POETRY.

FAR DOWN.

Far down, far down in a chasm,
A chasm of longing and pain,
The scurge of a sad-soul'd river
Soft sobbeth a slumberless name;
'Tis thine, Oh, 'tis thine that the river,
The river with sad sobbing swells,
Soft sighteth and singeth forever.
Oh, love, like the dying of bells.

Far down, far down in my bosom,
Far down in its red floods that glow,
Is glass'd and engraven forever
A face that entralleth me so,
'Tis thine, oh, 'tis thine, and its beauties
Shall never, no never depart;
But burnish with harlos of heaven
The sad depths of a fond, fond heart!

—[Ernest E. Leigh.

SELECT STORY.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUED.

He felt less hopeful than he had done in the winter. Then he had hesitated because he feared Evelyn was unworthy of him; now he felt unworthy of her. The look of pitying concern on her face as she bent over the unconscious lad had shown him much of her real character. There were still many obstacles in the way, certainly; there was the silly vain mother and worse the odious Captain Gordon, but Sir Ralph felt he would face these difficulties if he only felt positive that Eve was all she appeared—gentle, true and pure—and he did feel positive of that now. And Eve, knowing nothing of his thoughts, talked in her cool dainty way, making him feel that she was very very far away from him.

He went into the cottage with her, and after giving the woman a couple of sovereigns, waited outside in the small untidy garden where two lean fowls were raking the dry stone beds, and where three dirty little children watched him with wondering curiosity.

It seemed to him that Evelyn was unnecessarily long in that close stifling dwelling, with its tiny dusty windows completely blocked up with geraniums. She was behind those plants, he knew, talking to the whining miserable woman when she might have been in the fresh air and sunshine with him listening to that long deferred tale of love. Yes, he intended to ask her this very afternoon; he would tarry no longer, lest he should lose her altogether. She came at length and was surprised to find him waiting.

"Your poor horse!" she said, passing through the gate he held open for her, "have you forgotten him?"

She had removed her gloves and on the third finger of her left hand a broad gold band gleamed in the bright light. Sir Ralph's eyes fell on it and he caught his breath with almost a cry.

"Evelyn, what is that?"

She was startled by his manner and the color rushed into her face as she saw her eyes fixed on Carlyle's ring.

"Did you know—but of course that is not likely. I am engaged."

"And to whom?" he asked shortly, and Evelyn, resenting the tone, merely raised her eyebrows in surprise and said nothing.

"Forgive me," he hastened to apologize, "but this is a shock. Evelyn, I have loved you so long and now find it is hopeless.

"You loved me!" the girl said disdainfully.

"Yes, I," he answered gravely, "loved you and still love you, and hoped to make you my wife."

"Then—why did you go away?" she asked, raising those serene blue eyes of hers to his face.

"Because I was a fool," he answered bitterly; "I had not the power to discern what was real and what was false. Long ago I pinned my faith on a woman who proved herself unworthy. I thought then never to believe in another; then I met you and doubted and hesitated till too late."

"Yes, it is too late," the girl repeated, and they walked on in silence back the way they had come, across the sun flecked meadow, yet both felt the brightness had gone from the day leaving it dull and dreary. Neither spoke again until they were in sight of the road, then Sir Ralph paused.

"Evelyn, you will let me be your friend, your true staunch friend for always?"

"If you wish it," she said gently, and then they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

EVELYN had barely reached Grey Friars, when the carriage came from the station; she managed to be at the door to welcome her mother, and the servants were assembled in the hall. The footman sprang from the box, opened the carriage door, and Captain Gordon stepped out; even then Evelyn thought he hadn't improved; he appeared more jaunty and insolent, and his knees seemed to give under him in a curious way. He handed out his wife with great ceremony, but Evelyn drew back with a sudden look of horror, which the next instant she overcame, and descending the broad white steps she said cheerfully—

"Welcome home, mother, at last."

"That's right, Eve; glad to see you," Gordon said, patting her shoulder as he followed the two ladies into the house, where Mrs. Gordon at once sank into a dreadful little bundle of finery. "Is there no tea?" she inquired peevishly. "I am so tired, Evelyn—perfectly dead."

"It's a warm day for travelling," the girl said. "But here is the tea, mother, and then you can lie down and rest."

"How d'ye think your mother's looking?" Captain Gordon inquired, sitting on the sofa with his legs sprawling out in front of him.

"Not very well," Evelyn said with what politeness she could: "You have been doing too much, mother."

"Yes, that is it. We have been sight seeing all the time, and it wears one out so," Mrs. Gordon said with an odd feverish haste, mingled with an affectation which made it appear ludicrous. "Yet you, Evelyn, who have been leading a quiet country life appear perfectly ghost-like. What have you been doing? Falling in love?"

"I will relate my doing and misdoings later," Evelyn replied, with a lightness which she was far from feeling.

Her mother's altered looks perplexed and worried her; she was far more painted than she had ever been before, but the blackened eyes were sunken, the rouged cheeks hollow, and there was a restless nervous expression on the poor daubed face which was pitiful to behold. Evelyn noticed too that when she spoke she glanced uneasily at her husband, who was full of swagger and bravado, occasionally looking at his wife with a hateful pretense of affection; she noticed also, later on, that he never left her alone for any length of time, always hanging about within earshot, or coming in and out of the room in which they chanced to be; she tried in vain to get her mother alone, and the woman herself seemed to shun her daughter.

A few days after Gordon's return, Nigel Carlyle came down from town and put up at the village inn, calling on Mrs. Gordon the same day to tell her of his engagement. It was the first time either the captain or his wife had heard it. They were all sitting under the verandah when he called, taking afternoon tea, at least the ladies were; Captain Gordon had a small table to himself on which stood a box of cigars and plenty of brandy and soda water.

"I know Evelyn has not prepared you for the news I bring," Carlyle began, and Evelyn at once rose and walked away into the garden.

"Out with it, my boy," Gordon cried, bursting into a loud laugh. "You are going to follow our example, I suppose, and take each other for better or worse. 'Pon my word, you've been up to a nice little game during our absence."

Carlyle colored with annoyance.

"Evelyn has consented to marry me," the young man said, addressing himself to Mrs. Gordon, whose eyes were fixed on his with painful intensity.

"How soon?" The words were scarcely audible—he guessed them from the movement of her lips.

"We have fixed no special day at present, but there seems no reason for any delay."

"Certainly not," Gordon declared. "I don't believe in long engagements myself, you get sick of one another before—Well! what's the matter, Mab? You don't look over pleased, old lady."

"Yes—yes, Val—of course I am," she cried spasmodically. "Oh, I am very glad—dear Eve!"

The captain laughed again in an unpleasant sneering way.

"Oh, yes—of course you are, my love—your delight is taken for granted. Bring the girl here, Carlyle, and let's congratulate her."

Nigel followed Evelyn but with no intention of bringing her back. He found her wandering in the garden, and noticed with a sinking heart the wistful sadness of her face. She smiled upon him when she perceived him and let her draw her hand within his arm, asking—

"What do you think of mother, Nigel? Has she not altered?"

"She has indeed," he admitted. "To my mind she seems afraid of him."

"I knew how it would be," the girl sighed. "I knew he would make a bad husband."

"When we are married, Eve, we must take her away. I want you to say, dear, when that day of all days is to be."

"Oh, not yet—not for a long time," she cried shrinking back; then seeing the pain in the kindly grey eyes added—"It is too soon to think of that yet; let us grow more accustomed to each other."

"Very well, dear," he said quietly; and she, guessing how she had hurt him, tried to make up for it in many little ways. She gathered a flower for his coat, pinning it in with her own pretty white fingers, and altogether being so bright and sweet poor Nigel was more passionately in love than ever.

That evening after dinner Captain Gordon, who had taken an immense quantity of wine, fell into a heavy sleep in the drawing-room. He was not a pleasant spectacle to look upon, sliding half out of his chair, his arms hanging helplessly beside him, his head lolling on his breast. Evelyn moved away behind a screen so that she might not see him; but the heavy breathing and gutteral sounds he gave vent to were clearly audible. She glanced across to where Mrs. Gordon sat pretending to read, but in reality watching her lord and master; perhaps thinking of those brilliant dreams of the county set over which she was to have reigned as queen—the gaiety and glory for which she had dropped all her old friends. Poor woman! nothing could have been quieter than the life she led; yet she never complained.

Evelyn puzzled over that more than anything; she knew how uncongenial the dull country life must be to her mother; how at one time she would have railed against the fate that planted her in a lonely country house. But now no word of discontent ever escaped her; she was sitting with a book before her face her restless eyes on the evil visage opposite. Evelyn coughed gently and Mrs. Gordon started guiltily.

"Mother, shall we go upstairs?" she whispered. "This snoring is not musical."

Mrs. Gordon held up a warning hand. Twice she essayed to speak, but was afraid to do so; then she took from her pocket a pencil and wrote on an old envelope—"Say nothing, he may hear you." Evelyn shook her head, answering, "No fear of that."

It was then that Mrs. Gordon crept from her chair and almost crawled to her daughter, growing pallid with terror when her dress rustled or the sleeper stirred. Kneeling beside the girl she laid her trembling fingers on her wrist.

"You will not desert me, Eve?" In the lowly spoken words was a ring of passionate despair, and Evelyn put her arm about the trembling form as if to protect the weak woman who by her own folly had made a wreck of her life that had, until her second marriage, been almost free from care.

"Mother, you shall leave him and come to us," the girl said, her heart full of compassion, yet thrilling with angry indignation against Captain Gordon, whom she loathed most intensely.

But Mrs. Gordon clung to her the tighter.

"That cannot be—but never leave me, Eve, swear you never will! He will murder me if we are are alone."

At that moment Captain Gordon slipped from his chair to the floor, upsetting a table of Venetian glass, which came crashing down by his side and partly drowned Mrs. Gordon's shriek.

"What the devil are you doing?" he asked, blinking furiously at his wife, who began to indulge in feeble hysterics on the sofa.

"Come away," Evelyn urged; we are not bound to stay in the room with that man."

"Leave that painted old guy alone," Gordon exclaimed, waxing more furious. "I've had enough of her. Gad! I'd like to—to—to——"

He sat amongst the broken glass, grinding his teeth and clenching and unclenching his hands, a diabolical picture of concentrated fury.

Evelyn's heart beat quickly; she had never witnessed such a scene before. She stood by her mother's side, her breath coming a little hurriedly, her lip curling disdainfully as she watched Gordon attempting to rise. He did get on to his feet at length, and staggering to the mantelpiece leant against it; his hands were cut and bleeding, his face was smeared with blood. Evelyn shuddered; and he turned his small glaring eyes upon her with such a murderous expression, that, much as she wished to hide the degrading sight from the servants, she had serious thoughts of summoning them for protection. However, he saved her the trouble by ringing the bell himself; when the butler appeared, saying, "Brandy—sharp!" He stood in silence after that terse order, still glaring at Evelyn, who remained by Mrs. Gordon. Poor woman! she was nearly frantic with fright, holding her handkerchief over her mouth, trying to stop the hysterical sobbing.

The spirit was brought with all speed; and the captain, having taken a stiff glass, walked with a staggering jauntiness from the room. After a few seconds the hall door was opened and closed, and Evelyn exclaimed with a sigh of relief—

"Thank goodness, he has gone out."

At this pleasing intelligence, Mrs. Gordon sat up and whispered—

"Go and ask; let us be certain."

Captain Gordon had gone out, and had left word he would not be back till late; so the servant informed Evelyn. She at once imparted the news to her mother, who by that time was weeping quietly. The girl took a low chair beside her. Neither spoke for a minute or two; then Evelyn said—

"Mother, what is the meaning of this—is he mad?"

Mrs. Gordon began to sob and gasp again, but Evelyn was firm.

"You must tell me," she persisted. "I have seen so much, it is absurd to hide anything; besides, I cannot help you unless you trust me."

"But he will kill me!" the elder woman wailed. "You don't know him—he will kill me! He is not a man, Eve, he is a fiend—a demon!"

"Tell me all you can, mother; you need not be afraid, he will not hear of it. Tell me everything."

"Eve, he is drinking himself mad. He was raving when were abroad; once it took six men to hold him, and oh! how I hoped he would die. But he got over it, and was careful for a time, but yesterday and to-day he has taken nothing but brandy; he is going mad again. I am so afraid, Evelyn—I wish I was dead! And he has no money, and no friends, and he is living on my capital, spending every penny; and he never was in the service, and he always has led a disreputable life."

Poor Mrs. Gordon told her tale of woe in a high pitched whining voice. It was much what Evelyn had expected to hear, perhaps a trifle worse, but only a trifle.

"You must leave him at once," she said with decision; "he has no right to touch your money."

"He persuaded me to make it over to him," Mrs. Gordon admitted, looking rather ashamed of her folly, and after that silence again reigned between them; Evelyn with her chin resting on her hand, her straight brows puckered over her blue eyes, was wondering how she could best help her mother, when both were startled by a sudden pushing forward of the blind which hung before the open French window; another instant and Captain Gordon stood in the room. He had been listening, both women guessed that at once—Evelyn with unbounded indignation and disgust, Mrs. Gordon with a terror beyond expression; the latter shrieked wildly, rushing to the door, tearing at the handle, and falling to the ground a shapeless shaking bundle of fine clothes.

Gordon stood with folded arms, sneering and jerking his head as he watched Evelyn with difficulty lift Evelyn into a chair. The servants came rushing up with white scared faces; all was confusion. Someone galloped for a doctor, others helped to carry the senseless woman up to Evelyn's room, for unhappy Mrs. Gordon was in a fit. Not till the morning did she regain consciousness, then the doctor and Evelyn who were watching by the bedside, saw that an awful change had taken place. The poor weak little mouth was all drawn on one side, and one eye was slightly turned in. The last few months had become a blank to her. She was once again Mrs. Palmer, and talked of Dick and her boy lovers, and babbled about her dresses and bonnets in a vague senseless fashion.

"Is there any hope," Evelyn asked, and the doctor shook his head. "I am afraid not. Will you break it to Captain Gordon?"

"I would rather that you did so," Evelyn said.

But afterwards it was discovered that there was no need for anyone to break the news to Captain Gordon, for that sly foxy faced man had gone forever from Grey Friars.

That night while Mrs. Gordon lay between life and death, a dark figure crept from the old grey house, and when the morning dawned Captain Gordon was far on his road to more congenial climes; he carried with him a shabby unpretentious looking black bag, which however contained a valuable burden, for after some days it was found that all Mrs. Gordon's jewels had gone with her second husband.

It was on the morning of his disappearance that Carlyle received an urgent summons from Evelyn to come at once. The note was given to him while he was at breakfast, and having read the hastily penned lines he rose instantly and went out. It was the first time Evelyn had sent for him or asked him to come; the very fact that she wanted him gave Carlyle delight—his hopes of winning her affection had risen with a bound; and as he walked at a brisk pace along the country road, he allowed his imagination to conjure up such a picture of future bliss, that when he encountered Evelyn's grave anxious face he bounded quickly back to earth and facts once more. The loving wife, the kiss, the close fond clasp of hands, had all been a dream, and he was listening to an apology from Evelyn for having sent for him at all.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GREATEST CROP SINCE '87.

Robert Gerrie has returned from a short trip of inspection of the wheat fields to the west of Winnipeg, driving some twelve miles out, says Thursday's Winnipeg Free Press. He says Manitoba can expect this fall one of the greatest crops since 1887, if all the fields are in as good condition as those seen by him. The head of the wheat is longer than usual this season, the average being from forty-three to forty-five kernels per head; the berry is well formed, is now in the milk, and the wheat fields he visited should be ready for harvesting about August 15. Some barley will be ready for the reaper in two weeks' time. Mr. Gerrie says the wheat fields of Messrs. Barnes and Wetherall will average over forty bushels per acre.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

I suppose it is quite cool in the Scotch Highlands, even in summer, said a Pittsburger to a friend who had been in Scotland. Yes, the latter replied, the hills wear their furze all the time.

SMOKERS' YARNS.

How a St. John Man Communicated with his Best Girl.

[New York Herald.]

We had just finished our little game of cards and had gone on deck for a final smoke before turning in. There were four of us in the party and we started a desultary discussion about the future "ocean greyhound" making the trip between Sandy Hook and Queenstown in four days. This gave the man with the pensive cast of countenance, who during the poker game had several times come to grief by outrageous bluffs, a chance to mount his hobby. He had a theory that the more the inventions of men tended toward the annihilation of time and space the nearer drew the period of dissolution of the human race. He soon became very much of a bore and we were very much relieved when the telegraph operator told us a story about the battered old briar he was smoking. For reasons that are obvious, he would not care to have his identity made known, as he is still in the employ of the company whose interests on this occasion were made subservient to his own.

"In a certain street in London," said he, "there are two telegraph bureaus—one for the cable between London and Paris by way of Dover and Calais, the other for the London and Brussels cable by the way of Ostend. These two offices are situated opposite one another, and the operators in each are on a very friendly footing. We discuss events of the day together, and generally have a mutual smoke during the noontime recess.

AROUND THE CIRCLE.

"I am in the French bureau, and one day after dinner I accidentally left my pipe on the table of one of my colleagues in the Belgian office. Our place was almost empty when I returned and there was only one messenger in the room. I asked him to go over the way and get my pipe. The small Mercury in buttons was obstinate, and scornfully replied to my request by saying; 'I can't go hunting after pipes, I am wanted here.' I did not press the point, but I wanted my pipe badly and could not go after it myself. I got over the difficulty in this way:—I went to my table, called up Dover and asked them to put me in communication with Calais. As soon as this was done I asked Calais to make through connection with Paris; Paris was then asked to put me in communication with Brussels; through Brussels I got communication with Ostend, and then Ostend put me in communication with London A second later my colleague in the opposite office was surprised to hear clicking over the wire via Dover, Calais, Paris, Brussels and Ostend this message:

"I have left my pipe on your table; please send it by one of your boys; the one I have here refuses to go."

"Thirty seconds had scarcely elapsed when my old briar, which had thus been asked for over an important part of Europe, was returned to me."

At the conclusion of this tale of a pipe the pensive individual began again, "As I remarked before modern—" We were spared the rest by the interruption of the newspaper man, who offered to tell us how he sent a New Year's greeting to his best girl, 750 miles away.

"I will preface this story," the newspaper man said, "by telling you that it happened before the long distance telephone came into general use.

STEP BY STEP.

"It was one New Year's eve, and I had just finished work. I felt pretty homesick, for my people all lived in St. John, N. B., and I was in New York a comparative stranger. The girl I was engaged to also lived in St. John. Her brother was night manager in the Central Telephone Exchange there. This fact first put the idea in my head of trying the experiment of reaching my fiancee's brother by telephone to give him messages for his sister and my folk.

"Well, this is how I started in. I got New York to call up Hartford, Conn. I had not to wait long before the connection was made. Hartford was asked to call up Boston, Mass. When I got to Boston I told the central office what I was at, and they said they would help me. They then gave me Portland, Me. Next I was put in communication with Waterville, Me. Waterville gave me Bangor, Me. Vanceboro, Me., was next switched on, and after some little delay I was able to get Fredericton, York county, N. B. I wished Fredericton the compliments of the season, told the operator who I was and what I wanted, then hanged up my 'phone and waited patiently. There was an infernal din out on Park Row, tin horns blowing and whistles tooting, welcoming in the New Year in true New York style. I looked at my watch. It was then twenty-five minutes after 12 a. m., which would make the time in the maritime provinces nearly midnight. Three minutes later my 'phone sounded.

"Hello!" I shouted in the instrument. "Is that central office, St. John?"

"Yes," came the reply, perfectly distinct.

"This is New York city. Is the night manager there? A few seconds elapsed and then I heard the sound of footsteps approaching the 'phone, from which I was 750 miles distant, as plainly as possible. Presently I was greeted with another 'Hello!' but this time it was a different voice from the first one and I easily recognized it as belonging to the man I was soon to call brother-in-law. The two of us held a pleasant chat together. I sent New Year's wishes to all my friends and a particularly sweet message to my girl. I felt very much better when we had finished and had shaken of the bad attack of blues I had a short time before."

THE HOT-WATER REMEDY.

Are you a busy, worried woman who comes home at night with temples throbbing and every muscle aching from fatigue. If so, you often say to yourself: "I am dead tired, and I haven't the ambition to dress or even comb my hair for the evening." Then you lounge about and go to bed about nine o'clock with your head still aching and your limbs just as tired as when you came in. The next time you feel that way just slip off the waist of your gown, brush your hair up on to the top of your head, and bathe the back of your neck with hot water. When the pain is a little relieved wash your face with the same reviver, and by the time that this is done you will feel like brushing your hair and fixing up a bit, or we are very much mistaken. The hot-water cure is quite as efficacious taken externally as internally.—Philadelphia Times.

ARE YOU DEAF

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.—13 w.

Chappie's Good Luck.—Well, Maud Anderson is a widow at last, boys, said Chollie. Yes, said Chappie, I'm glad she wejected me. I'd have been a dead man now. Fawncy.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.

In a family of five or six persons, where bread is made twice a week, a quart of wotting, 2 small cakes of compressed yeast and from 3½ to 4 quarts of flour should be used at each baking and will make four medium sized loaves. The exact quantity of flour depends, of course, upon the brand of flour used, and therefore varies considerably, but it should be enough to make a dough sufficiently stiff to be turned in a mass from the mixing bowl. The yeast should be dissolved in 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of cold water and added to the wetting with a tablespoonful of salt, and the flour then stirred in with a wooden spoon until the dough is of the proper consistency.

When I use compressed yeast, I never "set a ferment" over night. After adding the dissolved yeast and salt to the wetting, I stir in flour until the dough is stiff enough then turn it onto the molding board, knead it 10 or 15 minutes and put it to rise. In 3 hours it is light enough to form into loaves, put in pans and again set to rise. In an hour from the time it is put in the pans it will be light enough to bake. Under ordinary conditions bread mixed with compressed yeast should be baked and out of the oven in 5 hours from the time its ingredients are stirred together.—[Mrs. Emma P. Ewing in Indianapolis News.

WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Why not try it today? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure—Nerviline.

Here, you told me I would be delighted to see this horse go when I got him on the road. He won't move a foot. Well, wouldn't you be delighted to see him go?

THE TEST OF TIME.

William Holder, sailmaker, St. John, writes: "This is to certify that for nearly a year I suffered with dyspepsia, indigestion and severe bilious headaches. I lost flesh and became very weak. I was recommended to use Hawker's Tonic and Pills and am pleased to say that they completely cured me. I gained flesh very fast, and became hearty and stronger than I had ever been, and have never suffered since, now over one year."

Wholesale.—Prodley—I hear that you have been getting married. Tooker—Yes. Prodley—Whom did you marry? Tooker—Milly Mildmay, her mother, her father and her two maiden aunts.

DAYS OF AGONY

Is the experience of thousands of sufferers from Piles. Hawker's Pile Cure is a positive and painless cure. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents. If afflicted try it.

A Compliment.—Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a big compliment to me to-day! Mother—Did she, really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say? Little Johnny She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1. to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkabe and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Mother (to small son going to the Catskills for the summer)—Frank, have you taken everything you will need? Frank—Yes, ma. Mother—Have you your toothbrush? Frank (with virtuous indignation)—Toothbrush! I thought I was going for a holiday.

English Spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

For Her Brother.—Bertha—What do you find lovable about that little girl? Lillian—Nothing; absolutely nothing. Bertha—Then why do you kiss her so effectionately? Lillian—Sh! You ought to see her handsome brother.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.
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New Features:
No Ribbon,
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No Dirty Type to Clean,
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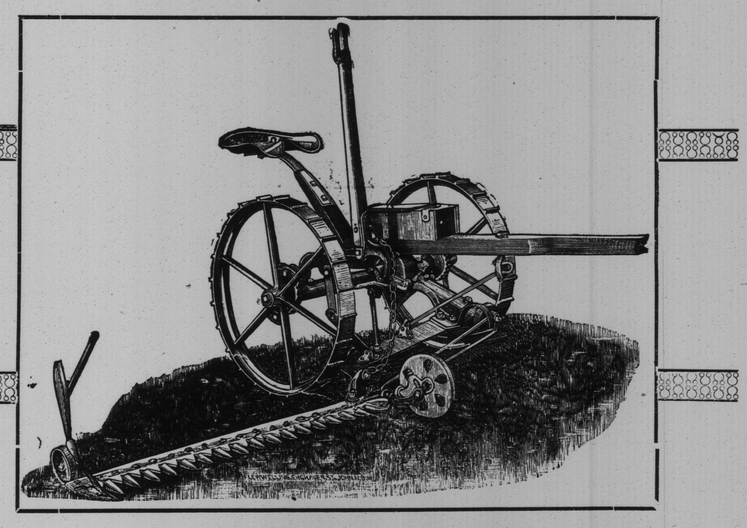

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