

**A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.**



This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of **PEARLIFOAM**, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome **Gold Watch** to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers: FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine **DIAMOND EARRINGS**; to the third a **PIANO LAMP** in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a **SILK DRESS PATTERN** or a **SWISS MUSIC BOX** playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of **PEARL OPERA GLASSES**; to the sixth an elegant **MANTEL CLOCK**; to the seventh a pair of **SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS**, with **Padlocks**, and to the eighth a **COIN SILVER WATCH**.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers' faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of **Pearlifoam**, before July 20th, 1892. The envelope postmarked *first* which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the *first* prize, the balance in order as received. For the *last* correct answer we will also give a handsome **Gold Watch**; to the next to the last a complete **BUSINESS EDUCATION**; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine **DIAMOND EARRINGS**; to the third from the last a **PIANO LAMP** in Antique Silver; to the fourth a **SWISS MUSIC BOX** playing six pieces; to the fifth a **SILK DRESS PATTERN**; to the sixth a pair of **PEARL OPERA GLASSES**; to the seventh an elegant **MANTEL CLOCK**, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce **Pearlifoam**. Our prizes are entirely **FREE**. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to **Pearlifoam**, which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of \$100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used **Pearlifoam** cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

**Pearlifoam** is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as deserved. Address, **EXQUISITE TOILET MFG. CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.**

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

**Our Fellow-Travelers.**

Even to people accustomed to much traveling, the meeting new faces and hearing odd bits of conversation is interesting, but much more enjoyable is it for one who is compelled by force of business or home-ties to remain in a village for months at a time.

What opportunities for studying human nature! for in traveling one soon falls into ways *sans ceremonie*, and betrays the inner self. What conjectures we make about our fellow-passengers. That man sitting near, where does he live? why is he here? what are his aims? is he happy? and a hundred other questions arise in our minds as we scan his features. We simply cannot help weaving romances about some of the less common-place looking people.

Just near at hand is a fresh, young school-girl; pretty, attractive and quiet, but the train stops for a few moments, and—presto!—What a change!

She suddenly opens a window and espying a friend at the station salutes her thus: "How you were?" (I begin to be disillusionized). Then she edifies all the occupants of the car by her conversation. We hear of her escape from college, her trials when changing cars, her delight at the prospect of seeing her mamma whom she had not seen "since Christmas" (in such a woeful tone) Christmas was two months ago. "Well, good-bye," and once more our pretty maiden settles herself into decorum. Why did she disenchant us?

Across the aisle is a couple interesting, and interested (in themselves). Here surely is a foundation upon which I may build a little romance.

He has a pensive face, fair curling locks and lofty brow, and his limped blue eyes seem to have sight for none but the lady sitting with him. I philosophically wonder "how long it will last."

There is a party of German ladies and gentlemen conversing; but, unlike our loquacious maiden, not giving the benefit of their conversation, as they cling to the language of their fatherland. What a pleasant time they are having. They may discuss their own affairs, or their neighbors, with impunity, for the only understandable words we hear are an occasional ja, or nein.

These new arrivals are surely a treat for us, for, yes they are no other than a newly-wedded couple. They prove to be fairly well behaved, considering the circumstances, and they might have traveled *incognito* had not a large consignment of sisters, cousins, aunts and friends accompanied them to the station, with the usual supply of rice. This,

they shower to such an extent that we mentally agree with the fair young bride (whose thoughts naturally and dutifully turn to housekeeping) as she shouts out "we might live on rice puddin' for the next two weeks."

Later on, our car becoming crowded, I willingly share my seat with a sweet-faced nun. I shall long remember Sister M's fair, young face, whose beauty is enhanced by the dark garb of her order.

We open conversation by a few common-place remarks, but soon drift into congenial subjects. The beautiful sunset carries us into a discussion on Nature and Art. Then she tells me about her happy and quiet but useful life, and I think with regret of the probability of her taking last vows, and becoming a recluse for evermore. To one outside the cloister, it seems "a life in which nothing happens." "A life that is daily dying." Is she really called to thus limit her influence, and become dead to her friends? I cannot tell; the decision must lie within her own mind.

Again, I am alone, and I find myself listening to the different topics being discussed near me.

Talk of gossip! Oh, ye men, never again in my hearing, brand women as the news-mongers, for like Hamlet's ghost "I could a tale unfold." How much of the news of a certain little town I heard that evening! The financial condition of this and that business man; the other one's *affaires d'amour* and so on *ad infinitum*.

As I quietly dozed, lulled by the sound of many voices, I felt as though I had been transported to that memorable dinner given by one of Charles O'Malley's relatives.

But suddenly I am awakened by the call of the brakeman. Really there should be a law against brakemen having an impediment in their speech. However are poor, lone creatures who have forgotten guides to know when they are nearing their destination?

The next station proves to be my stopping-place, and as I begin to arrange methodically my "big box, little box, band-box and bundle," I take mental notes of the behavior of a party of men who are to stop at the same place. With a feeling of unchristian envy I note that they proceed with their conversation, coolly and calmly waiting till the train stops before donning their coats and hats, and collecting their hand-luggage. They evidently expect that the train will wait till they are prepared to alight.

With all our ability to rival man in professions or business, he remains unexcelled in such instances, unless we can force ourselves to shatter our idols and leave our "bundles" at home.

SANS NOM.

**I CURE FITS!**

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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**MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,**

286 Church Street, - - - Toronto, Ont.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 19-1f

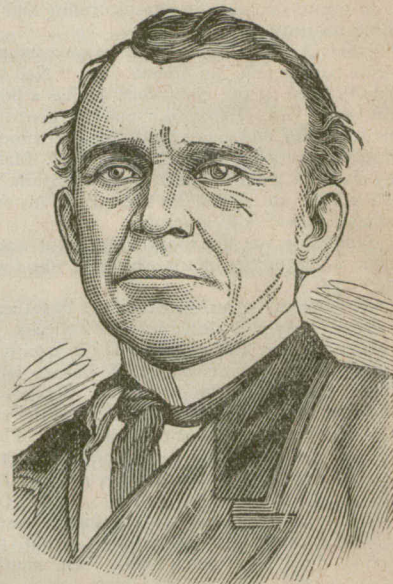
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**PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph. D.**

**WONDER IN WELLA.**

A Representative Farmer Speaks.



**MR. C. C. HAUN.**

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN, Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself: Me SRS. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly, THOMAS CUMINES, Welland, Ont.

The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.