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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.

J. H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.S.D., dentist; J., 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.

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

R. 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.

Telephone communication.

MEDICAL.

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

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.

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

DRS. DICKSON & BETTS, physicians and surgeons. Electricity a specialty. Office: 61 Wellington street. C. R. 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. 62 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 5.

LEGAL.

JOHN STRANGE, B.A., 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 Shaw, corner of King and Brock streets, over Wade's drug store, agent for the Lombard Investment Co. Best of security for investors. Payments 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; 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.

Dr. Elizabeth Smith-Shortt,

C.M., M. C. P. & S. O.,

LATE OF HAMILTON,

63 West street. Diseases of women and children. February 5.

D. A. GIVENS,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. Office, Clarence street over Telegraph office. Money to loan. Jan. 19.

HENRY C. FOWLER,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,

46 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

DOUGLAS H. COLE,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, Commissioner, etc. NEWBORO, ONT. Money to loan at six per cent. (private funds). March 9.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

EASY TO USE.

DYEING WORKS

PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

ALL KINDS of goods cleaned and dyed and well finished. I put up and have for sale the "Jem Package Dyes," warranted to be the best in the market. Try them.

R. MONTGOMERY, Practical Dyer.

March 1.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

But Robert had not so long to wait. When events do begin to happen, they come in a rush. It was not a day later when the young man got this letter:

"MY DEAR SON—My health is failing, more rapidly than you think for. I want you and Brownie to come home and stay with me the rest of my time.

"There is something on my mind to tell you. I ought to have told you before, but I never could bring myself to do it. You would know it after my death, at any rate. Perhaps it may not be so terrible to you to hear the truth from me. I am sure my wife and I could not have been more tenderly attached to you if we had been your real parents. And no son could have been more devoted and dutiful than you always were to us; no son could have realized more faithfully a father's and mother's brightest, fondest hopes.

"But, Robert, my boy, you were not our own son. We were absent from home for several years. On our return we adopted you, a lonely stray little boy, in the St. Hildegarde orphan asylum. None of our old friends knew but you were our own. You never knew it.

"Your parentage is unknown. The only clew is the forget-me-not ring, found fastened to a black ribbon around your neck, with its inscription and date inside, 'Myra, from Philip, July, 1854.' But I am sure you came of good blood. When we found you there was still that about you that showed you had been tenderly cared for.

"I would spare myself forever the pain of telling you this, only it is necessary you should know you are not to be my heir. The estate must go to a distant relative, now in Australia. There is another thought that gives me anxiety, now that I know I am nearing my death. I have not been able to save much for you from my income. In truth, I have let you spend so much money in my lifetime that there will not be much left for you after I am dead. And still, even that causes me less trouble than it would if I did not know how capable you are and strong. I never brought you up to despise work, my son. In the New World, the land of promise, I know you will easily make your way. But not now. Now you must come home, you and Brownie, and come at once, to one who, as long as he lives, must still call himself

"Your loving father, JOHN EDGERLY."

The whole story was out. The American tramp and the English gentleman were twin brothers, of one blood, one race, one parentage, and even that unknown.

Here was a blow which staggered Robert Edgerly at last!

He and Brownie and Shirley had been reading the letter, with their heads together, all at once. Robert's head dropped upon the table in front of him. Shirley could not bear it.

"Robert! brother," said she, "don't. Hardly anything is worth taking a serious view of in this life. May be it'll even turn out you're an abominable American at last!"

But it was too much, this sudden whirling upside down of all his existence. He got upon his feet. Where was his pride of race, of family?

"I—I—never was so cut up in my life," he said faintly. "Who am I? Nobody, with no country, no name. I'm nobody's son!"

He choked up, and turned away to the window. Shirley followed him and linked her arm through his.

"But you're somebody's brother," she said, "and a very dear one."

Brownie cuddled up to him on the other side.

"And I'm sure you're somebody's husband," Brownie murmured, "and the darlingest that ever was."

And with two beautiful women, the dearest beings on earth to him, thus consoling him, what masculine creature could have been wholly comfortless?

CHAPTER XXIII.

"COME."

And Shirley? Well, at last something happened to Shirley.

She had given over looking for anything new in her existence. Once she had dreamed that change might come, but that was long since. She had ceased to think about it. She set her face forward, and drifted on with the tide of years. So far as existing for herself went her life was a steady repression.

The children were nearly all off her hands now.

"They're a credit to you, Shirley," said our old friend, Mis' Simpkins. "They've all done splendid."

Tom, the blundering brother, came home for the family reunion at Christmas. It was the first time he had set foot in the stone house since he left it at the age of 22, being at that time under a bit of a cloud. But Tom had redeemed himself nobly. He had gone to work with a will, and the good that was in him came uppermost.

Tom affected wild western ways tremendously. He wore a big beard and a slouched hat. He said the east crowded him up, and he longed to get back to the plains and the mountains, where he had room to breathe and turn around. He was fond of leaning up against something, resting upon one leg, with his hat on and his hands in his pockets, chewing tobacco the while and talking gorgeously about the west. Tom had got a nasty habit of chewing tobacco after he went away. And he talked of "my partner" and was fond of emphasizing his language with words not found in the dictionary. He could not speak his mind in ordinary English. It was not emphatic enough for him.

He wouldn't live in the east if they'd give him a whole state, quotha. People here were too picayunish for him. He told tales of buffalo and Indian that made the Linwood children's hair stand on end.

Life had thriven handsomely with Tom. He came back to them a big western man, with a certain dignity of his own that became him well. He came, too, with the title that his father had given him in sport in boyhood tacked to his name in earnest. Tom was a sure enough governor now, governor of the young territory wherein he had cast his fortunes twelve years before. Oh, yes, Tom was a brother to be proud of.

The brother and sister wandered about the old home together, talking of the changes in the village and of the family fortunes.

"You look a little pale, Shirely. Come to think, what a nose and grindstone business your life has been."

"I haven't had fun enough to spoil me that's a fact."

"I 's a shame, Shirley, how you have worked for us all. I never thought of it before."

"Yes," said Shirley. "I never saved myself any."

"But it must be a satisfaction to you to think how well all of us boys turned out," continued Tom, with a little pardonable pride. "There's every one of us now a credit to his family and his country. We're all a little past common, if I do say it myself. And I'm absolutely certain that some of us will be distinguished men before we die."

"Yes? I hope so."

"And," continued Tom, with a smack of self complacency, "it must be a pride and comfort to a woman to know that she has sacrificed her life to bring up good men, who take prominent places in the world."

But there was no complacency, on the contrary there was bitterness, in Shirley's voice as she answered:

"Yes, that's like a man. A woman is always to be the ladder for great man to climb up by. How would you like such a life of self sacrifice for yourself, Tom?"

"I—oh, well—that's different."

"Is it?" said Shirley.

They gathered in, one by one, the Carstone children, now the Carstone men and women. Alice had prepared a surprise for the Christmas. This youngest child of Shirley's care had shown the not uncommon artistic taste of the girl of the period. As she grew older this taste deepened into a genuine talent, accompanied by that which is uncommon in the girl of the period—a sincere resolve to make something of it.

Alice did not copy "plaques" from chromos. She was abroad for three years studying earnestly, in Rome in Paris, Munich and Dresden. She had come home for good now, and was to have her studio in F. She was the last of the children to be educated and provided for.

Now Shirley was to be free at last. The young birds had flown and gone their ways. There were none left in the nest but Shirley and her mother.

The first use Alice made of her ripened talent and perfected skill was to paint a portrait of Shirley. The hand of the loving sister reproduced better than any other could have done the noble, beautiful face. This was the surprise Alice was preparing for them all. The picture was to be done and unveiled before them all on Christmas day. Alice herself had devised a marvelous draping for the figure, half fanciful, and wholly pagan, that gave vivid effect to the head and face. It was a striking picture. Alice worked on it with enthusiasm. One's own family are his severest critics. With a pardonable pride, Alice wished the Carstones to see that she had not been wasting her time.

Yet with all her labors, all her enthusiasm, she could not make the portrait satisfy her. She painted partly from a photograph, partly from Shirley herself, who sat for the picture now and then.

All she could do, there remained in the eyes of the picture an unfathomable depth of melancholy. It was so marked as to be startling. It was the first expression observed and criticised by the few friends who saw the pictured face.

"It looks too sorrowful for Shirley," they said, one and all.

Alice tried to paint it out—changed it over and over again—but in vain.

The trouble seemed to be with Shirley's face in repose. Few persons had ever seen her when she was not occupied at something. But the moment she was quiet the strange, sad look came into her face. It haunted all her photographs. There was a weirdness in it like the shadow of a fate, or like the survival of a remorse for awful deeds done by bloody handed ancestors centuries agone. At any rate it was there, and would not be painted out.

"You've got the wide-begonest look in this picture," said Alice. "It isn't a bit like you; but somehow it's in the photograph, too. Do what I will, I can't get it out. It vexes me so."

"I don't know why it is," replied Shirley. "I'm sure I'm a jolly person at heart."

SHIRLEY.

But to this day the same sorrowful look remains in the picture.

And now once more Shirley felt the old longing to fly. Once more her spirit beat its wings against the iron bars and looked out into the beyond as Shirley sat alone in the gray twilight of the short winter days.

It was very different now. Yet she felt within herself, it was not too late. Half her lifetime was gone. But for genius and enthusiasm there is no age. She was in the flower of her intellectual life.

All these years the demands on her had been unceasing. Yet they were not without good. Her life was rich in knowledge and experience. She had grown wise through the precious discipline of failure.

In these years, all unconsciously to herself, influences had emanated from her gentle, busy life—had spread far beyond the narrow limits of Linwood, and molded and lifted up many hearts. Truly she had said long ago that she was "drawn so many different ways." It was this that was at once her weakness and her strength.

She had in her nature that inexplicable, wonderful human sympathy which unlocked all hearts, young and old, which drew them and held them bound to her forever. It was magical, because it was genuine. Young and old instinctively went to her as to a confessional, and told her their sorrows and their sins.

It may have been because the undercurrent of her thought still ran on the poem she was to have written so long ago; it may have been because of the suffering and needs she saw and learned of during those bitter years of experience, but Shirley became above all a messenger of good to women. Her heart went out above all to the toilers of her own sex.

Women far and near, the aspiring and ambitious, the sick, the weary, the starving and the heart sore, those who had broken their wings against the solid walls that shut in a woman's life, these came to her, and they poured out all their hearts to her, and besought her to tell them what they might do.

As she grew older, and her vision gradually took in all the round horizon of experience, many things were clear to her that had been dark before. It became clear to her that, limited only by the moral laws, freedom of will is the greatest good for humanity, man and woman alike.

She taught them to reverence nothing merely because it is old.

She taught them to look into the heart of things, and ask: Are courage, will, intellectual power, the strength to achieve, qualities that belong only to men?

She pointed out to them that the persons' feelings and emotions of man or woman count for very little in the destiny of the race. Greater than man's nature or woman's nature is human nature, underlying all, holding all in its grasp. She showed them how absurd anatomical and physiological superstitions concerning woman's mind and body have been taught by medical men through hoary centuries. They stand only because no woman contradicts them.

Out of the strength drawn from the bitter cup she herself had drained, though they knew it not, she was able to tell them that the individual happiness or unhappiness is a pitifully small thing. That the road to wise content was to lose sight of their own emotions and sorrows in the culture of the mind, in broad human interests. Then suffering will no longer be the lot of woman.

She bade them, flinging away as far as may be their personal hopes, fears and disappointments, to keep step with the grand music of the onward cycles of time.

She told them to see to it that they did not lie like clods to be trodden under foot, or shoved out of the way, but that themselves be up and working for the progress of womankind towards the light—womankind, the laggard half of the human race. For, greater than passion and gratified petty ambition, yes, greater than love even, greater than all, is this march of humanity into the light.

Further, as they would find peace for their souls, she bade them never lose sight of resolve, never cease to will and to aspire. Every steadfast effort that a woman makes, every striving of the individual to become freer and stronger, even through disappointment, sickness and weariness, brings a moment nearer the good time which is surely coming for the sex. The woman's day is at hand. It will be a brighter, happier day than the ages have yet disclosed. She told them to be sure of that. She told them of her own unalterable faith that thus the centuries to come would develop a strong and splendid race of women, fit mates for the kings among men.

So she talked with them till their hearts burned within them. Her voice had a note like a trumpet ring. From that day on there was for them no more despair, no more looking backward. Like her they set their faces forward and pressed on. Women came to her with tears in their eyes, they sent messages from half round the world, thanking her and blessing her for all she had been to them.

Shirley the Poet became Shirley the Inspirer, the Comforter.

In giving happiness to others she lost herself and ceased to think of her own sorrows and disappointments. So she found at last, in a measure, happiness for herself.

She had somewhat of reward, the sweetest, highest reward that can fall to mortal lot. And yet—all that she had done and wrought for others could not be accomplished without some straining at the silver cord.

"To him that overcometh all things shall be given," was said of old. Shirley had overcome; yet little had been granted her. It was her nature to give out always more than she received. So at last she began to be exhausted. That was the pity of it. A sense of weariness oppressed her, a distaste for even the daily tasks she liked best. She said to herself once more that she must have change. Her life seemed wearing out.

Alas, alas! It was the helmet of iron pressing upon the golden hair. The iron pressed at last upon the golden heart, too.

* * * * *

One day, while she thus sighed for change, Shirley got a letter. It said:

"My wife is dead. May I come?

"DUMORAY."

Once more, past youth as she was, her heart gave a wild bound. She covered her face with her hands, as had been her wont in her childhood when powerfully excited. Then she laughed at herself in scorn, then she was vexed at her folly. After all, was it still only the same uncontrolled, passionate spirit of old? Was this all she had learned in these years of hard discipline?

She shook her head impatiently, saying to herself:

"Shirley Carstone, you are an idiot."

Be sure the gray twilight is full of sweet thoughts, for her that night. The forlorn wings would be free to fly at last. Was the light coming even to her? Were peace, joy, love to be hers too, even after all these years?

It seemed too good to be true. But there was his letter. It was true. Yet even in that moment the supreme dream of her life flitted across her happified vision. The poem, the poem! She would indeed write it now. The toiling for others, the weary occupation at tasks she disliked—that was over at last, at last! Nothing would come between her and her hopes.

Once again, as twice before, she thought of the pride the master would take in his pupil's work. A wave of happiness surged across her spirit. She said to herself:

"High as he is, distinguished as he is, he shall be proud of me!"

It was like the sunset sun bursting gloriously through a mountain of cloud.

* * * * *

Meantime, a thousand miles away, a man impatiently awaited the creeping of the slow footed days. He could scarcely keep himself within bounds till the pokey United States mail brought him a letter. He went off to himself to read it when it came. He opened it with unsteady hands. It only said:

"Come. SHIRLEY."

Come! Only that one word.

How he would gather her to his heart and hold her there forever! Her weak woman's arms had upborne so much, and so long. Now his strong man's hands would hold hers, and strengthen them and steady them the rest of the way. He would care for her as no husband ever cared for wife before, because she had suffered so much. One of his first thoughts, too, was for the poem. Above all, she should write her poem at last. He would uphold her and encourage her while she wrote. No more weariness or self sacrifice for her, no more sorrow or loneliness for either. Light had broken for them both.

He hastened to be gone. At the moment of starting an unexpected business matter held him back till next day. He swallowed his impatience, and waited. Another letter from Shirley in the morning. He opened it and was stunned to read:

"There is great news for you. I have found your sons."

The rest of the letter left no doubt of the truth. Every point of information was supplied, even to mention of the turquoise ring. It was one he had given to Myra in the days of their brief, foolish courtship. The unfortunate woman had a passion for jewels, which clung to her even in her crazed condition. Beyond doubt, then, she had removed the children and her jewel box from the house before she fired it. The burglar, prowling there in the midnight, had taken both. It was the ring which sealed the foolish engagement that at last made it possible to trace the boys.

No, not a link was missing from this strange story. Shirley did not say where his boys were, however. She merely told him she knew where they were. Boys! Why, they must be men long since.

As he settled himself in the train he was half dazed with surprise and joy. He, the lonely and kindreless among men—wife, children, home, all that men hold dearest, were to be his at last. In a strange, happy dream he turned his face once more toward Linwood. But most of all he hugged to his heart the letter that contained only the one golden word:

"Come!"

(To be continued).

She Wanted a Judge or Two Killed.

There was one woman among the throng of sightseers at Forest Hills who was particularly desirous of knowing whether any judges were passengers on the wrecked train.

"Judges? No madam. Did you suppose any judges were on board?"

"Well, I didn't know but there were. There are a good many judges living in Dedham. Dedham's a great town for judges. You say that they were mostly clerks and shop girls who were killed?"

"Yes, but their lives are just as dear to them."

"Oh, I know it," answered the woman; "I know it. But if we must have an accident I think it is well to have some distinguished person killed. It makes other distinguished people realize their responsibilities, and teaches people that a man may be celebrated and yet be liable, same as others. I thought if a judge or two was killed it might have a good effect on the young!"

She went away looking the disappointed philosopher in every line of her face.—Boston Transcript.

The Dress Coat as a Civilizer.

I tell you, man, that the dress coat gauges the wearer. There's mind reading in coats. Put one on a gentleman, and it enhances the wearer; place one on a booby, and it accentuates his plebeianism. The coat with the abbreviated front and the elongated tails is a barometer of human character. Does it make a waiter look less servant? I say no, sir. A dress coat in its pristine state is the embodiment of prosperity. It means civilization. It brings on its wearer a disposition to be polite and graceful. Put one on the veriest savage, and the savage would immediately show a disposition to emulate Chesterfield, not to eat him.—Old Stager in Chicago Herald.

It Makes a Difference.

First Charmer—Oh, you haven't seen my Easter bonnet, imported directly from Paris. I can hardly forbear from wearing it right away. Here it is.

Second Charmer—Oh, that's horrid!

First Charmer—Horrid! Why, you mean thing. It cost $100.

Second Charmer—Oh, how sweet.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Two Startling Recoveries.

A telegram from London states that the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough was cured of paralysis by the recent earthquake in Italy. Perhaps this is true. It will be remembered that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, had just gone to bed paralyzed after a night with the boys, and he is said to have recovered also.—Chicago Times.

A Jealous Liver.

At the club:

"What a bilious beggaw Bugson is!"

"Yaas, puffeck beaw, bay Jove!"

"What can be the mattaw with him, hay? He must be in love."

"Yaas. In love with his stomach, don't chew know, and his livaw is jealous.—Town Topics.

The Blending of Life

And death is one of the mysterious functions of the human organism. There are constantly battling two rival elements: the one throwing off waste and effete matter—death, the other to supply living atoms to build up and sustain—life. But when the system grows sluggish, when the effete and dead particles are not eliminated and remain to clog life's channels, that Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut render greatest service. They cleanse the system, restore the liver to a healthy action, correct morbid secretions, renew the springs of life by making digestion more perfect, and proved by use the most perfect family medicine in existence. Accept no substitute for Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. At druggists and dealers in medicine.

Mr. H. McCaw, custom house, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with dyspepsia and rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for

ST JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY WILL SURELY CONQUER PAIN

CURES RHEUMATISM.

The Terrible Torture—Rheumatism.

Chief of Police Stewart, Hamilton, Ontario, says: "I consider St. Jacobs Oil as an invaluable article, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to my friends—or enemies, for that matter—when I find them needing anything for the alleviation of the terrible scourge of rheumatism.

Wonderful for Rheumatism.

Mr. John Kelly, grocer, Kingston, Canada, says: I have found St. Jacobs Oil a wonderful and efficacious remedy for rheumatism.

Good, Safe, Sure for Rheumatism.

Hon. John Hearn, Superintendent of the House of Industry, Kingston, says: I know St. Jacobs Oil to be meritorious, because it cured me of the rheumatism, and I did so in such a way as to leave no doubt that its claims are just. I think it is a good, safe and sure remedy, and such as is needed in our climate, where rheumatism is of all diseases, the most prevalent and hardest to combat.

Cured of Rheumatism.

Mr. J. D. Murray, Govt. Agricultural Department, Ottawa, Canada, says: I recommend St. Jacobs Oil to sufferers with rheumatism. It cured me.

Cured of Rheumatism—Well as Ever.

Mr. Robert Wilson of the City Surveyor's office, and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., says: The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have got a great deal of doctoring for it without much good. A friend recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it, and the result is that I am now cured, and as well as ever."

Every household shelf should have it; every testimonial strictly true; every day increased demands; every patient is amazed when cured; every sufferer pain succumbs; every dealer knows its merits; every chemist finds it perfect. St. Jacobs Oil. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price fifty cents per bottle. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. Canadian Branch, 84 York street, Toronto.

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