

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

A Romance of the Opera and the Concert Hall—The Princess Clothilde.

Married by Mules—Small-Talk for the Ladies—Chit-Chat.

A Strange Romance.

"Speaking of the vicissitudes of professional people," said the manager of one of the Bowery museums to a New York writer, "let me narrate to you a touching experience that came under my observation recently, and which I know to be true."

"A respectably attired lady, about 35 years of age, clad in thin, faded garments that had once been fashionable, applied to me for an engagement as vocalist. I was compelled to decline her services. But, noting that the lady was better educated than the generality of people who come to us, I told her in conversation for a few moments, and elicited the fact that a child of hers was lying dead at No. — Clinton place, and that she had no means of burying it. She told me a pitiful tale of being in arrears for rent, and confessed she had just pawned her shawl in order to buy food. She expected to be dispossessed, and saw no way to meet her pressing needs save by an engagement. Hence her visit to me. We see so many hearts in our line that I have come to be habitually suspicious of all agony yarns, but there was something in her manner that convinced me that she was not a fraud. She pleaded so earnestly that I gave her permission to sit down at the piano and try what she could do. Much to the astonishment of everyone present she sang in a sweet, cultured voice a selection from "Traviata" in Italian. She then gave in a most bewitching manner the German song, "Der Wasserfall." Her voice was thin, but remarkably full in its quality, and far superior to anything we have ever had in this museum. She was given an engagement, and remained with us three weeks. Day after day other facts in her history came to light, and now I will tell you the story of her life:

"Mme. H.—was born in London. She was highly educated and received her early musical training in the conservatoire at Milan. She became passionately fond of music, and according to her urgent request, her parents permitted her to accept an engagement under the direction of Col. Mapleson in 1879. Her voice developed into a rich and full soprano, and to her was assigned the duty of supporting Nilsson, Patti, and Gerster. Her contracts were renewed, and she came to America. For the first three years she got along exceedingly well, and at the expiration of her engagement with Col. Mapleson accepted another under Max Strackosh, and went south. This venture was not so successful. She consequently returned to New York, where she made the acquaintance of a handsome, accomplished man, who turned out to be the villain in her life's melodrama. He is a German by birth, for he is still living, and a baron in his own right, although he has not adopted the title. She married him, and from the date of her marriage her woes commenced. They lived happily at first, but with her declining fortunes he grew careless and indifferent to her needs. With her savings she organized an opera bouffe company, which proved a failure in one of the eastern cities. Her luggage was seized and her company broke up. Then her husband fled. She again returned to New York, and commenced an action for divorce against her husband for cruelty and abandonment, and although the court awarded her \$30 a week alimony, not one cent of it has been paid. Being a capital singer of the German *vodells*, she readily found employment in one or two of the better class of summer beer gardens. The constant dread of meeting those who had known her in better times caused her to relinquish this means of support. She next procured an engagement in the choir of an up-town Roman Catholic church. Then, worn down by cold, worry, and exposure, she was taken seriously ill for several weeks. Matters grew desperate, until finally want of food compelled her to come to me. At the close of her engagement with us she obtained other 'turns' in similar establishments where her history was unknown and she was safe from discovery. Since then she has been fortunate enough to obtain another regular engagement in a Catholic choir, where she sings on Sundays and high festivals. Her earnest wish is to obtain a few pupils to enable her to make out sufficient for the support of herself and her child. In addition to her musical accomplishments she speaks Italian, German, and French, and French fluently. She is thoroughly well bred and powerfully realizes that she can never fill her old position on the operatic stage."

The Princess Clothilde.

Between the young princess (say Paris *Pigro*), whose proud yet timid graces so won the heart of the imperial court, and the lonely chateau of "Moncalleri" there would seem to be a great difference, but in reality there is none. The Princess Clothilde has always and everywhere remained the same; always superior to her fate—always noble and of the bravest and truest among women. In this daughter of Victor Emmanuel a childlike simplicity and a heroic character are strangely blended. Without being beautiful, the princess is charming; without being haughty, she inspires respect by her native dignity. She is now 38 years of age, and has snow-white hair. A blonde in her youth, a premature snow has powdered her abundant and beautiful tresses. At present she is only a mother in all the majesty of that title.

When she arrived in Paris for her marriage she was scarce 16 years old, and the day of the wedding was marked by a little incident which made her very unhappy. After the ceremony a grand breakfast was given at the Palais Royal. Then the prince wished to leave immediately for Mandon, and in hastening the departure of his young wife she lost one of her slippers, but dared not make her loss known. It was not the prince who restored the slipper in this case, but a messenger, sent in great haste from Paris, who ceremoniously deposited a sealed packet in the hands of one of the maids of honor. Judge of the confusion of the princess when she was obliged to open the mysterious parcel before her husband. She became purple, and appeared more charming than

ever through the veil of her blushes, as she stood like a child fearing to be scolded.

Profoundly pious, the Princess Marie Clothilde was as true to her convictions amid all the splendors of the Palais Royal as she has since been in the solitude of "Moncalleri." Amid the gaiety of Paris she regulated her life as if she was in a convent. Rising at a very early hour, she fulfilled her duties of piety and charity most faithfully, while she neither disdained nor repulsed the world in which it was her duty to appear. Her natural grace and true benevolence lent an unspeakable charm to any relations held with her, even the most official. At 10 o'clock the princess would have been only too glad to retire, but she felt that she must attend the receptions, the court balls, and the gala theatrical representations, though she would have deemed it much more meritorious could she have seated herself at the bedside of some suffering woman and ministered to her needs with her own beautiful hands.

On Sept. 4th, 1870, the doors of the Palais Royal were thrown open for the last time, and in splendid apparel, in her carriage with the royal arms on every panel, with the domestics in gala livery, the Princess Clothilde, accompanied by her three children, drove out of those gates and through the streets of Paris for the last time, receiving the salutations of the people as she passed with her royal suite, while her heart was throbbing with the greatest emotion. She came as the daughter of a king—she departed as the daughter of a king. After living at Prongius on the lake of Geneva for some time, she finally retired to the chateau of "Moncalleri." Her sons have always passed their vacations with her there, and her daughter, Marie Letitia, never leaves her mother. In France we have only seen the little princess in the laces and ruffles of her dainty infancy, but she is now a young girl of great beauty, and intelligence, and charitable like her mother. She divides with her cousin, the "Prince of Naples," the adoration of the people of the environs of Turin. She is their little princess and he their little prince. The shadow of the gallant grandfather seems to fall on those two buds of the old tree of "Savoy." At "Moncalleri," a fashionable Parisian lives with two princesses. The Baroness Barfer accepts this life of exile and solitude out of pure devotion and friendship. The chateau of Moncalleri is the nest from whence all the children of Victor Emmanuel were fledged, and in the associations of the place the eldest daughter has found again the sweet dreams of her girlhood, the dear remembrances of the past. Great-grandmother of Marie Antoinette, and like Marie Louise, sacrificed for reasons of state, this Christian woman has never allowed herself to bemoan her fate. The daughters of kings do not seem destined for happy wives. There remains, however, for the Princess Clothilde that which will suffice her noble soul: God, the love of her children, and the respect of all men.

Married by a Dove of Mules.

A little circumstance happened in Richmond, Va., last fall, that bore great issue. A trifle as light as air, yet it made a man and a woman meet that but for this episode would never have known each other. As it is society talk, of course everyone knows it, and I will narrate it just to show what inconsiderate events, which some call chance and others fate, shape our lives. A large drove of mules, just after dark, were taken from the cars of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and corraled, but something stampered them, and they dashed up the street, a half hundred or so, with all the clattering and fire of a squadron of cavalry at full charge. Pedestrians hugged the sidewalk or hurried into the nearest open door, and then looked pantingly at the dim, rushing mass. Now it happened that a young lady from Boston, Mass., who was on a visit, was coming from a friend's house, and just as she was crossing the street the head of the column came toward her with the velocity of an express-train on a down grade. It was so sudden that her presence of mind failed her, and she stood directly in the pathway of the advancing drove. A thrilling tableau it must have been. She clasped her hands, and the light of the lamps showed her dilated eyes and rigid figure. A dreadful death seemed inevitable, when a gentleman passing by, with a valise in his hand, saw her. Like a flash he was by her side, and swinging her with a rapid motion to him, he carried her to the sidewalk just as the thundering mass passed by in the darkness. The danger was over, but she was too unnerved to continue her way. He offered his arm, and together they proceeded to her house. She thanked her deliverer. He presented his card—Mr. Louis Shearer, West Point, Miss. He had just arrived on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and was on his way to the southern train when the vision met his eye. He asked her name. Miss Alice Beauchamp she answered. Mr. Shearer did not go on his southern trip that night, nor the next; and so—and so—well, the same old story. When the roses bloom in bleak New England, then will be heard the sound of the bells, and the southern palmetto and the northern pine, entwined, will adorn the altar.

CHIT-CHAT.

A Boston girl describes a statue as a bust with two legs under it.

Atlanta has a female barber whose sign reads:

Man wants but little hair below,
Nor wants that little long.

The reason why a woman can not succeed as well as men in the walks of life is because when she is on the walk one hand is usually employed in holding up the dress.

Mrs. Burnett, it is said, will finish her story, "Through One Century," in the April number of the *Administration Magazine*, and then give us—we would say take—a long rest.

When a Leadville man fell in love with a woman and swore he would kill himself unless she married him, the gentle creature bought a pistol for him. He carried out the promise and shot himself. A Leadville woman will do anything for a man who loves her.

Mrs. E. A. Jewett, of Georgetown, who celebrated her ninetieth birthday recently, went out last week on the ice and coasted down a steep hill several times on a double runner. But you can't make us believe the boys enjoyed walking up the hill with

her as much as they did seventy-four years ago.

Professor—My dear madame, the progress of modern astronomy is astounding. We know the distance between the sun and the planets within a few thousand miles. Madam—Yes, professor; but think of it; that we know even the names of all these distant luminaries.

A philosopher informs us that a bonnet is no longer a bonnet when it becomes a pretty woman. And the inference is that a woman is no longer a woman when she becomes a "poke."

A stylishly dressed woman entered a restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare, and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish too order." Taking the pencil she made a few dashes, and her order read: "Dinner 50 cents," "Feb. 20, '83," "vegetables," "please pay at the desk," "celebrity."

A servant girl who had been admonished by her mistress to be careful in "washing up" the best tea-things was overheard shortly afterward indulging in the following soliloquy while in the act of washing the sugar basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I suppose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I should just catch it."

A jealous young woman in Pennsylvania, hearing her lover come up the stairs, swallowed a whole bottle of laudanum, and then pointed her pistol at the door, intending to shoot him as he entered. But his attention was attracted elsewhere—perhaps by another girl—and he went back—not returning for a quarter of an hour. When he entered the room she was unconscious, but still holding the revolver in her hand. To add to her misery, he had her resuscitated, and then left her.

Morsels for Sunday Contemplation.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang.

The true eye for talent presupposes the true reverence for it.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy—be still a man.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

Justice is an act of passion; vengeance of reason; injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged.

A man who keeps telling a woman he is her friend is either in love with her or is afraid he will be.

A man's ideal of intimacy with a woman is that she shall be allowed to talk about herself, and she shall listen.

Cynicism in youth is a deplorable anachronism—but it is an inevitable consequence of age and experience.

The difference between the gentleman circumstantial and the gentleman direct is great, though not always perceived.

The Red Man's Eloquence.

The writer, some years ago, in the Northwest, heard a young Indian chief make a speech before a Government commission and Army officers which fairly deserved to be classed among eloquent speeches. He was a splendidly formed Indian, with large, muscular limbs, an unusually fine head, and expressive eyes. He was dressed in all the paraphernalia of savage taste. He was painted with rich, bright colors, laid on without stint, and when he rose to speak he looked, in professional energy, like an athlete about to enter upon a hard contest in the stadium, with his veins standing out like cords and his lips compressed. He pleaded against the removal of his tribe to some other reservation, and his heart was in his words. He was in earnest. He meant everything he said, and there were bursts of eloquence which would have electrified members, lobbies, and galleries of the House at Washington, had they emanated from a Congressman. The Indian's eloquence was all the more effective because it was spontaneous. His eloquence and his rhetoric, impassioned both, were forest born. It was oratory in voice and gesture, not garbally like that which obtains too often at Washington.

The Quadrille.

The quadrille, says the London *Evening News*, is rapidly disappearing from the programme of society. Its formality is too much for the rapidity of the age and its amusements. It is now considered a fond and foolish dance, fit only for chaperons and elderly men of rounded form. More youthful partners have for some time past engaged themselves to each other for the "square," it is true, but not to dance it; merely to sit it out—a pleasant process which they prefer to the solemn walk through various figures that has taken place of the lively *chassez* step characteristic of the quadrille in our mother's young days. Consequently but a paucity of couples "stand-up," to use the quaint old phrase, when the musicians grind out the first bars of "La Pantalon," as the first figure used to be called. Recognizing this, the average hostess arranges her dance programme with valise alternating with polka, and perhaps a set of lancers for the "supper dance." There is also almost invariably a Highland schottische, a movement which a French spectator recently characterized as *egare*. There is thus abundance of "go" at a dance in the present day, and when there is a cotillon the proceedings frequently degenerate into a decided "rump."

Not a Tear.

A girl 7 or 8 years old slipped down the other day, and as she was picking herself up a pedestrian said: "Don't cry, sissy." "Who's going to?" she sharply demanded as she rose up. "I guess when a girl has got her mother's shawl on she ain't going to let anybody know she's hurt!"

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nerve properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

Condensed elephant's milk is the new tonic. It should be taken by drummers, as it doubtless develops trunks.

Dyspepsia, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I'd have people know I'm nobody's fool," said Fenderson. "In other words," remarked Fogg, "you're your own master."

Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous, and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuthbert, Ga., writes "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by all druggists.

When a pickpocket gets out of practice, it takes a long while for him to get his hand in.

CATARH—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

Life is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end he is all out of breath.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a head ticking.

Erysipelas, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Eruptions, and all diseases of the Skin and Blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It purges all foul humors from the system, imparting strength and vigor at the same time. (2)

Family ties become sleepers when the twins sink into slumber.

Would you avoid the Biliary complaints incidental to spring and summer? Cleanse the system with Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood, and is the purest tonic in the world. Trial bottles 10 cents. (5)

Subject to fits, and pretty bad ones sometimes: Tailors.

A common, and often fatal, disease is jaundice. Regulate the action of the Liver, and cleanse the blood with Burdock Blood Bitters, and the worst case may be speedily cured. (1)

If you should happen to want your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.

Well as Ever.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.:—"My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever. (3.)"

The first negro criminal was the original "Black Crook."

From Mr. Percy Perdon, the oldest Mail Clerk now running on the G. W. Railway between Suspension Bridge and Detroit: About 18 months ago in conversation with you I mentioned that my son Arthur was a great sufferer from rheumatism, being so bad that for months he had not been able to put on his boots or walk. At your suggestion I purchased from you four bottles of your Rheumatism. Three bottles, however, I am happy to say, effected a permanent cure, as my son has never suffered from rheumatism since, although the past winter has been a most trying one. I may add that the medicine had the effect of improving his health in every way. Make what use you like of this testimonial. I can thoroughly recommend your Rheumatism to all suffering from rheumatic complaints. I am, yours truly, PERCY PERDON, Agent Great Western Railway. J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq., St. Catharines.

It is said that deaf and dumb people always take a hand in conversation.

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrew, date June 3rd, write:—"Burdock Blood Bitters, though comparatively a new preparation, has taken the lead in this locality as a blood purifier, our sales of it being equal to that of all other medicines used for the purpose during the last year." (6)

Woollen goods are quoted quiet because of their nap.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—VEGETINE is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

The most humorous member of a dog is the wag of his tail.

A. P. 117

For Throat and Lung Diseases, Bowel Complaints, Etc.

It is truly a marvel. The Oil, besides exciting appetite, promoting digestion and checking fermentation on the stomach, antiseptics or counteracts the effect of uric acid, which produces rheumatism by destroying the oxalate and phosphate of lime in the bones, and the membranes enclosing the joints.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. (Electric is not Electric.)

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.

Electricity feeds the brain and muscles: in a word, it is Nature's food.

The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application as an internal remedy for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use in Nervous Diseases, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia and kindred diseases. It has no equal.

According to the last census there were only 27,794 deaf people in Germany, and a French editor takes these figures to prove that Wagner didn't get a fair chance in his own country.

Carrying the War, into the enemy's country. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known throughout Canada. The large demand from the United States has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldly put it to the front as the leading article in the line. From England also a demand has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietary goods sold here emanate from these countries.—This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure.—*Change.*

Dr. Tukey, the great English lunacy doctor, in a recent lecture before the Health Society of Edinburgh, severely condemned competitive examinations as most injurious to the young.

Vegetine

RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY COMPLAINT ENTIRELY CURED BY THE USE OF VEGETINE.

HAMILTON, O., March 11, 1881.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: Although an entire stranger to you, I wish to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me. After suffering for several years with the RHEUMATISM, I can truly say the Vegetine has entirely cured me. I have not had the slightest touch of it for several months.

Have also been badly afflicted with KIDNEY COMPLAINT, suffering great pain in my back, hips and sides, with great difficulty in passing urine. By the use of VEGETINE I find myself entirely cured of this complaint. I take great pleasure in recommending your remedy to my acquaintances and friends, and all speak favorably of its good effects.

Respectfully yours,
P. GILBERT, Undertaker. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Gilbert, and believe him perfectly reliable in his statement.
B. S. JAMES, Druggist, Hamilton, O.

READ THE FACTS.

TORONTO, April 3, 1880.

MR. H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Sir—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of your invaluable family medicine, VEGETINE. For three years I was a great sufferer from Chronic Rheumatism and *derangement of the Kidneys*, and after trying innumerable so-called remedies, in the spring of last year I was recommended to give the Vegetine a trial and to persevere in using it for some time. I did so, and in the course of three months found that a perfect cure had been effected, and I am now, thank God, in the full enjoyment of the best of health. I consider it the most effective remedy for the distressing complaints just mentioned and for Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Disease. It is very pleasant to take, vitalizing and invigorating. I can most confidently recommend it, knowing the great benefits I have derived from its use, and consider I cannot overstate its great and important value to those similarly afflicted as I have been. Yours faithfully,
R. L. COLB, Accountant.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

SETTLERS

Goods to be had here for Great North-West. Call on J. W. COLLIER, 151 King Street, Toronto. Sole agents for Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick. One set Maps, Guides, and Passes for \$1.00. Free by mail. Send for a copy of our new and improved map of the country, by mail, for 25 cents. Address: J. W. COLLIER, 151 King Street, Toronto, W. E. COLLIER, Manager.

PROFESSIONAL.

MR. FORSTER, ARTIST, HAS RETURNED from Europe and opened a studio, 81 King-st. East, Toronto. Portraits in oil life size.

PRICE TICKETS, SHOW CARDS, WINNERS, NOW SHALLOTT, lowest designs. Send for price list. P. WILLIAMS, 4 King E., Toronto.

NOTICE TO IMMIGRANTS TO MANITOBA

Passengers by the C. P. R. will better themselves by retaining their baggage checks until they arrive at the Winnipeg Station, instead of delivering the same to transfer baggage clerk on trains, as the baggage check conveys all baggage, trunks, and settlers' effects to any part of the city of Winnipeg, at any hour, at much lower rates than by any other transfer agency. P. MCKEOWN, Baggage and Express Agent, Winnipeg. References—Hon. Hugh Sutherland, Winnipeg; S. M. Clements M. P. C. B. M.; C. T. Stewart, M. P. P.; and C. Cooke, Esq., ex-Warden, county Simcoe, Ont.

Robbins Bros.,

ARBITRATORS, PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS, TRUSTEES & C.

37 Wellington street East, Toronto.

FINANCIAL NEGOTIATIONS, including the formation of companies—procuring partners and capital—the purchase and sale of businesses, debentures, &c.

MONEY LOANED on good farm and other properties at the lowest rates of interest. No exorbitant charges.

If you want a loan on a partner, or desire a business bought or disposed of, write to us.

THE SUN EVERYBODY LIKES IT.

THE SUN'S first aim is to be truthful and useful; its second, to write an entertaining history of the times in which we live. It prints, on an average, more than a million copies a week. Its circulation is now larger than ever before. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages), by mail, 55c. a month, or \$6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), \$1.20 per year; WEEKLY (5 pages), \$1.00 per year.

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City.

Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Co.

Paid up Capital \$2,000,000.00
Total assets 7,350,000.00

Lends money upon Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest, and on favorable terms of repayment.

ALSO Purchases Municipal Debentures and Mortgage on Real Estate.

For further particulars apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Manager, Company's Building, Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vegeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.