

THE WHIMS OF WOMEN.

THEY WAGE WAR AGAINST THE CORSET AND HIGH HAT.

But the Stage is Still Invisible and the Corset Factories are Running Full Time. —Hermia Writes About the Progress of Women's Reform.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—I have not the good luck to be a fashion writer, but fashion and current events are so inextricably tangled up this week that the humble chronicler of the latter must needs dip a little into the former.

The lord of creation is in rebellion against the foot-high decorations, which it is now his lady's pleasure to wear on the rear of her head-gear.

When she adopted the pancake hat with a modest little flower and a loop or two of ribbon at the back of it, to soften its sudden descent from the previous standard, he patted her on the back, swore that she was his "ownest own," and that he firmly believed she had permanently reformed, and would never again cause him by the wearing of obstructive head-gear, to imperil his soul's salvation with swear words; but that little flower shot heavenward with a celerity unequalled in the records of the past save by Jack's bean-stalk, and those loops of ribbon "grew," and they grew and they grew," like Mr. Finney's turnip, until they were half a yard high and had to be held in an upright position by wired supports.

Now when he goes to church they shut out the parson. That he stands quite cheerfully, but when he goes to the Broadway theatre to laugh his buttons off over Wang's comicalities, or to the Madison Square to refresh himself with the ludicrousness of the situations into which Jane's hero continuously stumbles into and out of, they shut out the stage and the actors, and that is beyond the limit of masculine endurance, and has driven him to say, not of the flowers and bows, but of the wearer's heads, that decapitation would not be too severe punishment.

A short time ago a man growled audibly in one of the theatres, at the Eiffel tower like decorations of a hat in front of him. "Oh," said its wearer, "I don't wish to interfere with your view; I will take my hat off," and she did so, depositing it in her lap. A subdued round of applause greeted the gracious act.

Everything possible was made out of this little event. The reporter took up his pen; the artist his pencil. In all the papers next day "the beautiful crown of hair she disclosed on lifting her hat," was sung as tresses have never been since Homer sang of Helen's, and it was unanimously voted and declared, that the women who failed to fall into line on future occasions, would be set down as bald-headed objects who were properly ashamed to show their bare, denuded polls in public.

Much was hoped from these tactics, but the very next evening hundreds of women sat through the thirty dramatic performances that are given in this city, nightly, and there was no like instance to record. It was plain to be seen that the campaign could not be fought out on that line, and the theatre-goer returned to his profanity, and swore with the acrimony of a man who has cherished hopes only to see them blasted.

The managers who are in sympathy with their dissatisfied patrons, have whispered together, but very guardedly, about requiring hats of the feminine persuasion to remain in the dressing room while their owners see the play, but woman, too, must be considered from the patronage point of view. If she should be huffed, the matinee would have to vanish off the face of Manhattan Island.

One impatient man, in the mechanical line evidently, has suggested that her posterior hat decorations be constructed hereafter on telescopic principals, so that when they are in the way of other people they can be reduced to satisfactory dimensions, and opened out again when the field is clear for exhibition.

The clever women who are lecturing this summer to Chautauqua Circles have concentrated themselves rhetorically in one grand attack on certain articles of feminine attire, to wit, the high collar, the high-heeled shoe, the tailed gown that comes and goes, and the corset that abideth with us ever.

Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, of Chicago, and Miss Frances E. Willard, the standard-bearer of the W. C. T. U., are leading the fight, and the corset has been their principal object of attack. Mrs. Parker declared that it has killed more people than whiskey, and Gladstone, it will be remembered, declared that "whiskey has killed more people than war, pestilence and famine," which gives the corset a pretty able record. Miss Willard kept up with her coadjutor by explaining that her idea of "the death line" was the waist line as defined by the corset. The trained walking skirt was denounced as a scavenger and a medium for the conveyance of revolting diseases.

Mrs. Parker further declared that a woman in ordinary house dress was burdened with fourteen garments, and in the interest of health and convenience this number should be reduced to four; and she earnestly advocated a speedy return to the draperies and the cestas of the ancient Roman matron.

While these ladies were telling the thousands of women assembled at Chautauqua what they ought to wear, the members of the Boston Dress Reform Club were busy designing a short-skirted costume which they intend to wear and to introduce to the public on the first rainy Saturday in October, or, if it should be a fine day, on the first rainy day thereafter; and every woman who believes in the unconventional, but is ashamed to face the Kodak and the critic alone, is invited to join the procession.

The costume is to be fashioned as to the waist, according to the wearer's fancy, but the skirt is to reach only a few inches below the knee, and its scantiness will be eked out by heavy boots and long gaiters made of Mackintosh cloth, or the gaiters may be discarded for mousquetaire or riding boots.

The war upon the corset recalls the beautiful Mrs. Jenness-Miller's crusade against it. In her "Talks to Women" she used to climb upon a chair, exhibit a faultless figure, clad only in the chemise and divided skirt (which she invented and wasted a fortune in trying to induce women to wear), and assure her audience that this same figure was round-shouldered, attenuated and hollow-chested when she gave up wearing corsets, and that all its suppleness, straightness and rounded beauty had been acquired solely by their disuse.

Even this subtle argument only converted those who were built on Jenness-Miller lines. Every woman who saw the exhibition longed to be convinced, but for the fat and flabby a single glance in the mirror at what one woman called her "loathsomeness," as she surveyed the blurred lines of her unrestrained figure, sent them flying back into their corsets.

The lawn-tennis-and-bicycle girl has given up hers. She found that she could neither be graceful nor effective in them, and the woman of the future may abolish them, for the trend of events indicates that she will be a trained athlete, and her muscles will be well-braced and there will not be enough superfluous flesh on her bones to make her look "loathsomeness," but for the woman of the present there is nothing but to hide her flabbiness in corsets.

PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Incidents That Explain the Why and Wherefore of Many Things.

Mr. Spurgeon has always been perfectly appalling in his readiness to deal with insolence in the house of God. The finest case on record is perhaps one in which three young fellows came in and settled themselves conspicuously in the gallery with their hats on. In vain the officials requested them to uncover. Of course, Mr. Spurgeon's eye was soon upon them, and leading his discourse around to the respect which all Christians are bound to show for the feelings of others. "My friends," he said, "the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I naturally uncovered my head; but on looking around I perceived that all the rest wore their hats, and so, not wishing to offend against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those three young Jews up in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show them when I visited their synagogue, and take off their hats." He would, indeed, be a pedant or a prig who could refuse a sympathetic smile of approval, even in the sanctuary, to a rebuke so genial, so witty, and so just!

A regiment of needy people sponged on Dumas (the elder) always; he could not listen to a tale of misery but he gave what he had, and sometimes left himself short of a dinner. He could not even turn a dog out of doors.

At his Abbotford, "Monte Cristo," the gates were open to everybody but bailiffs. His dog asked other dogs to come and stay; twelve came, making thirteen in all. The old butler wanted to turn them adrift, and Dumas consented and repented.

"Michael," he said, "there are some expenses which a man's social position and the character which he has had the ill-luck don't believe these dogs ruin me. Let them bide! But in the interests of their own good luck see that they are not thirteen, an unfortunate number!"

"Monsieur, I'll drive one of them away!" "No, no, Michael; let a fourteen come. These dogs cost me some three pounds a month," said Dumas. "A dinner to five or six friends would probably cost three as much money, and, when they went home, they would say my wine was good, but certainly that my novels were bad."

In the *Life of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington*, by his daughter, Lady Bouchier, it is stated that in February, 1842, the queen came, accompanied by Prince Albert, to spend a day at her admiralty house. The next morning her majesty went off to Spithead in her yacht to visit the *Queen*, a new three-decker, accompanied by admirals and generals, lords of the admiralty, and the Duke of Wellington. The duke was at that time far from strong, and he caused great uneasiness to the sailors by unsteadily mounting and descending the companion ladders with his hands encumbered with his large cocked hat and his umbrella, and pertinaciously refusing any help whatsoever. Many a hand was offered to relieve him of the umbrella, and none could imagine why the offer seemed to vex him so much, until it was afterwards learned that the offer of holding his umbrella had often been made by his admirers as a means of obtaining and carrying it off as a memorial of him.

An interesting story is told about Emperor William. An American girl pianist, who had never before played before royalty, obtained permission to display her ability to the empress and emperor. She of course was elated but at the last moment her enthusiasm was dampened by news that the emperor could not be present. She played, nevertheless, and while in the middle of an exceptionally intricate movement, a blonde young man came into the room, attired in an undress uniform. The American lady did not notice the addition to the company, particularly as his majesty intimated by a gesture to the empress and her surroundings not to rise or to disturb things by making any special obeisance. The emperor approached the piano, and stood listening attentively; at the conclusion of one of the morceaux he turned and paid some slight compliment to the performer. She received his words very coldly and did not rise, but fixed her eyes on the empress and suite in evident anticipation. The imperial lady, however, made no sign. The emperor, noticing the indifference with which his remark was received, looked for a moment angry, but his countenance cleared the next second, and, turning to the American, he smiled and said, "I do not think we are acquainted; permit me to introduce myself—I am the emperor!"

Hay fever takes a prominent place among the maladies that go to make life uncomfortable during this month. Through the use of Nasal Balm the sufferer will experience immediate relief and rapid cure. No other remedy equal to it for the treatment of hay fever and catarrh. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. and \$1 a bottle). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hamilton, Ont., Nov 12 1890

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DOMINION SECRETARY.

THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovered—Facsimile of the Cheque for \$1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

Toronto Daily Globe, July 25.—This is an age of doubt, especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefited fight shy of it, saying "it was 'cure,' cure" so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification of otherwise of it, was the special mission of a Globe reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, off Barton street, in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with that dread disease, locomotor ataxia—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waist downwards without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and even knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house, and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tithe of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphia pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of the United Empire Council, No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000, allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made, but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Council of the Royal Templars a cheque for \$1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man read the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but on April 14th—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed, and as he continued to take the pills he gradually

improved and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with smile-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said, "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many's the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment," by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good-sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall. "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy healthy-looking man of middle age with glowing black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man, suffering from ataxia. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it into the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphia. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a \$1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphia pills and the crutches. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water and I went on getting better and stronger, and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds today," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a think as again or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order, Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said: "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well known citizen and a reliable temperance man."

About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organizations are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care who is unable to follow their usual avocation, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty, it is true: he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upwards of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled—until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians was made and our Dominion Medical referee, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a cheque on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office once every day or two, and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building, just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the dominion secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in all his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by numerous cures. It may here be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an over-taxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexion, loss of memory, tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he received the first instalment he had sold nearly three hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, MacNab street, after suffering from ataxia for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main streets, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken three boxes of the pills, and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient, who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

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The old Duke of Nassau, who at seventy-five is hale and active, has a fortune of \$25,000,000 and is consequently set down as the richest prince in Europe. Much of his wealth represents the profits of the Wiesbaden Casino, and for many years the royalties from the gaming tables there flowed into his pockets in a veritable stream of gold. Besides that, in the old days he exacted a tax for every visitor to the Springs.

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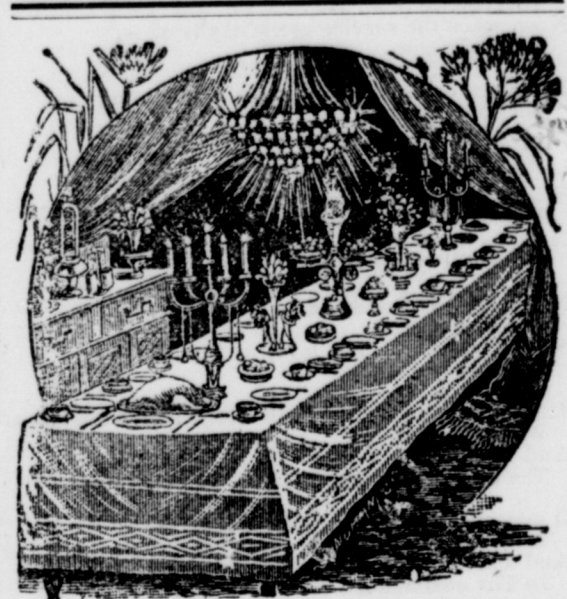
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Where all other remedies have failed, this mineral water always brings relief and cure.
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Proprietor Mineral Spring,
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