

# SANDOW WILL BACK OUT

WHEN EMIL JARROW ATTAINS HIS MAJORITY.

A Pale Cigarette Smoker of Eighteen Years Whom it Would Not be Well for a Strong Body to Mistake for a Weakling—His Great Strength.

At this time when the "modern Hercules" and the "modern Samson," and more "iron men" than one can count are before the public, it is both interesting and novel to find a modest, beardless boy of 18 years performing feats of strength that make many of the alleged wonders wonder what will appear next in the line of prodigies. Men who speak from authority say that it is only a question of time and proper care when young Emil Jarro will give performances that will appear as help- less as the real Samson when he was short of his hair by Delilah. This boy has lately been giving performances in barrooms and before clubs in the upper end of New York.

He has had neither manager nor press agent, but he has attracted the attention of a dozen or more prominent athletes, who agree that he is not only the strongest boy of his years ever seen on the continent, but is entitled to be ranked among the strongest of strong men. What he will do when his strength is fully developed, in from four to ten years, is a matter of prophecy.

The other evening the writer was one of a group of six men who saw this youngster's prowess. It was in an up-town saloon. The boy dropped in casually and leaned against the bar, and attracted no special notice. There are no signs of unusual strength in his appearance. He is five feet seven inches in height, and weighs 132 pounds. His chest is broad and his legs are well set, though not heavy. His neck is rather long and is not thick, as is common with prize fighters and athletes. The muscles of his arms do not bulge out the sleeves of his coat, and the buttons do not drop from his vest when he draws a long breath. In his rough dress he looked like one of a common class of barroom loungers. His countenance was a pale and unhealthy look, doubtless the result of his persistent habit of smoking cigarettes.

"Jarro, can't you show a few tricks to these gentlemen?" asked the bartender.

"What kind of tricks?" asked someone.

"Oh, different feats of strength. That is our strong boy," was the answer.

A general laugh followed when the men looked for indications of strength. The proprietor, a man weighing 240 pounds, sat down in an oak chair weighing twenty pounds, and said to the boy:

"Just raise me up for a starter."

The spectators gathered in a semicircle, while the boy lit another cigarette, and smiled. He stepped quickly over to the chair, took hold of one of the rounds with his right hand, and lifted the chair and man off the floor.

There was less laughing and more interest among the spectators. They wanted to see his muscles, and he stripped off this shirt. Then they saw a remarkable development of the arms and chest. The boy raised his right arm, and the muscles stood out in great twists and knots that curved and played into changing lines. He held his arm out straight. "See if you can bend it, any two of you," he said.

Two of the heaviest and strongest of the spectators threw their entire weight upon the extended arm. It withstood their efforts like a bar of Bessemer steel. The left arm is quite as well developed and quite as strong as the right. The biceps measure 14½ inches. The boy has remarkable power of grip, as is shown by one of his favorite feats, that of tearing a pack of cards with one motion. He also piles five chairs, weighing 20 pounds, on another chair, which he grasps by the lower round with his hand, turned upward. Slowly he lifts the pile from the floor, and raises it above his head without changing the position of his hand. Something of the strength required for this feat may be understood by the person who will try to lift one chair, even a light one, from the floor in the manner described.

Jarro expects that after a while his chest development will permit him to do the "carrying feat," as he calls the performance of Sandow when he holds two horses or a piano and orchestra on his chest. His chest now measures 38 inches. When it is expanded 3½ inches, it looks like the top of a Saratoga trunk. He has not yet tried the strength of his chest by serious tests, but has given nearly all of his trials with his arms. He lifts 800 pounds, dead weight, without a harness. He has never used a harness or any of the trappings which professional strong men sometimes employ to save their muscles and deceive the public. He is satisfied to give exhibitions in saloons and pick up a dollar or two of an evening to buy a bed, a cheap meal, and plenty of cigarettes.

One thing that he does is to write his name, not after the methods taught in writing school, but in an entirely original way. He ties a forty-pound dumb bell to the wrist of his right hand, and writes his name on the wall with more speed than most people can write on a table. It is a matter of doubt whether this feat can be done by more than two of the famous strong men of the day.

After the spectators had seen Jarro perform several feats, the bartender rolled an empty beer keg of the size known as the quarter barrel, out on the floor. It weighed 110 pounds. Jarro reached down and placed his little fingers, one under each of the iron-bound rims. With this slender support alone, he raised the keg squarely in front of him. He held it there for a minute, and then, grasping it with both hands, raised it sixteen times above his head. He also lifted the keg from the floor to a chair with the fingers of his right hand. This is another performance that strong men do not care to try. There are many men travelling about with shows who can toss about heavy iron balls and lift enormous dumb bells, but when it comes to performing feats of strength with their fingers they are outclassed by the boy. One of his cleanest and most satisfactory performances was given one evening in the gymnasium of the Spalding Literary Club at 34 West Sixteenth street. He picked up a 300 pound wooden "horse" from the floor and held it at arm's length from his body. The crack athlete of the club could barely move it.

A feature of this boy's strength is that it was not acquired, but born in him. It is

the fashion nowadays for the Sandows and the Atlases to write pamphlets and newspaper syndicate letters on the art of becoming strong, and to give directions for following certain methods which they have employed to acquire strength. Each has his own way and gives his own experience. Jarro never learned any of these things and he has no advice to give. So far back as he can remember he was the strongest boy of his years among his associates. When but five years old he could lift weights that could not be moved by boys ten years older. As he grew his strength increased in proportion to his years. He never worked in a gymnasium for any length of time, and has never been instructed in athletic work. He has a very studied the ways of strong men at their professional exhibitions, and has never had a lifting harness, because he never had enough money to buy one. He likes to show his strength when there is a little money in it for him, but his success has not increased his vanity to any appreciable extent. He is said to have a particular aversion to hard work. Last summer he was with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, when he was employed to care for and clean the guns, and see that there was always a supply of glass balls for the long-haired scout to break at his daily exhibitions. A few weeks ago a gentleman up town who became interested in the boy's work got a place for him at a club at Barrow-on-the-Sound. He worked one day and threw up the job. If not picked up by a clever manager he will probably be found around the saloons of New York during the winter.

## GENERAL HERBERT'S SUCCESSOR.

Will a Canadian Officer be Appointed Commander?

(Toronto Telegram.)

The advisability of appointing a Canadian to the general command of the militia, is always under discussion. General Herbert's term will be up at the close of the year, but by a special arrangement with the Canadian authorities his leave has been extended to November 1895. This fact no doubt accounts for the numerous references to a Canadian G. O. C. While all admit the advantages likely to arise from such an appointment, none are in a position to place their hands on such a man at the present moment. None are more alive to this fact than the officers of the force themselves. They are perfectly satisfied that on the termination of the present regime, either General Herbert will be reappointed or another Imperial officer will be sent out in his stead. While there are officers in Canada whose acquaintance with the country, its people, and its militia system, would be far superior to that of a stranger, there is not one whose experience or service or even in handling large bodies of troops can be for one moment compared with that of the important officer. It is hard to say which of these two requirements is the more to be desired, but the decided opinion seems to be on the side of experience. Perhaps the Canadian officer who stands out most prominently today is the Deputy Adjutant General of this district, and one over whose head it would be unwise to appoint a Canadian superior in command. But while Colonel Otter's acquaintance with the requirements of the militia and with the manner in which officers and men should be handled is admitted on all hands to be considerable, his lack of experience in the field would be an insurmountable barrier. Some are asking about the Royal Military College graduates that have taken commissions, and are now serving in the Imperial army. True, there are many, but these gentlemen are no longer Canadians, and while they are acquiring one of the necessary qualifications for the position they are rapidly losing the other. Besides, these officers never were in the militia of Canada, and know as little about it as General Herbert did on his arrival in this country. The authorities are evidently aware of all these facts, and are certainly taking the proper steps to meet them. The sending of Major Buchanan and Capt. Gaudet, of the infantry, and Capt. Hudson, of the artillery, for special courses with the Imperial troops in England, is one of these steps, and it is only by this means that officers will be raised who will have all the requisite qualifications. The manoeuvres in which these officers have been engaged for the past six months, are second only in importance to active service itself, and provide the only opportunity for Canadian officers to become acquainted with the movements of large bodies of troops of the different branches of the service. This policy will no doubt be continued by the authorities and these officers will be given further opportunities for improvement, and others started on the same road.

Officers so despatched should be provided with every facility for carrying on their work, both as regards allowance of time and money, and no obstacle placed in their way of acquiring a first-class military training.

The air is full of rumors just now regarding changes in the permanent corps. The latest is that two new positions are to be created. The first will be Inspector of Cavalry for the Dominion, and as mentioned in a previous issue of "The Telegram," will be filled for the first five years by Lieut. Col. Benson, 11th Hussars, son of Senator Benson, St. Catharines. The second will be Inspector of Infantry for the Dominion, and no one will be surprised to hear that Lieut. Col. Otter is to be the man. The command of Toronto will devolve upon Lieut. Col. Smith of London, or Major Buchanan, Lieut. Col. Count O'Sonsness is to be made D. A. G. at Sherbrooke, and the command at St. John's be taken by Major Gordon of Fredericton. Lieut. Col. Gray, B. M. at Montreal, and once the well known commander of the Toronto Field Battery, will be transferred to a position in connection with the artillery stores at Ottawa. It is not likely that the recent moves among the subalterns will be gazetted, and they will be looked upon simply, no doubt, as exchanges in the Royal Canadian Regiment.

## Trouble in the Museum.

"You'd better go and look after those fexks," said the assistant in the dime museum.

"What's the matter?" inquired the manager.

"The cross-eyed giant is courting the two-headed girl, and she's getting jealous of herself."

## THOSE SABLE ISLAND PONIES.

Placed There Over Two Hundred Years Ago. They Have Multiplied.

HALIFAX, Nov. 6.—Harvey made two unsuccessful attempts recently to ship ponies at Sable Island, the Government steamer Newfield cannot safely undertake to secure another batch of these animals for sale here this season.

The landing is far too rough for boating from the shore to the ship and will not probably afford a favorable opportunity again until next year.

Many men who were waiting to buy a pony from the expected batch will be disappointed. Two or three countrymen had arranged with Messrs. Shand to advise them of the arrival of the animals. The name of these Sable Island ponies has spread a long distance. Since the government assumed sole management of the island, over a thousand ponies have been sold in Nova Scotia. The destination of many of the number was elsewhere than in the province. Ponies have changed hands and drifted into other provinces.

At what time after 1633 the wild horses now found there succeeded the foxes cannot be told. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century a French clergyman named Le Mercier sent a 100 cattle to Sable Island. His family were to follow and he asked for a grant of the island but refused to pay quit rent and did not carry out his plan of settlement. The cattle were forbidden by proclamation to be hunted or destroyed. H. Simon, D. McLeod, and G. S. Hall, read papers on Sable Island before the Institute of National Science in 1883. In the course of his observations the writer remarked: In the immediate neighborhood of the ocean little else but sand is seen thrown up into every variety of drift, or scraped out by the wind into bowl-like hollows, relieved only by the stark timbers of many an unfortunate ship, washed by the waves or thrown high upon the shore, and the unceasing headlong plunge of the breakers, as each in turn rears its green head and breaks in a crest of foam as it rushes up the sloping beach.

As we mount the hummocks and descend into the lake valley the scene changes to that of a western prairie. Desolate wastes of sand give place to green knolls and waving meadows of tall, luxuriant grass, interspersed with wild pea. In the vicinity of the lakes can be gathered in their season, wild roses, lilies, asters, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries. Herds of wild ponies dot the valley and hillside. Here and there are fresh water-ponds girt with dense rank grass, where wild duck and water-fowl breed in thousands. Here is a long barren, known as the "desert," whose sands are as shifting as those of the Sahara, and equally as destitute of vegetation. This alternate barrenness and vegetation, fertile valleys and sand hummocks covers the entire length of the island.

The horses found wild here have been considered by Dr. Gilpin and others to resemble the wild horse of Mexico. It is generally thought they were landed from some Spanish wreck. They are small, but strong and active and show a power of endurance almost surprising, withstanding the inclemency of winter without other shelter than that afforded by the hillocks of sand. The English rabbit has at different periods been very numerous and threatened at one time to overrun the island.

But to their misfortune the Norway rat landed from an old vessel and in a short time became so numerous that they nearly annihilated the rabbits and then turned their attention to the stores on the island so that during one winter the staff were without bread for some months. In the spring after the government sent a detachment of cats to look after the rats. The cats killed the rats and then finished the remaining rabbits. In a short time the cats became so wild and numerous as to be a source of danger, when dogs were sent to hunt the cats and with the assistance of shotguns in the hands of the staff, the cats were finally exterminated. Again the island was stocked with rabbits, when a snowy owl found his way thither, and being so delighted at his find, disappeared and in a few days returned with his friends, who remained long after their kind were extinct, and still shows his kind remembrance by making periodical visits.

Until 1814 herds of wild hogs roamed the island, which became exceedingly fierce, often attacking the cattle. But during a very severe winter all perished. Since that time the species has not been allowed to range the island, since owing to their proclivity to hunt bodies in the sand, and devour those found in the land wash, they become objects of horror and disgust.

## How Indians Butcher Moose.

The following graphic account of the quick way in which Indians "butcher" is from the last Outing: "In two minutes the foremost boat had reached the body, had tied it to the stern, and with one impulse all turned toward the shore. As we landed, with a proper kodak zeal I seized the camera and ran up to take a snap shot of the skinning of a moose. But I was not quick enough. On the way I met two Indians, each with a hoof in his hand, a few steps farther another was seen carrying the head, and as I came up breathless the skin was almost off and great pieces of flesh already cut from the carcass. An Indian seized the smoking hide and ran off through the woods, followed by a dozen men. In his haste he tripped, fell headlong into a hole, and all the others came tumbling after him. In the melee another snatched the hide, only to lose it in his turn, and so the chase went on, amid shrieks of laughter. Soon afterwards, while returning to the boat, I saw an Indian seated on the bank eating a portion of the intestines raw. The contents of the stomach, half digested, are considered a great delicacy. We had fresh steaks for supper. I brought out a treasured little piece of jam, made from the tart Arctic cranberries, and had a veritable feast."

## How the King's Electrician Gets Paid.

Of all the Europeans in the service of the king of Corea, only one, it is said, is able to get his salary paid regularly. This is the electrician of the palace. His Majesty, together with his Court, has a most wholesome—or unwholesome—fear of ghosts; only magicians and the electric light can keep at a distance the unwelcome guests. Magicians are not always to be depended upon, while the electric light is better than

any charm. The electrician has, therefore, a very lofty and enviable position. Whenever the treasurer is behindhand with the salary, the electric machine is sure to go wrong and to leave the palace in darkness, so that the ghosts have it all their own way; and as nobody else understands the working of the machinery, the king and courtiers are at the mercy of the bogies until the shockers are duly paid over.

## BOSTON'S FOG SIGNALS.

The New Fog-Bells and Sirens at Boston Harbor.

A giant trumpet just beneath the piercing eye of the search-light, has been one of the wonders of Boston harbor all summer. The throat of this great wooden horn pointed out to sea, seemed large enough to swallow a fishing schooner, crew and all. As it lay upon the rocks, a huge wooden structure with an opening as large as a house, fair weather passengers have wondered what its voice would be when the thick, misty sky settled down upon the water.

Rough weather passengers may have heard its hoarse roar miles away, and not suspected whence it came. When the trumpet was silent, the people on the ships far from the light may have heard the booming of a monster bell which seemed to have come from the air above them, or from the southern shore. It they were harbor people, they knew that the bell and the trumpet were parts of the experiments which Major Wm. R. Livermore, the engineer of the 1st and 2nd lighthouse districts, was making at this light station.

The big bell is housed in now, and the recent hurricane which blew the giant trumpet into a pile of lumber saved the workmen the trouble of tearing it down for winter storage. The exaggerated fog-horn was not made to give a larger noise, but to ascertain whether it was practical to direct the sound straight out to sea. The platforms and screens which were built before the battery of bells and whistles, were to see whether it was an advantage to have the sound waves slide gently into the water, instead of being broken upon the rocks of the islands. All these structures were of a temporary nature, and are being removed for the winter, so that they will be spared from the storms for another season's work.

The great wooden trumpet which has attracted so much attention, is merely an extension built on to a third-class Daboll trumpet of ordinary pattern. The object of the extension is to ascertain whether a trumpet of this size will control the direction of sound. It is desired to find out what proportion of the sound this trumpet will send in the direction of its axis, and how far its influence can be felt. Although physicists have recognized that sound was controlled like light, by reflection, they knew at long distances the tendency to spread out in every direction was so strong that, at a distance of three or four miles, the sound could be heard as well behind the trumpet as before it. This is not the case, however, for when the trumpet is beside a large building, the building cuts almost all sound behind, so that the trumpet cannot be heard any distance distinctly. Trumpets have been tried before with a mouth ten feet in diameter, and their influence has been felt for a mile or two. With this big trumpet, which was twenty-five feet long, the sound is very much stronger in the axis than a little way either side of it, as far off as five or six miles.

Major Livermore has made a very elaborate report of all these observations accompanied by charts and diagrams, which will probably be published in an appendix to the report of the lighthouse board this year. The result of this work has been to remove from the subject the mystery which has surrounded it since the aberrations of audibility first attracted general attention.

## THE BIG MAN'S BLUFF.

How the Little Man Silenced a Bullying Braggart.

A big Frenchman was talking in loud and blustering tones about his many achievements in duelling as he travelled the other day, in company with several passengers, in the smoking compartment of one of our railway trains. In the corner opposite to him sat a small man quietly reading a magazine, and to him he leaned over and arrogantly said:

"Monsieur, what would you do if you were challenged?"

"I should refuse," was the unhesitating reply.

"Ah! ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! But if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel, or a public whipping; then what?"

"Ah! ah! I thought so. I thought so from your looks. Suppose, monsieur, you had tumbledly slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, monsieur, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, reach over like this, and take him by the nose and give it a proper sort of twist—just so!"

When the little man relinquished his grip of the big man's nasal organ, his neighbor slid away in abject terror, to escape the bullets which would surely be flying at once; but there was no shooting. The big man turned crimson—then white—then looked the little man over and remarked—

"Ah—certainly—of course—that's it—exactly!"

And then the conversation took a turn on the war between China and Japan.

## A Remarkable Shot.

A sporting gentleman, who had the reputation of being a very bad shot, recently invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on a barn door, with a bullet right in the bull's-eye. This he claimed to have shot at a thousand yards' distance.

As nobody believed him, he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it, and on one of his guests accepting the wager, he produced two witnesses, whose veracity could not be doubted, to prove his assertion. Since they both stated that he had done what he claimed he won the bet.

During dinner the loser of the wager inquired how the host had managed to fire such an excellent shot. The host answered—

"Well, I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of a thousand yards, and then I pointed the target round it."

# The City of Hamilton Stirred Up.

An Interesting and Well-Known Lad Taken Home from St. Joseph's Hospital to Die.

The Whole Staff of Physicians and Trained Nurses Declared His Case to be a Hopeless One.

AT THE POINT OF DEATH, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND CURES HIM.

One of the Most Desperate Cases Ever Known—Limbs and Body Swollen—An Unrecognizable Piece of Humanity—The Boy's Body is Tapped and Two Gallons of Water Taken Away—After Medical Skill Failed, Paine's Celery Compound Works Miraculously—All Statements Vouched for by Geo. LeRiche, Esq., Late of J. Winer & Co., and David Morton, Esq., Superintendent of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church Sunday School.

Young Aleck McIntosh, interesting, bright and good-looking, is a lad in his teens, and resides with his parents at No. 167 Catherine Street South, Hamilton, Ont. The members of the family are well and favorably known, and attend St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, LL., is pastor.

Some months ago, to the great grief and consternation of Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, their son Aleck was stricken down with a terrible swelling of the limbs and throat. Notwithstanding the fact that the boy was under the care of an able and experienced doctor, his condition became most alarming. At this juncture a consultation was held by three of the leading physicians of the city, and the result was that Aleck might have all the advantages of medical skill, and the constant attention of trained nurses.

At the end of four weeks Aleck's condition was more alarming than ever, and his parents were assured that there was no possible chance of recovery for their dear boy. He lay on his hospital bed perfectly helpless, and so swollen from head to foot that he was unrecognizable.

The sorrowing parents, feeling that there was no hope, and that the hand of death had secretly grasped their loved boy, wished to have him die in their home. As he was being taken from the hospital, those in charge expressed sorrow that nothing more could be done for the dying lad.

While at home, and at the point of death, a kind neighbor called to see him. A thought—a revelation—came to her mind. A joyous hope filled her motherly heart as she gazed on the dying boy, and he witnessed the intense grief of the parents. She remembered having herself used in an extreme case that great self-used in an extreme case that great life-giver and health restorer, Paine's Celery Compound. Would it meet this case where the vital spark was almost extinguished? Yes, she had faith that it would. The use of Paine's Celery Compound was suggested to the parents.

"Ah! yes, try it—try anything—if dear Aleck's life can be saved." The wonderful Compound was immediately procured and properly administered. The first dose produced results that gave the parents hope. There was a virtue in this medicine that no other remedy ever contained. The boy lived, and the medicine was continued from day to day with results that gave joy and gladness. By the time the fourth bottle was finished young Aleck McIntosh was well, and all his troubles banished. To-day he is as strong and robust as any boy of his age in the city.

All the physicians look upon the cure of St. Joseph's Hospital rejoice at the lad's restoration to health.

Scores of Hamilton's best people can vouch for every statement made in connection with this unparalleled case.

The statements made by Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, the boy's parents, are fully supported by two of Hamilton's leading business men. Such sterling proof of the value of Paine's Celery Compound, should strongly convince every sufferer, and all who have suffering and diseased friends, that there is no other medicine known to the medical or medicinal profession and the public, that can so effectually and honestly meet the needs of all.

It is the only medicine in the world that saves and cures the sufferer when he or she is given up by the doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McIntosh write as follows:—

"We are willing and anxious to give a testimonial letter in reference to the marvellous cure your Paine's Celery Compound effected for our son Alexander."

"The case is such an important one, and has attracted so much attention in this city, we would like it to be fully communicated to you and the public as possible."

"Our son Alexander was taken with swelling of the limbs, and in a few days after the throat was similarly affected. At this stage he was confined to his bed for about two weeks, when he became somewhat better. A short time after he got worse, the swelling affecting his whole body and limbs. He continued in bed under the close attention of one of our best doctors, when a consultation of three leading physicians was held, and we were informed that the case was so serious that Aleck would have to go to the hospital where the experience and skill of the whole staff of physicians could be employed, and where trained nurses would be in attendance day and night."

"For four long weeks our boy suffered and battled heroically with his disease. At the end of that time we were assured there was no possible chance of recovery. Everything had been done that could be done, even to tapping, under which operation two gallons of water were taken from the body. For two weeks after this operation he lay perfectly helpless, and so swollen from head to foot as to be unrecognizable."

"That he might die in our midst, we made arrangements to have him conveyed to our home. As we carried him out of the hospital the good people in charge remarked, 'they were sorry that nothing could be done for our poor dying boy.'"

"While Aleck lay in bed in our home a friend and neighbor called. She had used Paine's Celery Compound successfully for an extreme case of neuralgia. Our friend said she would write and ask you if it would be advisable to use Paine's Celery Compound, even in this terrible case of kidney trouble, attended with the worst form of erysipelas. You replied that it was very advisable to try the Compound and kindly sent us four bottles free of charge."

"God bless you for the good advice and the gift. He used the four bottles and no more, and today Aleck is as well as ever before, a marvel to his physicians and the whole staff of St. Joseph's hospital, and a large circle of friends in this city."

The above testimony of Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh, is vouched for by Geo. LeRiche, Esq., and David Morton, Esq., as follows:—

"The testimonial letter from Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh, in reference to the cure of their son Aleck by Paine's Celery Compound, has been submitted to us as neighbors and friends. Having visited this home many times during Aleck's illness, we do most willingly testify to the truthfulness of all statements made."

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YES,...

I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

BABY'S OWN SOAP,

and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.