

THE FARMER'S WIFE

A Love Story That Ended As Was Wished.

"No, Ned. I will never be a farmer's wife, to drudge from Monday morning till Saturday night and get bent and wrinkled, and old before my time. No, I say again, I will not; so don't plead any more."

"But, Reba, my dear, you have mistaken ideas, where can you find more independence than in the life of a farmer? And as to drudging, I can't regard it in that way. Of course there is work to do, but I do not wish you to do it; only superintend the servants, and any sensible, loving woman must do that even in a city home. Now think, truly, what can we ask more? The farm is my own, rich and well stocked, and with prudence and industry, a few years will find us independent, and handsome Ned Gleason looked from his high seat fondly at the bright-eyed beauty by his side."

She was a pretty, spoiled little fairy, with big velvety brown eyes, and masses of golden hair, and a healthy pink tinted oval face, and a sweet scarlet-lipped mouth, which was just now drawn down with a very spiteful expression, for she dearly loved her country beau, as she laughingly called him. Ever since her last summer visit to Aunt Becky's, her heart had gone out to his keeping; but never would she consent to live on a farm, and have those rough hired men sitting at her table, as they did at Aunt Becky's, and see Ned going around every day in shirt sleeves and broad rimmed hat, when, if he would only consent to follow his profession, what an elegant looking man he would make—how proud she would be of him.

"Ned, give up the farm for my sake," and she looked up at him with a world of love in the melting brown eyes.

"No, Reba," and the voice was low and hoarse; "I cannot, and your love for me is not very great, or you would not ask it."

"Very well, Mr. Ned Gleason, then I will never marry you; good bye," and the proud little beauty flew out of the room and up stairs to her pretty pink and white curtains to cry the light out of the sweet brown eyes.

And Ned, with a white set face, and a hardened look in the blue dark gray eyes, took his towering form from the brown stone front with never a look at the window where a tear-stained face was watching his firm tread down the pavement, every step taking him farther away from her, and she knew he would never come back unless she sent for him. She looked at her tiny white hands, and a half smile flitted over the lovely face. The idea of these hands mixing bread, and making butter, and perhaps milking horrid cows—I'm afraid of them any way; oh, dear, may Ned will repent when he finds he cannot like without me. And with this half satisfactory remark she bathed her tear-stained face, and began a long letter to Aunt Becky, telling her all her troubles—for Reba's mother had died years ago.

Time sped along and six months had passed since handsome Ned Gleason had stood in the music room of the Rathbun mansion and pleaded his suit with the dark-eyed beauty. Never once had he crossed her path; not a word had she heard of him; even Aunt Becky did not mention his name in her loving, motherly letters. Poor little Reba, time and again she whispered to herself she did not care, but the pretty face was losing its bright flush, and the eyes grew wider and browner. One morning she awakened to find herself an orphan, with fortune and friends flown, and but one place in the wide world to go—to Aunt Becky's, on the farm. How sweet and restful it seemed to the poor sorrow-stricken child, as the first tiny green leaves were peeping forth and the brook in the meadow went laughing on its way.

"Auntie, everything seems busy and happy but your miserable little girl. Teach me to work, and perhaps in time I may forget."

"No, Reba, you will never forget one thing—that you have trifled with a true loving heart. We all have our life lessons; some are harder to learn than others, and I am afraid, my dear, you are making yours very hard."

"Well, Aunt Becky, you must not blame me alone. Ned might have yielded to me. I ought to have some rights. I only asked him to give up the farm; he has a profession, you know, and is an educated man, and it seems so like wasting his talent to spend his life on a farm; and yet it is not as bad as I thought. I am beginning to love the little chicks, and am not half as afraid of the cows as I used to be."

Aunt Becky smiled ever so softly to herself to hear her pretty niece ramble on. Presently she wiped a half falling tear from her dark eyes that looked so much like Reba's as she said:

"Have you never wondered, dear, why I live here alone, with no one but the help, and why I never married?"

"Yes, Auntie, I have; you must have been very beautiful when you were young. I have heard papa speak of you as a belle, but he would never say anything of your past life."

Aunt Becky smoothed the folds of her spotless white apron, and with a far-away look in her shining eyes, said:

"Yes, Reba, I was once as bright and beautiful as you are to-day, and I passionately loved a noble young man; but, like Ned, he was a farmer, and my friends came between us and I would not marry him. He left me and crossed the ocean, but I came to myself before long and sent for him to come back to me. I could not live without him. He sailed for home, but sickened and died ere he reached here, and they brought him to me in his coffin; he left me this farm, and ever since I have lived on here day by day waiting for him to come and lead me home."

After that day Reba daily visited the diary, the kitchen, the barn, stamping her own golden butter, making snowy bread and biscuits, hunting the eggs, and even milking the meek-eyed Daisy with her own white hands; deeper roses bloomed on the rounded cheeks, and a clearer light burned in the shadowy eyes. If she was not happy, she was contented, and Aunt Becky looked on and smiled approvingly.

Two years after she came to the farm to live, how much older and wiser she felt; one day in the early summer she wandered away to her favorite seat under the old

apple tree; her mind traveled back to the day when the blue eyes looked into her own and begged her to throw aside her pride and be his own little wife. How hard she had tried to fit herself for his life, but where was he? No one ever heard of him now, and yet, once she thought she caught sight of his handsome writing on one of the letters Aunt Becky so often received. Unmindful of the pretty picture she made with a neat black dress and white apron, the soft breeze blowing the golden tendrils about the sweet face, she went back, back over the past, then on into the future, and with tears coursing down over the rosy cheeks, she clenched her little hands and cried, "Oh! Ned, Ned, come back to me, I cannot live without you!"

"Why, my dear little girl," exclaimed a tender, manly voice, "I have been waiting a long time to hear you call me," and two strong arms gathered her to his heart.

"Ned, my darling, where have you been? How could you stay away so long from me?"

"I have been only two hundred miles away, and I came now in obedience to a call from Aunt Becky, who wrote me she thought you needed me."

"How about the farm?" asked Ned, that evening, as they sat together talking of the past.

"Oh, you ought to taste my bread and pies, and yellow butter; and to tell the truth, Ned, I think I am made expressly for a farmer's wife," and Reba nestled her pretty head on the broad shoulder of her lover.

In after years, no happier, more prosperous couple could be found than Ned and Reba.

The Wedding.

"Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Tennessee to a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir; captured the best looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You know her, I reckon."

"Yes; I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit-rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mighty downcast, for I thought there was't any no use in buckin' agin him. Well the day for the marriage was set, and a passel of us come to town to see the wedding, for Rose loved that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby gettin' a 10-mile ride to town. When we got to town, lo and behold, there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin' my religion. Stay here till I go an' git the license.' Rose's under jaw dropped. When Sam was gone I says, says I, 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'"

"Yes, but Sam won't take me."

"That's bad; they've got a world of horses."

"Then she tuned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you can't go to the show; but if you marry me I'll take you.'

"She studied a while, and says, says she, 'An' let me stay to the concert air the big show's over?'"

"Yes."

"An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?"

"Tibby sho'."

"An' won't pull an' haul when I get interested?"

"No, sw'ar I won't."

"An' when the show's over you let me look at the monkeys agin?"

"Yes."

"Nash," said she, putting her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yourn.' Then I popped up, popped my heels together, an' in less'n a half hour we was dun married an' a-looking at the monkeys."

—Opie Read in *Arkansas Traveler*.

Patron Saints.

St. Sebastian is the patron of soldiers. St. Hubert is the patron of hunters. St. Agnes is the patron of maidens. St. Monica is the patron of maesters. St. Pancras is the patron of childhood. St. Thomas Aquinas is the patron of schools.

St. Blaise prevents and cures sore throats. St. Maxima is the patron of virgins and wives. St. Vincent de Paul is the patron of charities.

St. Camillus of Lellis is the patron of hospitals. St. Sabine is evoked against gout and rheumatism. St. Appollonia is invoked against toothache.

St. Barbara is invoked for the last sacrament. St. Roch is invoked against contagious disease. St. Benedict Joseph Labre is invoked against lightning.

St. Aloysius is the patron of youth, purity and students. St. Joseph, spouse of the blessed Virgin Mary is the patron of the universal church.

Should You Give Away a Dog.

For a broker, buy a pointer. For a composer, get a setter. For military men, dogs of war. For the man who has lost his fortune, a retriever.

For a balloonist, a Skye terrier. For a pedestrian, a lap dog. For a detective, a spotter. For a cattle-raiser, a bull dog. For a millionaire, a deer hound. For a negro, a 'coon dog. For a jeweller, a watch dog. For a sailor, a water spaniel. For a tobacco-chewer, a spitz. For an explorer, a Newfoundland. For a singer, a yellow dog. For a prize-fighter, a pug. For a messenger boy, a terrier. For a dude, a collie. For an angry mother, a ma's tiff.—*Drake's Magazine*.

—Chrysanthemum china is something new.

King Leopold, of Belgium, is described as "a long man with a long nose and a long beard—handsome enough in a hawk-like fashion—and a King, who, having nothing to do, does it with admirable grace."

The man who masters his own business minds it.

FISH AND GAME.

Hon. J. M. Gibson Addresses the New Commission.

The Wholesale Slaughter of Deer Must be Stopped—Fet Hunters Condemned—Work of the Commission Outlined—Sub-Committees Appointed.

The Fish and Game Commission held its initial meeting Wednesday at the Parliament buildings, Toronto. At 4 p. m. all the members of the commission were present. Dr. McCallum, of Dunnville, was in the chair, Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, at his right as secretary, and about the table Messrs. R. A. Lucas, Hamilton; E. K. Smith, Belleville; E. W. Thomson, Toronto; R. B. Hervey, Brockville; J. H. Willmott, Beaumaris; W. S. Palford, Leamington; John Mitchell, Guelph, and A. B. Taylor, Ottawa.

Hon. J. M. Gibson came in for a few minutes to see the commission under way. When Dr. McCallum had taken the chair and the commissioners gathered about the long table of the committee-room, the Minister, in a brief address, outlined the work set before the commission. Their purview included both the fish and the game. As to the former, it was not yet settled whether the fish in the inland navigable waters of Ontario were under the jurisdiction of the Dominion or of the Provincial Government. Yes, a case was likely to be submitted at an early date to the courts, so that the jurisdiction of the two Governments might be accurately defined. The protection of fish was a matter of great importance, as was also their cultivation. In his opinion the streams should be restocked and carefully looked after. The game question had long been a very interesting one. In this very room some of those present knew of the annual "game circus" they used to have when the old master of "spring shooting" had been discussed. Much had been done in the way of the protection of their game when spring shooting had been practically stopped. One matter in which the people of the provinces were especially interested was the protection of deer; and he hoped that the commission would make some recommendation on this line before the coming session of the Legislature, even if it were only an interim report. There was, he thought, imminent danger of the practical extermination of the deer in the Province. It might be that in their opinion there should be prompt legislation on this matter; and he would not be surprised if they recommended the absolute suspension of deer shooting for the next year. They already knew what effect absolute prohibition for a time had had in the case of the quail in the west of the Province. As to permanent protection of the deer, certainly the indiscriminate slaughter of that animal must be stopped. He did not believe that any one man should be allowed to shoot as many deer as he liked, and it was equally horrible that a man should be disappointed if he does not kill 100 ducks in a day. That, in his opinion, was not sport. Unfortunately they did not have the power to prohibit the exportation of ducks, but he was informed that the Dominion Government was being asked to do something in this line. If they took no such step he hoped that something could be done by this commission to hinder turning the shooting of duck into a profitable trade. Mr. Gibson closed by stating that he could not undertake at this time on behalf of the Government to carry out all the recommendations of the commission, and suggested that they arrange some scheme by which the protection of the game and fish would provide for its own support, without throwing any serious financial burden on the Province. While it would not be necessary for the commission to travel about taking evidence all over the Province, still he wanted the report to be the conclusions of the whole commission. It would not do for the report of this commission to be considered the report of a few sportsmen. Several of the commissioners asked the Minister questions as to matters of detail, after which he withdrew.

Dr. McCallum, the chairman of the commission, in a few opening remarks discussed some of the more glaring needs for the work of the commission. He gave a number of instances of the terrible slaughter of fish in all parts of the Province, and called their attention to the fact that the same laws as to "close seasons," etc., would not apply to all parts of the Province. The cold waters of the north are at least three weeks behind the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario.

An informal discussion followed as to methods of work, after which the commission rose for dinner.

At the evening session the committee divided the Province into four sections and appointed a sub-committee to take evidence in each, as follows:

(1) All east of western boundary of Lennox and Addington, and all east of westerly boundary of Benfrew carried through to the Ottawa River. Sub-committee—Messrs. Harvey, Smith, Taylor and Stewart. Mr. Stewart as secretary acts in all sub-committees.

(2) All north of a line drawn from Kincardine to the northwest corner of Lennox and Addington. Sub-committee—Messrs. Willmott, Thomson, Palford and Stewart.

(3) All south of District No. 2, and east of line drawn from Hamilton to Collingwood as far east as District No. 1. Sub-committee—Messrs. Mitchell, Thomson, Smith and Stewart.

(4) All west of line drawn from Hamilton to Collingwood and south of District No. 2. Sub-committee—Messrs. McCallum, Palford, Lucas and Stewart.

Not an Accident.

"I hear that there has been an accident at the Quohosh Junction," said a reporter to a railway official.

"No, sir, there has been no accident."

"But two passengers fell from a train and were killed."

"Possibly something of that kind happened, but there was no accident, sir. No railway property was injured. Good day, sir."

The name Kaffres, as applied to the Kaffres of South and Central Africa, is the Arab name, "a cur," and was given them in spite by the Moslems.

The Spanish Government has officially recognized the Brazilian Republic.

LATEST OUT IN BEARD.

The Pointed Style Shipped Out and the Thin Square Shipped In.

It has been decried by the artistic barbers of Paris that the pointed beard, which has for so long a time held popular favor, is no longer the thing of fashion that it was. "The pointed beard," says M. Henri Poulon, an authority, "has certain advantages over all others, and that is the reason why it has so long been popular. It is a style of beard that was invented by King Henry III of France. It requires less trimming and care than any other, and, therefore, in this busy country it has been widely adopted. But it must go. The new beard resembles the one now about to be discarded in some respects. It is like a pointed beard with the point cut off. It is very thin and closely cut on the cheeks. It is a peculiar fact that the adoption of this style after discarding the other is but a repetition of history. After Henry III had made the pointed beard so fashionable the Duc de Guise introduced the present beard. The Duc de Guise, as you will remember, was the instigator of the Huguenot massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. He lived in the sixteenth century, and was assassinated in his 43rd year by order of Henry III. At present there are only four of the new square beards in New York city. These are the pioneers of the new style. In Paris there are many of them.—*New York Sun*.

The Women and the Commercial Traveller. Speaker Reed charges the good women of the land—God bless them—and the commercial drummers, with the great Republican Waterloo. Well, the women of America are more than ever the defenders of the Republic, and never was there a clearer record of patriotism than their common-sense services rendered in the last election, to show up the shameful exactions of the party of monopoly, headed by Reed, McKinley and their kind, in taxing the people for the benefit of the few. The commercial traveller is likewise entitled to the thanks of the people.

The women, Speaker Reed remarks, "are chiefly responsible for the disastrous defeat which the Republican party sustained and that the commercial drummers helped to effect it." The women, he says, keep the run of prices and have the keenest scent for increased cost. The clerks in the stores told them that the price of this and that article had been raised because of the McKinley Bill, and they went home and told their husbands and brothers, who went to the ballot-box and put in their protests against any further increase in the cost of living.

The drummers, who travel all over the country, told the country merchants that they should buy heavily before the McKinley bill increased prices, and the storekeepers told their customers all about the effect of the bill upon prices. The consequence was that the whole country got the impression that the McKinley bill placed new and unnecessary burdens upon the people.

Speaker Reed is about right in what he says concerning the women and the drummers. They were as effective agents as the newspapers in informing the people what they might expect from the McKinley bill.—*Norfolk Virginian*.

A Lecture on Economy.

Texas Siftings: "Please, mum, give me a dime to buy a glass of bread—'scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I haven't got any money."

"Haven't got any money? Then, madam, I would suggest that you move into a cheaper house; you're evidently living beyond your means. Economy is wealth. Economize in the matter of clothes and house rent. Cut your expenses, and then, perhaps, some day you may have a dime to spare—a dime, madam, that may be the means of preventing a hungry and thirsty fellow-mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter—a coin of the value of 25 cents—that will uphold the dark clouds on the horizon of his despairing soul with a silver plated lining and fill his stomach with imported beer. Good day, fair lady."

It Wasn't Expensive.

Puck: Book Agent—This is a work, sir in which the writer has handled his subject with a master's grasp. A book which has received the highest encomiums of the pulpit, the press and of educated and refined people wherever it has been seen. It is at once entertaining, instructive, and as a book of references it is invaluable. It costs you \$4.

Busy Man—Cheap, isn't it?

Book Agent—Remarkably so, for a work of its character.

Busy Man—I did not refer to the book.

Book Agent—Excuse me, what did you refer to, sir.

Busy Man—Talk.

The Happy Man.

New York Herald: Real happiness consists of health, self-respect, the good-will of the community and a sufficient income to gratify your reasonable wants. Everything else is trivial and not worth bothering about. The man who has steady work, fair wages, a cozy home, enough to eat, a thick overcoat, and the consciousness of personal integrity, is a mightily favored fellow, in possession of more than three-quarters of the best things which this world affords.

The pleasures of anticipation are equalled by the joys of remembrance. To so live that memory will brighten rather than darken our pathway is to touch the secret spring of happiness.

TAKING THE TRAVELLERS.

Vancouver (B. C.) Frantically Deplores the Festive Drummer.

There is wrath and angry feeling pervading the breast of the Toronto travellers whose misfortune has compelled them to visit Vancouver, B. C. Recently the city passed an ordinance compelling each traveller for any house without headquarters, in the Province to pay a license of \$50 before he was allowed to solicit orders within its limits. Yesterday one big jewelry firm was notified by its representative that he had been notified in the sum mentioned. The head of the firm told the *World* that Vancouver was just going the right way if it wanted to commit commercial suicide, for no traveller will care to enter its gates under such hard conditions.

Danbury Waking Up.

A short time ago we delicately conveyed our compliments to Danbury, Conn., regarding the disgraceful apathy with which its citizens view the constant occurrence of incendiary fires, and also not forgetting to touch on the scandalous inefficiency of the Chief of the Danbury fire department, giving specific instances. Some marked copies were sent to Danbury. We are now in receipt of advices from Danbury that the Chief has been asked for his resignation by the Common Council on account of his conduct at the fire we referred to. Danbury has done well in applying the refrigerating process to the incompetent Chief, but it should not stop there. While, in addition to replacing the Chief, it improves its fire department, the incendiaries should be brought to book, lest Danbury become "Dennis" so far as fire insurance is concerned. The best fire department in the world could not save Danbury if the incendiaries are permitted to continue burning up the town in regular instalments as they have been doing. If one-third as many fires had occurred in some Western mining camp the firing would have been strung up. Clearly, Danbury either has no police force or else a disgustingly inefficient one. A little medicine in the shape of a sharp advance in fire insurance rates might help Danbury to wake up. It has been a graveyard for insurance money quite long enough.—*New York Commercial Bulletin*.

How They Began.

Henry M. Stanley was a reporter. Edison was a telegraph operator. P. T. Barnum kept a country store. Justice Miller clerked in a drug store. Gen. Grant was a tanner and a farmer. Garfield walked the tow-path of a canal. Gen. N. P. Banks began life as a factory boy.

Senator Stanford was a country lawyer in Wisconsin. Mark Twain was employed on a Mississippi river boat.

Blaine and Cleveland were teachers in schools for the blind. Gladstone has had no occupation but that of a student and politician.

Ben Butler once supported himself by making chairs for 30 cents a day.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, who, next to Dr. Talmage, preaches to the largest audiences in Brooklyn, was a sailor boy.

Mme. Modjeska is at present in Europe, where she will spend the winter. She has visited her native Poland, and is now negotiating for engagements in St. Petersburg and Berlin. If she plays in the latter city it will be in English, with a German support.

Lena Merville will play the soubrette role in the new Anglo-Swedish comedy, "Yon Yonson."

DONL 52, 96.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for 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 require it if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOAN, U.S.C. 108 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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