The Daily News,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 24.

☞ SEE FIRST PAGE.

UNDER THE ICE.

There was no braver guide or more skillful hunter that ever set foot upon the Matterhorn or crawled over the dangerous glaciers of Monte Rosa than Ulric Paterson. He was a man of immense strength and great daring, and had often tracked the wilderness of snow when those who followed the same calling remained in their cottages in the well protected villages. He laughed at his companions when they talked of danger, and made light of the fears of his good wife when she trembled at the howling of the fierce winds or the avalanche of snow that now and then swept down with irresistible force upon the little chalets. With well-spiked shoes, a stout alpenstock, confidence in himself, and a firm and fervent trust in God, he avowed that a man was as safe upon the topmost cliffs of the cloud-piercing Matterhorn as in the brook threaded valley of Tourmanches. But the timid heart of womanhood could not look upon the matter in the same light, although her trust in the Lord was equally strong, and so, when she saw him take down his trusty rifle, powder-horn and heavily-shod iron staff, one morning, she clung to him and begged him not to go upon the mountains. "There is every sign of a storm," she said. "You know how terrible they are. We have food enough in the cottage. Do stay at home with the little ones."

"That would I, wife," was the reply, "If I had not seen an ibex as I was coming home yesterday evening. He was a stout old fellow with huge horns; and I fancied he was almost laughing at me as I crept around the cliff upon which he was standing."

"But, Ulric, think of the storm that is certainly coming."

"I have been in many a one, and care nothing for them. I love the free whistling of the wind upon the mountain tops, and the whirling of the feathery snow. So, good wife, get me something to eat. I must be off before the day dawns."

With a heavy sigh the woman did as he had requested; and with his fond kiss still lingering upon her lips, she saw him climb the mountain side, until a turn in the path hid him from her view. Then she sunk upon her knees, by the bedside of her still slumbering children, and committed him into the keeping of that God who had thus far preserved him in the midst of every danger. Meantime, Ulric hastened onward with a light foot. It was still dark in the valley; but far above him, he could see the white peaks glittering in the dim light of the morning and fast paling stars. Higher and higher he climbed; and soon the sun arose, shedding its rays of rosy gold upon the icy piles, and making them flash as if braided o' myriad diamonds. To a stranger it would have been a dazzling sight; to the brave hunter, it lost something of its charm by familiarity, and he pressed onward and upward. The road grew more rough and difficult. He was obliged to pick his way, to clamber up steep crags; but at last he reached the edge of a larger glacier. He sat down and rested for a little time, satisfied his hunger, examined his shoes and the point of his alpenstock, and again set bravely forth, leaping the yawning chasms, and guarding against the treacherous cracks.

A wall of polished ice rose before him, and he knew that he would have to scale it before he could get within shot of the coveted game. With great difficulty it was accomplished; and, finding the tracks of the ibex, he followed them, until, suddenly turning a ragged point, he found himself within easy shot, and in an instant the report of his rifle had awakened the echoes of the mountain. With the "thud" of the bullet, the beast sprang forward but its tail was drooped, its head hanging heavily down, its gait slow, and step uncertain. He knew that the whizzing lead had reached its mark; that the animal would soon die; and he paused to reload his rifle before he followed him. "I will surprise my good wife," he thought, "by returning sooner than she expected: and I will have a hearty laugh at the cowards who dared not venture from their snug cottages for fear of a storm."

With a smile upon his lips, he hastened to where the ibex was lying, and raised it in his arms. Then, with a cry of horror, he felt his footing give way, and hunter and game were swallowed up in a crevase of almost unfathomable depth. The thin covering of ice had been sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the beast; but that of Ulric added, had shivered it as if it had been an egg shell.

Down, down. Hunter and lion, through the debris of snow and ice, lying there for a thousand years. He fancied that the bottom would never be reached. The most profound darkness enveloped him; his hands could clutch nothing but dampness—but chilling flakes. Fortunately the carcase of the beast was beneath him. Yet, for all that safeguard, he lay for a long time insensible. When consciousness returned, another day had dawned, and its golden glories had found their way even to the bottom of the yawning grave in which he was lying. He thought upon the utter helplessness of his situation; that he must perish from cold and hunger; of the lingering tortures he would be forced to endure before death came to put an end to his misery; and every nerve in his body quivered with horror. He looked around to see if there was not some possible chance of escape. On either side smooth ice walls arose, emitting a bluish steel glitter. He felt that he was buried alive. "Oh, God! Why was I not instantly killed?" he exclaimed, in the agony of despair, and then, as better thoughts swayed him, he thanked the Almighty, with whom nothing is impossible, for his safety thus far, and prayed to him for guidance and deliverance.

His next thought was of his gun. When it was found that he did not return, his neighbours would certainly search for him, and by firing the gun he could attract their attention. Vain hope! Search as he would, he could find nothing of it. Even if he had discovered it, it would have been useless, for his powder horn was gone as well. Over and over he turned the snow—down deep he dug into it, until his hands burned like fire, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead—until his arms grew stiff and sore, and he was forced to give up the useless labour from sheer exhaustion. With his back against the frozen prison walls, he looked aloft and saw the great vulture sailing upon its immense and tireless wings around the mouth of the chasm; and the strong man shuddered, as he shook his fist defiantly, and murmured with his hoarse voice, "Your time has not come yet!" He thought of his happy home, and his dear wife and children, and then, naturally, for he was faint and hungry, he thought of the food his wife had prepared for him. Having eaten of the bread and goat's milk cheese and drank of the little bottle of wine (which, strange to say, had remained unbroken), he reasoned that it would be cowardly to lie down and die without an effort; and he remembered the goodness of God, and once more fervently implored his help. Then a bold idea came to him. Why might he not cut his way through the solid ice? He had a hatchet such as his class never travel without. Ah! but he was forgetful that the walls might be hundreds of feet thick, and they were of excessive hardness, and would soon render blunt both hatchet and knife. The bright hope that had been born within him was darkened by no such shadow. For the time being he knew that he was safe. He was accustomed to the cold, was warmly clad, could use the skin of the ibex in case of need, and its flesh would drive away the wolves of starvation for many a day. A brief rest, and he began the task, and toiled faithfully till darkness forced him to stop. A night of uneasy rest, a breakfast of the raw flesh of the ibex, and he resumed his labours. Another day of toil, and he again stretched himself upon the skin of the beast, wrapping it around him as much as possible, and slept long and heavily, although there had been a sudden fall in the temperature, and it was now excessively cold. For four days he toiled thus, his only food the raw and frozen flesh of the ibex; for four nights he slept within the hole he had cut away in the thick ice walls, closing up the entrance, and thus obtaining partial shelter from the chilling blasts. And once he heard the firing of guns, and his heart beat wildly within him. He dropped his dull hatchet, crawled to the centre of the chasm, and shouted with all his remaining strength—shouted until his strained voice was reduced to the very ghost of a hoarse whisper. He knew that his friends were in search of him; imagined he could hear his name called; could nothing to attract their attention; and, as the firing grew fainter, and further and further away, flung himself down, weeping and wringing his hands. The last plank to which he had clung had been shivered. His neighbours and friends had come—and gone. They would never search that part of the mountain again. None would ever know of his fate. He was buried in an icy tomb until the last trumpet should sound, and hot flashes of flames dissolve the frostwork around him.

With his mind trembling upon the verge of madness, overpowered by sorrow, crushed by bitter agony, he fell back insensible, and lay for a long time upon the cold, damp snow, that soon must be his winding sheet. The black vulture flapped his wings above him, and he knew nothing of it. But, after the hunter's consciousness returned, though he was far too much crushed in body and soul to resume his labours, he crept into the little cavern he had excavated (would it not be to him a tomb?), and gave passionate vent to his griefs. For many weary hours nothing passed his lips; and with aching head and fevered brain, with trembling limbs and convulsive sobs, he prayed for deliverance, if by no other hand, at least by the skeleton one of death.

It was rayless, sunless, starless darkness in the ice-cavern, when the springs of his life again became capable of action. He was ravenously hungry, and arose to satisfy his hunger with a portion of the ibex he had left remaining outside in the chasm. He felt around, but could discover no outlet. Had he been frozen in,—shut out from God's blessed sunshine forever? Nothing but smooth ice met his burning and blistered fingers. Then after an hour's search, he found a soft spot, and instantly solved the mystery. He knew there must have been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and that it had drifted into and blocked up the opening; and with the strength of desperation he soon dug through. It was still snowing heavily; the flakes fell like great feathers around; and he drew the remnant of the carcass of the ibex into the cave, and made another rude meal. And thus refreshed, a new hope was born within him; and again the ice walls resounded with the blows of his little hatchet. But it was slow work, and much of the time was taken up in clearing the chips from the little grotto.

A week passed—a week of the most severe toil and terrible anxiety—and yet he was not disheartened. His trust in God had returned; and love for his wife and dependent children kept alive his often-sinking heart. He was yet in hopes of reaching the upper air—of seeing his dear ones again. But even as he was thinking thus, with something of his old time cheerfulness, a new anxiety took possession of and nearly overpowered him. The carcass of the ibex, that had been the innocent cause of all his trouble, was picked almost to the bones.

With dire starvation staring him in the face he bowed his head and wept like a child. Starvation, that is dreadful, even in thought! Starvation, that has in it more of horror than a thousand other deaths! He could almost see it silently approaching, and for a time despair alone had possession of him. Then his trust in the Supreme Being returned, and he committed himself into His keeping. "Heavenly Father," he murmured, "is thy hand that has sustained me so far. Thus givest food to the young ravens, and marketh even the fall of the tiny sparrow.—None but thou can hear me or help. Save me, O, God! Save me!"

Something of sweet consolation came with the utterance of the words, and he laid down to sleep more tranquilly than he had done for many previous nights. Yet it was only to be awakened by a new fear. It needed no seer to tell him that the storm or hot south wind was sweeping over the glaciers and snow fields of the Alps, and that the rain was falling in torrents and the enormous blocks of ice melting, as by the touch of fire. The cavern he had dug with infinite labour was almost breast deep with water. He breasted his way out into the chasm, but it was only to return again as quickly as possible. Never cataract rage more fiercely than the surging water there. Cutting little niches in the ice-wall, he climbed beyond the reach of the water, and tremblingly awaited his fate. The waves rose rapidly, higher and higher. He had climbed until his head rested against the top of the little cave—could go no further. And yet, the waters rolled upward around him. They reached his waist—surged higher to his breast—crept to his throat, and despite all his efforts, began to trickle into his mouth. In another moment he would be strangled by them; his hold would be torn away and his body dashed hither and thither against the sharp points of the ice. "O, God! save me!" burst from him in the terrible agony of the instant—the moment of time that lay between him and death.

A noise like thunder—a shivering crash—resounded through the chasm. It appeared as if the very foundations of the world were tottering beneath him. Now, indeed, he felt as if his end were come. No! terror was instantly changed to rapture. The water rushed out of the cavern with the utmost velocity; he could descend and stand upon the bottom without fear. How this had been accomplished he was forced to wait until morning to determine; and with the first beams he saw a great fissure had been opened, through which the imprisoned waters had found their way to the valley below. This unlooked for preservation again inspired him with confidence—rendered more firm his trust in God. Through that tunnel he saw a way to freedom. It was small, to be sure, but he could enlarge it; and he worked diligently, until his strength utterly failed. The ibex was entirely devoured. He had split the bones and sucked out the marrow; he had gnawed them over and over again to appease his hunger. For two days he had not tasted a morsel of food. The hatchet slipped from his hand when he endeavoured to strike a blow, and he was forced to abandon the undertaking. There was nothing left but to die.

Another day passed and no help came. He lay crouched in the corner, wishing that the end would come and that swiftly. His eyes were already filmed and his heart beat faintly! Then a strange noise aroused him. He looked aloft and saw a chamois vainly striving to defend itself from the attacks of two old vultures that were striking at it with wing and beak. It was an unequal contest; and at length the animal, driven to desperation, attempted to leap the broad chasm. The effort was a noble one, but it failed of success. The chamois missed his footing, and fell, bruised and helpless, at the very feet of the starving man. In an instant his knife was plunged into its throat, and the warm blood was drained by his eager lips. This gave him new life and renewed his labour. It was almost a herculean task. More than once he fell fainting beside it. But hope was very strong within him. Still he would have utterly failed had not heaven assisted him.

Again, the storm was busy at its work of destruction; again the windows of heaven were opened; and the "rains descended, and the floods came," and accomplished more in a single night than his hands could have done in months. With the morning light he crawled through the new large tunnel; but when he reached the outer end found to his horror that he was on the top of a mighty precipice. His blood boiled; his brain seemed on fire; his heart beat as if it would break through ribs and flesh. He was, if possible, more desperately imprisoned than before. How was he to get down? Through his bewildered mind suddenly flashed the thought of the skin of the ibex and the chamois, and he was not long in making a rope of them. He then cut a deep hole in the ice, drove down his alpenstock, fastened one end to it, and swinging himself off, reached the bottom in safety.

With a cry of joy and a prayer of thankfulness he hastened along the well known path; and when the bell of the little chapel, that reared its gilded cross in the Matter valley, was toiling for the evening prayers, he staggered like a drunken man into the very midst of the astonished worshippers, even as the voice of the good priest was repeating, "God is everywhere with me; and everywhere, even in the most threatening dangers his voice speaks to me in tones of comfort and says, 'Call upon me in the days of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!'"—staggering toward the altar, to kneel at it, but fell fainting into the arms of his wife, who had nursed him to health, strength and manhood.

Georgia announces an early spring. The peach trees are in full bloom, the buds of the forest are bursting, the woods around Savannah are redolent of the perfume of the jasmine and honeysuckle, green peas are knee-high, hyacinths and other spring flowers are blooming, and early vegetables are abundant.

In the Bank of England sixty folio volumes or ledgers are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts. To produce these sixty volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand presses are continually kept going within the Bank. In the copperplate printing departments, 28,000 bank notes are thrown off daily, and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

Campbell, Mowat & Mc[illegible],
BARRISTERS, &c., Princess Street, Kingston (opposite Daily News Office).
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Q.C.,
GEORGE LEVACK MOWAT,
GEORGE MILNES MACDONNELL.
March 15, 67.

Gildersleeve & Walkem,
BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-at-LAW, Conveyancers, Notaries Public.

Richard T. Walkem,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office—Clarence Street, Kingston, C.W.
J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, L.L.B. | RICH. T. WALKEM.

Macdonald, Patton & Machar,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-at-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, &c.
Offices—18 Clarence St., opposite the Post Office, KINGSTON, C. W.
JOHN A. MACDONALD, Q.C. | JAMES PATTON, Q.C.
JOHN M. MACHAR.
Kingston, Jan'y 16.

W. R. Mingaye,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c.
Kingston, C. W. Dec. 1.

James Agnew,
BARRISTER and ATTORNEY-at-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office Bagot Street, second door south of the *British Whig* Office, upstairs.
August 1.

Wilkison & Reeve,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-at-LAW, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c. Napanee, C. W.
OFFICE.—South West corner of Dundas and East Streets.
WM. H. WILKISON. W. A. REEVE, M. A.
County Crown Attorney.

O'Reilly & Draper,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-at-LAW Solicitors in Chancery—Chambers Nos. 7, 8, & 9, Anchor Buildings, Kingston, C. W.
JAMES O'REILLY, Q.C. | FRANK C. DRAPER.

John Mudie,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office opposite Post Office, Clarence Street, Kingston.
August 6.

OFFICE REMOVED TO KING STREET NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CITY BOOK STORE.

Joseph Bawden,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c., 33 King street, Kingston.

J. K. Smith, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., PORTLAND, Residence Harrowsmith.

MONEY TO LEND. $50,000 to lend on the security of Real Estate in the City or Country at a low rate of interest. No commission charged.
April 23 R. M. ROSE.

MARINE PROTESTS.—Printed forms, for the use of Notaries Public, much facilitating the drawing up of Protests in cases of disaster to vessels. For sale at the Daily News Office.

THE CIRCULATION of the DAILY NEWS is fully one-half larger than that of any other daily journal published in Kingston. The circulation of the old established weekly CHRONICLE AND NEWS is also greater than any other weekly published in the county. Advertisers will perceive that these journals are the best media for attracting public attention in this locality.

Phœnix Fire Assurance Company OF LONDON.
Agent at Kingston,
THOS. KIRKPATRICK.

Royal Assurance Company OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.
MAXWELL W. STRANGE,
Agent for Kingston
Office—33, Clarence Street.
Kingston, March 20, 1862.

Home Insurance Company of New Haven, Conn.
CAPITAL .. .. $1,000,000.
PREMIUMS RECEIVED DURING 1867—$2,000,000.
Funds deposited in the hands of the Goverment for the security of Policyholders.
☞ All fire risks carefully surveyed, and the rate of Premium made to correspond with the risk assumed.
JAMES SWIFT,
Agent,
St. Lawrence Wharf
Kingston, Feb. 4, 1868.

1866. Marine Insurance. 1866.

Ætna Insurance Company of Hartford Conn.
THOS. A. ALEXANDER, President | E. P. DORR, General Agent.
INCORPORATED IN 1819.
CAPITAL $3,000,000. ASSETS $4,650,938,27
HULL AND CARGO RISKS to and from Inland Ports on favourable terms.
Losses promptly and liberally adjusted and paid in Canada Currency.
JAMES SWIFT, Agent,
July 1. St. Lawrence Wharf.

Home Insurance Company of New Haven,
D. SATERLEE, President. | CHARLES WILSON Secretary.
CASH CAPITAL .. .. $1,000,000.
LAKE AND RIVER RISKS taken on hulls and cargoes at reasonable rates.
JAMES SWIFT, Agent,
July 1. St. Lawrence Wharf

"Ætna" Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn
PAID UP CAPITAL AND SURPLUS—$4,833,543,39.
Losses paid in 49 years, ... $23,000,000.
THIS Company has been doing business in Canada for nearly 50 years, and during that time has secured the public confidence by the prompt and liberal settlement of every fair claim. It has fully complied with the laws of Canada by the deposit with the Government of Stocks to the amount of
$50.000
And is prepared to issue policies on terms as low as the safety of the assured will permit.
JAMES SWIFT,
Agent,
St. Lawrence Wharf.
Kingston, Feb. 4, 1868.

EUGENE RIMMEL.
PERFUMER by appointment to their Majesties the Emperor of the French, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the Queen of the Belgians, and the King of Portugal; and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Toilet Soaps.	Toilet Powders.
Lavender Water.	Portable Fountains.
Cold Cream.	Toilet Vinegar.
Perfumed Vaporizer.	Hair Preparations.
Rose Leaf Powder.	Tooth Powders
Perfumes for the Handkerchief.	Glycerine Toilet Requisites.
Eau de Cologne.	

All the above are carefully prepared for Exportation, and retain their excellent qualities in any climate.
96 Strand; 128 Regent Street; 24 Cornhill, London. 17 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

DR. VICTOR BAUD'S ORGANIC MEDICINE.
DR V. BAUD, Graduate and Member of the Medical College of Paris, Chief Physician Extraordinary for Epidemics in Paris, late M.D. of the Civil Hospitals of Algiers, has just introduced in England his ORGANIC MEDICINES.
They consist of three preparations—
THE BAUDEINE,
An efficient and prompt Remedy for Cholera, Yellow Fever, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and the excessive action of the Bowels. A gold medal was awarded by the French Government to Dr V. Baud for this valuable preparation.
Price: Small, 1s 1½d; Medium, 4s 5d; Large Size, 11s per Bottle.
THE DIASTATIZED IRON,
For strengthening the System.—Price 2s 9d per Bottle.
THE DIASTATIZED IODINE,
For purifying the Blood.—Price 2s 9d per Bottle.
*** The above Preparations are in the form of Sweetmeats, pleasant to the taste, and particularly adapted for Infants and Mothers nursing.
By the combination of the Iron or Iodine with Cress Seeds in a state of germination, they are united with organic life, which thus renders them digestible. The irritative and stubborn mineral has thus become the nucleus of an organic substance capable of being absorbed by the blood without injury to the stomach.
Agent for England and British Possessions,
E. G. DUFRESNE, 79 Watling Street.
May be obtained of all Chemists.

CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, &c.
EARL RUSSELL sent to the College of Physicians a communication received by him from Manilla (where cholera had been raging fearfully) to the effect that, of all remedies tried, Chlorodyne was the most effective.
"The day seems as yet, unhappily, far distant when public opinion or State interference will prevent the advertisement or sale of any secret medicine whatsoever. It is to be hoped that the profession will continue to brand as unworthy the conduct of those of its members who by testimonial or otherwise aid the disposal of such things."—*Lancet.*
TOWLE'S CHLORODYNE.
The Original Preparation of known Composition.
From Dr C. Kidd, Author of Standard Works on Chloroform.
Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London.
Sir,—I think if you would advertise your Chlorodyne more than you do, you would help to beat the others, which are secret compounds, out of the market. Many medical men think with me, and recommend your compound, but will never prescribe a secret remedy. CHARLES KIDD, M.D.
To Mr Towle, Chemist, Manchester.
A Surgeon from New York writes:—"I only requires to be known to be appreciated. I have no hesitatien in characterising it (viz., Towle's Chlorodyne) as the most useful medicine that has appeared during the present century. In diarrhœa, colic, ague, spasms, I have found it to relieve more pain and cause more joy than any other article that can be named."
NOTE.—The Profession is warned against inferior, secret, and cheap compounds now in the market. Each genuine bottle bears a facsimile of Proprietor's signature on the stamp outside.
LIQ. CHLOROFORMI Co. OR CHLORODYNE WITHOUT PEPPERMINT.
Sole Manufacturer:—A. P. Towle, Chemist, Manchester.

THE ORIGINAL CHLORODYNE, invented by R. Freeman, Pharmaceutist, is allowed to be one of the greatest discoveries of the present century. It is largely employed by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in hospital and private practice in all parts of the world. It has effects peculiar to itself, and which are essentially different to those produced by the various compounds bearing the name of Chlorodyne, but have no pretence to possessing its virtues. It rapidly relieves pain, from whatever cause, allays the irritation of fever, soothes the system under exhausting diseases, and gives sleep without producing any one of the unpleasant feelings so commonly arising from the use of opiates. It continues to hold its unshaken position in the estimation of the Profession as the best, most reliable, and cheapest preparation. Eminent and scientific Physicians made affidavits that they have tested its effects in careful comparison with those of "DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE," and deposed to the facts that they found it a more certain and reliable preparation, and greatly preferred "FREEMANS."
Earl Russell communicated to the Royal College of Physicians and to Mr Freeman, that in Manilla the only remedy of any use in Cholera was Chlorodine.
The Medical Times and Gazette, January 13th, 1866, states, "It has an immense sale amongst the public, and is prescribed by scores of Orthodox Medical Practitioners, and, of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."
Manufactured by the Inventor, Richard Freeman, 70, Kennington Park Road, London, S.
The genuine has engraved on the Government Stamp (outside each Bottle), "FREEMAN'S ORIGINAL CHLORODYNE."

CONDY'S PATENT FLUID or natural disinfectant purifies, deodorises, and disinfects, by the agency of nascent or ozonic oxygen,—its active principle. Being entirely innoxious, this truly scientific preparation is peculiarly adapted for the following useful purposes, for which all other disinfectants, on account of their poisonous or other objectionable qualities, are unavailable and useless:—
Detecting organic impurities in air and water.
Purifying drinking and other water from organic matter, lead, &c.
Freshening the air of close places, and removing bad smells.
Freeing meat, fish, butter, or other provisions from taint.
Counteracting the effects of organic poisons taken into the stomach.
Curing Musty provender. Freeing wheat and other seed from smut.
Maintaining the health of plants in pots and conservatories.
Preserving and restoring the freshness of cut flowers kept in water.
Destroying the blight of the potatoe, vine, hop, mulberry tree, &c.
Washing dogs and other domestic animals.
Cleansing bottles, beer barrels, pickling tubs, dairy utensils.
Washing the hair and darkening its colour when turning grey.
Enhancing the purifying and invigorating effects of baths and tubs.
Dressing poisoned wounds and destroying animal virus.
Treating the infectious diseases of cattle, horses, dogs, &c.
One gallon makes 200 to 300 gallons adapted for use.
N.B.—Condy's Fluid is the Standard Scientific Test for Organic Matter in Water, and affords the only known means of rapidly and completely freeing Drinking Water from Organic Taint, which is so common a cause of serious disease.
To rapidly purify the air, use the diluted fluid with "Condy's Ozoniser" or other Spray-producer.
CONDY'S PATENT OZONISED WATER,
(FOR TOILET PURPOSES,)
Removes from the mouth impure and foreign tastes and odours, whether arising from tobacco or other causes, and counteracts the irritation and morbid secretions of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and, used in the bath, tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body.
H. BOLLMAN CONDY,
Patentee, Battersea, London.

JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES FOR THE PEOPLE. Any one can use them; anything can be dyed with them. It is impossible in this small space to enumerate the many uses to which these wonderful and beautiful chemical preparations can be applied; while their chief use is for dyeing textile fabrics, they are also invaluable as a colouring agent for almost every known material, the ease with which they can be used and the brilliancy of the result being, indeed, almost magical. By their use almost any article of clothing can be dyed in a few minutes for a few pence without soiling the hands.
MEMORANDA.
MAGENTA: The strength and beauty of this dye is almost incredible. A Sixpenny bottle will dye 20 yards of Bonnet Ribbon in 10 minutes; it will also produce a clear Rose Pink by using less dye. Suitable also for Woollen Goods, Feathers, Silks, &c.
WOOLLENS: Magenta, Mauve, Violet, Purple, Orange, Pink, and Crimson produce the most satisfactory results. Use a large quantity of boiling water in an earthen pan. RIBBONS and SILKS: Brush them with soap and water to avoid creases, and to render them clean. Dye in boiling water.
FEATHERS: Dye in hot water (a few drops of the dye is sufficient for one feather).
COTTON: Mauve, Violet and Purple are recommended.
LEATHER: Blue, Magenta, Violet and Orange. Dye in warm water.
WHITEWASH: To color: *Magenta*, for Pink or Rose; add half a bottle to a pail of water, then stir in the Whitening as usual. Mauve, Violet, Purple, Blue and crimson produce pretty tints by using one bottle or more, as directed above.
STARCH: Stir in a few drops of Colour—Magenta, Mauve, Violet, Blue or Pink; these impart delicate tints to Lace, Linen, &c.
WILLOW SHAVINGS, Wicker, Ivory, Bone, Hair, Fibres, Seaweed, &c., attract the dye quickly, if applied in boiling water.
BLUE: For laundry purposes is A 1.
BOOK EDGES: A Sixpenny bottle of Magenta, Violet, Crimson or Blue will make from a pint to a quart of beautiful colouring, according to shade required. Apply with a brush.
PAPER and WOOD STAIN: Ditto.
OAK STAIN: A bottle of No. 2 Black to half a-pint of hot water.
SATINWOOD STAIN: A Sixpenny bottle Canary dissolved in a pint of boiling water
PHOTOGRAPHS may be tinted; dilute the dye with water; a bottle of Magenta to a pint of water. &c.
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