

FROM INDIA.

An Interesting Letter from Miss Marion Oliver, M.D.

The Sanitarium of the East—Ten Thousand Miles from the East of the Sea—How the Journey is Made.

The following extracts from a letter written by Miss Marion Oliver, M. D., to her old pastor, Rev. R. Hamilton, of Motherwell, will be read with interest: KASHMIR, May 30, 1887.

I was pleased to get the photo. One likes to know we are not forgotten. It adorns the mantelpiece of the one little rough, wooden house, which at present forms the abode of Miss Beatty and myself, a house so rudely constructed that a back-woods shanty might be called a mansion. A few steps from our house are the Wilsons', in a similar house, and a little farther on the Wilkie family, but they being a large family must have at least a two-roomed house. Just as in the early days in Canada, so 'tis here. Everybody is on the same level as far as their house is concerned. We have generals, colonels, majors, even the agent of the Gov. General, all around us with their families, and all in just such grand palaces as ours.

This is the way English people in India seek a change instead of going to a fashionable watering place, and certainly it is a wiser way of finding health, for if one can't get strong in this bracing air, one may give up the search. Where are we you begin to wonder. Away on the top of the mountains of Kashmir some ten thousand feet above the sea, where the air is so rare that for the first few weeks neither Mrs W nor I could find room in our lungs to breathe when we attempted to walk up hill.

Kashmir may be called the Sanitarium of India, though it is only within the last few years that English women have ventured into it, owing to the great difficulty of getting over the Himalayas into it. To me that was by far the pleasantest part of our journey, and I think I may say the same of all our other journeys. We came in regular gipsy fashion, taking a couple of weeks to get over the nearly 160 miles of mountains. We made a march of from ten to fifteen miles daily, pitching our tents or else staying over night in the travellers' bungalow.

The whole way, with the exception of the first forty miles, is a narrow mountain path, over which no one could venture to take a vehicle of any sort.

Coolies carried our baggage and provisions; also the children, invalids and weakly ones of our party had to be carried by coolies in a sort of boat in which one could sit or lie.

Not being an invalid I preferred to walk, when a hill pony could not be obtained. I must have walked not less than sixty miles. Mr Wilson grew so strong over it that he walked that last march of sixteen miles without being in the least fatigued. I walked too, but must own that it was almost too much for me. What magnificent views we got. Great towering snow capped mountains above us, with streams tumbling down their sides, and below us the roaring Jhelum. The road follows the course of the river all the way and is often a thousand feet above it. It seemed like hanging in mid air.

Of course the road was dangerous. Donkeys carrying loads often fall over precipices into the river below, but hundreds of people travel over it every summer and no lives have been lost, so why should we be afraid.

The valley of Kashmir is very much like some parts of Ontario. When we came in the middle of April the apple and peach trees were in full bloom, and the houses made one think of our finest Canadian spring weather. The houses are rudely constructed, even the palaces and all the roofs are covered with grass. I saw one roof a perfect mass of bright tulips.

Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is a city of about 125,000 inhabitants and is an admirable city place. The part reserved for English residents is away beyond the native city, and would be all the better were it a few miles farther away from Srinagar odours.

The river Jhelum forms the main street of the city. There is no such thing as a wheeled vehicle in all Kashmir. People go to the bazar in boats.

We tented for the first three weeks in the part of the city reserved for English visitors. When finding a lovely spot on the side of a lake—this is repeated in many places. Lalla Rookh—we moved our tents to it and remained there.

It began to grow sultry and warm, when ten days ago we climbed the mountains to this table land. You see we are becoming very nomadic, as all dwellers in tents are. This, however, will be our last move until we set out on the homeward journey, in about three weeks hence.

Miss Beatty is not yet strong enough for the journey, and will not return before September. Owing to her extreme weakness, we were obliged to make a slow journey, even on the railway when coming from Indore. This gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the work, both of the Rajpootana mission and the American Presbyterian. After leaving Neemuch our first half was at Ajmere, where we were called upon by Mr Gray, Dr. Husband and all the ladies. We stopped again at Jeypore, which wonderful city we were able to see a good deal of, through the kindness of your friend, Mr Trail. He spent the whole day driving Mr and Mrs Wilson and myself to see its many objects of interest, while Miss Beatty rested. We remained over Sabbath at Ulmar, another of the U. P. stations. Misses Ashcroft and Jamieson are the missionaries there. They have a substantial and pretty stone church, such as I would like to see at Avonbank, in which Mr Wilson preached.

Uwar is like Jeypore—a marvellously clean city for India, being all thoroughly drained, and having well paved streets and waterworks. It is completely surrounded by mountains, which render it a perfect furnace during the hot season.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

Latest Intelligence from all Parts.

Crisis Items of Interest for People Who Want the News in a Handy—Informative—Solid Bound to Suit Your Time and Our Space.

Miss Helen Kennedy, eldest daughter of the late Scottish vocalist, was married in Edinburgh last month to Mr A G Campbell, of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Mrs Mark Axon, of Dundas, tried to light her fire with coal oil, ignited her dress, and only saved herself from a terrible death by plunging into a creek that flowed near her door.

Since the Texas fever was reported at Green Leaf, Kansas, two weeks ago, the contagion has spread with remarkable rapidity. One farmer has already lost ninety per cent of his stock. The legislature failed to appropriate any money for the protection of the cattle interest, and the state is practically helpless to wage battle against the fever.

An official injury was made upon the horse that threw the Marquis of Lorne on the day of the jubilee. It was found to be the marquis' own fault. He de- spirited the first horse offered and chose his own horse, although its peculiarities had been explained to him.

Says an advertisement in the British Medical Journal: "Skeletons have ruled firm and active throughout the year, with prices unchanged. We have been able to supply the demand for the common varieties promptly, but the finer grades were scarce, and orders for special varieties could not always be supplied at once. In this regard the market is still unchanged, although our broker in Paris has orders to buy everything offered at the usual rates."

A Portrait Painter Falls in Love with His Model and Will Marry Her.

AN ARTIST AND HIS MODEL.

A Portrait Painter Falls in Love with His Model and Will Marry Her.

It is not quite a year since the well-known artist William M. Chase, astonished his friends by announcing his marriage with Miss Gertson, who for some time previous had posed as his model. And now one of the foremost portrait and figure painters in New York has decided to follow his example. Waytt Easton is to marry Miss Collins, a model who has for years posed for the Art Students' League, and also for many of the figure painters in this city. The wedding will take place during the present month. He is about forty years old, has been a widower for eighteen months and is highly esteemed by his friends. He was the first secretary of the Society of American Artists. The prospective bride is a little over twenty years of age and is of English parentage. She has a pleasing face, a somewhat robust figure and is considered an excellent model.

TO BE LOOKED ON COOLLY. The intended marriage has occasioned a good deal of comment in many quarters and a wide difference of opinion exists as to the advisability of an artist marrying his model. It was M. de la Redolliere who gave the youngsters a bit of advice on this subject. "Oh, young artist," he said, "do not look upon these persons from any other than a professional standpoint; regard them coldly; see in your model only a gracious statue and do not attempt to become the Pygmalion of the lovely Galatea before you."

But professional models sometimes possess qualities that are highly attractive. A good model should have sentiment as well as intelligence. She should comprehend the intention of the artist as to make of herself actor in the little drama which he depicts upon the canvas, and by her sympathy with his work she can contribute materially to the successful accomplishment of it. Unfortunately, however, most models are unequal to this effort. They are content with lending the figure only and dispense with the rest. Yet society has its prejudices, and probably most parents whose sons have entered the rapidly growing profession of artists would prefer to have them limit their attentions to the models employed to the professional requirements of the case.

OTHERS HAVE DONE SO. But nevertheless there are plenty of instances of artists marrying their models. Several of such alliances occurred just previous to Mr Chase's marriage. Frederick W. Freer, a prominent member of the American Water Color Society and a worker in black and white of considerable repute, had not long before married Miss Maggie Keenan, a favorite model in many studios, and one whose face had appeared on many a canvas. Charles H. Harris, another well known artist, married about the same time a model whose face has often been seen in the exhibitions, especially in J. Carroll Beckwith's ideal figure pieces, and who was in good request at the studio. This was Miss Joyce, a young lady with a face of the brunette type that was very effective on canvas when well treated.

The best regulators for the stomach and bowels, the best cure for biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and all affections arising from a disordered liver, are without exception Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills. Small in size, sugar coated, mild, yet effective. 25 cts. per bottle, sold by Goode, druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

Go as You Please. but if you are constipated, or have sick-headache, bad taste in the mouth, rush of blood to the head, bilious complaint, or any similar difficulty, you should go at once to your druggist for Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the most efficient means for eradicating it, by correcting all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Small, sugar-coated, agreeable to take, and cause no pain or griping. By druggists.

THEY KEEP A LIST.

How Marriages of Young Men are Set up by the Dear Girls.

I am about to give away a secret. I think the way the girls talk about young men behind their backs is shameful, says a writer in the San Francisco Bulletin. Young men never despise girls until they are jilted, and that feeling only lasts about forty-eight hours, because another girl turns up. When a fellow gets discharged from his employment two or three times he finds it very hard to get anybody to have confidence in him. But he can be kicked out of a whole row of houses, one at a time, and the girls in the next block will reach for him all the same.

I know a fellow who had been jilted twenty five times in different neighbor hoods, and now he is in town with about half a dozen girls. Those girls all have a kind of secret code. You know how it is. You are introduced to a girl. She invites you to call. You call. She invites you to a party. You go. She introduces you to the whole circle. That whole circle discusses you, calmly appor tions you to three or four; they gradually reduce themselves to one. Then you're lost. She wearsies of you and you get kicked out of the circle.

Well, all those girls have disengaged every one of your young male friends the same way. This is what a cynical girl told me. I don't know of my own knowledge.

But talk of trades unions and Knights of Labor! Their organization dwindles into absolute crudeness when compared with U. O. M. G. (United Order of Marriage Girls). I don't say that is exactly the way the thing is done; but it is the principle condensed. They have a kind of secret register, and they have you all down fine. For instance, this is the idea:

Name: Henry Jones; good looking; twenty five years old; dresses well; good for ice cream any time; very soft; melts at sixty degrees.

William Smith—Very forward; plain but attractive; very conceited; thinks everybody's in love with him; boils over at about one hundred degrees.

Alexander Thompson—Seventeen; good looking boy; very young; boils over at twenty-five degrees.

John Jenkins—Fine looking; clever; hard to deal with; dangerous; boiling point not yet discovered.

James Jobson—Very inflammable; simmers at fifty degrees, boils at sixty degrees, explodes at seventy-five degrees.

That's the kind of analysis. But please don't believe you have no chance because the girls guy you behind your back. That does not mean anything bad. It means they've got you on the list.

Keep Your House Guarded. Keep your house guarded against sudden attacks of colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera infantum. They are liable to come when least expected. The safest, best and most reliable remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

"Poisonous Perambulators." "Poisonous perambulators," says the British Medical Journal, "are probably one of the least suspected of dangers, yet, nevertheless, one which experience has shown to exist, and, therefore, one against which the parents of a family would do well to be on their guard. A case is recorded of the week of a child, aged 4 months, who, on its return after being out under a hot sun, was seized with sickness and vomiting, the vomited matter being a green colored fluid. From inquiries made by the medical man it was elicited that the child had been seen to suck a green strap of the perambulator, and the true cause of the mischief was at once ascertained, namely, arsenic poisoning. An analytical examination of the strap confirmed this view, arsenic being found to be present in great abundance. In spite of all that medical aid could effect, the child gradually sank from exhaustion."

Broken Down. "After suffering with dyspepsia, kidney disease, loss of appetite and pain in the head until discouraged, I heard of B. B. B., took two bottles and am happy to say I feel as well as ever." Mrs Rufus E. Merry, New Albany, N.S.

The Science of Social Tact. "Every man has his faults, his failings, peculiarities and eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour, and if he were to resent them all, life would be intolerable. If for every outbreak of hasty temper and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact with the sharp angles of character, which does not argue about things, does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see."

A Wonderful Organ. The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made especially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe book and medicine \$1. Sold by all druggists.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

Good Men and Women Whose Merits Can Not be Exaggerated.

The heroism of priestly life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unlovely passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Greater than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with the love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent, who turns from the dear love of women, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and majestic spirit, is a hero of the rarest type—the type of Charles Lamb. I have known but two such.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience and a large charity, and with noble decision hiding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidence; who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and statement, and from seeking perilous "affinities"; who does not build high tragedy out of the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in every truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type.—Grace Greenwood.

Devotion of a Partisan Husband. Not long ago the husband of a lovely little woman, whom he had but a few weeks before led to the altar, saw her safe into a carriage in which she was setting out to make some call. She was the very light of his eyes, and they had spent few hours apart since the wedding day. Imagine his state of mind when late in the afternoon she was brought home senseless and almost unrecognizable. But I must go back a little. The horse that drew the carriage slipped in rounding a corner, the vehicle turned over, and the face of its occupant was terribly mutilated with broken glass from the windows. When the crowd which soon surrounded the carriage extricated the poor little prisoner, she was taken insensible into the arms of the nearest chemist to have her injuries examined. The cuts and scratches were dreadful, but the worst was a gash from mouth to ear, from which a long piece of torn flesh hung. The poor chemist seems to have lost his head at the sight, for instead of sewing the piece in place again, he cut it off, and seeing that the patient remained unconscious he washed his hands of her as quickly as possible, and saw her placed in a cab to be taken home. The doctor who is called in breathless haste, exclaims upon seeing the butchery of the chemist's surgery, and says there is nothing to be done but to take a piece out of the arm of the poor victim to supply the place of that which the chemist had so stupidly cut off. But the half frantic husband will not hear of it, and taking of his coat and baring his own arm, offers it to the doctor, and bids him cut from that, and not touch her with his knife. "But," says the doctor, "one mutilated person is enough in a family, my dear fellow. Besides, the pain would be horrible." However, the heroic young man stuck to his point, and it is said, went through the operation with a smile on his lips, remarking that they had vowed to have all things in common, pains as well as joys. The doctor did his work deftly, the traces of his needle are already faint, and he says that when the healing process is complete there will scarcely be a visible trace of the terrible accident.—Max O'Roll, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

IMPROVED. My bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

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I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

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Used Perfumery in the Dark.

To catch up a bottle of perfume and dab the stupples at one's upper lip," said a fashionable girl to me, "is a fashionable trick with many women I know. I've seen lots of women do it, and I did it myself till the other night. Starting to see Langtry I did that trick in a dark room and have quit it altogether. You see I ran back for a glove buttoner, and prowling over the dressing case struck the glass tippie of a bottle of Cherry Blossom," caught it up and smoothed it across my upper lip and gave two little dabs behind my ears so my neighbors should have a smell.

"Tint 'Cherry Blossom," after all, thought I; it's the "White Rose," extract all the same. And I pranced down and joined my party. We had got into a car when some one said: "Good mercy! what have you got on your face?" "The usual amount of powder, I suppose," I replied, aggressively. "Why, you've got a dark-purple moustache." Great heavens! it broke on me in a minute. That nasty bottle of acented ink that I myself had carelessly left on the dressing-bureau! There was left Langtry for me that night. Ninety-six washings only weakened the stain. Sandscape and pumice-stone have removed some of my lip, but it's so dark now (ten days ago it happened) that folks say to me: "You must stop using that vaseline; you certainly are getting a moustache; and just behind my ears are two spots that look as if mortification had taken place."—Albany Journal.

"By medicines life may be prolonged. Yet seldom will we see the doctor, too. True, all must die, yet few suffer while they live. Stop pain, and prolong life, by taking Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," a cure for consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), as well as for coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh, and a specific in liver complaints, scrofula, and all blood and skin diseases. Sold everywhere.

SOFTENING HINGERS.—A drop of kerosene or sweet oil, a little candle tallow, or a slight application of soap, will stop the squeak of door-latches or chairs.

"They have a larger sale in my district," says a well known druggist, "than any other pill on the market, and give the best satisfaction for sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, etc., and when combined with Johnston's Tonic Bitters, Johnston's Tonic Liver Pills will perform what no other medicine has done before for suffering humanity." Pills 25 cents per bottle. Bitters 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Sold by Goode, Druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

A tinmouth near Exeter has a sign which reads:—"Quart measures of all shapes and sizes sold here."

Den's speculation. Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase, author of Chase's receipts. Try Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by all druggists.

THE APPETITE. May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Digestion. I consulted one family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without effecting more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

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