to the owners, of whom Capt. Trumbull Cram was one to the extent of an undivided third. The oracles of Newagen were confirmed in their forebodings. "Two masts is masts enough to sail the sea," they said; "the third is the devil's hitchin' post."

On the first voyage of the Flying Sprite, Capt. Cram started her for Philadelphia, loaded with ice belonging to himself and Lawyer Swanton; cargo uninsured. Ice was worth \$6 a ton in Philadelphia; this particular ice had cost Capt. Cram and Lawyer Swanton \$5 cents a ton shipped, including sawdust. They were happy over the prospect. The Flying Sprite cleared the port in beautiful shape, and then suddenly and silently went to the bottom in Fiddler's Beach, in eleven feet of salt water. It required only six days to float her and pump her out, but owing to a certain incompatibility between ice and salt water, the salvage consisted exclusively of sawdust.

On her next trip the schooner carried a deck load of lumber from the St. Croix river. It was in some sense a consecrated cargo, for the lumber was intended for a new Baptist meeting-house in southern New Jersey. If the prayerful hopes of the navigators, combined with the prayerful expectations of the consignees, had availed, this voyage, at least, would have been successfully made. But about sixty miles southeast of Nantucket the Flying Sprite encountered a mild September gale. She ought to have weathered it with perfect ease, but she behaved so abominably that the church timber was scattered over the surface of the Atlantic ocean from about latitude 40 degrees 15 seconds to about latitude 43 degrees 30 seconds. A month or two later she contrived to go on her beam ends under a gentle land breeze, dumping a lot of expensive carved granite from the Fox Island quarries into a deep hole in Long Island sound. On the very next trip she turned deliberately out of her course in order to smash into the starboard bow of a Norwegian bark, and was subsequently libelled for heavy damages.

It was after a few experiences of this sort that Capt. Cram erased the old name from the schooner's stern and from her quarter, and substituted that of Judas Iscariot. He could discover no designation that expressed so well his contemptuous opinion of her moral qualities. She seemed animate with the spirit of purposeless malice, of malignant peridy. She was a floating tub of cussedness.

A board of nautical experts sat upon the Judas Iscariot, but could find nothing the matter with her physically. The lines of her hull were all right, she was properly planked and coiled and calked, her spars were of good Oregon pine, she was rigged tant and trustworthy, and her canvas had been cut and stitched by a God-fearing sail

maker. According to all theory, she ought to have been perfectly responsible as to her keel. In practice, she was frightfully cranky. Sailing the Judas Iscariot was like driving a horse with more vices than hairs in his tail. She always did the unexpected thing, except when bad behavior was expected of her on general principles. If the idea was to luff, she would invariably fall off; if to jibe, she would come round dead in the wind, and hang there like Mohammed's coffin. Sending a man to haul the jib-sheet to windward was sending a man on a forlorn hope; the jib habitually picked up the venture some navigator, and, after shaking him viciously in the air for a second or two, tossed him overboard. A boom never crossed the deck without breaking somebody's head. Start on whatever course she might, the schooner was certain to run before long into one of three things, namely some other vessel, a fog-bank, or the bottom. From the day on which she was launched, her scent for a good, sticky mud bottom was unerring. In the clearest weather fog followed and enveloped her as misfortune follows wickedness. Her presence on the banks was enough to drive every codfish to the coast of Ireland. The mackerel and porgies were always where the Judas Iscariot was not. It was impossible to circumvent the schooner's fixed purpose to ruin everybody who chartered her. If chartered to carry a deck load, she spoiled it: if loaded between decks, she dived and spoiled the cargo. She was like one of the trick mules which, if they can not otherwise dislodge the rider, get down and roll over and over. In short, the Judas Iscariot was known from Marblehead to the Bay of Chaleur as the consummate schooneration of malvolence, turpitude and treachery.

After commanding the Judas Iscariot for five or six years, Capt. Cram looked full twenty years older. It was in vain that he had attempted to sell her at a sacrifice. No man on the coast of Maine, Massachusetts, or the British provinces would have taken the schooner as a gift. The belief in her demonic possession was as firm as it was universal.

Nearly at the end of a season, when the wretched craft had been even more unprofitable than usual, a conference of the owners was held in the Congregational vestry one evening after the monthly missionary meeting. No outsider knows exactly what happened, but it is rumored that in the two hours during which these capitalists were closeted certain arithmetical computations were effected which led to significant results and to a singular decision.

On the forenoon of the next Friday there was a general suspension of business at Newagen. The Judas Iscariot, with her deck scoured and her spars scraped till they shone in the sun like yellow amber, lay at the wharf by Capt. Cram's fish-house. Since Monday the captain and his three boys and Andrew Jackson's son Tobias, from Mackerel Cove, had been busy loading the schooner deep. This time her cargo was an extraordinary one. It consisted of nearly a quarter of a mile of stone wall from the boundaries of the captain's shore pasture. "I callket," remarked the commander of the Judas Iscariot, as he saw the last bolder disappearing down the main hatch, "thar's nigh two hundred n' fifty ton of stone fence aboard that schooner."

Conjecture was wasted over this unnecessary amount of ballast. The owners of the Judas Iscariot stood up well under the consolidated wit of the village; they returned witticism for witticism, and kept their secret. "Ef you must know, I'll tell ye," said the captain. "I hear thar's a stone-wall famine over Machias way. I'm gon' to take mine over'n peddle it out by the yard." On this fine sunny Friday morning, while the luckless schooner lay on one side of the wharf, looking as bright and trim and prosperous as if she were the best-paying maritime investment in the world, the tug Pug of Portland lay under the other side, with steam up. She had come down the night before in response to a telegram from the owners of the Judas Iscariot. A good land breeze was blowing, with the promise of freshening as the day grew older.

At half-past seven o'clock the schooner put off from the landing, carrying not only the captain's pasture wall, but also a large number of his neighbors and friends, including some of the solidest citizens of Newagen. Curiosity was stronger than fear. "You know what the critter air," the captain had said, in reply to numerous applications for passage. "Ef you've a mind to risk her antics come along, an' welcome." Capt. Cram put on a white shirt and a holiday suit for the occasion. As he stood at the wheel shouting directions to his boys and Andrew Jackson's son Tobias at the halyards, his guests gathered around him—a fair representation of the respectability, the business enterprise, and the piety of Newagen harbor. Never had the Judas Iscariot carried such a load. She seemed suddenly struck with a sense of decency and responsibility, for she came around into the wind without balking, dived her nose playfully into the brine, and skipped off on the short hitch to clear Tumbler island, all in the properest fashion. The Pug steamed after her.

The crowd on the wharf and the boys in the small boats cheered this unexpectedly orthodox behavior, and they now saw for the first time that Capt. Cram had painted on the side of the vessel in conspicuous white letters, each three or four feet long, the following legend:

THIS IS THE SCHOONER JUDAS ISCARIOT
N. B.—GIVE HER A WIDE BERTH!!

Hour after hour the schooner bounded along before the northwest wind, holding to her course as straight as an arrow. The weather continued fine. Every time the captain threw the log he looked more perplexed. Eight, nine, nine and a half knots! He shook his head as he whispered to Deacon Plympton: "She's meditat'in' mischief o' some natur o' other." But the Judas led the Pug a wonderful chase, and by half-past 2 in the afternoon, before the demijohn which Andrew Jackson's son Tobias had smuggled on board was three quarters empty, and before Lawyer Swanton had more than three-quarters finished his celebrated story about Gov. Parington's cork leg, the schooner and the tug were between fifty and sixty miles from land.

Suddenly Capt. Cram gave a grunt of intelligence. He pointed ahead, where a blue line just above the horizon marked a distant

fog bank. "She smelt it an' she run for it," he remarked sententiously. "Time for business."

Then ensued a singular ceremony. First Capt. Cram brought the schooner to, and transferred all his passengers to the tug. The wind had shifted to the southeast, and the fog was rapidly approaching. The sails of the Judas Iscariot flapped as she lay head to the wind; her bows rose and fell gently under the influence of the long swell. The Pug bobbed up and down half a hawser's length away.

Having put his guests and crew aboard the tug, Capt. Cram proceeded to put everything ship-shape on the decks of the schooner. He neatly coiled a loose end of the rope that had been left in a snarl. He even picked up and threw overboard the stopper of Andrew Jackson's son Tobias' demijohn. His face wore an expression of unusual solemnity. The people on the tug watched his movements eagerly, but silently. Next he tied one end of a short rope to the wheel, and attached the other end loosely by means of a running bow-line to a cleat upon the rail. Then he was seen to take up an axe, and to disappear down the companionway. Those on the tug distinctly heard several crashing blows. In a moment the captain reappeared on the deck, walked deliberately to the wheel, brought the schooner round so that her sails filled, pulled the running bowline taut, and fastened the rope with several half inches around the cleat, thus lashing the helm, jumped into a dory, and sculled over to the tug.

Left entirely to herself, the schooner rolled once or twice, tossed a few bucketsful of water over her dancing bows, and started off toward the South Atlantic. But Capt. Trumbull Cram, standing in the bow of the tugboat, raised his hand to command silence and pronounced the following farewell speech being sentence, death warrant, and funeral oration, all in one:

"I ain't a-advancin' no theory to 'count for her cussedness. You all know the Judas. Mebbe there was too much fore an' aft for her. Mebbe the inickerty of a vessel's in the fore an' aft, and the vartue in the squar' riggin'. Mebbe two masts was masts enough. Let that go; bygones is bygones. Yonder she goes, carryin' all sail on top, two hundred n' odd ton o' stone fence in her hold, an' a hole good two feet across stove in her belly. The way of the transgressor is hard. Don't you see her settlin'? It should be a lesson, my friends, for us to profit by; there's an end to the long sufferin' est mercy and un-ness—Oh, yer makin' straight for the fog, are ye? Well, it's your last fog bank. The bottom of the sea 's the first port you'll fetch, you critter, you! Git, and be d—d to ye."

This, the only occasion on which Capt. Cram was ever known to say such a word, was afterward considered by a committee of discipline of the Congregational church at Newagen; and the committee, after pondering all the circumstances under which the word was uttered, voted unanimously to take no action.

Meanwhile the fog had shut in around the tug, and the Judas Iscariot was lost to view. The tug was put about and headed for home. The damp wind chilled everybody through and through. Little was said. The contents of the demijohn had long been exhausted. From a distance to the south was heard the wailing of a siren.

"I hope the feller's well underwrit," said the captain grimly, "for the Judas'll never go down afore she's searched him out'n sunk him."

"And was the abandoned schooner ever heard of?" I asked, when my informant had reached this point in the narrative.

The captain took me by the arm and led me out of the grocery store down to the rocks. Across the mouth of the small cove backing his house, blocking the entrance to his wharf and fish-house, was stretched a skeleton wreck.

"Thar she lays," he said, pointing to the blackened ribs: "Thar's the Judas. Did yer suppose she'd sunk in deep water, where she could do no more damage? No, sir, not if all the rocks on the coast of Maine was piled onto her, and her full bottom knocked clean out. She come home to roost. She come sixty mile in the teeth of the wind. When the tug got back next mornin' thar lay the Judas Iscariot across my cove, with her jibboom stuck through my kitchen window. I say schooners has souls."

A Real Old-Fashioned Love Story.

Forty-eight years ago John Saunders, one of the wealthiest cattle kings of Montana, who was then a poor youth, with nothing to recommend him but a spotless reputation and a brave heart, became enamored of a Kentucky belle, whose father was a rich man. His tenderness was reciprocated, but the parent of the young lady refused his consent to the marriage, and was inexorable. Young Saunders was too honorable to press his suit in a family where his presence was unwelcome. He sought an interview with the girl's parent, who for the twenty-third and last time told him to abandon all hope of marriage as far as his daughter was concerned, as the difference in their social positions was an insurmountable barrier. "How much are you worth?" asked the young lover. "Transfer my property into a million dollars cash," was the haughty reply. "Very well," answered young Saunders; "to-morrow morning I leave for the West to carve out a fortune, and when I can size up to your million dollars I will return and claim my bride, for I know she will be true."

The young man kept his promise after a long and sorrowful interview with his innamorata, and with a small outfit, struck out bravely for the Western Territories. Since that time forty-eight years have elapsed, during which, with varying success, he has dipped into numerous enterprises, from the British line to Sonara. He came to Montana in early days, and embarked on the cattle business with a firm of Helena, with such success that the firm now owns nearly 20,000 head on the Teton. About a month ago Saunders figured up his assets, concluded he was worth a million, and left for Kentucky. He found the love of his young days waiting for him, confident and hopeful of his final arrival. The two were married with as little ceremony as possible. They arrived in Butte the other evening, and after a short visit, will proceed to their home in the Teton valley, where the groon is greatly respected.—*Butte Inter-Mountain.*

A Dangerous Practice.

"A recent painful case of death caused by a hypodermic injection of morphia," says the London *Lancet*, "directs attention afresh to the dangers of resorting to this most perilous mode of administering drugs designed to relieve pain. The public should be warned against the practice of employing remedies hypodermically. So formidable a remedy should on no account be used except under medical advice, and when deemed necessary it ought to be given by practitioners. We have repeatedly urged the profession to discountenance the recourse to injections under the skin, which is becoming general. It is a practice of extreme hazard, and we are of opinion that surgical instrument makers should refuse to sell the requisite apparatus to lay persons, and that medical men should forbid their use."

How to Get Rid of an Unwelcome Visitor.

"Rheumatism," says Mr. A. McFaul, proprietor of the City Hotel, Kingston, "used to hold its own pretty well, but the days of that here are over." St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy has completely conquered the rheumatism, and no man need suffer from it longer. I had it badly until a short time ago, but I used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured, and so can any one be cured in a similar manner."

AN's Well.

Jean Baptiste Duane a French royalist, owning large estates in Lorraine, was, six years ago, accused of murdering his cousin. He was tried, and on circumstantial evidence, condemned, and his estates confiscated. While awaiting execution he escaped from prison, and by the aid of friends was got to the coast, and in a small ship escaped to New Orleans. Coming to San Antonio, he obtained employment as a farm hand near the second mission. He fell in love with a pretty German girl; the neighbor of an adjoining farmer, the late Honore Groenet, who had become interested in him, lent the young couple \$500 to buy a place, and they married. Last week he received information that another man had confessed to the murder, and his name was cleared of the crime, and his estates restored.

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No cosmetic in the world can impart beauty to a face that is disfigured by unsightly blotches arising from impure food. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand purifying medicine for all humors of the blood. It makes good blood and imparts a bloom of health to the most sallow complexion.

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A. P. 71

FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort. The shape has remained as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose some day later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a fine silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows I am sure of getting rheumatism, and will have to use St. Jacobs Oil to get well. To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.



The following communication to the editor of the *Salem Register* shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hallet's hot tennis had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacobs Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAYRE."

Worse than War.

"The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking; but when the health becomes impaired the miserable despicible may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, acts upon the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, and stimulates all the secretions to a healthy action. (36.)

A Boston paper is in "favor of women voting if they want to." We should like to see the man who would make them vote if they didn't want to.

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These troublesome complaints, may be speedily cured by Haggard's Yellow Oil, the great Rheumatic remedy, which, as an external application and as an internal remedy has a wider range of usefulness than any similar preparation in the world. All druggists sell it. 25c. (31)

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MANITOBA! 1882.

Those going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to correspond with me. Subscribe for the *Colonist News*, a paper giving just the information you require: Sample free, Pamphlets with maps sent free. Holbrook's Excursion Party, with sleeping cars attached, will leave on the 9th and 23rd of May, and every two weeks thereafter, preceded a few days before by their fast freight train arriving at Winnipeg on Friday. Please address with stamp for reply. D. A. HOLBROOK, North-west, Emigration and Real Estate Agent, 64 King-st. east, Toronto.

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