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## SUICIDE.

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## Bounced.

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## Rain Wrecking.

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## THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

His Extraordinary Gifts as a Preacher and  
a Story-Teller.

In his early days the late Canon Liddon was vehement in his style of preaching, and he depended very little upon his manuscript, speaking extemporaneously, with an impressive action. He came, however, gradually to write more and more, although he had all the special gifts of a speaker, his speeches being at times as striking as his sermons. He had the power of becoming more epigrammatic the more impassioned he was. He was keen and incisive in his language, and possessed a wonderful power of irony and humor, which showed itself more in his talk than in his sermons. In the latter the sarcasm and humor were very carefully subdued, but they were there all the same. He would never talk about his own sermons; hardly ever referred to them. He regarded them with great humility, and had a special dislike to any praise being bestowed upon them. He was quite conscious of the limitations that a sermon has. He would say to himself that it was only a net to catch souls, the means of getting nearer to men; and he had strong belief in the work to be done behind preaching. He had himself a good deal of personal contact with his hearers, and a great mass of confidential letters, writing with people on spiritual subjects. Although vehement in his gestures in his younger days, he contented himself later on with a very quick glance round on his audience as if watching the effect of his words, throw-back of his head, and an expressive shake of his right hand. His most dramatic effect was obtained with his voice, which took a very high note.

The canon was a brilliant story-teller, one of the very best I have ever known, says a personal friend quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Indeed, he had a special gift in that direction, and would dramatize in a most brilliant way. He was extremely sensitive to his company, and if there was one present with whom he was out of sympathy he would be restrained directly, and people who met him thus might think him almost formal and dull; but among his intimate friends he would bubble over. He was sarcastic, but most of all humorous. His humor was a most refreshing, sparkling, surprising thing. It never passed, especially in the evenings. If he could not sleep, and got you out in the "quid," at Christ Church, he would ramble about till midnight pouring out his stories. He had an exceedingly keen sense of comic situations and a happy knack of coming epigrams that made you jump with laughter. This humor so flooded his talk that you could not imagine how he kept it out of his sermons to the extent he did.

Liddon's great gifts were a brilliant imagination and a quick, keen eye for principles and the issues of things. He always saw the end of things directly, and had the disposition to classify—perhaps too quickly—to pigeon-hole them at once. He did not like indefinite things, and had a suspicion of anything that was not decisive and not clear in outline. As was said of him by J. B. Mozley, he would shy like a horse at anything suspicious. He had extraordinary quick and strong affections, and was easily moved on emotional grounds, quite immovable on the intellectual side when once he had taken up a position. He had a very strong temper, well kept under, but he could be roused, and I have seen him in the old days become so heated that the conversation had to come to a dead stop. There was a curious contrast between his fixed intellectual beliefs and his very warm personal feelings, the latter to some extent modifying the former. When he once came into contact with a person he was exceedingly elastic.

## Took Eight Men To Lift Her.

One of the largest women on record has died in Paris. She was known as the "phenomenal female," her real name being Victorie Tautin and her age only 19. Mlle. Tautin was not a giantess in height, but her girth was enormous and it took eight strong men to lift her out of her chair when she used to be conveyed for exhibition to a music hall. The individual who engaged her found that she did not pay her expenses owing to the cost entailed by her transit to and from the cafe concert, so Victorie retired from public life and lived quietly with her parents. Lately she had an attack of erysipelas, to which she succumbed. Her funeral was the event of the day in the suburban locality wherein she resided and great interest was manifested by the neighbors in watching the lugubrious preparations for the burial of the poor "phenomenon," whose remains were carried to the hearse and afterward to the grave on the shoulders of 10 of the most robust men in the employ of the company of metropolitan undertakers.

## A Queen Distributes Candy.

Gondal is a lilliputian Hindoo state in the Bombay presidency. Its area is about eight times that of London; it has 140,000 inhabitants, and rejoices in an army of 600 sepoy, with sixteen cannon and a squad of two of cavalry. The rane, or queen of this state, may, possibly enough, have asked whether the maharance, or great Queen of England, distributed sugar candy among the population of the British Isles on the occasion of her jubilee. It is what the Hindoo queen would have done. She dispensed sugar candy among her subjects of Gondal the other day, in gratitude for her recovery from sickness.—*London Daily News*.

## This Can Be Understood to Suit.

Bingley—There goes Shimps. He's the happiest fellow I ever knew. Always laughing and joking.

Bingley—Is he married?

Bingley—Didn't I tell you he was perfectly happy?

"Gail Hamilton," Abigail Dodge, conducts "a Bible talk" every Sunday afternoon at Secretary Blaine's.

A lamentable accident occurred yesterday at Austin, Man. A young farmer named Daniel Livingston, 25 years of age, was engaged in stacking grain, when he lost his balance and fell off the stack. He came in contact with a pitchfork when falling, and it ran through his body. He taken home, where he lies in a precarious condition.

At her home in Oporto a woman bull-fighter, Clotilde Mejaika, killed two bulls, and a week later, in Lisbon, she killed two more.

## A NEW GOLIATH.

The Strong Man from Westphalia and  
Stories of Lord Arthur Cecil.

Herz Sandow, who, it will be remembered, defeated Sampson in a conquest at the Aquarium, has unearthed in Westphalia, and brought to London for exhibition purposes, a gentleman who is henceforth to be known as "Goliath." This prodigy is said to possess the following peculiarities: One of his hands will easily cover a shoulder of mutton; the ring he wears on his forefinger is in circumference the size of a half-crown; he can span a foot from thumb to third finger; he can easily lift 800 pounds at once; he has never been defeated as a wrestler; and, finally, he is stated to have, in a contest with a mad cow, easily turned it on its back and held it there.

"With reference to the statement that the new Westphalian strong man, 'Goliath,' once laid a cow upon its back by the horns, it may interest our readers," writes a correspondent, "to know that Lord Arthur Cecil, a half-brother of Lord Salisbury, once told me a similar incident in connection with himself. Lord Arthur, though a short man, is of giant physique and enormous strength. He was one day walking through a field on his farm at Innerleithen, when a young bull rushed at him. Instead of turning tail, Lord Arthur coolly seized the animal by his horns and pushed him back, wriggling and struggling, inch by inch, till he got him into his stall, where he left him cowering and trembling all over."

It was Lord Arthur, who on one occasion, when traveling by rail, had his new man-servant get the tickets, which the man did, procuring two first-class tickets and seating himself in the same carriage with the master. Lord Arthur said nothing at the moment, but the next time he bought the tickets himself, one first-class, one third; giving the man the first-class ticket, he traveled third himself. On the next occasion the servant, being entrusted with the task, took two third-class tickets. *Pall Mall Budget*.

## A Trifle Pessimistic.

Early in the century there lived in Edinburgh, says the *New York Ledger*, a well-known krumpler named Sandy Black, whose oft-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel. The haddies and the eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"Confound it! madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife you would have known before this what I like!" Sandy growled out as he slammed the door, and a friend who was present heard his little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a disturbance to day. I shall not please him, do what I will."

The dinner time came and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him in a towering passion the former called out:

"Boiled chicken! That's it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!"

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked. In an instant a broiled chicken with mushrooms was placed on the table."

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, my dear!" said his wife.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife.

Rising from his seat, Sandy clenched his fist and shouted:

"How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

## Eat Before Going to Bed.

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should therefore eat before going to bed, having put aside work at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first or mashed potato buttered. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward.—*Somerville Journal*.

## A Salvation Reform Scheme.

Gen. Booth's new scheme of social reform is being matured and the general will soon furnish the public with full details in a book called: "In Darkest England and the Way Out." Having reformed the drunken, the vicious, and the starving and degraded poor, the general proposes to draft them out of the slums to home colonies. When they are transformed into honest citizens they will be shipped to salvation colonies beyond the seas, where the only tax will be one on land, as Henry George proposes. In this scheme of social regeneration the religious part of salvation is optional. The general has many new ideas to follow. His very latest scheme is a salvation matrimonial agency.—*London Star*.

What Women Ought to Know. What attracts a man is one thing; what will hold him and command his respect is quite another.

A woman's smile, for example, attracts a man; but an even temper retains him.

A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him.

A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him.

A knowledge of how, when and where to be a little stately attracts a man; an appreciation of the folly of frivolity wins his respect.

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

P. T. Barnum's Advice to the Young Men  
of To-day.

To young men who would "get on" in this world, and reach the age of four-score years, with happiness and prosperity, there is little more to be said. But I will refer them to a study of my own rules of action: Briefly, I would say—Be honest; don't spend so much as you make; don't smoke or drink; depend upon your own personal exertions, and do not leave important affairs to a third person; don't have too many irons in the fire; do not get above your own business, and, above all, be systematic. Advertise your business on all possible occasions; but attend to it, too, and see that your claims and promises made to the public are fulfilled. It does not pay to have a single customer go away dissatisfied. Nor does it pay to take money for services for which you do not render an equivalent.

The best working years of a man's life are usually between 25 and 60; but much good work is possible long after the three-score year mark has been passed. I can say, for myself, that every moment of my time is put to some definite purpose, and, though I have numberless calls and demands, I enjoy a reasonable recreation each day. Both work and rest, and joy also, should make up the sum of a busy life.—*P. T. Barnum, in Ladies' Home Journal*.

## Some Fast Telegraphing.

Buffalo News: During the Birkhill trial at Woodstock there was some remarkably expert telegraphic work done. John Hall, manager of the local office of G. N. W. Telegraph Company, made a request to headquarters for the swiftest men in the employ of the company. He was given Archie Peden, Dan Urquhart, W. Graham, Thomas Allen, C. W. McCall and Fred McLellan, who proved themselves thoroughly capable of meeting a great emergency. To Manager Hall and his excellent staff the News is indebted for very prompt and efficient service, and it is a pleasure to hereby give them public credit for their speedy and accurate work. On Monday, the last and greatest day, these men sent out 115,000 words between 10 in the morning and a little after midnight. This would make about eighty solid columns of the News. On the same day the C. P. R. branch at Woodstock sent out 80,000 words, and the wire at the depot was also kept at work, making over 200,000 words wired from Woodstock on Monday, or about 130 columns of the News. It was great telegraphic work. Dunlap's cable alone sent out of the speeches The Toronto morning papers and others not too far away were enabled to save telegraphic tolls up to 5 o'clock in the evening, sending copy by express, or the number of words wired would have been much greater.

## Execution at Glasgow.

On Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Henry Devlin was executed in Glasgow prison for having murdered his wife in Shotts in June. He had his death with a pair of tongs. The prisoner was much excited on Monday night, but great attention to the ministrations of Father Clifford, who was with him till 10 o'clock. After that the felon could not sleep. He paced up and down his cell, and if he dozed at all it was only for a quarter of an hour. Father Clifford and Mr. Alston, the governor, saw the condemned man at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. At 7 o'clock Father Clifford said mass, an altar having been erected in the lonely cell, while the prison bell tolled, his reverence administered the sacrament. Devlin refused breakfast. He submitted firmly to the pinioning and walked firmly to the scaffold. He was pale. Asked by Bailie Graham if he had any request to make, he said "None." Death was instantaneous. In fact, he had hardly touched the platform when the lever was drawn, and he was launched into eternity. Reporters saw the body immediately after the execution.

## Genuine Generosity.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied like any other if you expect to make it a success.—*London Tit Bits*.

## No Cause for Sorrow.

Ethel—I am so sorry your father has failed in business.

Isabel—Oh, don't worry. Mamma owns everything.

## He Goes to Church.

Woggy—How do you buy your music?

Boggy—Like my wog, by the chord.

Woggy—I prefer to get mine like my note paper, by the choir.

Mr. John H. Shults, owner of the Parkville farm, N.Y., has sold out. His 110 horses brought \$150,000, which makes an average of about \$1,366. While this average is large for so extensive a sale, it is certain that the horses sold cost Mr. Shults far more than they brought, and that he is deeply disappointed by the result. The famous stallion Panocast was knocked down for \$3,750 to Ben Johnson, of Bardonia, Ky., and will return to the blue grass region where he was bred. He is probably as cheap a horse now as he was the reverse when Mr. Shults paid \$25,000 for him. The most important sales of the day were as follows:

Nebusha, b.m. Stamboul.....\$6,100  
Gold Leaf, ch.m. by Sidney.....4,600  
Sally Grand, br.f. by Nutwood.....4,300  
Nut Pan, br. by Nutwood.....4,300  
Panocast, b.s. by Woodford Mambrino.....3,750  
Madeleine, b.m. by Hambletonian.....3,700  
Sawford, b.m. by Fiedmont.....3,350  
Susie, D. ch.m. by Aleyone.....2,500  
Issaquena, br.m. by Panocast.....2,100  
Miss Collins, b.f. by Ben Fish.....2,600  
Verette, b.m. by Nutwood.....2,500  
Stella, b.m. by Electioneer.....2,500

Of the above Stanford comes to Canada, having been purchased by Mr. H. F. Pierce, of Stanstead, Quebec.

It is estimated that \$20,000,000 annually has been flowing to New Orleans to feed the great Louisiana lottery octopus.

## BRUIN NAILED TO A TREE.

As True as a Great Many Bear Stories and  
Certainly Original.

Everett Paxson, A. Rudolph, Will Morris and Julius Jacobs, brother of City Treasurer Park, where they had been fishing, hunting and loafing for five weeks. They are as bronzed as Indians, and as fruitful in yarns as sailors, and as fruitful of small game, all of which was shipped east. As to large game, many bears were seen, but the gang fought shy of them. Julius Jacobs, however, had a wonderful adventure with a bear, which is worth recording. On horseback he rode some distance from the camp, and got away from his companions. Tethering his horse to a tree in the dense forest, he cast his eagle eye around for game, and when several rods from his horse he descried an immense bear glaring him full in the face. Jacobs wasn't loaded for bear. If he had been, it wouldn't have been a simple and ordinary bear story. The bear wasn't very troublesome, but whenever Jacobs started to retreat bruin would advance a few paces toward him. If he advanced toward the bear the bear would show his teeth and beat the bear a few steps. Thus, with considerable maneuvering, about the same relative positions were maintained. Jacobs searched all his pockets for a suitable weapon, and finally found a ten-penny nail. A bright idea seized him, and he carefully drew the bird shot from his gun and loaded it up with the ten-penny nail. The bear was standing with his tail against the trunk of a tree. Jacobs took careful aim, fired and nailed the bear's tail fast to the tree. The bear was now unable to advance toward Jacobs, and he retreated in safety to where his horse was tethered.

Arrived at this point, another brilliant idea struck Jacobs. He took his riding whip and returned to the scene of the adventure. He began flaying the bear with the whip, in spite of the bear's howls and protests. Finally the hide was so loosened that the bear jumped clear out of his skin and made his way into the woods with yells of distress. Jacobs calmly drew the nail from the tree, flung the skin over his shoulder, mounted his horse and returned to camp.

Unfortunately, while the caravan was crossing the Jefferson River the bearskin tumbled off and was lost. Jacobs, however, still has the ten-penny nail and can show it.—*Anacostia Standard*.

## A Terrible Indian Experience.

In a land of leeches you should think twice before wading in water. Otherwise you may emerge with a shaggy covering of jet black. Something like this has happened to two British warriors in India, Privates Speed and Davis, who, having left Bareilly for a day's sport and lost their way, were fastened upon by the leeches in the pools, which they had to cross bare-legged. The two soldiers wandered about hopelessly for nine days. Bareilly is near the jungles of Nepal, the favorite home of the tiger; but before the nine days were out Davis and Speed would have given up or two of their lives for the sight of a honest wild pig. It is a marvel that the two did not die of hardship. The heat in upper India in July is simply terrific. Yet the two survived it, exposed to the sun's rays during the day, sleeping in the open air at night. Not a village did they come across, not a human being, for the whole region was submerged by the yearly floods. They fastened off by being found nine-tenths dead beside the remains of a railway line. The first solid food they had in nine days was two "chupatties." A chupatty is a wheaten cake, not unlike a Scotch hannock. There's nothing about the restorative "peg," but doubtless it came in time.—*London Daily News*.

Not Quite What He Meant to Say.

Le Journal Amusant tells of an awkward compliment: He—"Pon my honor, madam, I should hardly have known you; you have altered so much."

She (sroily)—For the better or for the worse?

He—Ah, madam, you could only change for the better.

## Greater Than a Boon.

"You are very proud of yourself, I think, chappie."

"Yes, I consider myself a boon to mankind."

"Greater than a boon, chappie—say a baboon."

## A Murderous Committee.

A Constantinople cable says: An Armenian advocate has been assassinated in Stamboul by order of the Armenian revolutionary committee, who suspected him of betraying them to the Porte. Many arrests have been made in Stamboul and Pera.

## She Was Tired.

New York Herald: Theatre Hat Joke—What is the editor packing away so carefully in that box marked, "Handle with care?"

Plumber Joke—That's the summer girl. She's been used so much this season that she's positively worn out, but with careful nursing it is expected she will be able to resume her place on the staff by June next.

Two Roman Catholic priests from Europe, hired by Bishop Ireland as teachers in the Catholic College at St. Paul, Minn., have been detained at Philadelphia under the contract labor law.

## TROUBLE IN CHILL.

A Revolution Impending Which Will Be  
Fierce and Bloody.

Senator Juan Barrios, of Santiago, Chili, who has just passed through New York, has been a member of the Chilean congress and is well informed on matters along the southwestern Pacific coast.

"We are going to have a revolution in Chili, and that before very long," said he, "and I would not be surprised if it should turn out to be a very bloody one. There are a great many people in the United States interested in Chili, for there is a large amount of American capital invested down there, yet there is a phenomenal amount of ignorance abroad about our country and its condition just now. The truth is that a bitter contest has grown up between the president and Congress, and unless prompt means are taken to settle matters, bloodshed will be the result. The chamber of deputies has passed laws which practically cut off the supplies of the Government, and the President has responded by taking charge of the Government moneys on deposit in the various national banks, and as this sum amounts to about \$7,000,000, the President and his advisers feel financially pretty safe. But the Congress will demand the deposit of this money in the national treasury, subject to the laws made by the representative of the people. The President is a hot-headed, stubborn and brave man, and has the army with him; but Congress has public sentiment almost unanimously in its favor. The whole crisis would cease if the President would choose a new cabinet, the members of which would be in accord with the majority in Congress. But the President will not do this, and before long the world will learn the result. There will be bloody civil strife, and he will be dead or driven from the country, or its absolute dictator."—*New York Star*.

## The Emigration from Ireland.

Emigration from Ireland still continues at the rate of over 70,000 persons a year. There was, however, a drop from nearly 79,000 in 1888 to 70,477 in 1889. The decrease is principally in the emigration from Ulster. The loss of population there by emigration is less by 4,500 than in 1888. There is in Connaught also a diminution of over two thousand in the number of emigrants. Limerick emigrants numbered a little over a thousand fewer than in 1888; whereas Munster emigration is nearly stationary, 27,404 last year as compared with 27,719 in 1888. That province, it will be seen, furnishes by far the largest proportion of emigrants. Nearly 80 per cent. of Irish emigrants are between 15 and 35 years of age when they leave Ireland.—*London Daily News*.

## Spent on Cosmetics.

Miss Kate Field, who has been saying some pretty sharp things to her sex and about her sex, thinks that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union might well expend some of its surplus energy in reforming the women of America who spend \$62,000,000 a year for cosmetics, most of which are made of zinc oxide, calomel and similar poisons. "How," she asks, "can women vain enough to paint and dye their hair bring forth children stalwart enough to resist temptations that lead to all manner of vice, including drunkenness?"

Dr. Blakeley, Minister of Education for Manitoba, is ill with typhoid fever at his mother's residence, Cherry Valley, Ont.

"The world owes every man a living" and none but fools collect the debt.

In Central Park, New York, on a fine fall afternoon as many as 2,500 saddle horses are ridden.

There are 113 places in the United States named after "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

## DONL. 42, 90.

PISO'S CURE FOR  
THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.  
CONSUMPTION

SCOTT'S  
EMULSION  
DOES CURE  
CONSUMPTION  
In its First Stages.  
Palatable as Milk.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.  
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I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES  
GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once 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—H. G. BLOOM, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION SURELY  
CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for all above named disease. By its timely use thousands of lives have been permanently cured, and I shall be glad to send two bottles of my infallible Remedy to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their names and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, CANADA.