

SOME CURIOUS FADS.

TROPHIES WHICH GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN GATHER.

The Lady-killer Who Appropriates Personal Property and Honors of His Conquests.—Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Spoons, and Other Objects Collected.

"The fine frenzy of the following of a foolish fad"—that is the way one girl describes the emotions with which she views the queer collection of things strung along the walls of her room. It is a peculiar disease, this fine frenzy. Most of its victims are young women, and it generally goes pretty hard with them while it lasts. The battered pigskin which the maiden's hero has kicked for a winning goal at football, the pennant which was first at the mark in a boat race, the banner which was waved from the top of a college coach, the cricket bat, the baseball mask—these are some of the dainty souvenirs with which the up-to-date girl adorns her white and gold boudoir.

Mamma and Papa sigh uncomprehendingly, 'tis true; but the other girls are filled with envy, and the boys think she is a brick, and so the contagion spreads. It isn't the girls alone who are the victims, either. The fad fever attacks some young men, and in a more malignant form, too, than it does the girls. It seems to be a feature of the disease that the sterner the sex is, the fiercer and more foolish is the fad.

Of course, sentiment is really inside of that cherished pigskin in the girl's boudoir, but you won't find any girl making a collection of the half-worn-gloves and handkerchiefs she has picked up and down-at-heel slippers of her masculine friends. Cast-off clothing doesn't seem to appeal to her as it does to the man faddist. He revels in wrinkled handkerchiefs, gloves which show signs of having been worn, and discarded parasols. The man with the most comprehensive lay-out of such articles easily imagines that his reputation as a lady-killer is established. He moons over them when the fellows are around. He looks unutterable things as he furls and unfurls a fan, and he gives the impression that he could tell a tale untold of what took place under the shadow of that rose-colored parasol which hangs spread over the corner of his divan (men with such collections always have divans), but discretion forbids him to speak.

Some times his love of himself and his desire to appear as a conquering hero is too strong for him, and then there is no more contemptible or deadly an enemy to innocence than he is. He takes his collection, item by item, and he remarks to his heart's content over it. The way he gressed the hand which once occupied this glove or received a stealthy and flattering pressure—"Gad! I was never more surprised in my life!" from the wearer of this other; the tears of disappointed love—"And, upon my soul! I never gave the girl one shadow of encouragement!"—which had been dried with this filmy kerchief; the flirtation which had gone on under that parasol—"I tell you, that girl was just a little too strong for even yours truly!"—the time he let that slipper—no words this time, but a reflective smile and a long pause.

If only these combinations of silk and mull and leather—or whatever they may be—could speak! It seems almost strange that the handkerchief does not stuff itself into his mouth and choke him, the glove take him by the throat, the parasol berate him across the shoulders, and the slipper administer a kick out of all proportion to its slenderness. Deliberate theft probably is at the bottom of his possession of everything except the slipper. That may have needed bridging of a small brother, or flattery may have gained it from the girl who likes to hear that she has the smallest foot which the conquering hero ever saw.

There is nothing easier than for a young man to acquire a collection of such apparent souvenirs. To pick up a handkerchief and put it into one's pocket instead of restoring it to its owner is the simplest thing in the world. The party glove which is taken off for supper is just as easily appropriated. Any young man of ordinary shrewdness can manage to break the stick of a fan, and if his conscience isn't too tender, say that he will get it mended, and add it to his collection.

"I'm getting sick of this," said one girl to a friend.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, Dick Brown carried off one of my party gloves at the dance last night, and it's the third pair I've had broken in as many weeks."

"Why didn't you tell him to give it back?"

"I did."

"And he wouldn't do it?"

"No, he wouldn't."

"I guess you'll have to tell your father and get him to do as mine does?"

"What's that?"

"Well, you know party gloves cost between \$3 and \$5 a pair, and as I have to get them out of my allowance, it makes quite an item. I lost so many through the boys stealing them that I just couldn't stand it. If they only take the different hands occasionally, so that you could match up the odd ones left, why, it wouldn't be so bad! But I always take off the same glove when it comes to supper, and so it goes. Finally I told my father that

he'd have to give me more money, and he wanted to know why, and I told him. He said he would attend to it. He made me tell him who had taken my gloves and then he sent a bill to each of the boys.

"Goodness!"

"Yes, I was awfully mortified at first, but I concluded that if the boys didn't care for anything about me except my gloves they might as well go, anyway."

"I don't think papa would ever do it."

"Well, you might try another plan. When you go to a party carry one of the odd gloves you half left and make 'em take that."

"But I don't want them to have any at all!"

"Neither did I, but that's all the good it did!"

"You can't take it away by main force. How are you off for handkerchiefs?"

"Oh, don't ask me! You remember those lovely Swiss embroidered ones that Aunt Mary brought me from Europe?"

"You don't mean to say they're gone!"

"All but one out of the half dozen. Aunt Mary is coming next week, and will be sure to ask me about them."

This, if the truth were only known, is the inside history of many of these sentimental collections. Of course it isn't always so. When a collector is a true faddist he is very likely to win the sympathy and interest of his girl friends. For instance, if he is making a collection of handkerchiefs, he will not lack for free-will offerings. It is quite different, so the girl knows, to contribute along with all the rest of the girls, and she will stretch a point to make her particular gift either costly or original. One young man has a screen upon which are pinned cascades of handkerchiefs. Some of them are of real lace; some were made by the deft fingers of the donor herself, and are vaguely described by the young man as "drawn work"; one of them is a child's Mother Goose kerchief, with bright red, green, and blue illustrations of the Old Woman who lived in the shoe, and other well-known jingles; a good many are of silk, upon which have been photographed the more or less pretty girls who gave them; one is made from a lace tree, and is a souvenir brought back from a girl's travels; another, an embroidered silk one, came across the seas to him from a steamer acquaintance who went to Japan; another is a big bright colored bandana from a girl who lives away down South in Dixie, and still another is a gay scarlet one from a tobogganing maiden of Canada. It is really an interesting collection, and the young man is probably no prouder of it than the girls were at being asked to contribute to it.

Another young man, a college fellow, seems to have an incurable mania for collecting spoons. His collection does not take the familiar souvenir spoon form. He doesn't seem to care whether the spoon is of pewter or fine gold, so he can get it without paying for it. He is a clergyman's son, but he seems absolutely devoid of conscience in the matter. He never goes to a hotel or restaurant without "stealing" one of the spoons to add to his collection. He cribbs them from the dining cars, from the lunch stands, from the soda-water counters, and yes! even from the tea tables of his acquaintances! True, in these last cases, he always sends some offering which, it is to be presumed, satisfies his ideas of justice, but the same may not be true of the loser of the spoon. He loves to go over his collection and tell how he acquired each piece.

"I'll never forget the night I got this spoon," he remarks, taking up a typical spoon with a large "W" engraved on the handle. "It was a Thanksgiving night; Princeton had beaten Yale, and we dined gloriously at the Waldorf. Here's another 'W'; a different one, you see. It stands for Wagner, and I hooked it on the dining car the last time I went to Buffalo. The prettiest girl I ever saw ate three dishes of ice cream with it, and I wasn't going to have it degraded to ordinary uses after that. Here's a Pullman one I sneaked out in Ohio just to get even with them because they wouldn't sell me a glass of beer until we got out of the State, and me as thrives as Dives and Tantalus put together! And here, flourishing a pewter one, 'is a relic of old Coney. I had to order another dish of ice cream to get that. I never did see a fellow keep such an eye on the spoons! You'd have thought they were solid gold."

"This one," displaying a plated spoon from which much of the silver had been rubbed, "I appropriated at a church sociable. I really had to do it to get even with the church, the ice-cream was so thin. This large spoon was acquired in the same manner, except that the occasion was an oyster supper. At first I intended to have an oyster engraved upon the bowl and send it back to the society as a delicate hint, but I needed it in my collection."

His trophies, by the way, were arranged upon racks after the fashion of pipes, and they make a glittering show. Not much more so, however, than the collection of buckles which another college man possesses. This collection really has some intrinsic value and interest, aside from the associations which go with it. There are buckles of gold and silver, of pearl and of jet; a turquoise buckle from Florence; a coral one from Naples; a tortoiseshell one from Capri; an enamelled one from Turkey; a filigree one from Russia; all of

them brought home, and worn, too, by the girls who gave them to the lucky faddist.

Another victim of the fever has his room apparently largely furnished with feminine wearing apparel. His waste basket is the big summer hat of some lygone summer girl; his tobacco pouch is a long party glove hanging pathetic and plump, by the side of his table. His friends say, however, that he never uses it, and that it hasn't been refilled for a year. His table cover is a steamer rug into which he devotedly tucked its quondam owner on the voyage over. He pecks the fire with the skeleton stick of an old umbrella. Above his desk there is a row of the queerest pigeonholes a man ever had; they are the well-worn muffs which once warmed half a dozen pairs of feminine hands, and they range from a big leatherkin to a ridiculous little affair of silk with violets, all faded and dusty now.

Still another young man has a mania for accumulating hat pins, and so stupendous is his collection that his friends accuse him of coming by a good part of it dishonestly. Strangely enough, 'tis honestly in fads of this sort really means 'honestly.' That is to say, if a man should go to a shop and purchase a specimen to be added to his collection, that would be coming by it dishonestly. But if he can hook it, or pinch it, or acquire it in several other models of expression whose words are to the same effect, he is coming by it honestly, strange paradox.

A fad which is really original is one which a New York young man with artistic tendencies has devised. He has always been in the habit of decorating his walls sketches, old prints, photographs, and such things, which he put up with thumb tacks. He has now devised the brilliant scheme of fitting buttons to the heads of these tacks. The buttons he begs, borrows, or steals from his feminine acquaintances, and he has become so full of the possibilities of his fad that he is constantly on the alert for buttons which will, so to speak, fit his pictures. It is told of him that on one occasion he saw a lady at a table near him in a restaurant. She wore a gown trim with buttons upon which was an imitation miniature of an old-time French beauty.

The lady put her elbow on the table, and the untapped faddist perceived that her sleeves were ornamented with half a dozen tiny buttons of the same sort. He became uneasy; absent minded; ceased to pay attention to the meal or his friends. Finally he took a knife out of his pocket, put on his hat, walked over to the other table, said "I beg your pardon," clipped four of the tiny buttons from the sleeve of the astonished woman, opened the door, and fled before any one half realized what he was about.

"I knew they would be perfect with this old print of Diane de Poitiers," he said triumphantly, as he showed them to his friends later.

One of the most interesting fads, in the depth of its possibilities, is one which a certain young book lover of this city has developed. He has, to begin with, a great love for beautiful bindings, and luckily he has the means to gratify his taste. He displays with infinite pride certain gems from the Dove Bindery, without which he thinks heaven would be but poorly equipped. But it was when he came across a book which was lined with silk that he began to develop the latest form of his mania. The silk is on the inside of the cover and the corresponding side of the first and last leaves. The young man at once saw the possibility of selecting a silk which should harmonize with the binding. Then it occurred to him that he might make the silk a connecting link between the binding and the book by making it harmonize in color with the cover and in spirit with the book. That is to say, a dainty flowered and striped Watteau silk should go with "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette," a vivid scarlet with "Carlyle's French Revolution," an old Italian brocade with an edition of "Romeo and Juliet," and so on. Finally he found another possibility in his fad. It was to get the silk from some women of his acquaintance whom he had seen wearing it. This introduced still another feature. He must now get the silk only from a woman who seems in harmony with the book he is going to bind. With all these restrictions the young man is binding fewer books, but he gets a heap of satisfaction out of those he does bind. There is one trouble, and that is that he is unmarried. It may be that when he does take unto himself a partner of his joys and sorrows and a reader of his books, those bindings will create a little curiosity in the mind of his wife. What if, after all these hours of study and comparison, these days spent over tea tables and these weary nights in the ballroom, all in the hope of surprising a coincidence between leather, literature, silk, and spirit, all those bindings should have to be altered, and samples of the bride's wedding gowns take the place of those laboriously chosen triumphs of insight and comparison! Then the fad would have come to naught, that's all; still, as that is the ordinary fate of fads, it might not be such a dreadful thing any way.

Two Picture Galleries.

Henry Mosler, the artist and ex-Cincinnatian, was introduced on Change yesterday. President Van Loo, of the Art Club, vouched for him, and his brother, Max, chaplained him. He was the center of an admiring group almost constantly. Col. Dietrich, the city's finest, was there, too, and after the doughty superintendent of police had meandered about a spell scrutinizing the weather map, tarried a bit in the grain corner and saluted the superintendent of the chamber with courtly grace, he was introduced to Mr. Mosler.

"Welcome to Cincinnati," said the big king policeman. "Welcome to Cincinnati."

"You must come down and see my pictures next week," was the artist's greeting.

"And you must drop in our big city hall and let me show you my picture gallery," gaily responded the superintendent. "I have 4,000 pictures down there of the greatest rogues in the country, and there's the Bertillon system and our big police force. Come down and see how they compare with those fellows in the old country—ah! and the chief's face took on a look of pardonable pride. 'I tell you they are the dandies.'—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

WHALES IN WATERSPOUTS

The Leviathans Stood Up Endwise and Whirled Around Like Tops.

A school of thirty large and healthy whales, battling with a half dozen waterspouts during a terrific hurricane, was the unusual sight beheld by the British steamer Bendo on July 3 while passing Cape Hatteras.

It is seldom such a large number of whales is seen at one time, and it is not frequent that six huge whirling, roaring waterspouts sweep down upon a vessel, so that when a half dozen columns of water are met by an army of sea monsters the event becomes of considerable importance and interest to seafaring men.

Through the Bendo, which arrived at Philadelphia on Monday last from Rio Janeiro, travelled over the route upon which sea serpents are frequently seen, there is no claim made to having sighted any of these very common reptiles, and for this reason the crew asserts that the terrible marine fray which they witnessed must be accepted as truth.

The waterspouts caused by the cyclone on the day were of immense proportions, measuring about 150 feet in diameter at the base, and tapering up gradually like a huge cone to a point where the diameter was less than a foot. Above this the cone was formed in inverted shape, until it resembled a great funnel. There were six of them and they resembled beautifully tinted columns, supporting the heavy masses of dark black clouds above, while below rolled the Atlantic.

The Bendo struck the storm about noon, and had considerable difficulty in weathering the hurricane. When the crew first caught sight of the waterspouts they were moving down on the steamer at a rapid rate and threatening to engulf her. They were in a line and swept forward in such regular order that they resembled a squad of soldiers moving under orders. When the towering masses of water, which the crew of the Bendo already decided would cause their death, had arrived within less than half a mile of the ship, they veered off to the windward, and then the truthful sailor men beheld the strangest sight in all their nautical experience.

Capt. Doyle gave a graphic description of the scene as he beheld it. After telling of the storm's approach, he said:

"It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the waterspouts turned on our windward, and we were watching the beautiful sight when we saw a great number of large whales among the columns of water, spouting streams of water into the air, and lashing the water into foam with their tails. There were at least thirty in the school, and from their actions it was evident that they were engaged at the waterspouts, for with dumb fury they would blindly rush into the whirling cores, as if to scatter them to pieces. It was an awful sight."

"A huge whale would swim off a short distance, and then with a spout which increased his momentum as he proceeded, would dash his many tons of weight against a waterspout. Striking as he would the cone, there would be caused a derangement of the spiral movement; the column would totter, and then in an instant the mass of hundreds of tons of greenish water fell back into the ocean with a mighty roar."

The whales were then in glee, and would sport among the water as if pleased with their victory.

"But the cyclone movement would re-establish the connection between the clouds and the sea, and a new waterspout take the place of the one destroyed. The excitement became tremendous, and the whales rolled over one another in their fierce battle with the forces of nature. Some would dive into the waterspouts and be carried into the air a few feet, only to be hurled back into the ocean, while the cone broke over them. Others would throw their heads far out of the water and almost rise erect in the ocean. A few would reverse their position, and when they rushed into the fight their tails would be thrown into the air and the rotary movement of the sea would spin them around like tops. They did not appear to tire of their attempts to destroy the waterspouts, and during the four hours in which we were in sight they were constantly engaged."

"The prevailing tempest made the affair one of the weirdest things imaginable, and never before in my life have I seen anything like it."

An Arctic Night.

Early one morning, after vainly endeavoring to sleep, I went outside. The stars were shining in a sky of dark, rich purple lightening to a yellowish tone on the northern horizon; the vast desert was a great mass of delicate lilac and green, and the igloo a brighter note of the same color. The dogs, curled up in balls, and almost covered by the snow, were so many black spots. The wind blew shrill and chill, and the snow streamed and eddied in long veils over the lonely desert. The tents flapped like great birds alighting, and the wind-gage kept up a monotonous tap-tap-tap. The utter loneliness and desolation of the scene were so penetrating that I was glad to creep over the recumbent forms of my companions into the shelter of the sleeping-bag, where I shivered and dozed until the bright sun called us again to life and action.—"An Arctic Studio," by Frank Wilbert Stokes, in the July Century.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANO FORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leschetizky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.

Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

PLEASANT TO TAKE
DROPPED
ON
SUGAR.

JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE
LINIMENT
CURES
COLDS
CROUP
COUGH
COLIC
CRAMPS

All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power and are loud in its praise ever after.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

For Internal as much as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.