

THE TAP-ROOT OF POVERTY

(Continued.)

good cause the pen of the younger Garrison is doing work worthy the son of such a sire. Yes, the world improves:

For Humanity sweeps onward, where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far ahead the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn.
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

The advocates of the Single Tax reform have passed through all the various stages of the persecutions of the time. That benign method of showing our love toward our brethren who disagree with us—burning at the stake—has gone sadly out of fashion; the thumbscrew and the boot have been relegated to the museum, but we are yet only slowly approaching the period

WHEN REASON SHALL CONTROL MEN'S MINDS.

The Single Tax advocates have passed through the period of contempt, of sneers and innuendoes, and have emerged into the more cheerful and most welcome one of argument. That our case is a strong one is made clear by the strenuous efforts put forth to close the mouths of its eloquent advocates; by the number of emulative political and social economists who are joining our ranks; by the tenacity of legislation, and by the perturbation it occasions in the camp of the common enemy. But consistent of the righteousness of the cause we advocate, come success soon or come it late we know that it must surely come, and standing on the rock of Justice, guarded by the shield of Truth, we are content to wield the sword of Reason and defy the allied powers of riches, selfishness and political expediency to their worst. Those for whom the gods fight can be patient.

Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will
With your deft official fingers and your politician's skill?
Your God a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of sight
That his black eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right?

But the Destinies think not so. To their judgment chamber look
Come no sounds of popular clamor; there Fame's trumpet is not blown.
Your majesties they mock not. This you grant, but then you say
That you differ with them somewhat. Which is stronger—you or they?

Patience are they as the insects that build islands in the deep;
They build not the bolted thunder, but their silent way they keep;
Where they have been that we know; where empires have been that were not just;
Lo! the skulking wild fox scurries in a little heap of dust.

At the conclusion of the address a free-and-easy discussion and many interrogatories and answers followed. A vote of thanks, moved by Mr. B. Hopkins and seconded by Rev. Mr. Morton, was tendered Mr. Carrick and briefly acknowledged.

The Woman in the Case.

Mrs. O. Shea, the woman whose charms fascinated Parnell and have precipitated a political crisis upon Great Britain and Ireland, was, according to the London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, the mistress of an ex-governor of the Bank of England before she married Wood, a distinguished English soldier, and a woman of great beauty and accomplishments. The statement of the correspondent just quoted is made with a positiveness that assumes its absolute accuracy. Parnell's intimacy with the woman, it is said, began eight years ago and was well known to his associates of the Irish party and even to other members of the House of Commons. Surprise is expressed in some quarters, therefore that the men who have all along known that Parnell has frequently neglected his public duties to pay court to the wife of another man should now demand his retirement from the leadership of his party.—Rochester Herald.

Rev. So-and-So.

Moody on Matthew: "Yes, I see. He simply grabbed all the money he could because he had a right. Well, there are lots of people in Chicago who are just like him. Notice one thing about Matthew, though, he gave up his title. Nowhere through the Bible will you find the servants of God using any titles, and I would advise you all to avoid it. Don't go around calling yourselves the Rev. So-and-So. When a man begins to want a title he doesn't want to be a servant of God. If you want to be used by God don't have titles. There are too many big men already in the country. We want more small ones. A big head is a dangerous disease. The most useful men and women are those who are lowest."

A Lovely Woman

Overheard one say of her, "By heaven! she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she indignantly, "and by heaven only!" Evidently health mottled her cheek, and she was pale and thin. Yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, with a dry, hacking cough, night sweats and slight spittings of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again, the picture of health and strength. It is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid will be promptly refunded.

The Privilege of Age.

"My object in calling this evening," he began, with a nervous tremble of his chin, "was to ask you, Katie—I may call you Katie, may I not?" "Certainly, Mr. Longpipe," said the sweet young girl. "All of papa's elderly friends call me Katie."

And he said nothing further about his object in calling.—Spare Moments.

The Austrian General Baron Knebel von Trauerschweitz is dead. He was the only general who won a victory over the Prussians in the campaign of 1866.

From the esteemed Epitaph of Tombstone, A. T., it is learned that Sheriff Slaughter expects soon to add to the population of the public graveyard.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS"

A Tale of the American Revolution.

The sky was of the deepest blue, reflected in the ripples of the little inlet that washed almost to their feet over the smooth sand. Across the water, beyond the meadow, they could see the white-pillared front of Lord's Gift. The sunset, autumn fields, in the soft air, were veiled here and there with the haze of brush-fires, blending into the purple of the horizon.

"There are not many young men in the neighborhood to make it gay, are there?" asked Tom.

"No, indeed; and that is why I was very glad when I heard you had come back. You see, it is so dull. Bab is most busy, and Aunt Clem is moody and rather stern. I have no friends. I often thought of you when you were away, and I have the half-penny you gave me."

She was looking away into the blue with eyes as blue, speaking with the utmost simplicity.

"Well, are you glad I have come home, now that you know me?"

Betty looked at him for a moment and laughed.

"Yes, I am; though, to tell the truth, I did not like you much the other night. I thought you too modish and conceited."

"Upon my soul, you are a piece of candor! 'Gad! you are no more what I fancied you the other evening. You are as changeable as Mother Hubbard's dog, and his moods were far from reliable. Now, the other evening, since you must know, I fancied you rather misanthropic and affected."

"I knew it," said Betty, delightedly. "I was affected, wasn't I? I protest that I do not feel natural all decked up in furbelows. I want to be minding and saying 'Oh, Lud!'" and putting on all the airs and graces in the world. I can't breathe or think. But what a pleasure it is to be natural, like this, without powder or hoops, in easy deshabille. I feel as free as those birds."

With whirring wings a flock of wild ducks rose from the marsh grass, skimming the water, their snowy breasts white against the blue as they wheeled aloft.

She was a childish slip of a girl, as she sat looking up at him under the shade of her big black hat, the sunlight falling on her dimpled, freckled face and slim figure, clad in plain blue gown, big neckerchief, and white apron, her sun-burned, supple fingers playing with Cassius's long hair.

"So you feel lonely?" said Tom.

"I have felt lonely, too." He gave her a quizzical glance. "There I am of the same complexion as you. But how about Will Ringgold? Is he not in sympathy with you?"

Betty was slowly nibbling a cookie, which she gave to Cassius, not wishing to be interrupted in this interesting conversation.

"In some way he is not the same," she said, "though he writes poetry. He even writes poetry to me."

"Does he? The coxcomb! By heaven! the fellow must be mad. But how does it seem different with me?"

"You do not prate so much, but I feel that you really love Nature more. It seems like home, this water, and as though we belonged to it, and should love it always. Now, when it looks thus quiet, I feel like going out with the ripples, as free as they. The reason we love the sky and the world around us must be like Cassius's love for us, because it has a meaning we cannot understand. But do you know, it makes me sad sometimes, Tom, to watch a sunset or a beautiful view? It must be because there is no one to enjoy it with me; but now you have come it will be different."

Tom was silent before replying, smiling into her eager, uplifted face.

"I think," he said, gravely, "that we shall be great friends, dear little girl. Whenever you feel lonely, send for me."

Betty was very happy to have found such a friend, and they were both quizzical over the compact, Betty gazing at the ripples, always changing, always the same—at one spot where a line of grass curled like a water snake, until it seemed that the water was still and that she and Tom and the pine-tree were drifting slowly over its placid surface—out—out.

CHAPTER VI.

It was February 14th, 1775, and snow had been falling since morning. Betty, spending the day in the village, at Miss Stacy's little cottage, wearied with her chatter, as unceasing as the singing of the copper tea-kettle over the fire, sat on a chest by the window, looking through the small, square panes at the people passing down the road to Mr. Atkins's store, for the opening of the fortnightly mail bag. Through the veil of snow, falling thick and fast in big flakes, the landscape showed as in an etching, barely suggestive of the hidden color.

Between the waste, white tract of the garden, where the evergreens were bending beneath their heavy burden, and the waste, white tract of the meadows, there was no line of demarcation save a faint zone of woodland.

"Betty, if you see anyone going by, be sure to tell me," said Miss Stacy.

The room, used as dining-room and sitting-room, was aromatic with herbs. On the wall hung a mural memento of the late Dr. Anderton, in the shape of a silk sampler, representing a dejected female under a dejected willow. On the bare, oiled floor stood, at regular intervals, straight, splint-bottomed chairs. A dresser furnished with dishes, a chest of drawers, and a table completed the simple furniture of the room. Miss Stacy sat in a rocking-chair; on two low stools on either side of her were her dog Norval, asleep, and her little negro maid Judy, whose round, black face was bedewed with tears, for she was learning to knit, and every missed stitch was visited upon her head by sharp taps of her mistress' thimble.

On the mahogany work-table, besides the piece of sewing that Betty had thrown down, was Miss Stacy's tortoise shell snuff-box, from which she now and then extracted a dainty pinch of rappee, indulging in the luxury of a suppressed sneeze, careful not to awaken the slumbering Norval.

The hand of the high clock was nigh upon four, and Betty was beginning to be impatient to see the messenger whom Miss Bab had promised to send for her.

For hours Miss Stacy had been holding a disconnected monologue, as involved as the stories in the "Arabian Nights," where

one contains another. She had begun on the subject of the Vaughan family history and an old love affair of Miss Clem's, which, by some circuitous process, led to the following sage aphorism:

"You can't account for the height of people. Now, there was my dear departed father, so tall of stature that the joiner said he was the longest corpse he ever measured, and I'm nothing much. And there's Judy, her father was a Guinea nigger belonging to Mr. Pace, and seven feet high, and Judy's little—like a dwarf—but it all comes of Judy's having, in early youth, been knocked down by some animal. Wasn't you, Judy?"

"Yes'm," said Judy, demurely, with the air of one who has learned a lesson by rote: "I ran agin a pig an' it stuned me."

"Well, it is Mr. DeCourcy, that your Aunt Clem was a-going to marry, was a gentleman of good height and personable parts. They doted on each other, and it all broke her heart when he was killed by a fall off a horse; and then, when your father and mother died of yellow fever, she took on so that she hasn't been the same since, so my mind, though she always was oddish."

Here Betty, whose face had been hidden by the muslin curtains, uttered a little exclamation of surprise.

"Lal! Betty, what is it? What do you see?"

"Peregrine, Tom Rozier's band man that he brought with him, has just gone by in a sleigh. Miss Stacy, I wish the post-bag would be open now, and I'll put on my wraps and get the letters."

"No, indeed, child, Judy'll go. Sure as you're born there's a visitor coming. My nose has been itching on the left side all day for a lady, and Judy's on the right for a gentleman; but Judy's never fails. Don't go out, somebody might come while you were gone."

Judy, with freedom, slipped a shawl around her and was out of the door and away from the detested yarn and needles. Presently Betty saw her with envy, a sleeking white on the white ground, dispersing a flock of drooping fowls.

"That Judy!" sighed her mistress.

"Would you think it! she's got ideas of dress and finery: came to me the other day and asked me if I thought pink or blue wrappings for her wool became her most!"

"But now, Elizabeth," said Miss Stacy, solemnly, bending forward with impressive and uplifted forehead, "now that we are alone, I wish to speak to you seriously, and I want you to tell me the truth."

Roused to curiosity, Betty rose with her hand over her heart, bowed and said, with an excellent mimicry of Will Ringgold's flattery voice: "Vosre tres humble serviteur, Mademoiselle."

"That's just it," said Miss Stacy mysteriously. "Nobody knows what he means by such gibberish, and you a poor motherless girl with no one to speak to you and warn you—Bab knowing as much of the male sex as a babe unborn, and Miss Clem so high-minded and mighty, with her thoughts on books and poetry—not that Bab's not fond of poetry too, when she's washed up the dishes. But they're neither of them alive and active, and I'm only speaking for your own good."

"Speak, prithee, speak, Anastasia, more plainly. Unfold the dread mystery, the tortuous windings of thy fevered imagination."

"Oh, yes, you may laugh if you please, and rant like some play-actor for all the world, but there's no knowing what these travelled young gentlemen mean. They are sad rakings for the most part, and were to the yielding fair who gives ear to their perjured vows!" Miss Stacy seemed carried away with delight at her own unwonted eloquence, continuing in the same rapid and turgid strain: "Tis for naught that I have read the history of that sweet creature, Clarissa Harlowe, writ by Mr. Richardson; I know the wiles of these Lovelaces, with their allurement, laced coats, and French phrases stealing into the heart. For all Will Ringgold's such a delectable spark, 'tis not for good that he ogles and sighs."

"Oh, Stacey," Betty's voice came sad and muffled from the window, "do not tell me that you are not safe from his beguiling arts. Fly, fly from temptation! 'Get thee to a nunnery.' To think that those gray hairs—"

"Hoity-toity, child! my hair's as dark as it ever was, and the Anderton's never get gray, though my mother's aunt's—that was a Posey—was snow-white at thirty, but it all came in a night, because of a ghost she saw. I'll tell you about it in a minute. But 'tis all very well for you to change the subject, and refuse to confide in me which is the favorite again. I know, for all you're so close, and a real mum-budger. Tut! I'm out of all conceits with you."

"Ah, now, it isn't angry with me you are? Why won't you believe that my affections are disengaged? Like the miller o' Dee,

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me,"

except Bab and Cassius—"

"And me, Betty."

"Alas! no. The heart which of old was mine has been given to a rattling blade hight Will Sweet William." But he cared!" said Betty, gazing as it were into Cassius's furnace, and moustaching her words.

"Dark lowers the tempest overhead—the walls of the cottage are desolate and dismantled—the blue eyes of Anastasia, that beamed so brightly erstwhile, are bathed in dew—"

"Pshaw! how paltzy. What gibberish you can talk."

"Forbear! I see," continued Betty wildly, "a dark form approach—'tis the sable minion—she bears aloft a message of love—"

Here Judy entered, panting and covered with snow, having been pursued by Johnny Atkins with snowballs.

"Letter for Miss Betty," she announced. It was a folded sheet of paper, directed in a disguised hand, and the interior bore the following verse:

VALENTINE TO BETTY.
Fortune, giving Phyllis faire,
Made her witching, debonnaire;
Made Chloe, steadfast, pure, and wise,
Sound judgment and sweet soft Belplis:
To Betty Fortune, Goddess kind,
Gave Phyllis' Face and Chloe's Mind.

Betty held it, beaming silent delight, while Miss Stacy put on her spectacles and studied every line critically.

"Merely another lure. But what a clever young Will is! for it never was writ by Tom, he's too high and mighty to trifle with your affections; besides, he is making

court to Miss Ramsey, who is a fortune. But 'tis the sweetest thing, I protest."

It irritated Betty to hear Miss Stacy speak so confidently of Tom, whom she had long since ceased to regard as a "conceited prig." He had seemed lately to belong to herself in some intangible way; she, alone, knew him well, and it was absurd for other people to fancy they understood him, though, of course, she was quite indifferent as to whether or not he was courting Miss Ramsey. Her feelings were disturbed and contradictory; she became suddenly depressed and weary of Miss Stacy and the ticking clock; experiencing a sensation of relief when Judy, who had returned to the fray, rushed to the door, announcing the approach of Mr. Tom Rozier.

Miss Stacy pointed triumphantly to her prophetic nose. "What did I tell you?" she whispered.

Betty was so unfeignedly delighted and cordial in her greeting to Tom as he came in, ruddy with cold, large and handsome in his long, green great-coat with three capes, that the impatient young man seized Miss Stacy, in lieu of a better, and gave her a hearty embrace.

"I've been to the house, Betty, and Miss Bab sent me for you. I was only too happy for an excuse for gazing again upon my charmer, my Anastasia."

"Fie! fie!" Miss Stacy fluttered, delightedly. "We were looking for you; Betty half expected you." Tom glanced at Betty, who looked cooly out of the window. "We saw the sleigh go past with that man of yours. For certain, he's an outlaw." "Such a pook marked, sorry-looking rascal!"

"Peregrine's as honest a rascal as you could find; stays on the French horn and has numberless accomplishments. I left him just now at the tavern, mixing a brew of bumbo for the parson, and talking religion and politics; but if his views are too liberal the parson will use convincing arguments; for he is one of those who will prove his doctrine orthodox by quotations from the Bible and the Decalogue."

Seeing that Betty had donned her long mantle, with its boa of dark fur, above which her face looked like a mischievous grin in the severe setting of the close hood, Tom also rose, and took up his pointed beaver.

"Stay," pleaded Miss Stacy. "The humble contents of my larder are at your service. If you stay I'll make you a tasty pudding, and, well made, there's nothing more delicious to the palate."

"On, no," said Betty. "We know your dishes too well—the cakes with which you poisoned our youth and over which we wasted our days in trying to pick out the not delectable caraway seeds with which they were flavored. No, I will bear Tom away from your wiles."

Leaving Miss Stacy bobbing courtesies, they escaped into the keen air and were soon far away from the low cottage.

(To Be Continued.)

An Adler is a watch that lacks both hands; As useless if it goes, as when it stands.

Alas! how many women, though household and children need their care, are necessarily idle, because suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex. To all such Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a precious boon, speedily curing internal inflammation, leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration, tormenting periodical pains, prolapsus, "bearing-down" sensations, morning sickness, bloating, weak stomach, nervous prostration, and tendency to cancerous disease. In all those ailments called "female complaints," it is the most reliable specific known to modern science.

Funeral Reform.

Chicago Herald: Custom is cruel to the living in its funeral proprieties. It adds nothing to the esteem in which the dead are held, and cannot assuage in the least the pain that is caused by their passage away. Humanity and right reason alike demand that burials shall be private; that only the few chosen by those directly interested shall attend them; and that the weaker members of a suffering family shall be induced to remain away from a spectacle that is heartrending, but which they cannot soften by their presence. The inhumanity of permitting the weak and the bereaved to suffer the wholly useless torture that must always accompany the echo of clays upon a coffin will gradually have the effect of making cremation desirable as rapidly as it becomes convenient.

No matter what the school of physis, They each can cure an ache or phibisic— As least this said they can; But as Science turns the wheel still faster, And quacks and bigots meet disaster, To us there comes a man Whose merits beth won countless zealots, Who use and praise his "Pleasant Pellets."

The "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" of Dr. Pierce, though gentle in action, are thorough, and never fail to cure biliousness, diseased or torpid liver, and constipation.

Hereditry.

Aunt Penelope—How vain Fanny is Old Crusty—Yes; just like the sex. They drink it in with their mothers' milk. Aunt P.—There you are quite wrong. Fanny, I know, was brought up on the bottle. Old C. (determined to have the last word)—Yes, from some conceited fool of a cow.

The girl who runs away with the hired man is held up to ridicule, but she frequently does better than the one who marries a poet.

Mr. Fuller to Clarence, four years old—Why, Clarence, how much you look like your father. Clarence, resignedly—Yes, sir. Everybody says that, but I don't think I deserve it.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SCOTT, M.D., 122 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

INCURE FITS! GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I want my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to find a reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—T. A. SCOTT, M.D., Branch Office, 122 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

A DAMAGE SUIT FAILS.

Railway Companies Not Responsible for People Jumping From Trains.

Judge Wurtels, in the Superior Court at Montreal, gave judgment Wednesday in favor of the Grand Trunk Railway in an action for \$10,000 damages taken against the company by the mother of the young man Hugo Bouthiller, who was killed by a train at Iroquois about a year ago. The lad and two companions, who were making their way from Lake Superior in the best manner they could, had boarded a freight train, the result being that young Bouthiller fell under the wheels and received injuries, from the effects of which he died an hour afterwards. The plaintiff's contention was that the young man was pushed off the train by one of the officials, but the defence produced evidence that he had jumped himself from the train, and under such circumstances the court dismissed the case.

CONL 51. 52.

\$2,250 IN GOLD

To Be Given Away.

In order to introduce the circulation of our Monthly Magazine, "The International," (which will be issued in January) into all parts of Canada and the United States, we take this means of bringing it before the public and securing for it one of the largest circulations of any Magazine in America. We will give to the person sending in the largest list of English words constructed from the letters contained in the following words, "The International."

\$1,000 in Gold to 1st.
500 in Gold to 2nd.
200 in Gold to 3rd.
100 in Gold to 4th.
50 in Gold to 5th.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—The following Special Prizes will be given during the competition:

\$100 to the lady sending in the largest list during the week ending January 16th.
\$50 to the girl (under 16) sending in the largest list during the week ending January 17th.

\$100 to the gentleman sending in the largest list during the week ending January 24th.
\$50 to the boy sending in the largest list during the week ending January 31st.

\$50 to the person in Canada sending in the first list of over 50 words.
\$50 to the person in the United States sending in the first list of over 50 words.

Send 6c in stamps for list of "Rules" governing the competition. Mention this paper.

Contest closes March 1st, 1891. Address THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. Hamilton, Canada.

FARM FOR SALE.

FARM CONTAINING 100 ACRES, 70 acres cleared, situated lot 33, 4th concession Township Ancaster, on Brantford stone road, 10 miles from Hamilton. Enquire W. KAVANAGH, 393 King west, Hamilton, Ont.

Bermuda Bottled.

You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences. "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough, or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it, and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Emulsion, which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bellerbelle.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. K. T. Hazelton, Warren, Pa., U.S.A.

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