

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance—\$1.00 only be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING
For transient advertisements 5 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion—minor notices, not exceeding one inch, 25 cents per annum. Advertisements without specific directions will be published till notified and charged accordingly. Transient notices—10 cents. For Sale, etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance. Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. 25¢ All advertising matter, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

THE JOB : Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out first-class work.
W. IRWIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Chronicle Contains
Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors.
Its Local News is Complete and market reports accurate.

THE PERFECT TEA
MONSOON TEA
THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.
"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by their names as a guarantee of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason you see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages. That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be had at the same price as inferior tea.
It is put up in sealed caddies of 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 3 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40¢, 50¢, and 60¢ per caddy. If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to S. H. HAYTER & CO., 15 and 17 Front St. E., Toronto.

DURHAM MILLS
GRISTING AND CHOPPING DONE
on shortest notice and satisfaction guaranteed.
FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED
THE SAWMILL
We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work.
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND BATHS always on hand.
N. G. & J. McKECHNIE.

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is really patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice in the
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,
beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 per year, 10 copies free. Address
MANN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

DOANS KIDNEY PILLS
50 Cents Per Box
In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.
There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

She had decided that it would not be prudent to take him out; she might meet people who would recognize her, and then she would be asked awkward questions about the boy. Besides, he was so fatally like herself she did not dare to do it. There was no mistaking the likeness; it could not be overlooked. It would never do for any one who knew her to see them together. Another thought occurred to her one day. What of his future? Had any provision been made for it? Or, when the quarter was over, would Dr. Lester send him away? In all conscience and in all honor she was bound to provide for him; she wished to do so. She would have shared her fortune with him; she would have given him all she had—all save Lancelwood. She pondered over this long and anxiously. She had no wish or desire to be imprudent; perhaps her seeming immunity from all danger made her reckless. She resolved upon seeing Dr. Lester himself. Amongst the number of people whom the master of a large school must see, he would hardly remember Mrs. Smith. Dr. Lester had been rather curious to know who Henry Dorman's visitor was. In fact the pupil himself had been a puzzle to the learned doctor. He had been brought to him a year before by a Mr. Dorman, who had just arrived from America. Mr. Dorman had made all suitable inquiries about the school, and had told the doctor that he was in delicate health, and might in all probability go abroad again. He had asked permission to pay for five years in advance, saying that if he should be traveling it might be difficult to send the money. He had also left a small sum of money with the doctor for the boy's private use and benefit.

"If," he said, "anything should happen to me, and the boy shows talent, you can make him a tutor in your own school first, doctor. He will fight his own way after that." The doctor had asked one or two questions about the boy, and Gerald had evaded them, and so he knew nothing either of his friends or of his parentage. Bearing, therefore, that a very beautiful lady, who had been a friend of his mother's, often came to see the boy, bringing him handsome presents, and showing a great liking for him, felt some little curiosity about her. Dr. Lester was a man of science. He was known and valued wherever learning was valued, consequently he had but little time to spare. More than once Lady St. Just asked to see him, but was not able to do so. One morning she went to Hammersmith. She had with her some books that Oswald had asked for. Just as she was going away again, Dr. Lester, with another gentleman, entered the college. He watched her for a moment, and then he said to a man-servant, who was by the door— "Which of the young gentlemen does that lady come to see?" "Master Dorman, sir," was the reply. "What a mistake some of you have made!" he said. "I was told that it was a Mrs. Smith who came to see young Dorman—that is Lady St. Just. I am going to meet her husband this very day. Dorman must be a poor relation. I should imagine."

Had Lady St. Just left the school three minutes later or earlier, she would have avoided this meeting, and perhaps its consequences. As it was, the doctor thought there was nothing odd in what was going on. He had always admired young Dorman—he fancied there was something noble and refined about him. Dr. Lester had a great admiration for Adrian St. Just—he considered him one of the wisest statesmen and cleverest men of the day. He met him very often, and they had a mutual respect for each other. On this day the scientific meeting that he had to attend took place in one of the large west-end halls, and at its close Lord St. Just complimented the doctor on the able speech that he had made. They talked for a few minutes and then the doctor said— "I am happy to find that I have a protege of yours, my lord, in my school; he is a clever boy, and improves rapidly." At first Lord St. Just thought that the doctor was speaking in jest, or making some political reference. "I do not quite understand," he replied, politely. "I say, my lord, that I am pleased to have your young protege in my school."

"I am ashamed to say, doctor," said Lord St. Just, laughing, "that I do not believe I have a protege, in your sense of the word." "Evidently a poor relation," thought the doctor. "I thought he was a protege," he said aloud. "Perhaps he is related to you, my lord? He will be a clever man some day." "My dear doctor," returned Lord St. Just, "you will think me very obtuse, but I have not the faintest idea of what you mean."

"I am speaking of young Dorman," said the doctor. "Dorman," repeated the peer; "why, he is dead. I attended his funeral some time ago." "Ah," said the doctor, "that would be the elder Dorman; this is the younger." "There is no younger. I have heard Lady St. Just say that there were two brothers. One is a solitary book-worm who has an appointment as librarian on the Continent somewhere—I quite forget where; the other died, and I attended his funeral." "There is certainly a young Dorman at my school, my lord—a clever young stripling—handsome too. Lady St. Just comes frequently to see him." His lordship looked up quickly. "What," he cried—"my wife, Lady St. Just, calls at your school, you say? You must be mistaken." "I think not," he replied. "I saw Lady St. Just at the Royal Society—and hers is a face not easily forgotten."

"I assure you," said Lord St. Just, earnestly, "that you are quite mistaken, doctor. Lady St. Just in Hammersmith! She would have told me about it." "I hope to Heaven," thought the doctor, "that I have done no harm. Perhaps she wished all this kept secret from her husband; if so, I have betrayed her." Suddenly it occurred to him that possibly Lady St. Just, not wishing to be known, had assumed the alias of Mrs. Smith. It struck him, now that he came to think of it, that all her visits had been rather of a strange, secret kind. What mischief had he done? The doctor was at his wit's end. "I may be mistaken," he replied; "one ought never to be too positive as to identity. I saw the lady only for a moment, but I fancied that I recognized her as Lady St. Just." "I think not," said Lord St. Just, a little coldly. "It is very unlikely that my wife would visit your school, or any one there without telling me." "It is most likely my mistake," allowed the doctor; but his lordship saw that he was anxious to lessen the impression of his words, and that annoyed him still more. "It is as well to be careful," he said, "in making an assertion of that kind; and the doctor saw that he was cooler than usual in his manner toward him. He looked at him gravely. "My lord," he said, "I am most probably quite mistaken. I see few ladies, and am not a good judge of resemblances. May I ask a favor from you?" "Certainly," replied Lord St. Just, with his usual frank courtesy. "You will honor me by so doing." "As I have most likely made an absurd mistake, may I request you not to mention what I have said to Lady St. Just?" The good-natured peer smiled. "What can it matter?" he replied, "either one way or the other?" "Still it would oblige me, my lord," persisted the doctor. "Then I will promise—I will not say a word to Lady St. Just. Are you satisfied, now, doctor?" "Yes," he replied. "Her ladyship would perhaps think that I was taking a liberty with her name." They parted soon afterward, both uneasy. When he reached home, the first thing that the doctor did was to summon young Dorman to his private room. He made all kinds of inquiries about the lady who had visited him. The boy assured him that it was Mrs. Smith. "Did you ever know a Lady St. Just?" asked the doctor. "The boy laughed. "I do not think I have ever seen a lady—that is, a lord's wife—in all my life," he said. And the doctor was more puzzled than ever. The more he thought of it, the more sure he felt that the beautiful face he had seen was the face of Lady St. Just.

"I only hope," he said, "that I have made no mischief. One thing is quite certain—her husband knows nothing of the motive that brings her here."

During dinner that day, several guests being present, Lord St. Just spoke of the meeting he had attended. "The best speech," he said, "was made by Dr. Lester, of Hammersmith—one of the cleverest men we have." Then he was startled, for his wife's beautiful face turned quite white. She was looking at him with fear and wonder in her eyes; he had never seen such an expression on her face before. He saw that her lips were pale, and trembled as she spoke. Slowly, as from a painful dream, she seemed to rouse herself, and, turning to the gentleman by her side, began to talk; but it was an effort, and he saw it. He saw, too, that she listened if he again mentioned the doctor's name. He mentioned it purposely, and again he saw a spasm of pain pass across her face. "There is a mystery," he said to himself—"a mystery that has some pain in it—and my darling is keeping it all to herself." He resolved to find it out and share it with her. Perhaps, he thought to himself, Gerald Dorman trusted some secret to her about this young relative, and she thinks that in honor she must keep it to herself. He noticed that all the evening his wife was unusually thoughtful and abstracted. More than once she answered at random, not knowing what she said; and when their visitors had gone she sat quite still, looking with dreamy eyes at the page of a book, which she did not even pretend to be reading. Suddenly she began to talk to him. "What meeting was that," she asked, "that you attended this morning?" "I gradually leading up to the matter she had most at heart. "Who is this Dr. Lester I heard you mention?" she said. "A gentleman who keeps a school at Hammersmith," he replied. "Do you know him?" she asked; and, though she spoke so quietly, he detected the keen anxiety underlying the low tones. "Yes, every one in London knows Dr. Lester. He lectures admirably, and he has written two or three valuable works. He is quite a public character." She looked relieved, and he saw it. "Do you often see him?" she asked, after a short pause. "Not very often. We meet at lectures and soirées. I do not remember to have seen him elsewhere."

She took up her book and said no more. But he, watching her, saw that she did not read—that she never turned a leaf. He saw that she was so deeply, so completely engrossed in her own thoughts that she had forgotten all else. He believed that she would have sat there for hours. What could it all mean? He had noticed the great change in his wife, her fits of absence of mind, her gloomy abstraction, the brooding thought that seemed to lie like a dark shadow over her. Could it be possible that the mysterious visits to Hammersmith had anything to do with the change in her manner, the engrossing care and thought that now characterized her? If so, what could they be for? He was startled. Then he reproached himself. What could there be wrong in this proud, stately wife of his? He watched her for quite half an hour—she never moved nor spoke. Then he went to her and took the book from her hands. "Adrian," she cried, with a start, "I—I had forgotten you were here." "That is a poor compliment, Vivian. You had forgotten that I was here—may I ask of whom you were thinking—or of what—that you could forget me?" Her face flushed crimson under the searching gaze of his eyes. "You spend a great deal of time in thinking now," he said. "Pray tell me what it is all about." "Who can describe an unknown world?" she asked. "And thought is an unknown world."

It was an evasive answer, and he felt it. He raised her face between his hands. "Let me look into your eyes, darling, and see if I can tell what you are thinking about." But her eyes fell before his, the white lids closed over them, the long dark lashes lay on her cheeks. "Why, Vivian, you will not let me see!" Then he changed his tone to one of grave, tender earnestness. "My darling wife," he said, gently, "is there any secret that you are keeping from me?" He could tell how the words pierced her by the shudder that passed over her. "A secret!" she cried, wildly. "Why should you say that? A secret, Adrian! What secret have I?" "I cannot tell. Is there one? Are you keeping anything from me, darling? Have you any secret that you will not share with me?" She seemed to recover herself by a marvelous effort. She freed herself from his arms. She raised her hand to the diamond circlet on her hair. "See," she said, "you have spoilt my coiffure—and it was very pretty. How you have startled me, Adrian."

During dinner that day, several guests being present, Lord St. Just spoke of the meeting he had attended. "The best speech," he said, "was made by Dr. Lester, of Hammersmith—one of the cleverest men we have." Then he was startled, for his wife's beautiful face turned quite white. She was looking at him with fear and wonder in her eyes; he had never seen such an expression on her face before. He saw that her lips were pale, and trembled as she spoke. Slowly, as from a painful dream, she seemed to rouse herself, and, turning to the gentleman by her side, began to talk; but it was an effort, and he saw it. He saw, too, that she listened if he again mentioned the doctor's name. He mentioned it purposely, and again he saw a spasm of pain pass across her face. "There is a mystery," he said to himself—"a mystery that has some pain in it—and my darling is keeping it all to herself." He resolved to find it out and share it with her. Perhaps, he thought to himself, Gerald Dorman trusted some secret to her about this young relative, and she thinks that in honor she must keep it to herself. He noticed that all the evening his wife was unusually thoughtful and abstracted. More than once she answered at random, not knowing what she said; and when their visitors had gone she sat quite still, looking with dreamy eyes at the page of a book, which she did not even pretend to be reading. Suddenly she began to talk to him. "What meeting was that," she asked, "that you attended this morning?" "I gradually leading up to the matter she had most at heart. "Who is this Dr. Lester I heard you mention?" she said. "A gentleman who keeps a school at Hammersmith," he replied. "Do you know him?" she asked; and, though she spoke so quietly, he detected the keen anxiety underlying the low tones. "Yes, every one in London knows Dr. Lester. He lectures admirably, and he has written two or three valuable works. He is quite a public character." She looked relieved, and he saw it. "Do you often see him?" she asked, after a short pause. "Not very often. We meet at lectures and soirées. I do not remember to have seen him elsewhere."

She took up her book and said no more. But he, watching her, saw that she did not read—that she never turned a leaf. He saw that she was so deeply, so completely engrossed in her own thoughts that she had forgotten all else. He believed that she would have sat there for hours. What could it all mean? He had noticed the great change in his wife, her fits of absence of mind, her gloomy abstraction, the brooding thought that seemed to lie like a dark shadow over her. Could it be possible that the mysterious visits to Hammersmith had anything to do with the change in her manner, the engrossing care and thought that now characterized her? If so, what could they be for? He was startled. Then he reproached himself. What could there be wrong in this proud, stately wife of his? He watched her for quite half an hour—she never moved nor spoke. Then he went to her and took the book from her hands. "Adrian," she cried, with a start, "I—I had forgotten you were here." "That is a poor compliment, Vivian. You had forgotten that I was here—may I ask of whom you were thinking—or of what—that you could forget me?" Her face flushed crimson under the searching gaze of his eyes. "You spend a great deal of time in thinking now," he said. "Pray tell me what it is all about." "Who can describe an unknown world?" she asked. "And thought is an unknown world."

It was an evasive answer, and he felt it. He raised her face between his hands. "Let me look into your eyes, darling, and see if I can tell what you are thinking about." But her eyes fell before his, the white lids closed over them, the long dark lashes lay on her cheeks. "Why, Vivian, you will not let me see!" Then he changed his tone to one of grave, tender earnestness. "My darling wife," he said, gently, "is there any secret that you are keeping from me?" He could tell how the words pierced her by the shudder that passed over her. "A secret!" she cried, wildly. "Why should you say that? A secret, Adrian! What secret have I?" "I cannot tell. Is there one? Are you keeping anything from me, darling? Have you any secret that you will not share with me?" She seemed to recover herself by a marvelous effort. She freed herself from his arms. She raised her hand to the diamond circlet on her hair. "See," she said, "you have spoilt my coiffure—and it was very pretty. How you have startled me, Adrian."

During dinner that day, several guests being present, Lord St. Just spoke of the meeting he had attended. "The best speech," he said, "was made by Dr. Lester, of Hammersmith—one of the cleverest men we have." Then he was startled, for his wife's beautiful face turned quite white. She was looking at him with fear and wonder in her eyes; he had never seen such an expression on her face before. He saw that her lips were pale, and trembled as she spoke. Slowly, as from a painful dream, she seemed to rouse herself, and, turning to the gentleman by her side, began to talk; but it was an effort, and he saw it. He saw, too, that she listened if he again mentioned the doctor's name. He mentioned it purposely, and again he saw a spasm of pain pass across her face. "There is a mystery," he said to himself—"a mystery that has some pain in it—and my darling is keeping it all to herself." He resolved to find it out and share it with her. Perhaps, he thought to himself, Gerald Dorman trusted some secret to her about this young relative, and she thinks that in honor she must keep it to herself. He noticed that all the evening his wife was unusually thoughtful and abstracted. More than once she answered at random, not knowing what she said; and when their visitors had gone she sat quite still, looking with dreamy eyes at the page of a book, which she did not even pretend to be reading. Suddenly she began to talk to him. "What meeting was that," she asked, "that you attended this morning?" "I gradually leading up to the matter she had most at heart. "Who is this Dr. Lester I heard you mention?" she said. "A gentleman who keeps a school at Hammersmith," he replied. "Do you know him?" she asked; and, though she spoke so quietly, he detected the keen anxiety underlying the low tones. "Yes, every one in London knows Dr. Lester. He lectures admirably, and he has written two or three valuable works. He is quite a public character." She looked relieved, and he saw it. "Do you often see him?" she asked, after a short pause. "Not very often. We meet at lectures and soirées. I do not remember to have seen him elsewhere."

She took up her book and said no more. But he, watching her, saw that she did not read—that she never turned a leaf. He saw that she was so deeply, so completely engrossed in her own thoughts that she had forgotten all else. He believed that she would have sat there for hours. What could it all mean? He had noticed the great change in his wife, her fits of absence of mind, her gloomy abstraction, the brooding thought that seemed to lie like a dark shadow over her. Could it be possible that the mysterious visits to Hammersmith had anything to do with the change in her manner, the engrossing care and thought that now characterized her? If so, what could they be for? He was startled. Then he reproached himself. What could there be wrong in this proud, stately wife of his? He watched her for quite half an hour—she never moved nor spoke. Then he went to her and took the book from her hands. "Adrian," she cried, with a start, "I—I had forgotten you were here." "That is a poor compliment, Vivian. You had forgotten that I was here—may I ask of whom you were thinking—or of what—that you could forget me?" Her face flushed crimson under the searching gaze of his eyes. "You spend a great deal of time in thinking now," he said. "Pray tell me what it is all about." "Who can describe an unknown world?" she asked. "And thought is an unknown world."

THE CONCERTINA.
There is nothing nerve-racking about this war story, taken from "The Relief of Ladysmith." On the contrary, it is one of those trifling but delightfully vivid incidents which seize the mind even on a grand occasion. As a column passed a camp, a Zulu driver lashed out with his long whip at his mules, and instantly let drop from his left hand, with a curious native cry of despair, that cherished Kaffir instrument, a concertina. The column moved on; "nor all the piety nor all the wit" of the Zulu could lure it back to recover the concertina. But the leader of the mounted company, coming behind, noticed the instrument lying on the ground. "Mind that concertina!" he shouted. "Pass the word!" He pulled his horse aside; the word was passed, a line of horses in the middle of the company swerved, the forest of legs passed, and behold! the concertina lay untouched. The next company leader threw up his hand like a driver in the Strand. "Look out! Mind the concertina!" he said. "Mind the wind-jammer!" said one man to another in tones—as they seemed—of deep personal resentment if a rider let his horse's hoofs go dangerously near the precious thing. And thus all the rest of the brigade passed, hurrying on to use all the latest and most civilized means for killing men and destroying property, and minding the concertina tenderly as they went; so that when the dancing sea of legs had passed it over, the concertina still lay unscratched on the ground.

MAGIC AMULETS.
It is the desire of every Chinaman's heart to possess a pair of magic bracelets. Arm rings or bracelets are thought a great deal of in the Celestial Empire, the custom of wearing them having been handed down from time immemorial. Usually made of jade stone, the Chinese arm ring of to-day is of one invariable shape. It looks like a large martingale. The Chinese word for jade is ngook-seu, and for jade arm ring or bracelet, ngook-ak. The custom in China is to place the bracelet on a young man's arm just before the hands stop growing. A tight fit is usually secured, and once placed the amulet arm ring is worn throughout life. At death, if the bracelet has proved a lucky one, and if there is a son whom it will fit, the bones in the old man's hand are broken and the bracelet removed. Many are the marvelous tales told by the Chinese of the wonderful qualities these amulets possess. There is a tradition that a certain Chinese Emperor, who was stricken with paralysis, wore upon his forearm a magic bracelet, which kept life in that member for many months, and allowed him to make known his desires and decrees by writing. At last, when death claimed the Emperor, something even more wonderful took place. Dead three days, and lying in state, his body was being viewed by the priests. The advisability of removing the bracelet was being considered, when the hand was lifted up and gave a signal which they interpreted to mean the bracelet should go with its owner to the tomb. Among other wonderful properties a good amulet is said to act as a fairly reliable barometer.

CHINA'S FLOATING HOUSES.
There are to be found in China at all cities and towns on the banks of rivers and creeks, what may be called floating hotels. They are large boats of special construction, and are called Chee-Tung Teng. As the rivers and creeks may be said to be the highways of the country, these boats are of great service to travellers. The gates of cities and towns are invariably closed at an early hour of the evening, and should a passenger boat arrive at a city by night, the passengers would be unable to disembark until the next morning were it not for the convenience of these floating hotels. There are also large boats on the Canton river called by the Chinese Wang-Lau and by the foreigners flower boats. These boats are neither more nor less than floating houses, and they are often richly carved and gilded. At night, when illuminated, they present a gay and animated appearance. These boats are the resort in the evening of citizens who are disposed to make merry. It is not considered decorous for a Chinese gentleman to invite friends to dinner at his family residence, excepting on the marriage of a son or daughter, or when honouring the natal anniversary of a member of his family. He therefore issues cards of invitation to his friends to meet him at dinner on board a certain flower boat. The dinner is cooked in a large floating kitchen anchored near. At such banquets there are invariably a number of public singing women.

MORE SUITABLE.
I object to the personification of time in the guise of man, said Tenspot. "Why?" asked Whiffett. "So inappropriate. It should be a woman." "Why?" "You know the old proverb says, 'Time will tell.'"

ARE SUCH AS CAUSE BACKACHE
A Toronto Dressmaker has found a Positive Cure and Gladly Tells About It.
Those who have the arduous occupation of dress-making or sewing have troubles of their own. Running sewing machines all day long, bending over work that requires the greatest care, these are the things that have made many a woman exclaim, "every day some little a stitch with my needle it seems as though I am piercing my own back." But those who suffer from backache, headache, pain in the side or any derangement of the kidneys will be glad to know that there is a remedy that never fails even in the worst cases. It is Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. P. Coyer, the well-known dressmaker, 224 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., gave the following statement of her experience with it: "For some time I suffered a good deal from weak back, a tired feeling, and aches in various parts of my body. Since I have used Doan's Kidney Pills the pains have left me, my back has got stronger and the kidney troubles have been corrected. "That tired, dull, drowsy feeling that used to come on me has now gone, and I am happy to say I have not felt so well in years as I do now." Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache, lame or weak back, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, mist before the eyes, loss of memory, rheumatism, gravel and urinary troubles of young or old. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

DRS. K. & K.
The Leading Specialists of America
20 YEARS IN DETROIT.
250,000 CURED.
WE CURE EMISSIONS
Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. Whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method "treatment" will positively cure you.
NO CURE—NO PAY
Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You must pay nothing.
250,000 CURED
Young Men—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stopping hair and downward countenance reveal the blight of your existence.
WE CURE VARICOCELE
No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "worn veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease, and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO DETENTION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.
CURES GUARANTEED
We treat and cure SYPHILIS, GLEET, EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLADDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS, FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.
DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

RIPAN'S
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.
ONE GIVES RELIEF.
Hot weather comes hard on babies, especially those cutting teeth. The little form soon wastes and fades away when diarrhoea or cholera infantum seizes upon it. As you love your child, mother, wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. There is no other remedy so safe to give to children and none so effective. Mrs. Chas. Smith, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine that was ever made for diarrhoea, dysentery and summer complaint. It is the best thing to give children when they are teething. I have always used it in our own family and it has never yet failed."

IS BABY CUTTING TEETH?
Watch him carefully.—On the first indication of Diarrhoea give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.
Hot weather comes hard on babies, especially those cutting teeth. The little form soon wastes and fades away when diarrhoea or cholera infantum seizes upon it. As you love your child, mother, wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. There is no other remedy so safe to give to children and none so effective. Mrs. Chas. Smith, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine that was ever made for diarrhoea, dysentery and summer complaint. It is the best thing to give children when they are teething. I have always used it in our own family and it has never yet failed."