

TELEVISIONS

WOUNDS ON SCREWERS OR CATTLE Quality Insured. Spooly Cure GUARANTEED if you use TELEVISIONS...

Mr. Pearson, a traveler at the Union Station, related an interesting story illustrative of canine intelligence...

Attar of Roses. Attar of roses is generally spoken of as the most extravagantly costly perfume in the world...

Tomato Preserves. Golden Husk, or small, yellow tomatoes make a very rich preserve...

One is to put a tray of food refreshments on the two-foot high table for 5 o'clock tea...

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of publication...

Dr. Helms' Remedy. Dr. Helms' Remedy, Superintendent city hospital, Gentlemen who are frequent city 'ambulators'...

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Fig...

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A recent return shows that during the elections in Great Britain and Ireland from April, 1901, to June, '02...

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The oil of the Norwegian Cod Liver is nature's grand restorative...

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A SOLIVILLE MIRACLE

Another Great Triumph for a Canadian Remedy.

An Account of the suffering and Restoration of Phylander Hyde—Merrion, Boston—A Remarkable Narrative.

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a case of locomotor ataxia...

It had been the misfortune of Phylander Hyde, a young man of twenty-two years, to be afflicted with locomotor ataxia...

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fortune would set you straight in the world. It is as your own opinion. Unless it is paid in the weeks from now, it is all yours...

"You are quite sure that I can do it?" "Quite sure, my lord; you have said all the things that you could say, and I told you the only thing left is yourself."

"I have never seen the girl—I do not know if I could endure her. I have never seen the girl—I do not know if I could endure her."

"You must not think that, although I am a ruined man, there is an immense difference between the Earl of Carven and my daughter. I have never seen the girl—I do not know if I could endure her."

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Bartholomew Peckles. Kind of party, don't you think? From an old party, don't you think? From an old party, don't you think?

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LADY CARAVEN: Or Married Above Her Station.

CHAPTER I. THE time was noon of a brilliant June day, the place a gloomy office in a London court which belonged to Arley Ransome—a square room that contained tables covered with books and papers, from which a young man, dressed in a dark suit and a white shirt, was looking at a letter. He was looking at a letter. He was looking at a letter.