ECZEMA. TETTERS, HUMOURS, PIMPLES. Diseases of Hair and Scalp. INFLAMMATION. ERUPTIONS.

> ITCHINGS ALL VANISH

ULCERS.

BY USE OF

DR. C. W. BENS

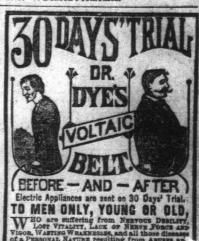
AFIt is the only genuine "Skin Cure," and all hould beware of the various remedies which are been struggling for existence, and now enteavour to ride into popularity by advertising hemselves as "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one, and that is Dr. Benson's. Be sure and " I'm happy to say your Skin Cure has cured

my Eczema of the scalp, of four years standing." Jno. A. Andrews, Attorney-at-Law, Ashton, Ill. 4-6 '82. " For four years I suffered agony from a skin disrase. Your Skin Oure cured me." C. B.

McDonald, Plantersville, Ala.

-Nervous or Dyspeptic Headaches cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills

Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. LYMAN BROS., Toronto, general agents for Canada for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.



VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH



Kidney Complaints

TESTIMONIAL From Squire Robertson, who for many years was Reeve of the Township of Normanby, a highly respected resident of that part o Ontario, having lived in that Township for the past 20 years:

J. N. SUTHEELAND, Niagara Falls, Ontario, 17:

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Ont., May 17:

DEAR SIR,—My daughter has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. She has been obliged for years now to carry her arm in a cling, and her hand was beginning to wither. During these years she has tried all the many cures that have been advertised, without any result. Seeing your advertisement in the papers, giving testimonials from trustworthy people, I determined to pracure some "Rheumatine" for her, and purchased four bottles of it from Mr. A. Jamism, Druggist, of Mount Forest, which she took strictly according to directions, with this result, that her arm is now completely resired. I cannot praise your medicine too highly, indeed it is worth its weight in gold to all who suffer from Rheumatism, and it is with pleasure that I come forward to sayeo. I am yours truly,

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



To the Crowfoot Indian Medicine Co. COLLINGWOOD, ONT. DEAR SIRS.—Tweive years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia and Waterbrash, with which I suffered extremely ever since until last spring. I tried the Crowfoot Bitters, and less than one dollar's worth cured perfectly.

ELIZABETH GILLSON. Prepared only by the CROWFOOT INDIAN MEDICINE CO. OF MEAFORD, and sold by

For some months the Notman Pad Co. have offered a reward of \$100.00 to any purty using their remedies according to Dr. Strangways' advice and directions that was not benefitted in two weeks, and cured in six months, if troubled with any of the iollowing complaints:—Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Liver Complaints or Biliousness, Diarrhæa, Constipation, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralyia, Rheumatism, or Fever and Aque So far the Company have not had one failure or demand for the reward. No better recommendation could be had or wished for. Any party suffering from any of the above disorders will never repent consulting Dr. Strangways and using our remedies, If they do not use them it will cost them nothing.

NOTMAN PAD CO'Y. RETAIL OFFICE, 120 KING STREET EAST, TOR WHOLESALE OFFICE, 55 FRONT STREET EAST,

BEFORE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

the than at Royal Huringham. Although the early part of the day was wet and diagreeable, at noon the weather showed sometigns of clearing up, and at 3 o'clock the clouds had broken and the day was fairly fine. The air, though cold, was invigorating, and the visitors who kept coming in, the contant stream of carriages, drags, and fours-in-thand, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the decided change from yesterday's oppressive sultry that At 4.30 sharp

THE CANADIAN AND IROQUOIS TEAMS appeared upon the ground and drew up ready for the fray, their blue and scarlet uniforms contrasting splendidly, and forming a very pleasing picture. As this match is the most important of the trip, I give below the names of the players, Mr. D. Nicholson being spare man, but relieving one or two of the other

The game was at once started, as it was understood that the Prince and Princess of Wales would not arrive on the grounds until five o'clock. For the first time in two weeks the Indians mustered in full force. Not a man was too sick to play, and everyone of them was apparently determined to vanquish the whites or—get beaten themselves in the attempt, a result they fully succeeded in accomplishing. The play was fast, and conwhich is a second control of the con

pain,.....

HAVENILLE DEPARTMENT

ont. "Only resteracy I saw old Mr. Grubby stumble headlong across the road. He might have killed himself,"

"Mamma, there's that sice sailor man who gave me the little ship," said Hope, suddenly, pointing out of the window to a young man who was just then crossing the road—"Mra. Barns' son, you know."

"Dear! dear! the root has tripped him up too," cried Mrs. Hunter.

"He's not hurt, mamma. See! he jumps up as lightly as a bird. I wonder what he is looking at in his hand? Oh, I see now—it's the old pocketbook,"

"What pocketbook, Hope?" inquired her mother.

"I found an old pocketbook on the bank, but it was so greasy that I threw it away."

"Hope, the postman brought a letter for you this morning from your cousin Amy," said Mrs. Hunter, turning away from the window, and forgetting all about the pocket-book.

"I think so," answered her mother with a smile.

"Please read it to me, mamma; I can't read writing very well."

"This is what Amy writes," said Mrs Hunter, holding the letter so that Hope could see it distinctly, and pointing to each word with a needle:

"Dear Cousin Hope—I am coming home Saturday. I have a new doll and a new doll carriage. Don't forget to make the pinwheeis you promised,

"Your ever loving cousin,
"AMY."

"I think that's a very nice letter."

"'Amx,'"
"I think that's a very nice letter,"
said Hope, as her mother finished reading,
I'll go right away and make the pin-wheels
if you will let me have your sharp scissors,
manma."

"So he did," cried Hope, who had been listening with her mouth and eyes open to this long story—"he did, for I saw him, and there was not one cent of money in it when I picked it up myself—nothing but little pieces of paper, and I took them out and threw the old thing away. And I'll just go and tell Mr. Grubb so," and Hope made a movement toward the door.

wheels?"

"I don't care if they do laugh at me,"
answered Hope, angrily. "I shall not let
Mr. Grubby say that William Barns stole his
money, when I know better."

"Well, I suppose you're right," said Tom.
"But let me hold those things until you come

Afen sat at the large red-faced gentlem. closed, as if listening intently, the desk.

Old Mr. Grubby was speaking when Hope first saw him.

"Yes," he said, "this is my pocket-boo the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained twelve hundred described in the same that I missed Monday aftern contained the same contained the same that I missed Monday aftern contained the sam

"Come, little girl, and tell these gentle-men what you know about Mr. Grubby's pocket-book."

men what you know about Mr. Grubby's pocket-book."

As he lifted her up on one of the tables in the open space a gust of wind came through the open window and set the twenty-four pinwheels whirling around all at once with a loud noise. At this everyone laughed, and Hope, remembering Tom's words, held her head down, and turned very red indeed.

"Never mind," said the gentleman who had lifted her up on the table. "They are not laughing at you. Now speak loudly, and tell us where you found the pocket-book."

She was quite alarmed now, and almost ready to cry, for she saw that the man behind the high deak had his eyes open, and was looking inteutly at her, and that those who had been writing held their pens suspended in the air, while they turned their heads her way.

"Tell them where you found it," said the gentleman again.

Then Hope did as she was requested. "But," said she, turning to Mr. Grubby, "there was no money in it, only pieces of blue paper, and I threw the pocket-book down on the ground after I had taken the paper out, because it was so old and dirty." Again everyone laughed, and Hope, feeling very much distressed, whispered to the gentleman near:

"Please take me down and let me go home."

"In a moment," he answered; "but first tall Mr. Grubby what you did with the

"Please take me down and let me go home."

"In a moment," he answered; "but first tell Mr. Grubby what you did with the papers."

"Here they are," said Hope, pointing to her pin-wheels.

Mr. Grubby strang across the room, and snatching one from her hand, tore it from its handle and spread it open upon the table.

"Yes," he cried, "it is part of one of the checques. You wicked littlegirl, how dare you destroy my property, and frighten me half to death?"