

## HEN LITERATURE.

FIGURES EXTENSIVELY IN THE WRITINGS OF AUTHORS.

Charles Dudley Warner in his "My Summer in a Garden" speaks in complimentary terms of the female fowl—The Different Ways in Which a Man and a Woman Chase a Hen.

Benjamin F. Taylor once wrote an interesting article on "Hens," from which I quote some points. He says: "A hen is a foolish thing—has not a grain of sense, for that is a grain not found in gizzards. Her head is too small for any grain of sense to lodge therein. Her eyes must be excellent optical instruments, for though they have only the expression of a brace of brass buttons at a shilling a gross, they can discover a hawk at a great distance off. There is not much poetry about hens," nor much romance in London. Hens are speckled, grizzled and gray; white, copper-colored and blue; there are the old-fashioned hens and the bantams, the celestial hens, the Shanghais and Cochins, Chinas, hens with no tails, short tails, and pretty much all tails; hens in feathered pantaloons; hens in camwood colored pantaloons; hens with hussar caps; hens with huge black combs, like our grandmothers; hens with over delicate side combs, like our sweethearts. Strong minded hens there are who quarrel and crow and agitate as near as possible like veritable chanticleers; and I shouldn't be surprised any day to see a bantam out in bloomers. Some of them wear spurs already. Hens are like some folk; fussy little bodies who mind everybody's business but their own. If a favored sister hen leads off a brood of chickens, the meddling hen spreads her tall feathers, puts on an extra frill and lays claim to half the chickens. The hen is quite a Malte Brun in her way, for she knows all about the geography of cornfields, cherry trees and melon patches."

The politeness of Sir Chanticleer to the females of his harem is as marked as though he were the pupil of Lord Chesterfield. When occasion requires he becomes their defender, dropping the role of agreeable dangler. The hen has ever been noted for her domestic qualities. She is diligent in laying—her eggs, patient in hatching them, industrious in feeding her chickens, courageous in defending them. What various dangers the hen meets and tries to avoid; what perils from clubs and stones; what trouble from hungry hawks; what escapes from fowls and from four-footed beasts like the civet and the fox! What motherliness she displays in brooding her chickens, in leading them to green pastures, and in inciting them to wallow in the newly upturned soil of the garden! Warner, in his "My Summer in a Garden," does not speak encouragingly of hens in such an enclosure. He even thinks they are an annoyance, for "if they do not scratch up the corn, peck the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerky, high-stepping, speculative manner, picking inquisitively here and there. Your neighbor heeds you not if you tell him that his hens eat your tomatoes. They are not his tomatoes. The only thing for you to do is to tell him that his chickens are well-grown and that you like spring chickens broiled. In the fall it is right pleasant, however, to see your neighbor's chickens roaming over your garden, gossiping in the hot September sun, picking up any odd trifle that might be left."

Hawthorne, in the "House of the Seven Gables," tells of a brood of hens which were an immemorial heirloom in the Pyncheon family. He tells of their turning up their heads and smacking their bills in taking a drink of water, with the air of winebibblers round a probationary cask. Then of their brisk and constantly diversified talk to one another or of one in soliloquy, as they scratched for worms; this talk, which has such a domestic tone that it was almost a wonder why you could not establish a regular interchange of ideas about household matters, human and gallinaceous. These hens were well worth studying for the piquancy and rich variety of their ancestors through an unbroken succession of eggs. Clifford had one little chicken, small enough to be still in the egg, but old, wizened and wizen. Its mother evidently regarded it (as most mothers do their favorite child) as the one chicken of the world necessary, in fact, to the world's continuance and to the equilibrium of the present system of affairs, whether in church or state. She watched over its safety, clucking nervously when it was out of sight; croaking with satisfaction when it was under her wing; or uttering a note of defiance when she saw a neighbor's cat on the top of a high fence. This wizened chicken was a feathered riddle, a mystery hatched out of an egg. One day the mother hen by her self-important gait, the sideway turn of her head and the cock of her eye made evident to the world that she carried something about her person the worth of which was not to be estimated either in gold or precious stones.

Some one has told of the way in which people drive a hen. "A woman when she has a hen to drive into a coop takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at her and says, 'Shoo, there!' The hen takes one look at the woman and stalks into the coop. A man does not do it that way. He goes outdoors and says: 'It is singular nobody can drive a hen but me,' and picking up a stick of wood he hurls it at the bird and says, 'Get in there, you thief.' The hen dashes to the other end of the yard. The man dashes after her. She comes back with her head down, wings spread, followed by stove wood, tin cans and clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and, around the house, talking as only an excited hen can talk as the other hens come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge the missiles, till at last the man, whose coat is on the sawbuck and his hat on the ground, declares that every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning and goes off down street, leaving his wife to keep up the hen fight. But in two minutes she has them all counted and housed without trouble."

Josh Billings thinks that "hens are a success. There is a grate deal of originality about the hen. Sum say Kewer had hens with him in the ark and sum say not." Billings starts the oft-mooted question, which was born first, the hen or the egg. He thinks a hen is "a born phool, for she will set just as long on a nest full of stones as she will on a nest full of eggs. There is one thing about a hen that shows wisdom; she does not cackle much until after she lays an egg.

Some folks, on the contrary, are always bragging and a-cackling what they are going to do beforehand. There are few things that surpass cackled hen as an article of diet if eaten in the days of their innocence, but after they get old and cross, they kontrakt a habit of eating tuft."

The children of hogs, commonly called chickens are often mentioned in literature. Shakespeare speaks of pretty chickens and their dam; Butler tells of people "who swallow gudgeons ere they're caught, and count their chickens ere they're hatched." Cervantes has the same idea when he says: "Many count their chickens before they are hatched, and where they expect bacon meet with broken bones." Swift tells of a woman "who was, no chicken; being on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day." Lady Wortley Montagu wrote: "And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last." Bulwer Lytton quotes from an Arab proverb: "Curses are like young chickens and still come home to roost." Lowell in the Biglow Papers speaks of small potatoes and f-w in the hill being scratched up by the hens:

An' you may see the taters grow in one poor feller's patch  
So small, no self-respectin' hon that valud me would scratch.

Hood's "Morning Meditations" speaks of the "early rising hen."

Claudius, a German writer, writes of a famous hen which

—was never known to tire  
Of laying eggs, but then she'd scream  
So loud o'er every egg 't would seem  
The house must be on fire.

The turkey reproved her for making such a noise about the laying of an egg, but the hen replied that he was an uneducated fowl who knew nothing of

The noble privilege and praise  
Of authorship in modern days—  
I'll tell you why I do it;  
First, you perceive, I lay the egg,  
And then—review it.

Every one remembers the household lyric set to "Auld Lang Syne," and which runs:

Somebody killed old Grimes's hen;  
They'd better let her be,  
For every day she laid two eggs,  
And Sundays she laid three.

And everybody knows Mother Goose's classic rhymes:

One, two, buckle my shoe,  
and so on down to

Nine, ten, a good fat hen,  
to say nothing of the fable of La Fontaine in which it is told that a hen laid golden eggs, each egg a treasure;

Its owner—stupidest of men—  
Was miserly beyond all measure.  
He thought a mine of wealth to find  
Within the hen and so he slew it.  
He found a bird of common kind  
And lost a pretty fortune through it.

We often hear people speak of the foolishness of those that kill the hen or goose that laid the golden egg. In weeping over Jerusalem, our Saviour used the beautiful metaphor, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." A Greek epigram taken from the Anthologia is said to afford a fine illustration of this text. T. Green has given us a translation of this epigram, which reads:

Beneath her fostering wing the hen defends  
Her darling offspring, while the snow descends!  
Throughout the winter's day unmoved  
The chilling fleeces and inclement skies,  
Till vanquished by the cold and piercing blast,  
True to her charge, she perishes at last!

O Yamo! to hell this fowl's affection bear!

Tell it to Prigme and Medea there,  
To mothers such as those, the tale unfolded!  
And let them blush to hear the story told.

Keeping Tab on Drummers.

In some houses that send out a great many drummers there are in use certain peculiar little maps pasted on the bottoms of cabinet drawers and constantly studied by the proprietors and clerks. These maps are usually of one state at a time, and are dotted with pegs or flags of many colors. The flags are tiny bits of colored cloth, with pins to serve as staffs. The pegs are in reality tacks, with the heads covered with a colored cloth. These maps show many things to those who study them. The different colored markers often represent different drummers who are then kept on the road. As each one writes some where he has been and where he is going next his particular peg is stuck upon the map at the place he names. The furthest peg always shows where that particular man is at any given time. Or, again, the pegs or flags may show much more than that. They may show what towns have been canvassed, what ones are finished, what ones need a second call in the winter, and which have not been visited at all.

—New York Sun.

Flogging Girls.

The authorized flogging of little girls, or big girls is a piece of barbarism which, now that the subject has been definitely raised, will receive, we trust, no countenance from the Home Secretary. Mr. Riley says that girls in the elementary schools are caned, a bit of information which we commend to the immediate notice of Sir John Gorst. The public of London has outgrown the days of Mother Brownrigg, and Mother Brownrigg, as the Newgate "Calendar" informs us, was not sustained by judge, jury, public opinion or Jack Ketch in her theories and her practice as to the chastigation of girls. There were philosophers, to be sure, who approved of the whipping of girls. Locke did, for one; and so did Dr. Johnson. Locke approved of a mother who whipped her little daughter nine times in order to compel the child to confess some error; and Johnson commended a mother who whipped her child in the interest of future truthfulness because the girl had said she came in through the door, when in fact she had come in through another. But those were days when children were supposed to be born only that they might be birched as far as possible out of their share of original sin. Women were publicly flogged at the cart's tail in the days of Locke and Johnson—and of course, in the interest of discipline and order and morals. We can't go back to those days, and any serious and public attempt to get back to them would be an absurdity as well as an outrage.—London Daily News.

The Useful Poplar.

Russian scientific men have ascertained that out of 597 trees struck by lightning in the forests near Moscow 293 were white poplar. They advise farmers to plant poplars as natural lightning conductors.

## SIR WILLIAM VANHORNE.

HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Official Reply to the Street Statement is Somewhat Sphynx-Like.

Somewhat of a sensation was caused in Montreal during the week by the announcement that Sir William Van Horne intended to retire from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Sir William has been so prominently connected with the company since its inception that such a rumor could not help creating considerable interest and much speculation. A correspondent called at the Canadian Pacific offices to ascertain what truth there was in the report, when



the following statement was handed out as authorized by the president: "The statement that I am to resign is unauthentic. I may say, however, that I hope to drop out of active service before long. There are several things I would like yet to do, or be instrumental in doing, if I do not have too long to wait for the opportunity."

It is further unofficially stated that Sir William will not retire for some months, and that on his retirement the office will be filled by Mr. Shaughnessy, the present vice-president, who has accompanied Sir William on his last three or four trips over the line.

Echoes of the North Ontario Campaign.

Mr. Haycock found it necessary to put his coat on last night.

McGillivray must pretty nearly own North Ontario.

The people of North Ontario evidently think protection is making them rich.

Mr. Gillespie says he didn't run; he only walked—and the walking was bad at that.

Australia is hereby notified that its mutton is no good. Lockie Wilson has tried it and he will not give it a certificate of character.

Hamilton Herald.

The patrons will have to put that tin of Australian mutton back in the refrigerator and save it for lunch on wash day.

If the result in North Ontario indicates anything it indicates that the patrons are going to injure the liberals in the coming elections more than they will injure the G.O.P.

Now that Major McGillivray is elected he must lose no time in resigning his \$6,000 a year position with the I.O.F. Foresters have something else to do with their money than to pay fancy salaries to members of parliament.

The Lindsay Family.

Mr. Patching, of the Toronto Globe, on Monday, drove to Flinton to visit the Lindsay family and make final arrangements for the purchase of a comfortable and permanent home, for which purpose some \$800 has been raised. The grief-stricken parents and little ones drove to the village from a shanty on the old place, where they have been living for some weeks past, to meet him and right welcome was made, not only by the Lindsay family, but by the residents of the entire village. Mr. Lindsay is scarce some about the face but not so much as one would imagine. He will never have complete use of his hands again although he has gained comparative control over them and he will carry to his grave the scars of the awful catastrophe. Several properties in the village were inspected, among which many suitable homes can be secured and it is altogether likely that the residence owned and recently occupied by Calvin Rabbin will be the one selected.

What They Do Say.

It is rumored that H. Corby, M.P., will, at an early date, retire from political life, and that W. P. Hudson, formerly member for East Hastings in the legislative assembly, will be the conservative candidate for the commons in West Hastings. It is also regarded as settled that Matthew Hill will run as an independent candidate for the commons for East Hastings. It is also reported that Messrs. Miller and Carscadden will not be, in the field for Prince Edward and North Hastings at the approaching election.

The Troubles of Life.

'Tis sad, when the returns come in,  
And you have done your part,  
To find that the majority  
Showed you the marble heart.

'Tis sad to love a winsome maid,  
And have a rival, Jim,  
And get invited finally  
To see her marry him.

But, oh! the saddest thing of all  
In winter time, no doubt,  
Is to be told at six a. m. :  
'The furnace fire's out!'

Unable To Work.

GENTS.—I was troubled with liver complaint so much that I was unable to work because of the pain and sickness it caused. The pain under my shoulders and in my sides was very severe. I am glad to say that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured me and I am now in perfect health.—E. DAGENAIS, Ste. Rose de Lavae Que.

The Ashley Divorce Case.

H. Vanderwaters has received a telegram from Poughkeepsie, N.Y., stating that the Ashley divorce case has been affirmed by the higher court and counsel fees reduced. Mrs. Ashley's counsel asks that the reports published in the papers be corrected.

Miss Jennie Baird, Consecow, won the gold medal given by Prince Edward county council to the candidate obtaining the highest number of marks at last summer's entrance examination.

## ARE OFF TO THE WAR.

Prince Henry and Prince Christian Victor Won't Be in their Front.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—An English insurance company has received a solid premium for writing a policy on the life of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who volunteered for service in the Ashante campaign. The amount of the policy is £100,000. The consensus of opinion among military men is that it is hard on Col. Sir Francis Scott, who commands the expedition, to be saddled with the responsibility of looking out for the safety of the prince.

As the prince was leaving Aldershot to join the steamer that takes him to the Gold Coast he received a telegram from his mother-in-law, the queen, expressing her best wishes for a prosperous voyage and a safe return. Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry's wife, and the Duchess of Cornwall—weep as they kissed him good-bye, and the prince was also in tears.

Another court favorite—Lt. Col. the Hon. T. W. Stoford, some time a page of honor to the queen, has also gone on the expedition. If field marshal Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of the army, expected that there would be serious work with the Ashantes, he would not have allowed Prince Henry and Prince Christian Victor, who also volunteered for the service, to have gone with the expedition; at least he would not have permitted them to be placed in any position where their lives would be endangered.

To Do It Up Quickly.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—A despatch from Cape Coast castle says that it is the intention of Col. Sir Francis Scott, commanding the British Ashantee expedition, that the campaign shall be finished and the expedition returned to the coast within sixty days.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

A Bottle Drifts to Shore After Drifting For a Quarter of a Century.

HALIFAX, N.S., Dec. 13.—A remarkable tale of the sea has just been made public. John McPherson, of Boston, writes that on Dec. 9th, at Cape Elizabeth, Maine, he picked up a bottle containing a little piece of paper, on which was written the following:

Jan. 2nd, 1869.  
We are in a gale of wind and a snow storm. We are sinking; our vessel is the schooner Harriet, bound to North Sydney, from Portland, consigned to John Moore.

(Signed) CAPT. WILLIAM LEWIS.  
On New Year's day, 1869, the schooner Harriet sailed from Portland for North Sydney with a cargo of flour and was never afterwards heard from until the finding of the bottle just a week ago. The crew consisted of five men, one of whom was the brother of W. H. Moore, the well-known North Sydney merchant. The bottle has been carried about by the currents for over a quarter of a century.

CANNOT BE AVENGED.

The Indians Who Massacred the Whites Have Eluded Their Prisoners.

PHOENIX, Ariz., Dec. 13.—The assassins of H. H. Merrill and his daughter have escaped. Sheriff Wight, of Graham county, in command of the pursuing party, returned to Duncan, Wednesday night, and in all probability this foul massacre will go unavenged. Sheriff Wight and posse overtook an Apache squaw and buck near Whiteclack, last Monday. A running fight ensued, during which the Indians escaped. When seen they had just killed a horse and were preparing the noonday meal. When the posse appeared they dropped everything. The squaw escaped on a horse and the buck on foot. In order to lighten herself, the squaw threw away the clothing taken from the body of Miss Merrill, when she was killed. Although only two Indians were seen, there was evidence that there were more in the party. The recovery of Miss Merrill's clothing settles the question of their identity.

ORPHAN ASYLUM BURNED.

Big Fire at Milwaukee—Boys March Out in Good Order.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 13.—Fire destroyed St. Amelias Orphan Asylum. The fire started in the printing office at six o'clock. Chris. Fuhrmann accidentally knocked over a lamp, which exploded. He tried to extinguish the fire by throwing clothes over the flames, but the same instant the door was thrown open by the storm, and the wind carried the flames to the ceiling, which the next moment was on fire.

In the asylum there were 192 boys ranging in age from three to fifteen years. They all marched out in good order, and no one was hurt.

The firemen succeeded in preventing the flames from spreading to the refinery. The loss will amount to \$50,000, and is fully insured.

Took a Fit and Was Drowned.

GALVESTON, Tex., Dec. 14.—Joseph Brupp, of Montreal, Canada, was found dead on the beach at the foot of Fifth street, yesterday. No marks of violence were upon the body and his watch and \$24 were in his pocket.

Dr. Warfield, who found the body on the beach, is of the opinion that the man had a fit and fell into the surf and was drowned. Brupp was a stranger; he had only been here a few days, stopping at the Washington hotel. He was forty years of age.

Horse-kipped Him.

WOOSTER, Ohio, Dec. 14.—At Shrove, last evening, Josie and Ollie Demotter, sisters, and Mrs. Kate Flagle, armed with rawhide whips, unmercifully attacked William Crossman, a prominent citizen, on the street. Crossman had circulated damaging reports about their characters.

Trouble At Crete.

ATHENS, Dec. 13.—A strong detachment of Turkish troops, on Tuesday, attacked the positions occupied by the Christians at Vryse, on the island of Crete. The troops lost thirty-five killed and wounded, while the loss of the Christians was six killed. Outside of Vryse the island is quiet.

Big Fire in St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 13.—Fire broke out on the top floor of the work shops of Guitman Bros., clothiers, this morning, and communicating to two large establishments adjoining. The roof was entirely burned off the clothing building. Loss, \$100,000.

The Complete Returns.

BEAVERTON, Ont., Dec. 13.—Complete returns of yesterday's election, in North Ontario, have now been received. They show a total majority for Mr. McGillivray of 854. The totals are: McGillivray, 2,168; Gillespie, 1,124; Brandon, 1,314.

Unto Us A Son Is Born.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Duchess of York was delivered of a son at Sandringham Hall this morning. Mother and child are doing well.

## RUN THROUGH A CULLENDER.

SUCH AS THE PAPERS ARE SERVING UP DAILY.

Salts of News Cut Down to Size, the Eye of the Busy Citizen—He Can Post Himself in a Minute and Read as He Runs—The World's Corners Ransacked.

The Spanish cabinet has resigned. The queen will visit Nice in the spring. Archibald Forbes, the well known war correspondent, is seriously ill.

Russian troops are being moved from Odessa and Sebastopol to Batoum. Corrected returns from North Ontario give Mr. McGillivray a majority of 761. The Dominion R. M. S. Labrador, from Portland, Dec. 4th, arrived out Saturday, Dec. 14th.

M. G. Cameron has definitely accepted the liberal nomination for the commons for West Huron.

King Humbert, of Italy, has signed a decree, calling into active service the soldiers of 1875 class.

A powder magazine at Arben, Belgian Luxembourg, exploded on Saturday, killing seven men.

The grand board of the patron order yesterday decided to abolish all pass words, pledges and limitations to membership.

Cardinal Paul Melchers is dead. He was born in Munster, Germany, Jan. 6th, 1813, and was created a cardinal July 27th, 1885.

Abe Taylor, the murderer of Marshal Emerson, of Alamosa, was executed in the state penitentiary at Canon City, Col., last week.

Edward McPherson, for many years clerk of the house of representatives at Washington, died at Gettysburg, Va., this week.

Angus D. Gilbert, Boston, Mass., the convicted murderer of little Alice M. Sterling, was, to-day, sentenced to be hanged on Friday, Feb. 21st next.

Mayor Pingree, Detroit, had a free ride over the citizens' street railway yesterday morning, and was put off a car last night because he would not pay five cents fare.

An approximate statement of liabilities and assets in the estate of Samuel Kennedy & Co., of Toronto, prepared by the receiver, shows a deficit of about \$200,000.

Rector Ahlwardt, the German anti-semitic lecturer at New York on "The Essence of Modern Judaism," only a handful of people gathered in the hall to hear the famous Jew-baiter.

Word has been received at Knoxville, Tenn., of a powder and dynamite explosion which occurred on Thursday afternoon at Lafollette, Campbell county, killing four men and injuring four others.

C. M. Hardie, the Edinburgh artist, has obtained a divorce from his wife, Mary Hardie, an American, who confessed to having been guilty of adultery with the opera singer, Cosette Pommis.

A despatch received in Rome, Thursday, from Constantinople said that the British gunboat "Dryad," and the Italian gunboat "Archimede," passed the straits of the Dardanelles, owing to a brawl at Stamboul.

Samuel Davis, Montreal, cigar manufacturer, who died recently, was the richest Hebrew in Canada. His wealth is computed at \$5,000,000, and he carried life insurance of \$152,000. He was sixty-five years old.

At St. Louis Rev. Father Dosgrove, a Catholic priest, died as a result of being run over by a locomotive in the railroad yards. The officials of the road believe the man threw himself under the locomotive with suicidal intent.

A despatch from Madrid says that Gen. Martinez Campos has resigned his command of the Spanish army in Cuba and will be succeeded by Gen. Weyler, at present commanding the fourth corps of the Spanish army with headquarters at Barcelona.

A barge of the Norfolk & Carolina RR., loaded with freight for southern points, was run into at the wharf at Norfolk, Va., yesterday and sunk by the British steamer Oregon, outward bound. The freight on the barge, mostly Christmas goods, will prove a total loss.

Speaking at Bolton, on Friday, Mr. McCarthy appealed to the liberals of Cardwell to withdraw their candidate, Mr. Henry, saying that his own following was rather weak in numbers, and he was unable to obtain division in the house when he desired to do so.

A VERY LARGE MARKET.

The Demand For Certain Commodities Advanced Prices.

The combination of affairs is responsible for the large market on Saturday, good roads, bright beswing weather, the advanced festive season and the promise of good prices. Cattle turned out in good numbers and large sales was the result. Everybody was looking for poultry and the increased demand advanced prices. Turkeys sold at from 75c to \$1; geese at from 50c to 75c; ducks, 50c to 60c; chickens at from 35c to 40c. There was a plenty of beef, for which 21c per lb. was asked for fore and from 3c to 5c per lb. for hindquarters. Potatoes sold at from 25c to 35c a bag. Apples brought from 40c to 75c a bag. The demand for eggs was large, but the supply was limited. They sold at from 20c to 25c a dozen. For butter, from 18c to 20c, was asked.

Death of a Former Resident of Lennox.

Charlotte Parks, daughter of Jas. Parks, Freshrickburg, granddaught of Capt. Cyrus Parks of the war of 1776, and niece of Milo Parks of Bay-Bay, died at her home, Har, Clatsop Co., Oregon, of old age, Nov. 30th, aged seventy-two years. She was married to Barnard I. Cole, March 6th, 1838, in North Frederickburg, and was the mother of fifteen children, seven daughters and eight sons. Three of the daughters died before her removal to Oregon. Six of her sons and two daughters reside in Oregon, one son in Manitoba and one in Watertown, N. Y., one daughter in Michigan and one in Frankford, Ont.

The Power of Electricity.

By this agency Nervine is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nervine is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far-reaching in its work that the most agonizing neural or external pain yields as if by magic.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.