Dr. H. F. Merrill.

Results Astonish MEN OF SCIENCE.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A MEDICINE

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is without an equal as a blood-purifier and Spring medicine, and cannot have praise enough. I have watched its effects in chronic cases, where other treatment was of no avail, and have been astonished at the results. No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

HEALTH EXPERIMENTS.

The Result of Some That Have Been Tried in France.

Among the soldiers under the military government of Paris there were 824 typhoid cases in 1888. The following year the number increased to 1,179. At that time the water of the Vanne was substituted for the contaminated Seine water. The cases the next four years numbered respectively only, 299, 279, 293, and 258. Last year the Vanne itself became contaminated through an accident the history of which has been traced conclusively. The result was an increase of typhoid cases in the Paris garrison to 436, of which 310 occurred in the three months of February, March and April. During January and February of the present year (1895) there were only eight cases in all.

The fact that typhoid fever comes and goes with impure drinking water could hardly receive a more striking demonstration. Yet the possibility has been realized in the experience of Melun, a garrison town of about 12,000 inhabitants, situated on the Seine, twenty-eight miles above Paris. Here, in 1889, there were 122 cases of typhoid fever among the soldiers. The Chamberlain filters (Pasteur system) were then introduced, and the cases of the following years numbered, respectively, fifteen, six, two, seven and seven again for 1894. Suddenly, during the severe weather of February of last year., twenty-eight dragoons, one after the other, came down with the fever. The infantry battalion, living in the same barracks, had not a single case. The secret was soon out. The filters had been allowed to freeze, and the soldiers were ordered to drink only the weak infusion of tea furnished them, in which, of course, the water was boiled. The dragoons had simply not obeyed but had helped themselves to the Seine water from the hydrants.

English as She is Spoke.

Mrs. de Family—That was quite a pretty trap I saw you out in the other day, Mrs. de Snide.

Mrs. de Snide—Yes; that's my new phantom with the cantelope top. I just drug myself out to go riding for my health. I'm so seldomly well, you know.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Certain in its effects and never blisters. Read proofs below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Box 32, Carman, Henderson Co., Ill., Feb. 24, '94.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs—Please send me one of your Horse Books and oblige. I have used a great deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success; it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had an **Occult Spavin** and five bottles cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time.
Yours truly, CHAS. POWELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO. CASTOR, Mo., Apr. 2, '93.
Dear Sirs—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with much success; I think it the best liniment I ever used. *Have removed one Curb, one Blood Spavin and filled 9 no Bone Spavins.* I have recommended it to several of my friends who are much pleased with it and keep it. Respectfully,
W. H. ROBERTS, P. O. Box 78.

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Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,
ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT.

PATENTS

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Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Manufactured by The Cook Co., Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich., is the only known safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in *"the hour and time of need."* Every lady who reads this is requested to inclose two postage stamps, with her address, for

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and full particulars, which we will send by return mail in plain, sealed envelope.

An old physician, 35 years continued practice treating diseases of women, has charge of the office, and can be consulted by letter or in person. Address our main office

THE COOK COMPANY,
Room 3—No. 253 Woodward Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold by all responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion of Canada and United States for One Dollar per box.

BRITAN'S AFRICAN WAR.

REMARKABLE PREPARATIONS TO CONQUER LITTLE ASHANTI.

The Route Far Into the Interior Already Lined With Rest Huts, Defensive Posts and Hospitals—Building Bridges and Telegraphs—Not a Soldier Will Leave Ship Till All is Ready for Swift Advance.

While other war alarms are sounding Britain is pushing on her campaign against little Ashanti with unabated vigor. It is safe to wager that she has the men and the money to bring King Prembeh to his knees.

The route lies nearly all the way through forest which is made almost impassable by the dense undergrowth. Thousands of native have been employed in cutting a wide road from the coast to the Prah River, and the road makers are now at work beyond the river. Early in December thousands of natives embarked from the various ports along the Gold Coast for Cape Coast Castle, and were set at work carrying the supplies into the interior. A large supply depot has been established at Mansu and another at Prahsu. Other natives under European command have been stringing a telegraph line along the route, and it is now completed to Prahsu. The engineer corps have completed a bridge over the Prah River at Prahsu, and at last accounts were bridging a small river a little further north. Rest huts at five different camp stations have been built between the coast and Prahsu, so that the troops will not need to pitch tents at the end of the day's march. In fact, everthing is being done to save the soldiers work and enable them to march with celerity.

THE TROOPS

will comprise 786 white soldiers, 400 men from the West India Regiment, and 600 hussars, in all 1,786 men, under the command of Sir Francis Scott. Prahsu will be the base of operations. A hospital containing sixty beds has been built here, and a smaller hospital has been erected at Mansu. As the column advances beyond the Prah, stations will be established with carriers and hammocks for the speedy transportation of the sick to the hospitals or the coast. These stations will also be defensive posts by means of which it is intended to maintain a perfect line of communication with the coast.

Stores of every kind will have to be carried on the heads of natives, and at least 12,000 men and women, each carrying about fifty pounds, will be engaged beyond the Prah River in the service. It is known that the water of the region contains much deleterious matter, and all that is used for drinking purposes will percolate into large canvas tanks through Pasteur filters. Bakers will be sent across the Prah to take fresh bread at the defensive posts. The artillery will consist of a small mountain battery, a battery of six seven-pounder field guns, a Maxim, and a number of rocket tubes. All the white troops will be kept on board ship until everything is ready, and then they will debark and start at once along the road that is ready for them. Such is the scheme of the expedition, and it cannot be denied that it has been admirably conceived.

If Prembeh and his advisers knew much they would make it hot for the enemy while all these preparations were going forward. But they are sitting supinely at Kumassi, evidently preferring to take their dose all in a lump at the capital itself. The King probably doesn't yet realize the very uncomfortable box he is in. Enemies are coming against him, not only from the south, but also from the north. The King of Koranza, which is shown on the map, has agreed to help the British, and to march on the Ashanti capital if arms and ammunition are sent to him. So a force of Haussas with a large quantity of gunpowder and lead for arming the tribesmen have been despatched to him under the command of an English captain. The Koranza natives are excellent fighters, and their country being open and free from forest is well adapted for the proposed operations.

This war is being made upon the King of Ashanti, the English say, because he persists in raiding for slaves, molests tribes that are under British protection, and keeps up the terrible practice of human sacrifices. The end of it will probably be the appropriation of the whole of Ashanti by Great Britain.

WINTER SMILES.

Young doctor—"Do you have much difficulty in making your patients do what you want them to do?" Old doctor—"Yes; particularly when I send in my bills."

"How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word 'butterine?' asked the customer. "The last syllable is silent," stiffly replied the grocer's clerk.

Professor—"The ancients used palms as an emblem of capture and victory." Smart student—"I suppose that's why the moderns use them so extensively at weddings."

"Been married seven times, has he? Is he a man of leisure otherwise?" "Oh, no! He's a hard working tailor." "What a remarkable instance of the survival of the fittest."

Horse Gyp—"Are you satisfied that the team I sold you is well matched?" Victim—"Yes, they're well matched. One is willing to work, and the other is satisfied to let him."

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

Softleigh—"The Widow Passe proposed to me last night." Sappehead—"Really! What did you say?" Softleigh—"Told her I'd be a son to her. You see, her daughter got there first."

"Isn't that Miss Smedley? I thought she was sick. Somebody told me Dr. Pankey had given her up." "Well, he did sort o' give her up, but not till after he had tried five or six years to get her."

Hoax—"The building committee has just met, and we're going to have a new story at our club." Joax—"Good! I've worked the old club stories so much my wife don't believe them any more."

Alas, 'tis eighteen ninety-six
And bashful man must falter;
For woman now with clever tricks
Will speed him to the altar.

"These women chefs," sighed the supercranuated caterer, pushing the plate away from him, "ought to stick to politics and business and let man's work alone. They can't cook worth a dern."

Yeast—"I wish this restaurant fellow would print his bill of fare in English, so a fellow could tell what he is eating." Crimsonbeak—"Good gracious! Do you want the fellow to lose all his trade?"

"O, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia." "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso as he rolled over and began to snore again.

She (gazing at the dying embers)—"That fire reminds me of a man in love. It burns brightly at first, then gradually subsides and nothing remains but ashes." He—"And yet it will be all right if you feed it regularly."

First Tramp—"It makes me nervous to sleep in one of deze lodgin' houses. Suppose' a fire wuz to break out in de night?" Second Tramp—"Dat's so. Dem firemen would turn a hose on you in a minute!"

"Dear me, Adelbert," said the poet's wife, "this stuff doesn't make sense." "I know that as well as you do," said the poet. "It isn't intended to make sense. It is to make dollars. It was ordered by a magazine."

"Josiah," said Mrs. Corntossel, "what is diplomacy, any way?" "W-a-a-l," was the reply, "diplomacy, ez fur ez I've been able ter make head or tail of it, consists principally in lettin' on thet ye never did want what ye can't have."

"Who is that new cashier? He doesn't look very trustworthy." "I believe he is a very near relative of the president." "Very near. Ah, indeed! Well, the president better have a care that his cashier doesn't become a distant relative!"

Physician—"You lie awake in bed three or four hours every night? That is bad. I shall have to treat you for chronic insomnia." Caller (whose salary is $14 a week)—"Er—no, doctor; I don't think it's as bad as that. I simply can't sleep."

TO ASIA AND BACK ON AN ICE FLOE.

Two Young Indians Drift Twice Across Behring Sea, Nearly 2,000 Miles.

From a gentleman who recently arrived in Juneau from the far north we learn an almost incredible tale of suffering and endurance experienced by two Indian boys several years ago while out sealing. Our relator had been to Siberia on the revenue cutter Bear and had returned to Alaska with a cargo of reindeer. They were deposited at the Teller reindeer station, where he also went ashore. Here a sledge and team of dogs were hired and a journey overland to Point Barrow was begun. At the latter point the ice was found to be glare and perfectly solid, so he continued his journey across Behring Straits as far as the Big Diomed Island. This island is the home of quite a large tribe of Indians, whose subsistence is derived almost entirely from the sea. During the winter season they frequently travel many miles from home in their sealing expeditions, but never except when the wind is from the north. Should the wind shift its direction the ice is quite liable to break up in huge floes, to be carried here and there by every current it strikes until its final disintegration is complete.

In the time that was spent on Diomed Island two young Indians went out sealing, and before any seals were seen they had travelled over ten miles from their home. In the mean time the ice, which had been in a rotten condition for several days, broke into several huge fields, and when the Indians came to a realization of their position they were drifting out into Behring Sea's broad expanse with the land slowly fading from view. On the first, second, and third days nothing occurred to vary the monotony. Their little snack of grub had disappeared and starvation seemed to stare them in the face. On the morning of the fourth day a walrus climbed upon an end of the floe several hundred feet distant from where the boys had spent the night. Seeing the huge, clumsy brute pull himself on the ice for a sleep, they watched him with an eagerness made all the more keen from the fact that it meant

LIFE OR DEATH

to them. Their sufferings from thirst had already swollen their tongues so greatly as to render speech difficult. After having surveyed the field to his satisfaction the walrus lay down and was soon soundly sleeping. With stealthy steps the Indians now approached, and, the wind being in their favor, they succeeded in killing the animal before he could awaken and scramble off the ice. They first gorged themselves with the blood, it being the first article of drink they had had in nearly four days. During all the time they were on the floe they subsisted entirely upon this walrus.

On the fifth day they saw land again, and upon approaching closer to it it proved to be Nunivak Island, 500 miles south of where they started from. They drifted to within a few miles of shore and were certain of rescue, when they came in the path of other winds and their direction was changed to a westerly one. Slowly the land passed out of sight, and when next it was seen they had drifted and been blown entirely across Behring Sea and were among the coast of Siberia. To this shore line they approached within about the same distance as they did at Nunivak Island, but again contrary winds were encountered and they started east again. Their meat by this time was almost exhausted and they had for days suffered indescribably from thirst.

They never knew how many days it took in crossing Behring Sea the second time, as before they were rescued they had become delirious, and death would would have been welcome. A friendly breeze finally blew their ice cake, now greatly reduced in size, ashore at the mouth of the Kuskoquim, landing it so gently on the sand bars that the huge mass never broke. When the tide passed out they were taken ashore by a half-breed trader who has a store in that vicinity and were cared for until restored to health, and then were sent back to their homes. They floated about on the ice exactly three weeks, during which time they travelled nearly 2,000 miles.

A BRAVE DEED.

How Lord Charles Beresford Rescued a Comrade in the Zulu War.

So many brave deeds have been seen by Archibald Forbes, that it is with some natural curiosity that we turn to his paper in Pearson's Magazine under the title of "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw." The deed which Mr. Forbes here selects as the bravest that he ever saw was the rescue of a wounded trooper, which won for Lord Charles Beresford the Victoria Cross. He thus tells the story:

"Colonel (now General Sir) Redvers Buller has been ordered to make a reconnaissance before Cetewayo's kraal of Ulundi. Beresford led the advance, Buller bringing on the main body. Beresford on his smart chesnut, with the white ticks on withers and flanks, was the fore most rider of the force. The Zulu chief bringing up the rear of the fugitives suddenly turned on the lone horse men who had so outridden his followers. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his shoulders as he compacted himself behind his cowhide shield, marking his distance for the thrust of the gleaming assegai.

"It flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; Beresford's cavalry sabor clashed with it; the spear-head was dashed aside; the horseman gave point with all the vigor of his arm and the impetus of his galloping horse, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the sword-point was through the shield, and half its length buried in Zulu's broad chest. The gallant induna was a dead man, and his assegai stands now in a corner of Beresford's mother's drawing-room.

"The flight of the groups of Zulus was a calculated snare; the fugitives in front of the left the irregulars was simply a decoy. Suddenly from out a deep water-course crossing the plain, and from out the adjacent long grass, sprang up a long line of several thousand armed Zulus. At Buller's loud command to fire a volley and then retire, Beresford, and his scouts rode back toward the main body, followed by Zulu bullets.

"Two men were killed on the spot. A third man's horse slipped up, and his wounded rider came to the ground, the horse running away. Beresford, riding behind the retreating party, looked back and saw that the fallen man was trying to rise into a sitting posture.

"The Zulus, darting out in haste, were perilously close to the poor fellow, but Beresford, measuring distance with the eye, saw a chance of anticipating them. Galloping back to the wounded man, and dismounting, he confronted his adversaries with his revolver, while urging the soldier to get on his horse.

"The wounded man bade Beresford remount and fly. Why, said he, should two die when death was inevitable but to one? The quaint resourceful humor of his race did not fail Beresford in this crisis; he turned on the wounded man and swore with clenched fist that he would punch his head if he did not assist in the saving of his life.

"This droll argument prevailed. Still facing his foes with his revolver, Beresford partly lifted, partly hustled the man into the saddle, then scrambled up himself and set the chestnut agoing after the other horseman; another moment's delay and both must have been assegaied.

"A comrade fortunately came back shot down Zulu after Zulu with cool courage, and then aided Beresford in keeping the wounded man in the saddle till the laager was reached, where no one could tell whether it was the rescuer or rescued who was the wounded man, so smeared was Beresford with borrowed blood.

"Going into Beresford's tent the same afternoon I found him soundly asleep, and roused him with the information, which Colonel Wood had given me, that he was to be recommended for the Victoria Cross. 'Get along wid your nonsense, ye spalpeen!' was his yawning retort as he threw a boot at me, and then turned over and went to sleep again."

Unfailing Topic.

Bray—I don't think Mrs. Betterdays ever enjoyed her money so much as she does now.

Mrs. Bray—Why, she lost her money some years ago.

Bray—True; but then, you see, it has supplied her with an unfailing topic of conversation ever since.

HEALTH

Bow-Legs.

Bow-legs are usually an acquired deformity; not always, for some children are born bow-legged. They are caused when acquired by allowing a child to stand or to walk too early, before the bones have become sufficiently hardened; but generally there are to be found indications of systemic weakness, as well.

In some cases an absence of chalky or phosphatic material in the system is responsible for the trouble. Whatever the cause may be, the heavier the child, the more apt is the weight of the body to bend the bone.

It is not uncommon, especially in apparently mild cases of the difficulty, to find knock-knee combined with bow-legs. From the hip to the thigh the bones are curved inward, while from the knee downward they are bowed outward. This is called a "compensating" curve, and makes the yielding bones appear less affected than they really are. A double bend of this kind should be looked for by the parent when there is reason to fear a degree of curvature sufficient to call for medical intervention.

Of course, the earlier the period of the child's life at which treatment is instituted, the more easily will the desired result be obtained.

When the child begins to stand, the legs should be carefully inspected, to note whether there is any bending of the bones beneath the weight. Should such be the case, restrictions should be placed upon the child's activity. His weight should be kept off his legs, until they are found to sustain it without bending. If the strength of the limbs does not rapidly increase, the doctor should be consulted with a view to obtaining a suitable apparatus for keeping the legs in their normal position when the weight is thrown upon them.

Deformities of the limbs, when present at birth, should receive attention at the earliest possible moment, for during infancy the bones are soft and yielding and capable of being molded into proper form with little or no discomfort to the child.

In the case of older children, in whom the bones have become thoroughly hardened, where the degree of curvature is considerable, a skilful surgeon should be called.

Warm Feet.

You will never be in good health and never do your best work if your feet are constantly cold. Grave diseases of the throat and lungs are caused by cold feet alone, and these troubles are always aggravated by a frigid condition of the lower extremities. If proper footwear does not give relief, consult a physician, for the chances are the system is "run down," and radical measures are necessary. In nine cases out of ten, however, the foot covering is to blame, either because of its shape or its material. Save in warm weather, and for low-cut shoes, leather, as ordinarily prepared, has serious objections. It lacks two prime qualities—porosity and capacity for absorption—being in this respect too much like rubber. No foot can remain either comfortable or healthy if kept in a perpetual bath of its own emanations and excretions. Leather, especially that of the more porous varieties, may be tolerated for the outside, but for cold weather it should always be lined with woollen cloth, or, better, with wool felt. In fact, for all cold climates, and for winter wear in all climates where there is any winter, a foot-gear made from all-wool felt approaches the ideal. According to modern notions, any illness in one part of the body may be occasioned by some irritating cause far removed from the seat of the trouble. Just how this is cannot always be clearly explained, but that such connection does sometimes exist is beyond dispute. In the matter under discussion, if the nerves of the whole body are irritated by a tight shoe, or the extreme cold of the extremities makes extra demand upon the blood supply, there is neither nerve force nor blood enough left for other functions.

Late Suppers.

The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed is sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless, but something of a light palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest. Some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal o fthe prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many nervous women been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing is more agreeable on retiring for the night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or clam soup. It is a positive aid to nervous people, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case on cold winter nights, when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a light, well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate, during the cold months of winter, should be the retiring food of every woman who feels the need of food at night.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Facts About Some of the Distinguished People of the World.

Prof. Knackfuss, who executed Kaiser Wilhelm's allegorical cartoon, has been appointed director of the Berlin National Museum in succession to Dr. Jordan.

W. S. Gilbert's play "Pygmalion and Galatea," is probably the most valuable literary property in the world. Its earnings have already exceeded $200,000.

M. Jules Cambon, at present Governor-General of Algeria, has accepted the position of editor-in-chief of the Journal des Debats, which has now become an evening paper.

Sir Augustus Hemming, the new Governor of British Guiana, though 54 years old is an active cricketer, playing with the Incognito Club on its annual tours. When younger he used to play in the "Gentlemen versus Players" matches.

Gounod was not only a composer, but a journalist, especially during his sojourn in England. A book is about to be issued containing some of the master's contributions to English and French papers, together with other of his essays.

Paderewski's total receipts for twenty-eight performances have reached the enormous sum of $80,431, the greatest amount probably ever received by a musician. The twenty-eighth performance in Cleveland, O., showed receipts of $4,710.

Zola, according to Le Figaro, really stands a chance of being elected to the Academy in Dumas' place. A secret canvass gives him seventeen votes, it is said, one less than half of the present numbers, and there are three vacancies to be filled before they vote for a successor to Dumas, which may give him his majority.

The "tallest man alive," Col. A. A. Powell, once of Texas, but for many years of Barnum's circus and the world, is looking for a job as floorwalker in a store in St. Louis, Mo. He is 34 years old, and stands 7 feet 7 1-2 inches in his stockings. He says the show business was tiring, and didn't pay, all things considered.

Even royal poor relations have much to put up with. The Countess Fedora Gleichen, one of Queen Victoria's mother's German descendants, who dabbles with sculpture, has been commissioned by her Majesty to make the bust of the late F. Clark, John Brown's nephew and successor as Highland attendant, to adorn the corridor at Balmoral.

Fifty thousand dollars have been raised for the fund in memory of Dr. Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, mainly by the efforts of Mr. George Curzon. A scholarship of $1,500 a year, tenable for three years, will be founded at Balliol, and the rest of the money will be used for a personal memorial to be placed in the college hall.

What he Drew.

Bacon—I was up to Artist Penn's house last night.

Yeast—Did he draw any for you?

Yes, indeed he did.

What was the best thing he drew during the evening?

A cork.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS.

South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Relief as soon as the First Dose is Taken, and Cures Ordinary Cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from One to Three Days—What a Grateful Citizen of St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism and had despaired of getting permanent relief until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle of the remedy and to my surprise received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is surely the best remedy of this kind in existence.

J. Fredeau, St. Lambert, P.Q.

Conspirators.

It's not dark enough yet, she whispered as she peered eagerly up and down the street.

There's no one in sight, he replied, after a careful survey.

But some one may come around that corner at any minute and recognize us, and then I would want to die.

Well, then, we'll wait a bit.

What dreadful deed did these two contemplate committing?

He was only about to give her the first lesson in riding a bicycle.

THE WISDOM OF GREY HAIRS.

Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, Ont., a Well-Known Retired Presbyterian Minister, Has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and Testifies to its Benefits.

The cautious conversation that is characteristic of Presbyterians, and especially of those who have seen years of service in the church gives weight and influence to any recommendation that they may make on almost any matter. When we find a clergyman of the years of the Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, one of the church's most esteemed ministers, speaking favorably of a proprietary medicine we may rest assured that it possesses genuine merit. Mr. Scott tells of the benefits that have come to him from the use of this medicine, because he is able to speak from an experimental knowledge having used the medicine himself. Of its benefits he has testified over his own signature.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 41 Church street, Toronto.

The Danger of Prosperity.

Notwithstanding the dangers of prosperity with the severe test it brings to our spiritual life, we nearly all wish to experience it, and firmly believe that in our own cases we should be all the truer and more devoted if we could gain our fond wishes and realize our day dreams. But the attainment would bring unexpected trials to faith. The much-missed poet was right when he said, "When pain ends, pain ends, too," which means essentially that the best part of life—the real gain of it—is in the struggle and the aspiration rather than in the attainment.

PHYSICIANS OF CORNWALL, ONT RECOMMEND DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART.

Mr. Geo. Crites, a Government Official, Used the Remedy and is Cured.

George Crites, Esq., Customs officer, Cornwall, Ont.

"I have been troubled with severe heart complaint for several years. The slightest excitement proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest, so that I was entirely incapacitated for business. I was under a doctor's care for over six months, and not receiving the benefit I had hoped for, and hearing much of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, I asked my physician about taking it, which he advised me to do. The use of the remedy brought results I had scarcely dared hope for and I am now able to attend to business, and do most heartily recommend this remedy to all who suffer from heart complaint." Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, relieves in 30 minutes and thus has been the means of saving thousands of lives.

Rust in Wheat.

One of the farmers' bulletins issued by the American Department of Agriculture recommends the copper sulphate treatment as the best for preventing rust in wheat. The wheat should be steeped for twelve hours in a solution made by dissolving one pound of commercial sulphate of copper or "bluestone" in twenty-four gallons of water, then putting the seed for five or ten minutes into lime water made by slaking one pound of lime in ten gallons of water. The lime preserves the seed from injury. The grain should be spread out to dry immediately, and stirred frequently to keep it from spoiling. The seed should be handled only with clean tools, and put into sacks which have been disinfected by being boiled for fifteen minutes. Otherwise the grain may catch infection again. It is not to be sown broadcast, it need not be so dry as in the case of drilling.

DANGEROUS RESULTS SURE TO FOLLOW

Neglect of Kidney Trouble—South American Kidney Cure is a Remedy that Quickly Eradicates Kidney Trouble in Any of its Stages.

It is an unfortunate blunder to allow disease of the kidneys to obtain a hold in the system. The diseases of that character that leads to many serious complications which too often end fatally. The strong point of South American Kidney Cure is that it drives this disease out of the system, whether seen in its incipient stages or after it has more nearly approached a chronic condition. The medicine is a radical one, easy to take, yet thoroughly effective, and what is encouraging to the patient, the results of its use are made manifest almost immediately. As a matter of fact this medicine will relieve distressing kidney and bladder disease in six hours.

Horrible Murder of a Poetess.

A despatch from New York, says: Miss Mary E. Hills, a retired school teacher of supposed ample means, known as a poetess, whose verses appeared in New York newspapes and magazines, was found dead in her cottage at Maroneck on Tuesday, where she lived under circumstances which led people there to believe that she was strangled to death by a robber who came for her money. Her dead body was discovered by neighbors who went to make a social call, and found the cottage door locked. Investigation disclosed her dead body. Her dress was disarranged, and was torn almost from her body. The arms were tied together by a stocking. About her neck and thrown over her head was a fur cape. Some of the witnesses are positive that they saw marks on the woman's throat as if she had been strangled. In the bed chamber in the upper floor, where Miss Hills slept, everything was in confusion. Everywhere were found evidences of a severe struggle, showing that the woman fought hard for her life. From the appearance of the house it is believed that a complete search had been made for valuables.

Weather.

Gray above and white below!
Times are only givin'
Blusterin' winds and blindin' snow,
Where's the joy in livin'?

Yet the saddest day that's seen
Shortens up the measure
Which has set itself between
This and times of pleasure.

Let's don't think o' sunbeams flown!
Welcome still each gray day;
Every one's a steppin' stone
On the road to May Day.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

SINCE LAST HEARD FROM THEY HAVE HAD LOTS OF TROUBLE.

Mr. Bowser Dons an Antiquated Plug Hat—Of Course It Was the Lady's Fault—She Was Also Entirely to Blame for Other Mishaps.

All husbands are always right and always consistent, and Mr. Bowser is no exception to the rule. If things go all right he congratulates himself that they do, and lays it to his good judgment. If things go wrong, some one else is to blame for it, and it is more convenient to lay it on Mrs. Bowser than any one else. Not long ago Mr. Bowser reached home in a rainstorm. He had his mind all made up as to what he should say before he entered the house, and as Mrs. Bowser met him in the hall he glared at her in a stony way, and said:

"Perhaps you can call to mind a remark I made as I left the house this morning!"

"About the weather?" she queried.

"Yes, ma'am, about the weather! Didn't I say it would probably pour down in pints and quarts and barrels before night? It has done so, and I haven't a dry thread on me!"

"Then don't lose a minute in getting into dry clothes."

"Never mind the dry clothes! I shall probably have the pneumonia and die, but that will be what you are looking for! It might have occurred to some wives, when they saw their dear husband going away without an umbrella, to——"

"Why, you took your umbrella along!" she interrupted.

"Never!"

"Of course you did! Don't you remember dropping it at the door? You walked right out of the office and left it there."

"I did, eh? Why don't you call me a first-class idiot and be done with it?"

"You must have done so, for you surely carried it away with you."

That's exactly what he did do, and he knew he did, but he squirmed out of it by offering to bet her a million dollars to a cent that the front door had been left wide open all the afternoon, and that a hall thief had carried off half the stuff down stairs.

One morning there was a smell of gas down cellar, and Mr. Bowser went down to see if he could discover a leak. He put on an old hat kept for "poking around," and when he left the house he wore it away. It was rusty and spotted and broken, and it was only when the boys down town began to "shoot that hat" that he tumbled to it. Then he flew back with his eyes hanging out and his face of a plum color, but he was no sooner inside the door than he shouted:

"Look at it, Mrs. Bowser—look at that infernal old junkshop which you deliberately saw me wear away on my head and never said a word about it!"

"Did you wear that hat down-town?"

"Did I! Did I!" he shouted, as he banged it on the floor and jumped on it.

"But I didn't see you go. I was up-stairs when you left, Mr. Bowser. You are very absent-minded."

"I am, eh? It's a wonder I don't forget to come home, isn't it? Mrs. Bowser, if there's another house in the United States as badly mismanaged as this, I'd like to see it!"

"But you can't blame me because you wore your old hat away!" she protested.

"That's it—that's it! Shoulder it off on me! The papers talk about the startling number of divorces. It's a wonder to me there are not five times as many!"

One day Mr. Bowser brought home a patent corkscrew which some fakir had sold him, and Mrs. Bowser saw him drop it into a wall-pocket. A week week later, after wandering around the house for half an hour one evening, he halted before her and said:

"I'll be hanged if I don't get some chains and padlocks and see if I can't have things where I left them!"

"What is it now?"

"I brought home a can-opener a few days ago and left it on a bracket in the dining-room. It's gone, of course—probably given away to some big, lazy tramp! It's a wonder we have a thing left in the house!"

"A can-opener?"

"Yes, a can-opener. If you never heard of a can-opener, I'll hire someone to write you out a history of it. It was invented to open cans."

"Why, we have two or three in the kitchen. Do you mean a can-opener?"

"I don't mean windmills or threshing-machines."

"You had it in a pink paper?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was the day the man fixed the furnace?"

"It was."

"Well, I saw you drop it in that wall-pocket, and it is a corkscrew and not a can-opener."

"It is, eh? Perhaps I don't know a hitching post from the city hall," he growled as he reached for the parcel and unrolled it. It was a corkscrew. It was made and sold for a corkscrew.

"Didn't I tell you?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Tell me what? Told me it was a corkscrew, and it's a can-opener, just as I said it was!"

"It's a corkscrew!"

"It's a can-opener!"

And as long as Mr. Bowser draws the breath of life he will stick to it, because he said so in the first place.

Like other husbands, Mr. Bowser is greatly worried over the safety of his wallet while around the house. He has an idea that Mrs. Bowser would give ten years of her life to get that wallet in her hands for about two minutes, and that she lies awake a good share of every night in the year wondering where he hid it when he went to bed. He makes it a religious duty to conceal it every night and to count over his funds the first thing in the morning. One morning, strange as it may seem, he left the house without taking his wallet, which he had hidden the night before under the bureau. He had been gone about an hour when there was a great clatter on the front steps, the door flew open and he rushed into the back parlor and stood before Mrs. Bowser.

She was so upset that she could only faintly gasp:

"Mr. Bowser, is mother dead?"

"Mother dead!" he yelled in reply, "what do I know about your mother! Mrs. Bowser, I've been robbed!"

"No!"

"And in my own house at that! Some time during the night some one got out of bed and stole my wallet!"

"Impossible! Was it in your coat?"

"Well, no—not exactly. For fear of burglars I——"

"You what?" she asked as he hesitated and looked confused.

He rushed upstairs, and she followed in time to see him pull the wallet from under the dresser.

"Then you were not robbed!" she tartly observed.

"No—not quite; not this time. But let this be a great moral lesson to you, Mrs. Bowser—never to meddle with my wallet! That's something no husband will put up with."

"I never touched your old wallet!"

"And see that you never do! And don't talk back, Mrs. Bowser. You have had a very narrow escape, and you ought to be thankful for it—very thankful. Some husbands would have raised a row; but I think you understand me, and I think the lesson will not be lost on you."

Dull Servants.

People who expect persons of brains to be willing to serve them in a menial relation continue to have trouble with their servants. A certain man hired a valet, and the very first morning sent him to a closet to fetch a pair of shoes. The valet returned presently with two shoes.

Stupid! said the master. There are two rights. Look at them!

The valet took the shoes and went back to the closet. After a few moments he came back with the same shoes, and said:

I'm sorry, sir, but the other pair in there are both lefts.

This is matched by the experience of a lady with her new maid.

Mary, she said to the girl, take this tapeline and measure the width of your room. I am going to give you a new carpet.

In a few minutes the girl came down.

I'm sorry, mum, she said, but I can't measure the room.

Why not?

The tapeline isn't long enough.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; nonambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; laggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless