Thousands Hastened to their Graves.

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so-called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!!

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we dot publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to 'a lady patient who was complaining of her 'continued ill health, and of his inability to 'cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" 'The lady took it in earnest and used the Bit-'ters, from which she obtained permanent 'health. She now laughed at the doctor for his 'joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it 'cost him a good patient."

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors at $3.00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendonce alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy!"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

St. John has opened the Prohibition campaign for 1888 in Illinois.

* * * * Delicate diseases radically cured. Consultation free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

At Stromsberg, Neb., two married women eloped with a saloonkeeper.

WARNER'S
TIPPECANOE
THE BEST
THE PEOPLES CHOICE
THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE
[COPYRIGHTED].
TONIC
THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840.
ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.
MAJ. GEN. W. H. HARRISON
BORN FEB 9 1773
[COPYRIGHTED.]
BITTERS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N.Y.
FOR
ALL GONE
SENSATIONS.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

PHILLIP VAN TASEL, Newark, N. Y., suffered for many years from dyspepsia and malassimilation of food, and reports that he derived greater benefit from Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best, than from any other medicine he ever used. His daughter also used it with success when every other known remedy failed.
AS A
Constitutional Tonic
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

W. K. SAGE, of St. Johns, Mich., was completely prostrated by the hardships endured during the late war. He returned home a wreck both in mind and body. For twenty years he simply existed, half the time more dead than alive until he was restored to health by Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best. He advises all old vets to try it. Write to him at St. Johns, Michigan.

TUTT'S
PILLS
"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Indorsed all over the World.
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.
TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

CANCER CURED.
I have had a cancer on my face for many years. I have tried a great many remedies, but without relief. I almost gave up hope of ever being cured. Dr. Hardman, my son, recommended Swift's Specific, which I have taken with great results. My face is now well, and it is impossible for me to express my thanks in words for what this medicine has done for me. MRS. OLIVE HARDMAN.
Monroe, Ga., Sept. 2, 1884.

Swift's Specific has cured a cancer on my face, and has almost made a new man of me.
T. J. TEATE, Wacissa, Fla.

I have had a cancer in my right ear for three years. I tried every remedy the physicians practiced, to no permanent good. Swift's Specific has wrought wonders for me. It is the best blood purifier in the world.
JOHN S. MORROW, Florence, Ala.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

A MARVELOUS GAS-WELL.

Abandoned as Worthless, but Now Sending Forth a Mighty Stream of Gas.

The most extraordinary natural gas-well yet discovered in Western Pennsylvania has been developed an eighth of a mile from the borough limits of Butler. This well is located on a summit overlooking the town and at the end of High street, the principal thoroughfare.

The Butler Mutual Fuel Gas Company, composed of certain individuals, Theodore and Augustus Jack, formerly of Philadelphia; David Kirk and Joseph Dilworth, of Pittsburgh, and J. E. Dean, of Ocean, N. Y., obtained a charter in 1883 from the Commonwealth for operations in natural gas in Butler County. The company in the spring of 1884 leased an acre of ground on the summit solely for gas purposes. The gas-sand was pierced at the depth of 1,260 feet. Very little fluid was discernible. The drill penetrated the rock and an increase was apparent. When the rock was bored through all the gas found probably might have fired one boiler. The company, however, determined to drill deeper in search for oil, as the strata was regular and corresponded in character to similar wells in the Butler County field, where oil in paying quantities had been found. The "hundred foot" rock was reached at 1,405 feet, where an immense salt-water vein appeared.

The oil-bearing rock was pierced at the depth of 1,609 feet. The drillings and sediment, that were sand pumped out of the well, were highly impregnated with the smell of oil. At 1,775 feet operating ceased. The well was plugged with iron and wood below the oil-sand and above the "hundred foot" for the purpose of preventing the salt water from doing injury to the oil rock. The enterprise was abondoned as a lamentable failure. Thirty-five hundred dollars had been expended.

Seven months rolled by and the company within the past fortnight disposed of their right to the claim and interest in the material and lease to Edward Rigney & Co. upon reasonably cheap terms. The new company "rigged up" on All Fools' Day, and on last Thursday morning were running the boiler in order to exhaust the salt water and sediment. The pressure of salt water aggregated 8,000 pounds on the gas and oil rocks, where the fluid existed. The well was reduced of its salt water 150 feet from the derrick floor, when a rumbling noise was audible to the workmen. Presently the salt water bubbled over the top of the hole, the sound grew fiercer, water would rise and intercede interchangeably with gas until it went up through the derrick over the crown pulley a height of eighty feet, presenting an indescribable scene.

Vibrations produced by running the boiler rod agitated the well and caused the gas gradually to percolate the fluid, when it discharged violently into mid-air. The roar of gas caused the earth to tremble within the radius of 200 feet. The employes were knocked about like ten pins. The roaring well alarmed the neighborhood with the marvel of a thousand guns fired at midnight and the din was heard for miles away. The derrick was enveloped in oily spray. Subsequently the salt water was discharged, adjustments were perfected and the gas was introduced into an iron casing fourteen inches in diameter. This runs out from an aperture 100 feet, and at the extreme end was ignited. A solid column of flame, seventy-five feet high brilliantly burns, unceasingly, in open air, day and night. The reflection in the heavens at night is clearly visible along the Allegheny River, a distance of twenty miles from this powerful illuminator.—*Butler (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

GRANT.

Testimony to His Ability as an After-Dinner Talker.

Senator Ingalls, in speaking of General Grant, said: "General Grant was one of the most entertaining after-dinner talkers I ever knew. He was only the silent man in crowds and at times when flatterers tried to draw him out and make him talk about himself. But after dinner, with a few congenial friends anywhere, he was ready, interesting, and often fascinating in conversation. I recall especially one evening when General Grant was President. It was at a dinner-party he gave at the White House. Among the guests were a number of Senators and General Sheridan. Mrs. Grant and the ladies had retired from the table and we were smoking our cigars. General Grant talked a great deal. He was in his happiest mood, and I knew everybody enjoyed him just as much as I did. I don't know how it came about, but finally we began to go backward and talk of the time of life a man would most care to live over again. Each one mentioned some particular age when life seemed brightest and most desirable, and a period he would enjoy to live the second time. Some turned back to boyhood, others to early manhood, with the pleasantest recollections, while to some the present was most satisfactory. 'And you, General; what part of your life would you like to live over again?' one of the guests asked of the President.

"General Grant dropped his chin on his breast and was silent for a minute or two. I can see him now, as we all waited for his answer and tried to read it in his face, which, as usual, was a sealed book. But we fully expected he would choose that part of his life which had been prosperous and great. He lifted his head and said in a voice of quiet decision that left no doubt of sincerity:

"'All of it. I should like to live all of my life over again. There isn't any part of it I should want to leave out.'

"I shall never forget the impression his answer made on me, and I think it impressed every one else. He was the only man in the room who was ready to take the bitter with the sweet in his life. Everyone of us had left out some particular time of hardship and discouragement, when the world seemed darkest. Not one was brave enough to face that time again; and probably not one of us had had such hard times and so much of real adversity to begin with. I think the most of us had begun to prosper before he was out of the woods. But General Grant was the only man smoking his after-dinner cigar at the White House that evening who had the courage to live his whole life over again."—*National Republican.*

—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, has one of the pleasantest homes in Mobile. The house is surrounded by a grove of live oaks and thicket of camellias, the latter being Mrs. Wilson's favorite flower. She places a white camellia at her husband's plate at table at every meal. "And he has never," she says, "been without a flower at any breaking of bread in our house since we were married, now sixteen years ago."—*Chicago Times.*

A MINERALOGICAL MISTAKE.

Gorgeous Visions Rudely Shattered — It was Only Glass.

Many are the visons of wealth that dance awhile before the enraptured eyes of man and then fade into thin air. If there be anything to the aspect of which distance does not lend enchantment, it is these same golden visions. But it is only too often that a man sees riches within his grasp only to be again left in poverty. These sage reflections, and many others of a no less philosophic and pessimistic character, crossed the mind of the *Times-Democrat* reporter who yesterday beheld $30,000 of the world's wealth vanish in the twinkling of an eye. It was early in the morning that the representative of the fourth estate, on entering the Government building, was appointed by the genial representative of an extensive railroad exhibit who, with a countenance in which mystery was blended with pride, led the way to a show-case filled with precious gems in their pristine roughness. After sundry locks had been turned a small, bluish pebble was produced and handed over for examination. Somewhat undecided as to its character, the recipient ejaculated divers uncommittal exclamations, but was promptly relieved from his incertitude by the statement: "That, sir, is a sapphire of nearly thirty carats. In form and quality it is excellent, and it may be valued at $30,000."

Somewhat impressed, but still preserving that stolid indifference which marks the true connoisseur, the scribe entered upon a careful examination of the small stone, which was equivalent to so many reportorial pittances. It was an oblong pebble, rounded as if by attrition in a river's bed. Constant contact with surrounding objects had whitened the outside, and but a faint tinge of the blue within shone through. On holding it up to the sun a clear azure, like the Italian sky sung of by the poets, was observable. No flaw was to be seen; in every respect it appeared "a gem of purest ray serene," and the pride evident in the face of the exhibitor was easily pardoned by him who had seen the stone.

But as a cloud suddenly dims the blue sky, so was the beauty of the gem dimmed by the sudden appearance of the iconoclastic mineralogist, who, not content with admiring the color and size, must needs try it with cold steel. The owner looked on scornfully, the reporter incredulously, the surrounding throng breathlessly, while th knife blade scraped on the noble gem. The visiting mineralogist scraped once, examined the stone again, dropped it suddenly, remarking in cruel accents: "Glass," and strode scornfully away. The sapphire had faded into a prosaic bit of broken bottle, or perhaps a relic of the blue-glass mania that permeated the country some years ago. At any rate its value had departed; a paltry nickle formed a magnificent equivalent for what had erstwhile been equal to a fortune. The owner looked blue as his property, the crowd vanished, and the click of the lock as the degraded jewel was replaced was but a hollow mockery.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

AUNT MILLY AT THE SHOW.

How She Went With the Old Man to See the Exposition.

"Hush dat rackit dar, chillun; ain't I dun bin tell yer afore to hole yer tongues while yer betters is a talkin'? Clar out en de house de las one ob you and don't you en no wise poke yer heads in dis door till I pintedly calls ye. I clar to de goodness when a oman is got a house full of chillun it mighty nigh runs her 'stracted.

"Well, Brudder Jeff, as I was a telling you, me and de ole man thought as how we would go to de Exerposition and take our Judy along wid us. When I fus' mention de subject to Bob he jus' scratch his head and say as how it 'pears like foolishness to spen' nigh unto twenty dollars jus' acase de white folks dun bin dun it, but I tells him as how we is dun sot up for quality folks and can't in no wise leave dis hopportunity pass widout seeing all dem big sights which our J ly dun bin read about."

"Dar you'se right, Sister Milly," sa'd Jeff. "I knows dat ting from sperience. You can't in no wise go back on yer principles, and if you carries a high head you is boun' to tote a stiff neck, too."

"Jes so, Brudder, and when I brings de ole man to dat 'pinion we starts out according to de Exerposition, but when I gets dar bres God, de people am jam so thick and dey buz, buz like so many bees till mighty nigh dun broke my head. Brudder Jeff, dat big camp meeting what we dun bin had last yeah whar de people was so thick you could't hardly stick a pin atween 'em wasn't noting, pared to de folks at dat Exerposition."

"You ain't tell me so, sister? It 'pears like to me as how de people would suffocate if dey wus packed in any cluser den dey wus at dat meeting."

"Brudder Jeff, you ain't seed nothing. De fo'ks at dat Exerposition wus a sight to behole. Well, de ole man he ax de ticket man if as how we could go in dar and do jus' like de white folks, and dat sorter riles me and says I: 'Bob, don't make a fool outen yerself. I lays ole Milly knows how to act alongside de quality folks.' De young gemman jus' laff and says he: 'Walk in, ole lady, and have it all your own way.' Brudder Jeff, when I gits in dat house I looks and looks, and 'fore de Lord I could a looked till dis blessed day and not seed all dere wus to see. Dar ain't nothing what you can call for what ain't right dar, and you sees right dar things what you ain't nebber seed afore and what you nebber will see agen. I 'spect I stands dar till I looks right foolish, case I hear a red-haired, ill-mannered white boy say to a nudder chap: 'I say, Harry, do look at dat ole culled 'oman; she's dun got her jaws propped open, and I clar to goodness her eyes are a-gwine to pop outen her head.' Den says I: 'Young men, you tink you is mighty wise, but ole Milly is dun bin used to all dese sights afore you was born.' Judy, she says as how der perliceman don't 'low no fussing, and we move along. Right afore me I sees a pretty red man, a-holding out a siggar to me; den I makes him a curtsy and says I tank you, massa; I don't smoke, but my ole man is more'n apt to take it. Den Bob he takes offen his hat and says tanky sir, but he cotched hold of de siggar red man hold it right tight and de folks laff like dey was 'stracted. Den says I, dem is poor manners, but Judy says as how dat ain't no sure enuff man and she wished we would not make the people laff at us. Den as I was going along I picked up an apple jes' for to see how big it was, but law sakes alive dat white man wid de star on his coat cotched hold of my arm, and says he: 'Hold on, honey, not so fast.' 'White man,' says I, 'I ain't in no more trying to steal your apples and if I is culled I don't 'low no gemmen to call me honey but my ole man Bob.'

"'Dar you got him, Sister Milly, says Jeff. 'In course he couldn't argy that pint.'

"'Move on, ole lady,' said he; and I hearn him tell a lady as how we culled people couldn't held from stealing to sabe our libes. De idear! Arter dis I feels sorter tired, and I claps myself sorter down in de fus cheer I seed; but, bress God, afore I dun sot down de cheer dun bus and down I cum cabash on de floor, and den de folks cum running like dey is wild. And one man he mighty nigh dun shake de life outen me, and when I tells him as how I thought de cheers was put dar to set in he jus rar aroun' and says as I dun owe him twenty-five dollars, and when I say twenty-five fiddlesticks! de folks just holler and laff, and dey crowd aroun' so thick dat I jus slipped ahind de people, and ain't no more seen dat fellow since, but I ain't care to set down no more day day.

"Den arter awhile I seed de prettiest white 'oman right afore me, and she look so hard at me dat I make a curtsy and say how do you do, mam. She ain't speak, and says I, Mistis, can't you let de old nigger pass? but she still stan' dar in de way, and I gin her a push, and, fore de Lord, she tumble down cabash on de floor and de people dey holler and dey laff like dey is going to buss open. Den one man he says as how I dun knocked his wife down and killed her, but my Judy tells him as how it ain't no sure 'nuff 'oman and he oughter hab more manners dan to 'pose on her mar. I tells de ole man as how I dun got enuff of the Exerposition and wanted to go home. When I gets outen dat house I breathes sorter free like and de ole man gits me a spanking up good dinner and says we mus' by all means take a ride in de 'lectric car. Well, I gits in dar, I looks aroun' and I seed dere ain't no horses and dere ain't no engin, and says I: 'Mister, what dat moving dis car along?' And den he laffs and says he: 'Dis here car is conjured and jus' goes along by itself,' and bress de Lord, Brudder Jeff, dat was a fact. Dar wa'n't nothing in de Lord's wurl to make dat car go. Den I gets right skeert and says I: 'Mister, I don't in no were deal in the debbil's work and I mus' get outer dis ting,' and den de folks sot up such a laff dat Judy said as how I hadn't dun nothing all day but make folks laff at my ignorants and she would be glad when we got to hum. And I tell you I ain't in no wise sorry, case my head was mighty nigh in a whirl wid all dem sights and ole Milly ain't app to go to no more Exerpositions soon."

"Dar, you is right agin, Sister Milly. You'se dun seed enough to las you a lifet me and you dun bin tell it all so good dat ole Jeff feel like he dun bin to de big Exerposition widout paying nary a cent. When I calls agin I'll fotch Lizy Ann wid me and it'll do her a sight of good to dip snuff and hear you tell all dem big things, case I feels as how I jus dun bin right dar in New Orleans my own self, and I dun bin promis Lizy Ann for to take her to dat same Exerposition, but when crops run out as short as dey has dis year we tanks de Lord jus to git meat and bread and close to wear."—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

THE "PUMP."

A Creature Who is Detested and Feared in Polite Circles.

There's the familiar pump, who makes it the business of his or her life to rout out every disagreeable circumstance connected with every family, and retail them round the neighborhood. People speak of her or him as "knowing everything," but this supreme knowledge is only gained by the greatest perseverance and systematical pumping.

The pump is detested and feared; she generally makes her attack upon the youngest and softest member of a family, going to work after this fashion. She meets little Mary, whose brother George has left the country (as she thinks) suddenly and suspiciously. After kissing the dear child, she takes her into a shop, expends a penny on sweets, then they walk hand in hand, and the pumping commences:

"And so kind brother George has gone away?"

"Yes."

"And dear little Mary is very sorry, isn't she? yes, I know she is; and how's mamma?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"Ah, not quite well, of course, but she was very glad for poor George to go, eh?"

The pump glances sharply at the child, but the little face is unruffled, the sweets are good, and just the suspicion of a smile plays around her lips.

"Oh, yes; because it was for his good, you know."

"Ah, he left the bank rather suddenly, I think."

"I don't know, I did not see him."

The pump looks baffled and vexed—was it for this she wasted her substance in pear drops? but she continues:

"And so poor mamma cried very much, and dear papa was angry with George?"

"No, he wasn't; there was nothing to be angry about."

"No, dear? I thought you said that when poor George came home unexpectedly mamma cried and papa was angry."

The pump had met her match for once; the child looks up and laughs.

"I didn't say anything of the sort, and George told me to tell you, if you asked any questions, that there's an iron pump in our garden, and you can exercise yourself there if you like."

Every one, I am sure, has met the pump, that nuisance who would corkscrew herself into your every affair.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The Washington Monument.

The critics are making fun of the Washington monument. Of course because it is plain. Oscar Wilde made fun of a certain tower because it was not plain. The Pyramids are plain. Any ornament on them or on the Washington monument would have been a mark for time to work at with storm and frost. The monument sought to express three ideas: strength, visibility and power to endure. It secures these. Decorations would have been trifling, and in perishing would have ruined the entire surface. Much of European architecture is ruined or injured by the old zeal for ornamentation on exposed surfaces.—*Current.*

ROYAL BLOOD.

We are all kings and queens in this country, and we have a right to as good blood as that which courses through the veins of emperors. If the blood is poor and the cheeks are pale, it is well known that Brown's Iron Bitters is the great tonic which will give color, vigor, and vitality. Mr. M. K. Gibson, of West Point, Miss., says, "I felt weak and debilitated. Brown's Iron Bitters made me strong and well."

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.

Let it be clearly understood, that Compound Oxygen *is only made and dispensed* by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. Any substance *made elsewhere*, and called Compound Oxygen, *is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.* Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. E. Mathews, 621 Powell street, between Bush and Pine streets, San Francisco.

—When Proctor Knott made his fanciful speech fifteen years ago the humor of the thing tickled the entire continent. No one dreamed that Duluth would ever amount to anything, and when Knott called her "the paragon of cities" everybody laughed. Still this town is third in the list of grain-receiving points, beating Milwaukee, Toledo and St. Louis.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Twelve States of the Union have passed laws providing for instruction in physiology in the common school course. The wonder is that three times twelve States did not do it years ago. Nineteen-twentieths of even scholarly men and women know more about the planet Jupiter or the mechanism of a locomotive than they do about the mechanism of their own bodies, or the laws of life and health.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

COPYING AND ENLARGING in India ink, water colors, crayon or oil. Send for price list. ABELL & SON,
29 Washington street, Portland.

The President has appointed Israel Lawton to be Superintendent of the Mint at San Francisco.

"SHOOT POLLY AS SHE FLIES,"

—*Pop.*

Was the way it appeared in the proof-slip. The argus-eyed proof-reader, however, knew the quotation intended and changed it to read: "Shoot Folly as she flies."—*Pope.* Of course it was an error, yet how many are daily committing much graver errors by allowing the first symptoms of consumption to go unheeded. If afflicted with loss of appetite, chilly sensations, or hacking cough, it is suicidal to delay a single moment the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery,"—the great and only reliable remedy yet known for this terribly fatal malady. Send two letter stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on this disease. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

An election riot occurred in Lampassas, Mexico, recently, in which three men were killed outright.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxemea, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalents and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue

Some time since a well known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" like all other *really good* things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS.

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CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE.
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.
CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin
Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.
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Some carpenters at work on a building near the foot of Broadway gave an old woman a piece of fourteen-foot pine ceiling for fire-wood. The board was too long to carry home, and the old woman had no implement with which to break it up. A bright-faced lad of eight or ten years stood by and saw the trouble the old woman was in. He considered a moment, and then picked up a paving stone and carried it out to the middle of the street. Then he put one end of the board on the stone and waited results. A South Ferry stage rumbled along down the street and rolled over the board, breaking it off near the stone. The old woman picked up the pieces, and the boy again put the end of the board upon the stone. An express wagon rolled by and left the board two feet shorter than it was before. Wagons and stages passed on, breaking up the board until the old woman had her arms full of pieces. Then the boy carried the paving stone back to the gutter, pulled a top out of his pocket, and, whipping it around the sidewalk, got in the way of more people inside of a minute than a good boy could in a week.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A gentleman of this city has a small boy who imitates George W. When a gentleman called recently the father said to him politely: "I wish I had another cigar to offer you," looking with regret at the one he was smoking. Now was the small boy's opportunity. "I know where they are, pa," he said, dragging open a drawer and bringing out a box of a choice brand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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