TRAVELLING.

Kingston & Pembroke & Canadian Pacific Railways.

Will sell Return Tickets for

Thanksgiving Day 1901.

At One Way Lowest First-Class Fare

Nov. 27th and 28th.

Good for Return Until December 2nd, 1901.

Full particulars at K. & P. and C. P. R. Ticket Office, Ontario Street.

F. CONWAY, Gen. Pass Agt. F. A. FOLGER, JR. Gen. Supt.

THE BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY

NEW SHORT LINE FOR

Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto, and all local points Train leaves City Hall Depot at 4 p.m. R. J. WILSON, C.P.R. Telegraph Office, Clarence Street.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THANKSGIVING DAY

Nov. 28th, 1901

Return Tickets Will be Issued at

SINGLE First-Class FARE

Between all Stations in Canada. Stations in Canada to and from Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., and from stations in Canada to Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y. Good going by all trains November 27th and 28th. Good returning from destination on or before December 2nd, 1901. For tickets, time-tables, sleeping and parlor car accommodation and all information, apply to

J. P. HANLEY, Agent. City Passenger Depot.

DOMINION LINE.

Mail Steamship, Liverpool Service

FROM PORTLAND.

Cambroman ..... Nov. 30th
*Manxman ..... Dec. 4th
*Roman ..... Dec. 7th
*Ottoman ..... Dec. 11th

*This steamer does not carry passengers.

RATES OF PASSAGE—Saloon, $50 and upward; Second Saloon, $35 and $37.50; Third Class, $25 and $26, according to steamer.

FROM BOSTON, Via Queenstown.

New England ..... Dec. 4th

RATES OF PASSAGE—Saloon, $50 and upward; Second Saloon, $40 and upward; Third Class, $28.

NEW SERVICE Boston to the Mediterranean.

To Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa, Alexandria. Commonwealth, Nov. 27th, Jan. 4th, Feb. 12th.

Cambroman, Jan. 18th, Feb. 26th.

Midship saloon, electric light, spacious promenade decks.

J. P. Hanley, Agt., G.T.R. Station. J. P. Gildersleeve, 42 Clarence St.

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.. BERMUDA ..

THE NOW FAR-FAMED BERMUDAS, WITH cable communication and equable winter temperature of seventy degrees, beautiful scenery and 100 miles of good roads, headquarters of the British army and navy, is unrivalled in its attractiveness, reached by the first class iron steamers TRINIDAD or PRETORIA in forty-eight hours from New York. Sailings every five days this winter. The tropical islands, including ST. THOMAS, SANTA CRUZ, ST. KITTS, MARTINIQUE, ST. LUCIA BARBADOES AND DEMERARA, also afford beautiful and interesting tours, all reached by steamships of the Quebec Steamship Company from New York. Special cruise to the Tropics per BS. Madiana, 6th February, 1902. For descriptive pamphlets and dates of sailing apply to A. EMILIUS OLTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 39 Broadway, New York; J. P. HANLEY or J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Kingston, Ont. ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

Allan Line Liverpool and Londonderry.

Royal Mail Steamers.

From St. John From Halifax

Parisian...Sat. p.m., 23 Nov. Monday p.m., 25
Numidian...Sat. p.m., 30 Nov. Monday, Dec. 2
Ionian (new).Sat. p.m., 7 Dec. Monday, Dec. 9
Tunisian...Sat. p.m., 14 Dec. Monday, Dec. 16

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First Cabin, $50.00 and upwards; return, $90 and upwards; Second Cabin, $35.00 to $40.00; London, $1.50 extra; Third Class, $25.00 and 26.00; Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London.

New York to Glasgow and Londonderry

Pretorian ..... 11th December

First Cabin, $40 and upwards; Second Cabin, $32.50, Third Class, $26.00.

J. P. Hanley, Agent, City Passenger Depot, Johnston and Ontario streets, J. P. Gildersleeve, Clarence street.

APPLYING THE FUEL.

The men who use Coal with intelligence, with a view to getting the best results from the Coal used say they never found a better Coal than the Scranton. It burns economically, fires readily, burns completely.

THE RATHBUN CO.

STRAIGHT BUSINESS.

W. Murray, Jr.,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, Market Square.

WHIG'S NEW YORK LETTER.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

The Artists Have on Ideal Before Them—Sunday Opening of Saloons—To Establish Bakeries All Over the City—A Pianist to Manufacture Automobiles.

New York, Nov. 22.—Not in a great many years has New York been treated to as many real sensations as this year. The final settlement of great railroad questions, speaking of events since the campaign, the combination of big banks, the selling of liquor on Sunday and contests of wills have formed only a part of the happenings in which the public took the keenest interest.

The absorption by the National city banks of the Ninth national bank, which recently had passed into the control of the Hanover national bank, ends a sharp rivalry which has existed for nearly twenty-five years between the Ninth national and the National citizens' banks. Located but three doors apart in the heart of the dry-goods district and owned by opposing boards of directors, one institution has really operated against the other, preventing either from becoming strong or powerful. Efforts to effect a consolidation were always fruitless and attempts to purchase failed. As the case now stands, the Hanover taking over one and the National city the other, there was no indication of purchases of stock being in the interest of one party.

The artists of New York have an ideal before them in the shape of one grand centre where their interests may meet and crafts can find immediate sale. There are not galleries enough for all who seek publicity and particularly there is no building in the metropolis fitted by size and arangement to accommodate one great annual exhibition of American art. The plan of establishing an American salon, as it were, is occupying the leading men in various art organizations in New York and they hope some day not far distant, to find some one who will emulate Andrew Carnegie's example in Pittsburg and give a sum sufficient for the establishing of a museum of art which will be at once a benefit and a pride to art lovers all over the country.

The various temperance societies of New York city and the boroughs are greatly excited over the question of Sunday opening for the saloons. Of course they are against it and several committees are going to present themselves to mayor Low at the beginning of his administration to see what can be done about the matter. Among politicians the matter is a ticklish one. The republican party in the state is practically pledged to support the Raines law. Any deviation from the present system certainly any approval of Sunday opening would stir up all kinds of trouble with the people up state. The only thing that can be hoped for from the legislature, and that's unlikely, is a referendum to give the people of New York a chance to say whether or not they want their saloons open on Sunday.

Much speculation is rife in Gotham concerning the recent purchase of the famous Hope diamond from lord Francis Hope, of England. The purchase of this stone is of particular interest to Americans just now, because of the recent importation by a well-known firm of jewelers of a twenty-two-and-a-half carat sapphire blue diamond, said to be the rival of the Hope gem in beauty and price. So it would appear that Santa Claus will carry this year deep down in his pack two little bits of crystal worth a king's ransom. For whom are these priceless gems destined? The richest women in the richest country in the world are anxiously awaiting the coming of the good saint, for he holds the secret. Barring the Kohinoor, the celebrated gem which king Edward has ordered to appear in the queen's crown at the coronation, the Hope diamond is the most famous jewel in the world.

Now that the horse show is over there will be a little breathing spell as the fashionable folk generally go to the country to spend thanksgiving. There is no doubt that this will be the most brilliant social season New York has witnessed for many years, and for many reasons. One is that there are so few prominent families in mourning; another again is that it is short, for Lent comes early in February, and much has to be crowded in a small period of time, and another again is that there are many debutantes and many new hostesses. The dancing classes have increased in numbers and membership this year, so there will no doubt be many elegant receptions and balls. This may seem extravagant on one hand, but it is well known that the poor people never fare better than when the social season is brilliant, for their services are continually in demand and hundreds of thousands of dollars are circulated.

A recent visitor to the metropolis, whose movements are watched with interest, is Bernard H. Kroger, of Cincinnati, who, it is said, will establish bakeries all over the city, where bread will be sold at half the regular price per loaf. The poor welcome his coming, but his venture promises to meet with sharp rivalry. Mr. Kroger has made a fortune for himself in Cincinnati and his contemplated plans for New York are naturally of interest.

The curiously complicated litigation over the will of Edward Stokes, the late proprietor of the Hoffman house, and a man well known in social and financial circles, is another of the season's sensations. It is claimed that there are in all five wills, and facts are seemingly developing which promise a prolonged and bitter fight for the estate of the deceased clubman. The most interesting connection with the affair, however, is that of Miss Barclay, who claims to be the widow of the dead man and who, it is stated will fight for a widow's share of the estate.

It would seem that no realm is too exclusive for the automobile to enter, for it is the fad with all classes and conditions of men. Josef Hoffman, the great pianist, a few years ago regarded the boy prodigy, has come to New York to go into the prosaic business of manufacturing the machines. He has brought with him quite an interesting auto capable of fifty miles an hour, and says that one of New York's millionaires is so well satisfied with the points his machine has over others, that he intends joining him in the manufacture of them in America. The only excuse Mr. Hoffman gives for this departure from his natural calling is "A musician would go mad if he had not something to take his mind from music."

A feature of New York life at this season is the Salvation army lassies who stand along the principal thoroughfares at frequent intervals, guarding a little iron kettle above which the sign "Keep the pot boiling" hangs. These workers for some years have fed thousands of people, with the aid of the public, and New Yorkers, have come to regard them as a necessary part of the holiday season, since they resume their solicitations at Christmas tide.

Morton Murmurings.

Morton, Nov. 20.—Our popular Presbyterian student, Mr. Taggart, who has labored with us for the last seventeen months, has left for the west. We wish him every success in his new field of labor, as he did great work here. Through his efforts the debt of $500 on the Lyndhurst church has been wiped off, and now the beautiful little edifice stands free of debt. We are to be supplied with students from Queen's during the winter months. Coon Bros. have dissolved partnership. J. Coon is sole proprietor, and the mills are undergoing a thorough repair. C. Judd has closed his house for the winter months. D. Bryan has left Morton and gone to Newboro to reside. Mrs. Rountree and family, Joyceville, are moving into the cottage. A. E. Sliter and Oates Jones have returned from the north-west. E. Wright has closed down his veneering mill for the winter. Visitors: Miss Scott, Gananoque; Mrs. Johnson, Seeley's Bay, at Mrs. West Johnson's; Miss Bell Stewart at Mrs. Metcalf's; Mrs. Shellfield and son at her father's, D. H. Manuel. Mrs. M. E. Marsh, visiting at her father's for the past two months, has returned to her home at Heron Bay.

A Poet Laureate's Wives.

Maurus Jokai, the aged Hungarian poet laureate, has again made himself the butt of ridicule. It will be remembered that two years ago, when he was seventy-four, he married a young and handsome actress, and he has since tried to prove in books, essays, and epigrams that aged men need not necessarily be old men. On All Saints' day he published in all the Budapest papers a curse, addressed to the person who had torn to pieces the streamers of a wreath which he had deposited on the grave of his first wife, the actress Rosa Laborfalvy. Jokai seems to have imagined that a public demonstration against his second marriage was intended, but the police have ascertained that Jokai's floral offering was torn up by his first wife's daughter, Madame Arpad's Festity's, who, after devotinb herself to her stepfather for twenty years, had to leave his house with her children when he chose to marry again.

Awful Fate Of A Coronet.

Peers and their coronets are soon parted, when the ceremonial use has been served. The fate of one coronet is told by a correspondent of M.A.P. He writes: "When I was staying some years ago in Philadelphia with G. W. Childs, the well-known proprietor of the Ledger newspaper there, I noticed at dinner one evening a peculiarly-shaped gilt stand used as a support for a china dish containing grapes. My host, observing that I was scanning it rather closely, said: 'Oh, that is the coronet lord Pronghan wore at the queen's coronation. I have taken out the velvet cap and turned it upside down; the golden balls form excellent feet, and it makes a most elegant dish-stand,' which it certainly did."

Patches of Raw Flaming Flesh

Itching, Burning, Stinging Eczema Can Always Be Cured By the Use of

D.. Chase's Ointment.

Only those who have endured the acute torture of eczema, salt rheum, or similar skin diseases and eruption can appreciate the wonderful feelings of relief which come with the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is impossible to describe the marvellous healing, soothing influence of this great standard remedy. You can judge of its extraordinary curative properties by the following cases:

Mrs. Ann McDonald, Kingsville, Ont., states:

"For about three years I was a dreadful sufferer from eczema. At times the patches of raw, flaming flesh would extend from my waist to my neck and from the knees to the ankles. The intense itching almost drove me crazy, and though I tried all the local physicians, they could not even relieve the suffering. The flesh would crack open, and I don't believe anyone ever suffered more than I did.

"I was told of Dr. Chase's Ointment but did not believe that it could help me. After the fifth application of this preparation I began to feel the benefit of its soothing, healing effects, and now attribute a cure to the persistent use of this wonderful remedy. It is truly worth its weight in gold and I never tire of recommending it to other sufferers."

J. H. Stevens, harnessmaker, Seaforth, Ont., writes:

"At the age of three months my son Arnold was attacked by baby eczema on his face, and in spite of all the doctors could do he kept getting worse until his face was a mass of scabs and would ulcerate when he would scratch. It was terrible to see him suffer, but we tried everything until we were discouraged. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment we got a box and applied it. At once the child was relieved and went to sleep. The first box helped him so much that we got two more, which completely cured him. At nine months his face was as well as could be. He is now fourteen months old and has a fine clear skin and not a trace of eczema."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is also prompt and effective as a treatment, for chafing and itching skin. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

November.

Hark! through the pine boughs,
Cold blows the blast!
Birds south are flying,
Summer is dying,
Flower time is past.
Flower time is past.

Cold are November skies,
Sunless and drear;
Goldenrod eyelids close,
Asters tack up your toes,
Winter is here.
Winter is here.

"Good-bye little flowers,"
Icy winds do sing;
Snow blanket them over,
Sleep well little clover,
Sleep till the spring.
Sleep till the spring.

Billy, The Heathen.

By Anne Weston Whitney.

They were waiting for the train to cranberry bogs. Mrs. Dale, the sick baby, four older children, and Lilly the goat. Other "pickers" were waiting too; but though they were all to be gone for several weeks, there were no trunks to be seen—only great bundles tied up in patchwork quilts. In that belonging to Dales there was a feather bed, and on it lay "Baby Dale."

A colored boy, tired of waiting, began to stand on his head, turn somersaults, and walk on his hands with his feet in the air. Baby Dale laughed and clapped her hands and cried, "More, more!" till Virgil noticed her and grinned. Then he took the tin pan he was going to pick cranberries in, and, using it for a drum, gave a shuffling dance that delighted Baby Dale still more. But Billy, the goat, did not like the noise, and as the train came puffing into the station, made a dash for it, with the intention of showing disapproval in the manner of goats, by butting it vigorously.

There was a cry of dismay from the Dale children but Virgil with a bound went for the goat, caught him by the horns, and together they rolled down the embankment, just as the train went over the spot, where they had met. Virgil was found still and bleeding. The goat butting him most energetically. They laid him on the platform, while the goat was put on the train and secured so that he could do no further harm.

The little Dale children were all crying as they got on the train; and Mrs. Dale looked distressed as she said: "I would not leave the boy, but my baby is sick, and I must make money to buy bread for my children."

When Virgil came to himself, he was in a hospital, and he asked:

"Dat goat warn't hurt none, were'e?"

"No," said the doctor, "but I suppose you wish he was."

"Lor' sakes!" said Virgil, "he doan't know no better."

"Then forgive the goat?" asked the doctor.

"Ain't no call ter forgive 'im w'en 'e doan't know no better. Dat goat jest same as de heathen."

"Well, Virgil," said the doctor, "most boys would not care whether the goat knew better or not; they would want to 'have it out' with him."

But Virgil never seemed to feel any resentment towards the goat, and when he was able to go to the cranberry bogs, he found that he had not been forgotten by the Dales. Every night each of those who had been picking through the day put some pennies in a box "for Virgil." He objected to taking them at first, but they insisted, and little Millie said:

"When I put mine in, I always said, 'Thank you Virgil, for saving the goat, but I wish he hadn't hurt you.'"

"Dat's kind in you all," said Virgil, "but yer aint no call ter blame dat goat; no one ain't ebber tole him no better; he jest like dem heathen." And so the goat got the name "Billy the Heathen."

The Merry Men.

Mister Thumb is dancing gaily,
Up and down, up and down,
Pointer follows Thumbkin dancing,
Through the town, through the town.

Tall man thinks to dance is silly,
Marching slow, marching slow.
Ring man says I must be proper,
When behind tall man I go.

Tiny man is gay and happy,
What cares he! What cares he!
Round the sober brothers dancing,
Little fellows gay and free.

Children's Money (Concluded.)

by Katherine Burke.

"To the mothers who feel that they cannot afford to give their children anything which looks like a regular allowance, I would suggest an adding up of the sum expended in a year for candy, tops, shows, pencils, marbles, tops, jumping ropes, and school materials. This sum if divided by fifty-two would in all probability amount to something a week. Would it not be better to let the children have that something a week regularly, with the necessary instruction and responsibility which its pre-arranged possession would involve?

A mother of my acquaintance began giving her little daughter an allowance on her sixth birthday, and gave with the money a small responsibility. To be more definite, the sum was five cents a week and the responsibility was school lead pencils. A lead pencil costs five cents, but it lasts many weeks, and the child is encouraged to save for Sunday school, and also for future jumping ropes and "jacks." She is required, of course, to buy the pencils, but, aside from that, her mother is willing that she should learn by spending, if she chooses to spend, that she cannot buy peanuts and valentines with the same money. This mother is willing to let her child take the consequences of injudicious expenditure that she may learn its opposite. The plan is to increase both the allowance and the responsibilities each birthday, and to let her little girl know the joy of true giving, of self-sacrifice, and of wise forethought.

I know of another mother who gives her eight-year-old boy an allowance. Being very fond of candy, his money at first went chiefly for that indulgence, but the desire for a collection of stamps very soon changed his course of expenditure and taught him some valuable lessons in self-control.

Another lad, who on his sixth birthday was invested with the dignity of five cents a week, gave his mother many grave doubts as to the wisdom of such a course by his absolute reckless buying for the first few weeks. He could hardly wait for his breakfast Monday mornings, so eager was he to go shopping. When he brought home wooden rings and bracelets, yards of licorice, and prize packages, it seemed so utterly foolish to her that she was inclined to go back to the old method; but being exhorted to patience by a believer, she waited. The first check in his mad career came one Friday with a great yearning for a balloon. His parents and other relatives had often bought balloons for him; so on this occasion he dashed into the house with his usual request:

"Oh, mother, may I buy a balloon? The man is at the gate! I want a green one!"

"Of course you may, dear," said his mother. "Run up to your bank and get the money."

"But, mother, there isn't any money in my bank."

"Oh, isn't there? That is too bad. Have you spent this week's allowance?"

"Yes, I have. I bought these tin stars. Don't you remember?"

"So you did. It's too bad, isn't it? Never mind, dear, probably when the man comes again you will have some money on hand. Ask him what day he will be around again."

Candor compels me to relate that the boy howled dismally for some ten or fifteen minutes, but when he went off to his play it was with a new idea which soon bore fruit, for within a very short time he gave up his hasty shopping and kept his money until a need presented itself.

This same boy, a year later, gravely counselled with his mother about the spending of twenty-five cents for a bust of Napoleon. "You see," he said, "I can afford it; and you said yourself it would be a good purchase. But if I buy it, I won't have anything at all in my bank, and I don't like to be 'busted.' I think I'll wait a few weeks."

On Valentine's day his mother found him doing up some valentines in brown paper to send to some of his playmates. It took some argument and persuasion on her part to induce him to spend the necessary few cents for envelopes. She was as anxious then that he should spend as she had been earlier that he should save.

Last Christmas he had saved eighty cents, every penny of which he cheerfully spent for gifts; and when on his birthday a dollar was given him, he made a really wise and excellent use of it.

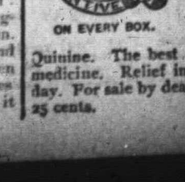
The smaller the allowance a mother is able to make her child the simpler her problem, since the greater the wealth the greater the responsibility.

Where parents can allow a liberal allowance, the child ought to have it; since it is most important that he should know how to handle sums in proportion to his future responsibilities.

The rich boy must be taught the same lessons, on a larger scale, that his poorer neighbor is learning on five cents a week. He must learn prudence, thrift, foresight, generosity, and responsibility; and such lessons ought to be easily taught and learned while there are friends, hospitals, churches and the less fortunate of many kinds to be remembered, while his own immediate wants for clothing, books, playthings and school materials are supplied.

No mother who has any control whatever over her purse ought to refuse to take advantage of this opportunity of teaching her child by actual practice and experience the lessons of responsibility, independence, self-control and unselfishness, which the possession of money can "teach."—Kindergarten Review.

Grip-Quinine Tablets.



Ward-off, break-up and cure colds of all kinds. Everybody catches cold. Everybody needs Grip-Quinine Tablets (chocolate coated). When you feel mean, take Grip-Quinine. If you want to feel fine, take Grip-Quinine. The best personal and family medicine. Relief in a dose. Cure in a day. For sale by dealers generally. Price 25 cents.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing consumption, hemorrhages, pneumonia, severe coughs, croup, or any disease of the throat or lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. Regular size, 75c. For sale at Wade's drug store.

More British Ignorance.

The Canadian Gazette says: The royal tour will have done much towards enlightening the British public in their ignorance of colonial geography and colonial customs. Amusing exhibitions of this ignorance are constantly occurring. It is related that a lady in England said not long ago to one who came from the city of Quebec: "I suppose you frequently see the falls of Niagara." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "I often take a morning walk there before breakfast," adding, "it is only about five hundred miles." According to another story, at the time of the queen's jubilee in London, a lady of rank sent an invitation for a garden party to some Canadians. It was a very pleasant letter, and very kindly expressed, and she ended by saying, "Please come in your native dress."

Great Sale Of Ready-Made Clothing.

Prevost is selling boys' suits for $2, boys' reefers for $2.25, boys' overcoats for $3.50; men's overcoats for $5, men's all wool suits for $6.75. This is a genuine snap and great variety to choose from.

Saturday at the Grand Union.

A Very Strange Story

Remarkable Experience of a Boston Man in Europe.

What He Found in Switzerland and Brought Back to America.

"I've got a story to tell," said one of the best known business men in Boston to a party of friends. "It's the strangest, most remarkable experience through which I ever passed. Here, all of you have a cigar, while I proceed.

"I was on a pleasure trip in Europe last summer with my family. Of course, we had to see Paris, and while out riding my wife fell from the carriage. She hurt her ankle dreadfully. The doctor said a bone

"My wife fell from the carriage."

was cracked and three ligaments were broken. Anyhow, it was a bad accident. She couldn't walk—couldn't bear her weight on the foot." The doctor put all sorts of mixtures on the ankle—tried everything. He had it massaged twice a day—morning and evening—but that didn't do any good. My wife was in bed three weeks.

"The doctor said one day: 'That ankle will mend in the course of time, but you want to take your wife away from Paris to some quiet place.' So I packed up and went to a little village in Switzerland. My wife had to be carried to and from the train. She was positively helpless.

"After we arrived in the village, I sent for another doctor. He came, and said the only way to cure that ankle was to have it massaged twice a day. I didn't have much faith in it, but what could I do? I employed a native woman to massage the ankle, and she came morning and evening for fifteen days.

"I employed a native woman."

"The ailing ankle didn't improve, so I said to the native woman, 'Give me your bill. I want to pay you. We are going to leave tomorrow.'

"The woman remarked that if we would put off our departure for a day, she would bring something to rub on the foot that would cure it. That seemed queer to me, why hadn't she brought it before? I suppose she wanted her engagement to last as long as possible.

"Well, we waited a day, and the next morning the woman came with a queer looking green oil in a bottle. This she rubbed on my wife's ankle. In about two hours my wife said:

"'Why, my foot feels all right now.' And she stood up and walked. I was astounded. It didn't seem possible, but it was so, just the same.

"I said to myself: 'If that queer oil can relieve a pain in two hours that the doctor couldn't cure in six weeks it must be a most wonderful thing, and I'm going to find out all about it.'

"I hunted the woman up and asked: 'Where did you get that oil?'

"'My grandfather makes it,' she replied.

"'Who is your grandfather?' was my next question.

"'O, he lives in such-and-such a street.

"'Will you take me to see him?'

"'Yes.'

"I said I wanted to find out what the oil was made of, but the woman replied:

"'My grandfather won't tell you. He keeps it secret. He makes a living from it. He sells it to people around here to cure rheumatism, lumbago and all kinds of bodily aches and pains.'

"I was bound to see that grandfather, and I did. He was a picturesque old fellow, about 75 years old. I told him I wanted the recipe of his oil. He wouldn't tell it. It was his only means of living, and he was afraid I was going to run opposition to him, I suppose. He didn't even have a name or label for it, and sold it here and there in the neighborhood for 2 francs a bottle. He had been doing so for many years, and the folks around there told wonderful stories of what the oil had done for them.

"He was a picturesque old fellow."

"Finally I convinced him that I was going back to America, and simply wanted the recipe in preference to carrying a quantity of the oil. Then he sold me the recipe.

"My wife having recovered we went back to Paris. I took the recipe to one of the best chemists in the city to see if the old fellow in Switzerland had fooled me by giving me a worthless formula. The chemist analyzed a small quantity of the oil I had retained, and found that the recipe was precisely the same.

"The same chemist told me that the oil was the best preparation he had ever seen in his life for curing pains and aches of every nature. It was simply wonderful. The green color, he said, came from a rare herb that

"The green color came from a rare herb."

grows only in a certain part of Switzerland. This herb, he declared, was used in no other liniment or pain killer. While the other ingredients were well known to the medical profession as antidotes for pain, the green herb added the greatest value to the oil.

"Of course I was pleased, but the matter soon passed from my mind, and after a while we went to Berlin. The day of our arrival the weather was cold, raw and nasty. The wind made you feel likea sieve—it went right through you. The sudden change brought on a terrible cold in my chest. The pain was acute, and seemed to go through me all at once. I felt I was done for—couldn't breathe—thought I was going to die. Don't laugh—that's just how I was. I couldn't go downstairs to breakfas. Had to lie down. Told my wife to send for a doctor. I was in such pain I never thought of the oil, but my wife did. She remembered her ankle. She got some one in the hotel to rub it on my chest, and in two hours I was as well as I am this minute. The oil did wonders for me as well as for my wife. Do you blame me for being enthusiastic about it?

"My little girl about that time suffered with swollen tonsils. Couldn't eat. Couldn't swallow. I thought of the oil, rubbed it on her throat, and, presto! the trouble was gone.

"After I got to London I began, as one in my position naturally would, to look for people who suffered from pains. I wanted to try this green oil on them. As might be supposed, I found plenty of patients. You know how things and occurrences of this sort all 'happen' about the same time. I

"Rubbed it on my chest."

didn't know anything about medicine, but I did know this oil was a mighty good article.

"About the first person I met in London was the manager of a famous theatrical star. He had been out bicycle riding. Rode too far and too fast on a hot day, like so many other folks. When he got back to the hotel he was so stiff he couldn't get out of bed the next morning. I told him I had something that would fix him all right, and got a valet to rub the green oil on him. It took all the stiffness out of his limbs at once. He was up and around in almost no time.

"Coming over on the steamer I met an old friend—one of the biggest dry goods merchants in Syracuse, N. Y. He walked as though he had a stiff neck and back.

"I said: 'What's the matter with you?'

"'Lumbago,' he replied.

"That was enough for me. I got a steward to rub some of the oil on the merchant, and then he was all right. Cured completely.

"I got a steward to rub some of the oil on the merchant."

"One old fellow on the steamer was lame, and always sat in a certain corner with one foot on a chair. I asked him what the trouble was, and he pointed to his heel. Said it was so sore he could not walk; had been that way a long time; couldn't find relief in anything. Thinks I, 'That's easy for the oil.' I gave him a bottle, and he used it. The last I saw of him he was tramping up and down that deck like a good fellow. He said the oil was mighty good stuff.

"On arriving in this country I went to Newport, and there met an old friend in the person of a Pennsylvania judge—one of the greatest jurists in the Keystone State. He walked like the Syracuse merchant—he had lumbago still worse. What is the use of going into details? I gave him some oil and it attended to the lumbago. The judge was cured absolutely.

"Then another friend—a New York merchant prince—came along with a felon on his finger. It nearly drove him mad. The pain was excruciating. He put some of the oil on that finger, and it took all the pain out. The swelling and the inflammation disappeared.

"I've tried this oil so often—I've tried it on every kind of pain, ache and inflammation—that I will stake my reputation on the statement that it will cure more ailments than anything else that human man ever put together. It is a positive remedy for rheumatism. I have living, breathing

"Always sat with one foot on a chair."

faith in it. It is that green herb from Switzerland that gives it the almost miraculous curative virtues. It is this herb that gives it the green color, and it is the green of Nature.

"There you have my story, gentlemen. Every word is true as Gospel, and the half has not been told. I have such unbounded confidence in the preparation that I have organized a company for its manufacture and invested a lot of cash in it. You all know me as a conservative man, and every cent I put up goes into something which I positively know to be meritorious.

"The name is Omega Oil. It is not like anything else in America. It is no more like other liniments than high noon is like midnight. It contains vegetable substances that you have never tried before. You must not judge it by other liniments. You must not say it will not cure your pains and aches, because it will.

"It will penetrate to your very bones, and soothe, soften and subdue the hurting. There is nothing in it except what grows out of the ground. It has the beautiful color of Nature—it is a sparkling emerald green. Rub it in freely. It will not blister or burn the skin. Rub it in and the hurting will stop."

"Took all the stiffness out of his limbs."

Omega Oil cures Weak Backs, Lame Shoulders, Tired Arms and Legs, Stiff Elbows, Wrists, Fingers, Knees, Ankles and Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Cold in the Chest, Sore Muscles, Aching, Itching, Sore, Swollen, Tired, Sweaty Feet. A godsend to old people. Freshens, invigorates and strengthens the muscular tissues after hard exercise, hard work or hard pleasure. Good for everything a liniment ought to be good for.

Your druggist either sells Omega Oil or he can get it if he wants to. If he tells you he has not got it, you tell him he can get it of any jobber in medicines. It is his duty to sell it. It is his duty to serve the community with liniments and medicines that really cure. Goodness knows, there are enough that don't cure.

Never take a substitute for Omega Oil. If your druggist persistently refuses to give what you ask for, the Omega Chemical Co., 257 Broadway, New York, will mail you a bottle, prepaid, for 50 cents in cash, money order or stamps.

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