OGILVIE WHITTLECHURCH.

CHAPTER IV.

The Maharance did win the race, and now lay safely secured alongside the wharf. The crew have gone; and the officers, who are now at breakfast in the cuddy have only to send in their store accounts and turn the ship over to the owners' agents, before they, too, will be free to go home.

The post has brought Rimington two letters. The one he opens first is in a lady's hand-writing:

Monday.
ROSE COTTAGE.

Dear Old Georgie,—Why don't you come home? Mother and I go to the station about sixw times a day. I try to impress on her that you're not worth it; but I know we shall go on doing so until your majesty deigns to honour us with your presence. But your poor sister's spirit is not yet quite crushed, and she doesn't mean to wear out her best pair of shoes for nothing. So be advised in time, sir. Take the first train north, and throw yourself on the mercy of the court. Remember the cold pigs that somebody got last year.—Mr. Forward, whom you introduced to us in Scotland, has been here a good deal when he has been on leave. His father is the nicest old gentleman you ever saw. They haze been awfully kind to us, and take us out in a little yacht of theirs. We went to Robin Hood's Bay in her last week; it was so jolly! Colonel Forward says that he hopes you will come in her a lot, if you do not have enough of the sea at other times. —The post is just going, so I must make this letter a short one, and say good-bye.—Your affectionate sister,

Mary.

The other letter was from Parkins:

Monday, Sept. 12.
GRAND HOTEL.

Dear Rimington,—It seems that we were entirely on the wrong scent. Our Ogilvie Whittlechurch is at present in a solicitor's office. His father and mother are both alive, and he has no first-cousins. He is going to look me up to-morrow. Come and lunch with us at one o'clock.—Yours very sincerely,

John Parkins.

P.S.—Where the right man is remains a mystery.

Rimington had a good deal to do that forenoon, and could not help arriving rather later than the hour which Parkins had named. He found them waiting lunch for him. It was so long since he had seen Whittlechurch, that it required some effort of memory to recall his appearance; but, this made, he fancied that in the young man before him he could still trace some resemblance to the little fellow he had known so long ago at school.

Lunch was served in the dining-room, and afterwards they retired to Parkins' sitting-room for cigars and coffee. During lunch the conversation had been chiefly about Parkins' adventure at Wangtsing, and now it again drifted back to the same topic.

"Well," said Parkins, "this shall be a warning to me never again to confuse probability with certainty. That there should be another Whittlechurch in the world is only likely; but that there should be another Ogilvie Whittlechurch of about your age, not a relation, I thought impossible."

"But I have suspected his existence for a long time," quietly put in the young solicitor.

"You have!" exclaimed at once both Rimington and Parkins.

"Yes. Don't you remember that when I was kicked out of Oiswick, old Layiton said that he had seen my name cut on one of the apple trees I was supposed to have robbed."

"But hadn't you been there?" asked Parkins.

"No, I had not; and to this day, I remember my indignation when the doctor refused to believe me. The question then arises: how did the name get there? And to this question there are only two possible answers. Either one of the fellows at school owed me a grudge, and carved it; or else some one of the same name had been in that very orchard the same afternoon. A cynic would say that the first answer was the more likely; but I prefer to believe the second."

"There are blackguards everywhere," said Rimington. "But if a fellow did carve your name, and then allow you to be expelled without saying a word, he must have been a very black sheep indeed. Why, a fellow who could do a thing like that as a youngster, would have murdered a man or robbed a bank before he was twenty. Under ordinary circumstances, however, I should be inclined to accept the first theory. That there should be another fellow of your name, and that that fellow should have been at a certain place at a certain time, is too much to assume. But now the case is altered. We know for a certainty that there is, or, at anyrate, that there was another Ogilvie Whittlechurch. Is it, then, more likely that this individual was at a certain place at a certain time, or that one of the Oiswick fellows, was, for his age, one of the most utter sneaks and blackguards that ever stepped?—What do you say, Parkins?"

"I won't venture an opinion; but what I will do is to write to Pryer the detective, who is employed about this; and it will be for him to decide whether the trace is worth following up."

After some further conversation, Rimington and Whittlechurch took leave of their host, who promised to write and inform them of anything which happened in the matter.

From the Grand Hotel in Northumberland Avenue to Gatti's cafe at Charing Cross, is not five minutes' walk; yet, while Parkins and his friends were still sitting over their coffee at the former establishment, Mr. Pedro Bersano, at the latter, was waiting for Charles Miller, able seaman, who was to meet him there at three o'clock. Thus does chance delight in "impossible" coincidences. While, however, Parkins, Rimington, and hWittlechurch were quite disinterested parties, actuated solely by a not unnatural desire to follow to its conclusion, and, if possible, facilitate the unravelling of a mystery which had been so remarkably thrust under their notice, Mr. Bersano, on the contrary, had, as we know, a very considerable personal interest in the question. Miller also was bent on business, inasmuch as he had no intention of giving his information for nothing.

"Gatti's" is something of a compromise between an English refreshment bar and a continental cafe. In shape it er dimension being parallel to Villiers is long and somewhat narrow, its great-Street. Entering at the end nearest to the river, there is a door on the left leading into the restaurant. Then comes the bar, which extends about half the length of the room. On a level with the upper end of the bar there is a sort of semi-partition, which more or less divides the room into two parts. Above this, again, is the door which leads to the ladies' cloak-room on the left. Behind the bar, two Hebes are in attendance; and an Italian waiter looks to the wants of those visitors who prefer to patronize the numerous little marble tables which are scattered, in true Neapolitan style, about the apartment.

When Mr. Bersano arrived, it wanted ten minutes to three, and the cafe was absolutely deserted. He called for a tankard of lager, and sat down at a table opposite tLe bar. He had not long to wait. At about five minutes to three, Miller entered by the upper door, glanced round, and then accosted him: "Are you Mr. Bersano?"

"I am.—And you, I presume, are Mr. Miller? Come over here." So saying, he led the way to the farther corner of the room, where they would be out of hearing of any stray customers.

"Now, what is your business?"

"I'm thirsty."

"Porter?"

"To begin with."

The porter was brought and paid for, then Bersano continued: "You say that you have information of great importance to me. What is it?"

"Tain't nothing to be given away."

"Indeed! And may I ask the reserve price?"

"A hundred pounds."

"You are drunk."

"And yet, I don't speak so extraordinary thick. There's others will give me just as much afor it."

"Others will give you just as much, will they? In what way does lyour information concern me?"

"Twouldn't do you any 'arm if a certain Ogilvie Whittlechurch was found, by any chance, would it, mister?"

Cool and sharp-witted as he was, Bersano could not help an involuntary start at this sentence. The man evidently did know something, and he had not come on a fool's errand, after all. Instantly recovering himself, he replied: "True; it will be slightly to my advantage if they fail to find him."

"It would make you a millionaire?"

"Well, not quite; but I have yet to learn in what way you can be of service to me in the matter. So far you have told me nothing that I did not know already."

For reply, the other tapped his tankard.

"More porter?"

"Rum.—Ah! that's more warmin'. 'Ere's at yer, mister."

"Well?"

"I can give yer the whereabouts of this chap for a hundred quid; and if yer don't like that—well, I'll give 'im the straight tip about the will."

"I conclude, however, that he knows his own name, and will be fast enough to answer when they advertise for him."

"Young men don't read the papers—leastways, not carefully—and there ain't nobody but an old broke to point it out. You see, 'e don't call 'imself Ogilvie Whittlechurch."

"Well, I accept your terms. When I have your information, I will give you a hundred pound."

"Yes?—I don't think. We'll put it t'other way, please. You shall out the shinners,—then I'll spin the yarn."

"As you will. But I don't carry the Bank o fEngland about with me, so you must come to my rooms."

Both men were now in earnest. As soon as they were safely in one of Bersano's rooms, he produced without further gaggling a cash-box, from which he took fifty sovereigns, and five ten-pound Bank of England notes, and handed them to Miller.

The latter then proceeded to give his information, which he did faithfully and fully, and without omitting a single detail; and explained also how the story of the will, and Bersano's address had come to his ears.

The other had grasped the situation before he had half finished, and was busy maturing a scheme of action while he listened. A shrewd unscrupulous cosmopolitan, familiar with the ways and customs of every state in Europe and America, he knew that England was the worst, from his point of view, in which this could have happened. In France, Germany, or the United States of America, his course would have been simple. He would have introduced himself to Forward under an assumed name, picked a quarre' with him, and shot him. In other parts of America, a hundred dollars would have paid for a few inches of steel, which would have done the business with even less trouble. But in England—in England, one has to be discreet in these little matters. However, something must be done.

When Miller had finished, he was rising to go.

"Stay," said the other, looking at him fixedly. "You have been of great service to me, but you can be of greater service still."

"'Ow's that?"

"You say that he lives at Whitby?"

"Yes."

"The cliffs are high on the coast?"

"Yes."

"And overhanging?"

"In some places.—Why?"

"Merely curiosity. But you must be thirsty. I have some excellent brandy in the cupboard here; will you try a glass?"

Miller nodded.

"Water?"

"No."

"I see you appreciate it.—Have another?" And without waiting for a reply, he refilled the glass. Then he continued: "Let's see what was it we were talking about?—Oh, yes, the cliffs at Whitby—I wonder if people often fall over them?—I wish this fellow would; but of course he won't. I would give a thousand pounds to know that he had done so."

Their eyes met.

"Make it two."

"I will draw you a cheque for fifteen hundred, dated ten days hence. If the account of a certain dreadful accident does not appear in the papers before that date, it will be stopped."

"And if 'e ain't at Whitby?"

"Well, then, he might possibly fall over a cliff somewhere else, or even into a canal—life is so uncertain."

Two days after this interview, George Rimington was able to leave London for the North, and arrived at Whitby station at about nine o'clock in the evening. It was rather more than two miles to Rose Cottage; but feeling rather stiff and cranped after his journey, he chose to walk, notwithstanding that the night was stormy and threatened rain. In view of the latter he took the precaution to put on a big Flushing overcoat, which was strapped up with his rug. It was a good thick coat, an old friend, which had stood him in good stead on many a cold night-watch, and was fitted with an enormous hood, that rendered its wearer completely secure from the fury of the elements. He took a handbag with him, and left directions for the rest of his luggage to be forwarded in the morning.

It was indeed a terrible night; and the weather was rapidly becoming worse. The wind blew in sudden gusts over the cliffs from seaward, while at the foot of them the angry waves broke with a deafening roar, which promised but little mercy to any ship which, through bad seamanship or unfortunate circumstances, should be wrecked that night upon the coast. Happily, the quiet which reigned both at the lifeboat shed and the rocket-apparatus house was a sign that, as yet at anyrate, no vessel had fallen a prey to the tempest.

His thoughts as he walked turned naturally to the home he was approaching, and to his mother and Mary. Who but a sailor can appreciate that word home in its true sense? In all his wanderings, in all his hardships, the thought of it is there, shining ahead like a guiding star, a beacon of hope. Coming up channel on a dirty night, the wind cutting him like a knife, the snow blinding him, and with every chance of a collision at any moment, he remembers that he is only a few hours off England, and the thought cheers him up. Rimington knew that they were not expecting him till the next morning, and he amused himself by thinking of their surprise when he turned up. He pictured to himself his mother, sitting in her armchair by the fire, with Mary on the rug at her feet, working or reading. Then would come his knock at the door, and they would wonder who it could be at that time of night. But their wonder would not be for long. Mary would have guessed that it must be him, and be peeping from the top of the stairs when the maid let him in. Then what a kissing and hugging and asking of questions! How he would enjoy his supper that evening, and his pipe after it, sitting with his mother and sister by the fire. He was now nearly there; and just as he arrived at the little iron gate leading into the garden, he was rather surprised to hear, during a temporary lull, the sounds of a piano, and—yes, there was no doubt about it—a man's voice singing to its accompaniment. Who on earth could it be? He remained listening for a few seconds with the gate open, and was just going to reclose it after him, when, as he turned to do so, his attention was drawn to the figure of a man standing a little way off in the path along which he had come. There would have been nothing very strange in this, but that he had happened to notice on his way that he was the only individual on the cliff.

"Some one who has walked across the common, I suppose," he thought, "to see whether there is a wreck, and get a blow through."

Just then, however, to his intense astonishment, he saw the man deliberately lie down on the ground. "By Jove!" he thought, "the fellow's in liquor. I can't leave him there, or he'll either die where he lies before morning, or else wake up and fall over the cliff." So, hastily reclosing the gate, he started forth, like a good Samaritan, to rescue the unfortunate wight from his perilous position.

(To Be Continued.)

REPLIES TO THE GALLERY.

The Facility of Mr. Chamberlain and the Late Lord Palmerston for Silencing Opponents.

Political orators on public platforms are exposed to interruption from their audiences, and their success sometimes depends upon the coolness and readiness with which they parry unexpected thrusts. Among English statesmen, Mr. Chamberlain has a remarkable facility for silencing opponents who open fire upon him from the galleries. One of his quickest and best retorts was made when the Home uRle agitation was at its height, and he was charged with treachery to his party in deserting Mr. Gladstone.

He was speaking one night at Birmingham before an audience which showed many signs of resentment and unfriendliness. When he was in the middle of one of his sentences he was interrupted with a shrill, sharply accentuated outcry:

"Judas! Judas! Judas!"

Mr. Chamberlain did not pause to finish his sentence. He smiled, glanced up at the galleries, and replied without an instant's hesitation: "Not Judas; but Joseph betrayed by his brethren!" The aptness of the reply and the quickness with which the point was turned delighted the audience. There was an enthusiastic outburst of applause, and he was not again disturbed during the course of his speech.

Lord Palmerston had equal talent for disconcerting his critics when they sought to entrap him. When he was once addressing an audience at Tiverton he was interrupted by a loud voiced opponent, who demanded, with intense earnestness:

"Will my lord give a plain answer to a plain question?"

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the courteous reply.

"Will my lord tell us whether he will or will not vote for a radical reform measure?"

The audience smiled. There was a popular agitation in favor of a new reform bill, and Lord Palmerston had shown a disposition to evade the issue, and not to commit himself on one side or the other. His reply came without a trace of embarrassment, but slowly, one word at a time:

"I will—"

The Liberals began to cheer wildly.

"Not—" was the next word, and the Conservative took up the applause with a counter-cheer.

"Tell you," concluded the orator, with an innocent smile on his face. Then every one laughed, and there was hearty cheering over the wily old statesman's ingenuity in securing recognition and applause from each party, and in the end saying nothing.

WALTER SCOTT'S CLOSE CALL.

The world had a narrow escape of never having known a Sir Walter Scott. When a tiny babe he was left in charge of a maid, but the girl's heart was in Edinburgh, whither she wanted to go to rejoin her lover. She was, however, compelled to stay and look after the infant at Sandy Knowe. The girl regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed, and afterward confessed that she carried young Scott up to the Craigs (under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it), fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

MUST BE DISSOLVED.

Kidney Disease Can Only Be Cured by a Remedy Which is in Liquid Form —Common Sense of Science.

For a disordered stomach or sick headache, pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease the common sense of science rebukes the claim. This insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures effected leave no question of its merits.

NOT A NEW WOMAN.

What makes Miss Learnly so combative? Is she a new woman battling for the rights of her sex.

No; just a principal in one of our schools.

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

TENDER HEARTED.

Landlady—You look at that coffee as if you'd like to throw it out of the window.

Boarder—O, no. I never abuse the weak.

INSOMNIA.

Three Months Without Sleep—Wasted in Flesh and Given Up to Die. But The Great South American Nervine Soothes to Rest With One Dose and Effects a Rapid and Permanent Cure.

Mrs. White, of Mono Township, Beaverton P. O., was dangerously ill from nervous trouble. She was so nervous that she had not slept a night for three months. She was so low that her friends despaired of her recovery, in fact, had given her up to die. She was persuaded to try South American Nervine. Her relief was so instantaneous that after taking one dose she slept soundly all night. She persisted in the use of this great cure and gained in health rapidly, so that now there is not a sign of the nervousness, and she feels she is entirely cured. If you doubt it, write and ask her.

SURE TO SUCCEED.

Professor—What makes you think that your son is likely to excel in mathematics?

Father—Because he has always figured successtully to get out of work and study.

A SLOT DINNER.

An automatic restaurant has been opened in Berlin, where, by dropping coin in a slot, the dishes are sent up on a tray. Rolls, wine and coffee are now served, and more elaborate dishes are to follow. The inventor is an Italian, and the novel scheme is attracting great attention.

HEART RELIEF.

Eight Years Hanging Between Life and Death With Acute Heart Disease—And in 30 Minutes After Taking First Dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relief Comes—What it Did for Alfred Couldry, West Shefford, Que., it Can do for Any Sufferer From the Same Cause.

"I had been suffering from acute heart trouble for over four years. When doctors had tried and failed to give me relief, I procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes after the first dose I had relief, and although mine was a case of long standing, eight bottles effected a permanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case, while this great cure is to be had. I cheerfully sanction the use of my testimony in whatever way it may do the most good."

FLAG SIGNALING.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that with 18 various-colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

UNTOLD AGONY.

Distracted by Excruciating Rheumatic Pains—Seven Years' Untold Misery—No Remedy to Help—No Physician to Thwart the Onslaught—But South American Rheumatic Cure Charms Away the Pains in 12 Hours and the Suffering Slave is Emancipated.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time, and unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many of the best physicians without benefit. I had no faith in cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure. At that time I was suffering agonizing pains, but inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pains left me. Three bottles completely cured me, and I rejoice in having the opportunity of telling what a great cure it has wrought in me.

KINDLY ADVIVE.

Farmer, to Greatest Living Skeleton at Dime Museum.—Hello! Who be you? You ain't working here, air you?

Living Skeleton, with dignity—I am engaged here.

Wal, do tell! Say, my friend, you ain't lookin' well, and el I was you, I'd change my bordin' place.

Catarrh of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours.

It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M.P., of Joliette, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer of Brewer, Maine, says:—"I have had catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it." It relieves in ten minutes.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE.

Before Taking.

Wood's Phosphodine.—*The Great English Remedy.*

Is the result of over 35 years treating thousands of cases with all known drugs, until at last we have discovered the true remedy and treatment—a combination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages of *Sexual Debility, Abuse or Excesses, Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Mental Worry, Excessive Use of Opium, Tobacco, or Alcoholic Stimulants,* all of which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Wood's Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed almost hopeless—cases that had been treated by the most talented physicians—cases that were on the verge of despair and insanity—cases that were tottering over the grave—but with the continued and persevering use of Wood's Phosphodine, these cases that had been given up to die, were restored to manly vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no matter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within your reach, by its use you can be restored to a life of usefulness and happiness.

Price, one package, $1; six packages, $5; by mail free of postage.

One will please, six guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

After Taking.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion.

DRS. K&K EDRS. K&K EDRS. K&K EDRS.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY

DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. **SELF ABUSE** is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. **Blood and Private Diseases** sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; hoggard 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 OR ASK NO PAY.*

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks.—I. L. PETERSON, Ionia.

EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. P. M., Jackson.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE. "The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

☞NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

THE BANANA CURE.

The Baked Banana Recommended as an Article of Food and a Cure for Disease.

Beste w a boon on humanity and help to popularize the baked banana as an article of food for rich and poor, especially the poor, says a writer in the New York Sun. No poor child need go to school hungry. One cent will buy a good-sized banana, which, when baked in its skin in an oven for fifteen or twenty minutes until it is quite soft and burst open, alone makes a full meal. Now the banana sold at street corners are really plantains. Humboldt calculated the food product of the plantain compared with the potato as 44 to 1, and compared to wheat as 133 to 1. I say from personal experience that three bananas weighing one pound are equal in nourishment to twenty-six pounds of bread when baked.

Bananas should never be eaten raw; they are full of animal germs, and are productive of tape worm. Raw bananas are very indigestible. Youngsters fed o r raw bananas nearly always suffer from diseases of the intestinal canal and convulsions. Physicians call such children "banana babies."

Baked bananas are also the ideal food for nervous persons and anaemics, also brain workers. I learned their great power to sustain mental effort in India. If people who are under great mental strain would on two mornings every week include a couple of baked bananas in their menu and leave out the chop or steak, they would last longer. I am as hard a brain worker as any person in New York, and I have subsisted for years entirely on baked bananas. When I see lean, blood-poor persons I advise them to eat baked bananas, and they unfeilingly build up and gain flesh.

This subject which might not inappropriately be called the "banana cure," because many diseases can be cured by eating baked bananas, merits the closest investigations. The introduction of the potato was a great boon to the people, but I predict that the spreading of the above facts over this country will prove of still greater benefit.

THE EARLIEST MEN

Doctor Ranke, of the German Anthropological Society, recently undertook to describe the physical characteristics of the earliest men, as ascertained from the examination of prehistoric graves. They were of a yellowish color he said, and had coarse hair. Their heads were peculiarly shaped, the part of the skull which contains the brain being large relatively to the face, while the face was small. They had other peculiarities, among which was the rudimentary or undeveloped condition of the third molar, or back grinder tooth. The doctor believes that the first men originated in Asia.

CINNAMON COATED

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are Coated like a Cinnamon Drop, very Small and Delightful to Take.

One Pill a dose, 40 in a Vial for 20 cents.

Their Popularity is a Mighty Whirlwind Sweeping Competitors Before it Like Chaff.

No pain, no griping, no inconvenience. Small in size, and pleasant to the taste. Most pleasant after effects.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO