

# Children's Corner

## A LETTER FROM A CAT.

Dear Editor: I hereby take my pen in paw to say, Can you explain a curious thing I found the other day? There is another little cat Who sits behind a frame And looks so very much like me You'd think we were the same, I try to make her play with me, I try when I mew and call, Though I see her mew in answer, She makes no sound at all, And to the dullest kitten It's plain enough to see That either I am mocking her Or she is mocking me. It makes no difference what I play, She seems to know the game, For every time I look around I see her do the same. And yet no matter though I creep On tiptoe lest she hear, Or quickly dash behind the frame, She's sure to disappear.—Oliver Herford.

## DEEP LATIN.

Strange meanings are to be extracted from words. The most remarkable are sometimes the result of desperation. If a boy "can't think" of his answer, he is likely to manufacture it. A teacher tells, in the Brooklyn "Eagle," this story of "drawing out" the power dormant in the pupil's mind: He was explaining to a farmer lad who was studying Latin, and had been called on to recite, the fact that a proposition often intensifies the meaning of a verb. "Take away, for instance," he said. "It means to hollow out. Now what will a proposition do to it?" "Intensify it, sir." "That's right. Now what would excavate mean?" "To hollow out louder."

## SLIGHTLY MIXED.

An angry woman walked into a grocer's shop in an Ayrshire village and banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter. "This," she said, "is the soap that does the washin' o' itself; the soap that makes every washin' day a kin' o' glorified feast; the soap that gets a' the linen white as snow an' the delighted housewife play w' the children; and here I've been scrubbin' three mortal hours w' that lumpy an' grot nae mair lather out o' it than I could get out o' a brick." "I beg your pardon," said the grocer, calmly, "but that isn't soap. Your little boy was here yesterday for half a pound of cheese and half a pound of soap. That's the cheese." "The cheese!" exclaimed the woman. "Then that accounts for the other thing." "What other thing?" "I lay awake the hale nicht winnerin' whit made the Welsh rabbit we had for supper jaste sae queer."—Tit-Bits.

## ONE POOR BOY'S RISE.

He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, says a writer in "Scribner's," when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio river. He stopped at the bottom of the street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked." Who was "he," this man who had rolled tallow casks on a Cincinnati wharf? He was Sir Henry Stanley, the famous African explorer.

## AN ENCOURAGING CASE.

Conan Doyle, on being asked why he gave up the practice of medicine, replied that it was too hard work, and related a story which is transcribed in the New York "Tribune." The doctor's first call took place on a cold January midnight. The jangle of the door bell woke me from a sound sleep, and shivering and yawning, I put my head out of the window and said: "Who's there?" "Doctor," said a voice, "can you come to Peter Smith's house at once? His youngest girl has taken a dose of laudanum by mistake for paregoric and we're afraid she'll die." "All right; I'll come," I said. I dressed and tramped three miles through the cold and wet to Smith's. Twice on the way I fell on the icy pavement, and once my hat blew off and I was half an hour finding it. Finally I reached Smith's. The house was dark—shutters all closed—not a light. I rang the bell. No answer. At last a head stuck itself gingerly out of the window in the third story. "Be you Doctor Doyle?" it said. "Yes; let me in." "Oh, no need to come in, doctor," said the head. "Child's all right. Sleeping quiet." "But how much laudanum did you give it?" "Only two drops, doctor. Not enough to hurt a cat. Guess I better take my head in now. Night air is cold. Sorry to have troubled you." I buttoned up my coat and turned homeward, trying to stifle my anger. Suddenly the window was raised again, and the same voice cried: "Doctor! I say, doctor!" I hurried back. Perhaps the child had taken a turn for the worse. "Well, what do you want?" I said. The voice made answer: "Ye won't charge nothing for this visit, will ye?"

## JUST AS UGLY.

She is a woman's college sophomore and was returning from a visit to New Haven and transferring by street car from the station in New York. She took the only available seat in the car and just opposite two young men. Suddenly there entered a ladylike, plainly-gowned girl. "Why don't you offer her your place?" said the first man, nudging his companion. "She is too ugly," responded the other in a low voice; but the wind carried the remark to the sophomore and she looked up quickly to see if it

had reached the other girl. Apparently it had not. That young person was clinging to a strap in total unconsciousness that she was a subject for unfavorable criticism. At the next corner a festive maiden elaborately costumed, entered, and the first man bounded from his seat, which the newcomer graciously accepted. This left the second man at something of a disadvantage. He also rose and proffered the place to the girl who had first entered the car. She surveyed him coldly. "Thank you, no," she said in a clear voice; "I am still just as ugly as I was a few minutes ago." And the Baltimore girl longed to embrace her and give the college yell at the top of her youthful lungs.—Baltimore Sun.

## A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

Miss Sparhawk was nearly 75, but she had seemed so well and strong until within a few months that it was a great shock to Cedarville to hear that she had been suddenly taken ill and might die. Within a week, however, she rallied, and before long was entirely herself again. Her brother explained the situation to one of the summer residents. "You see," he said, thoughtfully, "Lucindy is one of those that thrive on trouble, and all her life, till about four months ago, she's had a stock in hand. Left with five younger children at the age of thirteen, an crippled father, mortgaged farm, epidemics o' measles, scarlet fever and smallpox, and one fifty boy—lived to be most 60, and had 'em frequent. "When the girls married that started more calamities. One husband got caught in a mowing-machine, and the other had spells when he'd wander off; both girls lived at home. So the years went on, everybody falling right on to Lucindy, and she 'sisting the whole lot over hard places, and keeping a stiddy head on her shoulders the enduring time. But last spring everything got straightened out; the mortgage was all paid off ten years back, the folks that haven't died were all well, and there wasn't a cloud anywhere. Then 'twas that Lucindy begun to fade. I see just how 'twas, but I couldn't do a thing—even my rheumatics held off. It went on from bad to worse; got so she lost all her stren'th and took to her bed. "But when the doctor's begun to shake his head and thought the end was near, help came from Sister Jane over at Scarborough. Her youngest has got a slight pulmonary affection of one lung, and they thought a summer at the farm with Lucindy's nursing would cure her up. Soon as the letter was read out Lucindy asked for her shoes and stockings, and when the doctor came next morning he said she'd taken a new lease o' life."—The Companion.

## A CLEVER BLIND MAN.

James Nicholas, a successful business man in Lincoln, has never seen a street or a business house in the city, writes a Nebraska correspondent of the "Sun." He is a mine broker. Six years ago he lost his sight while working in a mine at Lead, S. D. He has been a miner all his life, and as soon as he recovered so that he could go about he took up the business of buying and selling mines. Here is some of the things this man—He is 50—had educated himself to do: He can make his way about the city and go to any house number on any street at any time of the day or night. It is all right to him, but he requires no aid in going about. He can pick out the street car he wishes to take by its peculiar sound, which he calls its echo. The only time he has been deceived in recent months was when the company changed one of its big cars from one suburban line to another. He always travels on what is known as the cemetery line, and can tell when his car is within fifty feet of where he wishes to alight. The car has been run fast and slow at times in the attempt to deceive him, but in vain. He can pick out the store or office he wishes to enter and rarely misses the door, if he has been at the place before. He rarely misses the street crossing. He carries a thin metal cane and says he can tell by the sound when he has reached the crosswalk. He can tell men whom he knows well by the sound of their footsteps. Last year this man made \$3,000, and he says he will increase that clean-up this year. "When I got out of bed after ten months' spent there after my accident," he said, "I worked out my own methods before I tried to get about. Some blind men have dogs to lead them, and others go stooped over, feeling along with a cane for a clear path. That doesn't do for me. "I early learned that the world was full of echoes. My task was to distinguish them and then catalogue them. This was a big feat of memory, but I have accomplished it. "When I first came here I lived in a block in the business section. That was my starting place. I first learned the streets about there, until I could go a block away and find my way back unaided. Gradually I enlarged my travels, until now I can go anywhere in town alone. "If you give me the number of any house in town I can find it without any help, simply because I know all of the streets. If I were suddenly put down in some part of the city I believe I could learn to identify it within five minutes simply by the sounds about me. "All of my other senses have become more alert since blindness came but it grows on one so gradually that I have not recognized the growth. I live in a world of sounds, and these I can readily identify. "The step of a woman or of a boy or a man I can distinguish with accuracy. One street corner has a different echo from another, and I need only search my memory to identify it. "The wife in time learns to tell the footsteps of her husband or her child, but it is rare that any one can be found who can distinguish the footfalls of any number of persons. I can do this with a hundred different friends and call them by name without hesitation or error."

## BIRD MAGIC.

A small boy up in the wilds of the Bronx was wandering aimlessly over the fields the other day when he saw a little brownish gray bird disappear beneath some dry grasses on the bank of a drainage ditch. It took the boy only a few minutes to follow the bird and when the little creature flew away there was its nest. No nest could well have been better concealed. It was a little hemisphere of worn dry grass sunk in a cup-like hollow just below the edge of the slightly overhanging bank. A quantity of coarse red grass from last year hung head-like from the top of the bank a third of the way down to the water, and made a thick screen directly across the snug little hiding place of the nest. Within were three little wide-mouthed birds and a bit of mottled egg shell. The discoverer simply said to himself, "Sparrow's nest," and went his way. Later he took some of his friends to the nest, and they touched the inert nestlings while the parent birds looked on with uneasy cries. The next day another visitor was led to the nest and the question was, which of the many kinds of sparrows owned the home and its small occupants. One of the girl bird wardens of the region decided in her own mind that it was the nest of a field sparrow. But the excited little parents, who hopped and chirped in uneasy excitement on a tree hard by while this ornithological council was in session, lacked the reddish bill which characterizes the field sparrow, and the decision at length was that the original discoverer had hit upon something that few boys find, the nest of a vesper sparrow. These birds are plentiful in the pastures of the Bronx, and the cows that furnish milk to a good many New Yorkers must often as they feed make just such discoveries as the vagrant boy had hit upon; but the vesper sparrow knows well how to hide its nest from human eyes. Perhaps the discoverer this time was owing to the fact that the birds had chosen a somewhat unusual, though what seemed an entirely safe site for their home. When a curious grown person visited the nest the day after he had been led to it by his young friends he was foiled enough to put in his hand and take out one of the young. As he did so the other two little ones, now well-fledged, fluttered out and hurried along close to the edge of the water, and at the same instant the parents came down from a tree with cries of alarmed protest. The two nestlings that had escaped were in five minutes as effectually concealed as if they had not existed. Their disappearance was like a bit of bird magic. The fact is, that their coloring was such that they must have been inconspicuous in the green grass, and to all intents and purposes invisible when they got among the dead grasses of last year. These nestlings, only a few days old thus exercised all the inherited cunning of their race, to the complete mystification of a reasoning human being with ordinarily keen eyes. To disembarrass himself of an awkward charge while he searched for the missing birds, the interloper replaced the captive nestling in the nest. Then, with the parents calling from a tree just overhead, and the hidden nestlings answering from the grass underfoot, he vainly prosecuted his search for ten minutes more, with the hope of reuniting the family in the deserted nest. When his balked search was ended he looked into the nest to see how the lone little bird was getting on, and lo! the nest was empty. The three little birds were probably within three or four yards of his very feet, but were as effectually beyond his reach as if they had ascended to the clouds or penetrated the earth. Human intelligence was nowhere when pitted against bird instinct. An hour later the nest was still empty and the parents were yet exchanging signals with the nestlings, while the several strange birds which had sympathetically looked on while the sparrows outmaneuvered the blundering human interloper had gone about their business.—New York Sun.

## IN THE BARN.

The barn's the bestest place on earth in summer, when it rains; The drops make kind of corkscrews on the dusty window-panes; Our feet sound loud as anything, in walking on the floor, And Clem and we we telephone through knot-holes in the door! We peep in at the horses, and they always turn around, And chew, and chew, and chew, with such a funny, crunch-sound, And their eyes are kind as kind can be. I like them that way best, Just without the little shutters that they wear when they are dressed. Their clothes are hanging near them, and they're proud of them, perhaps, Though they're nothing but suspenders, buckles, chains and little straps. There's one whose name is Lady, but the rest of them are hims. And they all make snorting noises, just like Clement when he swims! The hay is warm and prickly, and the dust gets in your nose, And on the beams above you sit the pigeons, all in rows. They are brown, and white, and purple, but you can't get near to pat Though I think they ought to let you 'cause they purr just like a cat! But for sliding, and for hiding, and for snuggling in a nest, The hay's the bestest thing on earth—and I stumped all the rest! They stumped me to go down the shoot; I wasn't stumped by them; I beat them all at sliding—excepting only, Clem!

But though the barn's the bestest place in summer for a game, You find that in the winter it isn't just the same. It isn't that it's lonely and it isn't that it's cool, But Clement's down at Newport, at Mr. Someone's school!

Then I watch the lilac bushes, for I'll tell you what I've found; What all the buds grow pudgie, and the leaves get big and round. They shut up Mr. Someone's school, as quick as quick can be, And summer comes—and Clement—to the hay-loft and to me! —Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The gold of grace does not come from the creed of gold. Perception—The happy faculty which enables one intuitively to sav and do the right thing at the right time.

## FROM NEWSBOY TO NEWS-MIL-LIONAIRE.

There is Adolph S. Ochs. He is a man worth millions. He began his business career selling newspapers. If ever a man battled with almost insurmountable obstacles to gain his ambition, Adolph Ochs did. It is inspiring to read of his early struggles with adversity. A newsboy on the streets in Knoxville, Tennessee, as 11-year-old newspaper, mind you, to pay his way through a business college—and a printer's devil at 15, this lad felt himself predestined to become a great newspaper proprietor. He worked and slaved and schemed with that end in view. He went up the ladder step by step, tried his fortunes here and his fortunes there, experimenting with that paper and this until he managed to secure control of the Chattanooga "Times." This was in 1878, and just eight years after he had started in life as a newsboy. A newspaper proprietor at 20 years of age! It reads like a romance, doesn't it? It is a romance, but a true one, of successful ambition. From this time on Adolph Ochs trod the sunny road of prosperity. He was daring, clear-headed, resourceful and possessed of a purpose that never faltered. In 1896 he came to New York to take charge of the "Times," and he faced a proposition that would have made men tremble. He agreed to increase the circulation of the paper to a certain figure inside of a certain time, and, provided he succeeded, he was to receive 51 per cent. of the capital stock. Mr. Ochs did succeed. The paper was badly run down, it was in the hands of a receiver, and its circulation did not exceed 20,000 copies. It sold reluctantly at three cents, but Adolph Ochs took a Napoleonic risk and placed it on the streets at a penny. The circulation went up with a throb. To-day the edition is at the full capacity of the press. He now owns and controls the New York Times, the combined Philadelphia "Ledger and Times," and some Southern newspaper properties. He is a power in the newspaper world in 1904—but not very many years ago he was a barefooted newsboy. His career reeks of printer's ink and his destiny is linked with the printing press. But does his triumphant march teach the theory of success I had formed? His career is paralleled in part by those of many others. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle," raised from practically nothing to an honored position in the profession. J. A. Wheelock, editor of the "Pioneer Press," of St. Paul, Minnesota, fought his way to fame and competency. Herman Ridder, the well-known editor of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," created a newspaper published in an alien tongue, and made it one of the metropolitan pillars of journalism. White-law Reid—but everybody knows what he did with the means at his command and how he has been honored by an admiring constituency. What of Joseph Pulitzer? What of this foreign-born American who fought for his adopted country almost before he could speak its language, and then fought his way into the proprietorship of a well-known St. Louis paper—in fact, two of them—before he was 32? When he first came to America he stayed at a hotel on the present site of the Pulitzer building, New York city—the home of the "World." Mr. Pulitzer, so the story goes, was too poor to pay his bill and was ejected. Shaking his finger at the proprietor, he said, "I will own this property some day."

What of Page M. Baker, editor and proprietor of the "New Orleans Times-Democrat"? What of this successful newspaper man who, reared in the luxury of a wealthy Southern home, went to work at 17 because of reverses, and, after a bitter fight with adverse fortune, became a managing editor at 28? What of Harvey W. Scott, of the Portland "Oregonian"? The story of his efforts to obtain an education forms a bright page in the book of human endeavor. He literally hewed his way to knowledge with the ax of a Western pathfinder. After working as a farm boy, disputing with nature the right to the wilderness, he won the honor of being the first graduate from the Pacific University. After he was offered a position as an editorial writer, at 27, on the Portland "Oregonian," he persevered until he became one of the proprietors of the paper. To-day he is one of the strongest, most rugged in honesty and best-known men in the Northwest. He is a determined, vigorous journalist who has made as many enemies as friends—but his enemies all respect him.—Success.

How, says Mary, with many sighs, Shall I prevent those nasty flighs? From spoiling this the best of flighs? A welcome step is heard—"Arrihs! Sighing will never win the prizes; Success is hers who only griths—Poison the crust, and each one dieh!" Now Mary turns, and with surprighs Reflected in her wondrous eighs, Before her sees dear Cousin Lighs. —New York Sun.

"A Grand Medicine" is the encomium often passed on Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicating colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand, and it has no equal as a ready remedy. If you have not tried it, do so at once.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least, it is not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beguile the patient's internal disturbances in the stomach, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, and not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

## THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

# BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLOWS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

## A FEW TESTIMONIALS

### RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:

212 King street east.

Toronto, Sept. 19, 1904.

John O'Connor, Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

S. PRICE.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE

256½ King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours for ever thankful,

PETER AUSTEN

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly,

GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully,

MRS. SIMPSON.

### PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely,

JOS. WESTMAN.

341 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.

JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,

Yours, etc.,

ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

### BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncurd and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.

MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.

Respectfully yours,

J. J. CLARKE, 73 Wolsley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.

J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

## JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.

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