ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

THIS POWDER never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

DENTAL.

H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.S.D., dentist, graduate of New York college of dentistry. Office: Wellington street, between Princess and Brock streets. Particular attention paid to the preservation of natural teeth. June 1.

L. CLEMENTS, dentist. Office and residence: Opposite post office, Wellington street. Established in Kingston in 1857. Dec. 15.

E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S., dentist. Office and residence: Princess street, between Montreal and Sydenham streets. Nitrous oxide (laughing gas) administered for painless extractions of teeth. May 1.

MEDICAL.

C. L. CURTIS, M.D. (successor to Dr. Jarvis), physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence: Wellington street, nearly opposite Post office. Calls in the city or country promptly attended to. May 15.

E. MUNDELL, B.A., M.D., C.M., physician, surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCannon's, No. 25 Montreal street. Oct. 6.

DR. ALICE McGILLIVRAY. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office: Princess street, three doors above the Windsor hotel. Sept. 20.

DOCTOR WM. H. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence: Corner of Wellington and William streets, two block west of the post office, Kingston. Telephone communication. Jan. 15.

DRS. DICKSON & BETTS, physicians and surgeons. Electricity a specialty. Office: 87 Wellington street. C. H. Dickson, M.D., J. H. Betts, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. Telephone communication. March 17.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.R.C.S., England. 52 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 6.

LEGAL.

H. M. MOWAT, barrister, solicitor, conveyancer, etc. Ford's block, Brock street, Kingston. Money to loan Oct. 5.

JOHN STRANGE, LL.B., solicitor, etc. Office: Clarence street, opposite the post office. Money to lend; lowest current rates. Feb. 23.

R. W. SHANNON, M.A., barrister, etc. Office: Next door to King's drug store, on King street, Kingston, Ont. Money to loan at 6 per cent. on both city and farm property.

ROBERT SHAW, barrister. Office: Corner King and Brock streets, over Wade's drug store. June 1.

SMYTHE & SMITH, solicitors, etc. 192 Ontario street, Kingston, Ont. EDWARD H. SMYTHE, LL.D. CHAS. FRONTENAC SMITH. November 29.

WALKEM & WALKEM, attorneys and solicitors, Kingston; opposite the post office. RICHARD T. WALKEM, JOSEPH B. WALKEM. July 2.

ARCHITECTURE.

POWER & SON, architects and building surveyors. Office: Golden Lion block. Residence: Sydenham street. October 28.

ROBERT GAGE, architect. Office: 11 Montreal street. Oct. 2.

WM. NEWLANDS, Jr., architect, corner of Brock and King streets, over Wade's drug store. Entrance on King street, next to the Whig office. Aug. 27.

HOTELS.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, corner of King and Queen streets, Kingston, has been refitted for the accommodation of the travelling public. Livery attached. First-class rigs always on hand at the shortest notice. ELDER BROS., proprietors. Sept. 4.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

ADAM McARTHUR, accountant, auditor, etc. Office: Clarence street, near King. Jan. 6.

CARRUTHERS BROS., financial agents. Office: King street, over King's drug store. Money loaned on real estate and other securities. Debentures and stocks bought and sold. May 1.

FRONTENAC Loan and Investment Society. Clarence street, Kingston, opposite the post office.—Money to loan, in large or small sums at lowest current rates and on most favorable terms, on the security of farm, city and town property. Mortgages and debentures purchased. Money received on deposit and interest allowed thereon. THOS. BRIGGS, manager. May 6.

MONEY TO LEND at lowest rate. Robert M. Shaw, corner of King and Brock streets, over Wade's drug store, agent for the Lombard Investment Co. Best of security for investors. Debentures secured. Full information as to investments given. November 30.

ONTARIO Building and Savings' Society, Clarence street, Kingston. William Ford, president. Capital, $250,000.—Money to lend on farm and city property or municipal debentures, at lowest current rates of interest, on terms to suit borrowers. JAMES McARTHUR, manager. November 29.

$25,000 TO LEND at 6 per cent. interest, on good security required. Apply to DR. SMYTHE, solicitor, Kingston. July 13.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAP BOOKS, FOR SALE.—A. SIMMONS, Princess street, has always on hand a large supply of Second-hand Books, which he will sell cheap. Books bought. April 2.

ESTABLISHED 1862.—Steam Power Cleaning and Dyeing Works, Princess street.—Gentlemen's suits thoroughly cleaned or dyed and properly pressed; also, ladies' dresses, ulsters, jackets and household goods in all materials cleaned, dyed and beautifully finished. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. Jan. 1.

NOW—THE TIME TO SPECULATE.—Active fluctuations in the market offer opportunity to speculators to make money in grain, stocks, books and petroleum. Prompt personal attention given to orders received by wire or mail. Correspondence solicited. Full information about the markets in our book, which will be forwarded free on application. H. D. KYLE, Banker and Broker, 35 Broad and 36 New streets, New York City. Nov. 22.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

ALBUMS! Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums, cheap at 'THE MUSEUM' 011 Princess street. E. MOORE

H. BRAME, Leading Undertaker and Embalmer. TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION. Corner of Princess and Sydenham streets. o. 251. March

LEFT IN CHARGE.

When Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent went to the country she confided the care of her town house to a young servant named Ellen. She really had no choice in the matter, because the girl had no home to go to; otherwise she would have preferred to leave some one more experienced instead of her, Ellen being only 18 and not particularly bright for her age. Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent hesitated for a long time, not whether she was morally justified in leaving a young, inexperienced girl alone in a gloomy London house for several weeks exposed to temptation which the weariness of solitude would only render more alluring, but whether Ellen would take proper care of the house and furniture. Could she be trusted to keep the windows locked and the doors bolted; to warn off area sneaks, and, above all, to remain in the house like a faithful sentinel, ever vigilant and alert? This was the anxious problem which vexed Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent's soul; the other aspect—the idea of danger to the girl and of moral responsibility to herself—did not occur to her mind in a serious light. At all events, having after mature deliberation arrived at the conclusion that the house would be safe under the girl's charge, she felt no qualms of conscience on the subject of the girl herself.

Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent departed then for her autumn holiday with her mind full of cares as usually, but untroubled by any misgivings about Ellen. She had given the girl a good lecture and fully believed that she was trustworthy. It never entered her head to speculate whether she would be dull or nervous, or how she would manage to get through the day without a soul to speak to. The latter reflection, perhaps, would not have been superfluous, as Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent had taken care to leave her enough work to do to occupy every single moment of her time.

It was not until the evening of the day on which the family departed that Ellen began to experience a vague feeling of discontent and uneasiness. As she went over the house to close it up for the night, the gathering darkness, the unaccustomed silence, the resounding echo of her heavy footsteps on the uncarpeted floors, the strange shadows thrown by the street lamps into the deserted rooms, and above all the sudden sense of loneliness, startled and dismayed her. Her mistress had inquired of her, as matter of form, whether she was nervous, and the girl had answered in the negative, not in the least understanding the real meaning of the word. But she crept up stairs to her room that night on tiptoe, instinctively holding her breath, and starting with alarm at the creaking of the stairs and the rustling of her gown against the banisters. For the first time in her life she realized the misery of a sleepless night caused by sheer nervousness and fright.

When daylight arrived and she set about her work Ellen was inclined to scoff at her fears, which she now regarded as foolish and groundless. But sixteen hours of scrubbing and cleaning did not restore her shaken nerves, and when darkness came her uneasiness revived. Naturally after some days she grew more accustomed to her lonely vigil; and by degrees she contrived to obtain a few moments of rest and sleep. But her senses were ever keenly on the alert, and hardly a night passed without its alarming incident, due to some sudden and unexplained sound in the deserted house. She was perpetually haunted by the dread of thieves and burglars, and this so preyed upon her mind that her health soon became seriously affected.

Unfortunately, the rules and regulations laid down by her mistress for her guidance only made matters worse. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent in ordering the work she wished to be done during her absence neither anticipated nor desired that the whole of it would be accomplished. If so, she overlooked the fact that stolid conscientiousness was a characteristic of the girl Ellen, who religiously performed day by day the task allotted to her. Hard work, as we all know, is the most efficacious medicine for ennui, but work unrelieved by any kind of relaxation soon becomes a severe strain. Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent's most peremptory direction was that Ellen was on no account whatever to leave the house; and to obviate the necessity for this she made arrangements for the girl's daily allowance of provisions to be delivered at the door. The consequence was that from one week's end to another Ellen breathed no fresher air than found its way in at an open window, and saw no more of the outer world than was visible from the house. No wonder, therefore, that her spirit drooped and her strength flagged, while marked melancholy took possession of her.

At length one evening Ellen received a communication from her mistress relative to an expected letter, which was to be forwarded to the country by the next post. The letter had duly arrived, and in obedience to orders the girl directed the envelope and sallied forth immediately to dispatch it. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, and it was the first time she had been outside the door since the family had left. The fresh air, laden though it was with dust and smoke of the London streets, seemed strangely invigorating, and the noise and bustle of the traffic and the talk and laughter of the passers-by affected her as they might have done a person just awakened from a long and weary dream. She was at once dazed and delighted, and having posted her letter she lingered a moment at the corner, almost intoxicated with pleasure and wonderment at the unaccustomed scene.

As she thus stood gazing about her, open mouthed, she was politely accosted by a well dressed young man who was lounging against a lamp post smoking a cigar. Now Ellen was by no means addicted to making promiscuous acquaintances among the opposite sex. She was, as we have said, a plain, unattractive girl, and as no one had ever attempted to flirt with her she was entirely innocent of any desire to court admiration. On any other occasion she would doubtless have responded to the greeting of this young man with scant civility, but she could not resist the temptation of exchanging a few words with somebody after her solitary existence of the past three weeks. The young man addressed her so civily and respectfully, and was evidently such a superior young man—for he wore a black coat, and had a ring upon his finger and a gold chain across his vest—that the girl's habitual reticence vanished and she entered into conversation with him, in course, of which he displayed a highly flattering appreciation of her coudescension. She made no objection to his accompanying her to the door of her master's house, and after nearly an hour's pleasant chat they parted in the most amicable manner, with an understanding that the young man might by chance be passing that way about the same hour upon the following evening.

This simple adventure was an important event in Ellen's life, for it awakened in her breast the first gleam of romance and sentiment that she had ever experienced. The young man's words had sounded like soft music in her ears and had stirred up the dormant tenderness of her nature. He had not made love to her, as she understood the word, there had been no attempt at coarse horseplay which passes for gallantry among her class. But he had listened with interest to her artless remarks, had told her frankly his position and prospects and had pointedly inquired whether she was "keeping company." This was quite enough to send the girl blushing and giggling to her looking glass, there to gaze with newly awakened interest at her homely face, after which she spent an anxious but happy evening turning over such tawdry bits of finery as she possessed and fashioning them for the adornment of her uncomely person with the ardor and hopefulness of a society beauty preparing for conquest.

The young man came the next evening and the evening after that, in fact, for a whole week he presented himself at the door as regularly as the clock struck 9 to be received by the girl with increased assurance and regard. Deliriously extravagant as the prospect seemed in sober moments, his marked attentions left no room for doubt that he contemplated inviting Ellen to share the proprietorship of the snug wayside public house which he talked of buying. Such a future exceeded the girl's wildest dreams of worldly prosperity, not to mention the pride and happiness of securing the life-long affections of the fascinating young man. The only drawback to her perfect bliss was that her duty to her mistress compelled her to wound her lover's susceptibilities by what he appeared to regard as a want of confidence. It must be confessed that a doorstep in a public street is not a romantic or convenient spot for a trysting place, and the mildest flirtation under such circumstances is apt to attract attention. The young man was evidently sensitive upon this point, and frequently pressed Ellen either to admit him into the house or to accompany him for a walk along the streets. But the girl, true to her trust, notwithstanding that she regarded her admirer with every sentiment of honest respect and admiration, could not be persuaded either to leave the house or to permit him even to set foot inside the door. It is hardly surprising that the young man failed to appreciate this conscientiousness, especially as Ellen could not give expression to the strong, innate sense of duty which enabled her to resist his persuasion and blandishments.

However, this trifling misunderstanding never assumed the proportions of a quarrel, and therefore did not interfere with the girl's new born happiness. The young man one evening gave her a present of a pebble brooch, accompanying the gift with a few meaning words which thrilled Ellen's soul, for they might fairly have been interpreted into a downright proposal of marriage. Unfortunately a policeman, who happened to pass by just at that ecstatic moment, evinced most inopportune and unreasonable curiosity at their proceedings and paused to watch them. This caused them to separate somewhat abruptly, and Ellen retired to bed in a state of suspense which would have been absolutely maddening if she had really entertained the smallest doubt on the subject of her lover's intentions.

After a wakeful hour spent in delightful anticipations as to what the morrow would bring forth, she fell into a blissful slumber with the pebble brooch grasped firmly in her hand. Suddenly in the middle of the night she started up wide awake, with loud beating heart and trembling limbs. She was not conscious of having been aroused by any sound, though such was doubtless the cause of her alarm, for as she listened a cracking noise as of splintering wood fell distinctly on her ears.

Thieves! Burglars! This was her first and natural suspicion, but now that the dreaded moment which for weeks past she had shuddered to think of had arrived her personal fears were overcome by an instinctive desire to save her master's property. Without pausing to consider or reflect, she rushed from her room and frantically commenced to descend the stairs. After a few steps she was seized with a sudden spasm of alarm, and at the same instant—so strangely does the brain work in moments of excitement and danger—she perceived that she still held in her hand the pebble brooch which her young man had given her. Impulsively she raised it to her lips and kissed it; and the action seemed to renew her strength and courage.

Her intention had been not necessarily to confront the burglars but to raise an alarm; and with this object she directed her steps toward the street door, for in her fright and agitation she never thought of the windows. When she reached the lower hall, however, her attention was attracted by a light in the dining room, and she walked straight in almost involuntarily. At a glance she saw that the place had been ransacked; the doors of the sideboard were open and its contents scattered about, and in a corner were two men, one holding a candle while the other was reaching out a variety of objects from the cupboard.

Before she could utter a sound the man with the candle glanced over his shoulder and caught sight of her. He seized his companion by the arm, starting violently. The latter at once turned round, and as the light fell upon his face Ellen with horror and amazement recognized her young man!

"What are you doing here?" she cried.

"Never mind, my dear; you be off to bed," replied the young man soothingly.

"You've no business here," she returned.

"Yes, we have; and we are just adoing of it," said the second man, with a grin.

"Come," said Ellen's young man, in a peremptory tone, "this ain't no affair of yours. There is nothing to be afraid of. Leave us alone and go to sleep again."

"Richard, you ain't agoing to take them things?" said the girl, with a strange, sickening feeling at her heart. "Go away—for my sake!"

"But I am going to take 'em," replied the young man, looking at her coldly and defiantly.

His tone and manner were a revelation to the girl, and she winced as though she had received a stab. Like a flash of light the truth burst upon her that the young fellow's attentions and protestations had been false. She realized his motives, and recalled to mind how she had innocently furnished him with information as to the contents of the house and the position of the articles of value. The fact that he was then occupied in rifling a cupboard which contained plate and silver showed that he had profited by his opportunities.

"I'm agoing to take 'em, so you'd best make no bones about it," continued her young man, eying her savagely as she stood staring at him in speechless distress.

"You mustn't! They ain't yours! They are my master's!" cried the girl, suddenly recovering her senses.

Impelled by the thought of her master's interest, Ellen advanced as she spoke and seized a bundle which stood on a chair ready to be carried off. At the same moment her young man put his hand upon it, and his eyes—stern, wrathful, glittering—looked dangerously into hers.

"Leave it!" he whispered hoarsely. "Leave it, or by——"

"Help!" cried the girl, uplifting her voice in sheer terror at his threatening aspect.

No sooner had she uttered a single cry than she felt herself seized fiercely by the throat, and simultaneously a heavy blow which seemed to crash into her brain caused her to fall senseless with a dull thud upon the floor.

When the girl recovered consciousness she could not at first recollect what had happened. By degrees she perceived that she was not in her own room and was lying upon bare boards. This discovery caused her to grope feebly about in the dark with her hands, which presently encountered a split box of matches. With languid movements she raised herself and struck a light, whereupon she remarked with mild astonishment that she was in the dining room. Observing a candle on a chair close by her, she contrived to get near enough to apply the match to it. Then, as the feeble flame grew stronger and ceased flickering, she gazed vacantly around her upon the open sideboard and the cupboard and the numerous odds and ends of things which were scattered about the floor.

Suddenly, with a thrill of horror and alarm, she realized the significance of the scene, remembered that the house had been broken into, that she had encountered the thieves, and that—the fatal recollection seemed to turn her blood to ice—her young man was one of them!

Slowly and painfully, for she was so weak and giddy that she could hardly stand, the girl dragged herself up stairs to her room and commenced to dress herself, with the idea of fetching the police. But by the time she issued forth from the house she had forgotten what her mission was; the combined effects of the blow, the anguish of having contributed to the robbery, and the shock caused by her young man's infidelity, had set her mind wandering. She stood for a moment aimlessly upon the doorstep until startled by a glimmering reminiscence of what had occurred. This sufficed, however, to make her hurry off, panic stricken and horrified, neither turning to the right nor to the left, but plunging straight forward headlong in the darkness, each moment growing more frantically agitated, until she found herself upon a broad bridge, the lights upon which were reflected in the smooth, gliding surface of the swift running river below.

* * *

Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent was very much upset the next morning at receiving an intimation from the police that her house had been found deserted after having, apparently, been burglariously entered. She came up to town by the first train, entirely convinced that the girl Ellen was a traitor or thief, which is her firm conviction to this day. How else was the girl's disappearence to be accounted for but by the supposition that she had eloped with some male accomplice? To be sure she had left some rags of clothing and her boxes, but what were these compared with the heavy booty she had secured. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent had taken the precaution to send away nearly all her plate and valuables, so that her loss was comparatively trifling. But she made none the less of it for that, though she averred that she was chiefly distressed and grieved by the heartless ingratitude of that girl Ellen, who had always been treated with every kindness, consideration, etc.

And the girl has never been heard of since, only one day a policeman called upon Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent to say that the body of a young woman quite past recognition had been discovered in one of the lower reaches of the river. In the rigid hand of the poor corpse was found a common pebble brooch, and the police wished to know whether it had belonged to her girl, Ellen, who had disappeared. Mrs. Grosvenor Crescent, glancing at it with a shudder, declared she had never seen it in Ellen's possession, and the servants said the same; so it was evident that the melancholy relic afforded no clew to the girl's fate.—London Truth.

Dangers of a Sudden Change.

A writer recently called attention to the great danger to the health of the human organism by a drop of 50 to 75 degrees in the temperature occurring in an hour or two, and then charges that we daily produce just such a change in a few seconds by going from a warm room into the cold air of the streets. I suppose the writer would have each house constructed with a number of compartments, each varying in temperature, and in each of which the person going out must remain from fifteen minutes to an hour, possibly, before he gets into the cold air outdoors. He exhibits every little knowledge of the laws of physiology as applied to the respiratory organs.

He assumes that a person leaving a warm room, say at a temperature of 65 degrees, and going out of the house into one of zero, is doing the same thing as exposing his poorly clad body to just such a change of external temperature; that is, that he is bathing the lungs and air cells with this cold air, and thereby subjecting the lungs, and through them the entire system, to all the effects of a change of temperature from 65 degrees to zero. He does not know that the lungs once inflated with air are never again wholly free from it, and that a certain amount of "residual" air always remains in the lungs at each expiration. This "residual air" mingles with the inspired air, and thus warms it up before it comes in contact with the delicate air cells. He does not seem to know that the oxygen of the cold air he breathes is part of the fuel which is continually consumed in the lungs, thus creating a fire which will stand any amount of change in temperature and the individual still go unharmed, if the external surface of the body is well protected.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Artistic Printing and Commerce.

It is not on the holiday trade alone that the lithographers depend, though it forms the most important part of their business. Artistic printing has become a necessity in commercial circles, and the holiday card houses get a great deal of it. Calendars and business cards are now made after the fashion of the most elaborate chromos. Pictures by artists of eminence are purchased at high prices, to be converted into show cards for soap and silk, for canned goods and cotton thread, for tobacco and cigarettes, and nearly everything else that can be sold on retail. I know an artist in this city who received $5,000 for a picture of a yacht race to advertise a new style of silk. I know another who painted some of his most beautiful and high priced sketches to furnish a lithographer with calendars for insurance companies.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Austrian government has issued an order prohibiting the playing of poker.

Health Preserved

Is, without doubt, the jewel of great price, and the one least valued. Disregard of symtoms that clearly indicate abnormal action of the liver, stomach or bowels is nothing less than criminal. Health through neglect too often vanishes like a "Will O' the Wisp," and the anxious seeker secures but pain and disappointment for his labor. No aid towards the preservation of health can surpass Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. These pills being composed of vegetable substances, exert their remedial action without the evil effects to often following the use of pills containing mercury. For all bilious disorders they will even prove a positive specific. Hamilton's Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine and by Polson & Co., Kingston.

Sauce for the Goose.

Mrs. Charles—Why, Charley, you are not going as you are!

Charles—Why, yes; aren't you?—Life.

The New Housekeeper.

"What is the matter with my little wife?"

Her dainty head falls on his shoulder, and, between the sobs that shake her slight frame, she says:

"Wi-Will. I fe-feel so b-a-ad. I wanted to-to make some bi-bi-biscuit this noon, a-a-and got the wa-wa-water and s-a-l-t and ye-ye-yeast, but there's something mi-mi-missing, and I can't think wha-wha what it is."

Mr. Youngman smiled quietly, and, clasping his wife to his watch pocket, he placed his lipsto her ear and whispered: "Flour."—St. Paul Globe.

Of Course.

I was once minded of the littleness of intellectual man by a London policeman, whom I had timidly approached with the polite but earnest inquiry:

"Beg pardon, officer, but might I ask why, in London, everything goes to 'to the left?'"

Like one of "Mrs. Jarley's" figures, his head moved statelily. He regarded me one awful, official moment with contemptuous pity. His head moved back again. Then with withering scorn he answered:

"An' w'y in 'ell shouldn't it?"

I had never thought of that.—Detroit Free Press.

West's Cough Syrup, a certain and speedy cure for coughs, colds and all lung diseases.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, genarally prove the fore-runner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a NEGLECTED COLD, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its wonderful curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for 3 large treatises, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." This may be fully relied upon by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION, which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy borebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE $1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption. Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.

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Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable. JOHN C. WEST & CO., Toronto Ont.

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