

GOING FAST!



Are the Pictures, Engravings, etc., since we have made the reduction in prices. We are still offering all lines at reduced prices to make room for new goods.

H. N. HUNT
120 Dundas Street.

In Love With Luce

CHAPTER I.

Brundy was the dearest town in the United States, so all the residents of Brundy said. It had not even a railway station, although several other villages in the country had two each. It was natural, therefore, that manufacturers' capital avoided Brundy. There was a large wooden mill at Yarn City, eight miles to the westward, and Yarn City was growing so fast that some of the farmers on the outskirts of the town were selling off their estates in building lots at prices which justified the sellers in going to the city to end their days. At Maple Falls, five miles to the northward, there was water power and a hard wood forest, which between them made business for several manufacturers of woodware, as well as markets, with good prices, for all farmers of the vicinity.

But Brundy had only land and people. The latter, according to their own selves, were as good as the people anywhere, but the soil was so poor that no one could get a living out of it without very hard work. There was no chance of any kind for any of the natives. Young men were afraid to marry, and young women were afraid to go through the routine of drudgery, in which she had pined her own mother, and what lover wanted to ask his sweetheart to descend from the position of slave of all work in a new one? The lack of a chance for anyone had made itself manifest at Brundy many years before the date at which this story opens, so many that the natives had gone elsewhere to better their condition. The great majority of them had not been heard from afterward, so Brundy did not doubt that they had become too prosperous to think of their simple old friends and neighbors. Some, however, who had gone to great cities and the great West, and returned to the place of their birth to end their days, and they were so reserved as to how much they had made their money, and how much they had made, that Brundy agreed that there were some great secrets of wealth to be discovered in the outside world, could the inhabitants of Brundy ever get away and search for it.

For instance, there was old Pruffett. He had gone to Chicago when barely 21, remained there 40 years, and been so busy all the time that he declared that he never had found time to look about him for a wife. He had made money, too; no one knew how much, and Pruffett would tell, but as he paid cash for whatever he bought in the village and never haggle about prices, it seemed evident that he was very well off, for Squire Thomas, the richest native who had always remained at home, never bought a penny or two of the price had been abated. Sad though it be to relate, there were pretty and good young women in Brundy who would gladly have married old Pruffett for his money, and advised mothers who would have directed had old Pruffett given them any encouragement, but what could anyone do with a millionaire—so they called him—who was satisfied to do his own work and do his own cooking in the cottage in which he was born, and which he had kept for years, just as his mother left it when she died, and he had been too busy to hurry home to receive her dying blessing? There was nothing mean about Pruffett; he contributed liberally to all church subscriptions, and when any neighbor chanced to fall into trouble the old man was the first to offer counsel and substantial aid; still, why did he not be whole-souled and tell younger men how and where to find their chance in life—the chance which Brundy persistent denied to everyone?

One morning the entire village was thrown into a fever of excitement and alarm by the appearance of the following notice, which was posted on the bulletin board in front of the town hall, and on trees in the several streets.

EVERYBODY HAS A CHANCE.
"A lecture on the above subject will be given at the town hall next Friday night. The lecturer has nothing to sell, nor any medicines or other goods to recommend, nor anything to advertise. It is to be a pure talk by a square man, who can prove what he says."

**Ladies,
Buy
Princess
Paper Shell
Almonds.
No Nut
Crackers
Required.**

Fitzgerald, Scandren & Co.
160 Dundas St.

No charge for admission; people who like the lecture may, if they desire, drop some small change into a box which will be at the door.

"Everybody has a chance, eh?" said the natives to one another. "That man doesn't know what sort of town he is coming to. If he is depending upon the collection at the door to help him to the next town he'll have to walk."

The more the lecturer's subject was discussed the more ridiculous it appeared, and as most people rather enjoy the spectacle of a man making a fool of himself, the town hall was absolutely jammed on Friday night, half an hour before the usual time for the appearance on the platform of such strolling entertainers as did not know of the impenetrability of the natives.

When the town clock struck 8 the audience saw coming from the ante-room to the platform a middle-aged well-to-do mechanic with the manner of a preacher, although he soon manifested an unpreacherlike disregard for grammatical forms. The lecture, too, although humorous enough at times to set everyone laughing, was somewhat like a sermon in its general character.

"People talk about not havin' a chance," began the lecturer. "Why, if chances were eggs, none of you could move without steppin' on 'em. When a man says he hasn't got his chance, he is talking about the particular chance he wants—that's all. What we want most isn't always what we need most, my friends, though few of us are honest enough or smart enough to see it at all."

But a dollar to a doughnut that the chance—an' the only one—that every man in this room is simply achin' for, so that he won't look at any other, is the chance to make a lot of money. Did he ever see anything that had made a lot of money? Did the rich man look any happier than the other folks? If not, why not? Can any of you tell the difference between the rich and the poor by their faces? I can't, except that generally the richest man looks most anxious an' most discontented."

By this time everyone in the house was looking at old Pruffett, who was looking at the back of the seat in front of him, although the expression of his countenance did not imply that there was anything particularly cheerful and inspiring in the back of that seat. The lecturer continued:

"An old book which all of you have in the house, and which some of you profess to believe with all your might, says that 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth'; you can read the passage for yourselves, and correct me if I am wrong. That same old book tells of a man that came to lots of people that hadn't a cent, either before or after. There are just as good chances now, and Brundy's as full of 'em as any other place, an' the people that don't get 'em are the people who won't get 'em, though if the chances were bears they'd bite 'em, they're so close. A man's best chance is whatever is closest to him; if it isn't, it's almost as close to his heart, that's the man's fault—not the chance's."

The lecturer went on in the same vein, and told of some of his own chances which he had missed, as well as of some in which he had, to use his own expression, "caught on," and he told some stories of persons who, expert as he was, made a lot of money, and not a few were compelled to do some serious thinking.

When the talk ended there was quite a melodious jingling of coin in the box at the door, and several members of the audience who were nearest to old Pruffett told their neighbors for a week afterward that the old man actually dropped into the box a \$10 bill, 40 times as much as would have paid the lecturer's stage fare to the next town.

"Got any small change about your clothes, Champ?" asked Charley Wurring, a smiling youth, of Champney Bruff, a serious-looking man of about 30 years, who was exploring his vest pocket. Charley had abundant reason for smiling, for by his side, where she had been throughout the lecture, was Luce Grew, the handsomest girl in the village. "I didn't bring any money, but I found my chance in my pocket, and here she is, eh, Luce?" Luce looked rather bashfully toward Champ with her great dark eyes and strong face, and then, for relief, smiled pleasantly at Charley. Champ flushed a little under his dark brown skin, but mechanically extended a coin toward Charley, who took it and dropped it into the box. Then he took Luce's hand, placed it on his arm, whispered something to the girl which elicited a smile, which Champ regarded fixedly, although the longer he looked the whiter and more fixed it became. Suddenly it appeared to him that old Pruffett was regarding him intently, and as he did not care to be looked at closely at that particular moment he hastily left the hall and started homeward.

(To be Continued.)

Make Yourself Strong

If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and persistent coughs and colds, these pills attack the weak and nervous system. They can find no foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality, the healthy golden color of the skin, the blood of Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

A hundred years ago one post-mistress and her daughters, helped by a couple of letter carriers, did the entire work of the Manchester, England, postoffice. At the present moment Mr. Dehorne Harvey there finds employment for 2,222 established functionaries, besides a small army of town and suburban sub-postmasters and their assistants.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

To ascend Mount Blanc costs about \$75, as there must by law be two guides and a porter to each person.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could hold on no longer, never give up then for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for your running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from violent phlegm.

Dr. Grant and the Crisis.

The Decencies of Public Life Violated at Ottawa.

Two Planks in the Platform of the High Tax Administration.

And Both Are Bad According to the Kingston Principal.

Manitoba's Invitation Should Be Accepted.

(Interview in the Toronto Globe.)

A representative of the Globe waited on Sir Charles Tupper, Premier of the Dominion, at his Ottawa residence, last night, to ask an expression of opinion in regard to the Ottawa crisis. He answered that, as the Government is not yet reconstructed, it would be premature to express an opinion on it or its proposed action. "I see in the press," he continued, "that Sir Chas. Tupper stated that the Premier had told him plainly that he would not have Messrs. Foster, Montague and Haggart again in his Cabinet, and that Sir Charles had replied that in that event neither would he accept a position. Is not the question then simply this at present: Will Sir Mackenzie stick to his determination or not? I hear that these three Ministers have been recently repudiated by his Cabinet. I am sorry to hear it, for his sake, and for the sake of the public morality and the decencies of public life, which have been violated recently to such an extent that there must be an overpowering feeling of shame, amounting to disgust, in the minds of Canadians no matter to what party they may belong. The Premier described the seven who deserted him on the ground of his incompetency as a leader as a nest of traitors, and according to Sir Charles Tupper, he charged the three of them in particular with a bad premeditated work of treachery, and now for him to take these back, and for them to go back, gives one a shock of so many volts, that it can be described only by the algebra system, or by forgetting that he found Sir John Macdonald."

"Sir Charles Tupper is a man of great ability," Sir Chas. Tupper said, "though if they owe their public school system to him, and also Dalhousie College, as at present constituted, and Canadians in all the Province, I must not forget that he found the battle of Confederation in Nova Scotia, and fought it bravely. The last general election was fought in 1891, and the victory was due to Tupper next to Sir John. In that election I gave the only vote I had ever given to Sir John since coming to Kingston in 1877. I did so because, though previously in general sympathy with the Reform policy of free trade, I considered their new cry of commercial union with a foreign and protectionist country like the United States bad, and even dangerous. Doubtless they regarded it as a means of relieving the country from the bondage of the N. E., but it is now universally admitted to have been a move in the wrong direction. The right direction is that which Mr. L. H. Davies indicated in the resolution he submitted in the House of Commons in 1892. By their vote on that resolution and by the platform subsequently adopted in their convention at Ottawa the Liberals put themselves right on the trade question, and I hope they will soon be in a position to go forward in the true direction. If we are honest free traders and friendly to our own empire let us get into line as soon as possible with the only free trade country in the world, the one to which our motherland, whose trade policy is settled, which, too, is our best customer by far, and which would be a better customer still if we reciprocated with her as we are agreed to do with the United States. In 1891 there was a vacancy in the office of Premier, and the office then was Sir Charles Tupper's by right. His party, however, did not think so. There is no necessity now for office, but Sir Charles Tupper is a man of great ability, and I am glad to see that he believes it a reality."

TWO PLANKS, BOTH BAD.
"When an appeal is made to the country, the party will judge on the basis of the policy of the two parties. Sir Mackenzie's policy consists of two planks, both bad. The first plank is protection up to the hilt. He honestly believes in protection as a good thing, but I find it in itself is bad, and bad in its influences on the political and moral life of the country, and I know no country less suited for protection than Canada. I admire Sir Mackenzie personally, and I never much so as during the past ten days. Everyone admires pluck, but if what you tell me is true there is a limit to his pluck. The explanation must be his devotion to his party. This amounts to pure electricity. Party is made an end instead of being a means. His second plank is coercion for Manitoba on a matter in which the absolute, though in certain cases not the final, jurisdiction is given to the Province. How strongly I feel on that point you may judge from my speech to the General Assembly last June, given immediately after the Manitoba Government invited investigation. I then said, and my words were reported, that if the Federal Cabinet did not accept the invitation no honest man could support them. The invitation has been pressed since, and no notice has been taken of it. Manitoba's answer to such treatment will be emphatic."

"Have you anything to say about the anonymous letters?"
"Certainly not. There are some subjects about which no gentleman cares to utter a word unless he is compelled to speak. The washing of dirty linen does not usually take place in public. As the persons concerned are Privy Councilors, Lord Aberdeen had to interfere, and of course there was nothing for him to do but to accept the word of each; but what must his feelings have been?"

As a remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and Sore Throat, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are reliable and give the best possible effect with safety. "They have suited my case exactly, relieving my throat and clearing the voice so that I could sing with ease." T. DUCHARMÉ, chorister, Grand Parish Church, Montreal. Price, 25 cents a box.

Ladies, our steel engraving effects are as fine as can be made. Cooper & Sanders, photographers, corner Dundas and Richmond, over C. P. R. box.

The Cuban War

Costing Spain Six Million Dollars a Month.

The Spanish Commander Recalled—HARD Times in Havana.

London, Jan. 18.—The war in Cuba is costing Spain \$6,000,000 a month for the maintenance of the army alone. From the outbreak, Feb. 24, 1895, until Jan. 1, 1896, the cost amounted to \$85,000,000, according to figures published by La Discusion. The financial loss owing to the burning of crops and towns and the destruction of railroad property cannot be calculated until the smoke clears away.

A dispatch from Madrid says that the Cabinet has decided to recall from Cuba Capt.-Gen. Campos and his brother-in-law, Gen. Arderus, second in command.

Havana, Jan. 18.—Everyone here is excited over the wording of an editorial in the Diario Della Mariana, containing some sensational statements and headed, "An Unbearable Situation." The article declared frankly and in defiance of the present censor that the time has come for the Government officials to admit the situation is really serious and entreat the Government to change its present policy and, if necessary, to put more men in the field, claiming that revolution is annihilating the commerce and industries of the island.

Nothing has occurred to improve the situation of affairs in the city, and the supply of the ordinary necessities of life is becoming precarious and exceedingly high-priced. Even those whose sympathies are loyal to the Spanish Government are hopeless of any success in suppressing the rebellion with the present military force and machinery.

ILL NIGH UNTO DEATH.

The Experience of a Lady Well Known in Coatocook.

Stricken With La Grippe Followed by Pneumonia, She Languishes for More Than a Year—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her When Other Medicines Failed.

(From L'Etoile de l'Est, Coatocook, Que.)

The town of Averill, Vt., is situated about eight miles from Coatocook, Que., and is the home of Mrs. Ada Hartwell, who has many relatives and numerous friends in the latter place. Mrs. Hartwell has passed through an experience which L'Etoile de l'Est thinks worthy of giving the widest publicity, as many others may derive much benefit therefrom. Mrs. Hartwell has ever been considered a woman enjoying a healthy constitution until about two years ago, when she was, like hundreds of others in this country, stricken with influenza, or, as it is more generally termed, la grippe, a disease which carried off many people in this town and vicinity, and in the case of numerous others left behind wrecked constitutions. In Mrs. Hartwell's case, pneumonia followed the first symptoms of la grippe, and Mrs. Hartwell was sick, night unto death. The best of medical aid was summoned.



"Able to ride without fatigue."

ed, and Mrs. Hartwell was saved from what seemed to her friends an imminent death, but when convalescence came, she remained deprived of her appetite, extremely weak, and in constant danger of a relapse, and all her physicians could do nothing to bring about her recovery. Her condition of health, however, was such that she was unable to do any work, and she was very nervous and irritable. For a whole year she continued to languish in this state. At last one day her husband purchased a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had read of the many cures wrought by this medicine, but he hesitated to procure them, he says, for his wife in order to be able to say "we have tried them all," rather than from strong faith in them. To please her husband Mrs. Hartwell consented to take the Pink Pills, and great was her surprise, and that of her husband, when, after taking three boxes, she was able to take a short ride without feeling any fatigue. She wisely resolved to continue the treatment, and before long found that she had regained her old-time strength, and she declared that she owes her recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Last winter Mrs. Hartwell felt a slight recurrence of her former weakness, and again resorted to Pink Pills, since which time she has not had a day's illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a more potent influence on the blood and nerves than any other known medicine, and speedily restore the bloom of health to pale cheeks. Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Refuse all substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Talmud, Jewish book of fundamental and canonical laws, says that there were 30 persons besides Joshua, who possessed the power of "stopping" the sun.

A Commissioner in B. R.
GENTLEMEN.—Having used Haggard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years I have no hesitation in saying that it has been of great service to me in trying for coughs and colds in children as well as grown up people. It relieves that tight binding sensation in the chest. We would not be without it for anything. As a Commissioner in B. R., Balmoral Man. Gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, mercury, sulphur, carbon, antimony, bismuth and zinc were the only minerals known at the time of the discovery of America.

Connoisseurs of driving patronize Overmeyer's Livery, Richmond street North, as he has only the latest style of rigs. Phone 448.

Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

LIGHT A MATCH

AND LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

They Are the Lowest Ever Quoted by any Furniture House in Canada

Solid Oak Cheval Glass Bedroom Sets, \$15. Solid Oak Dining Chairs, with leather seats, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 each. Maple Bedroom Sets, \$10. Corner Wardrobes, \$9. Solid Ash 8-foot Extension Table, \$5. Carpet Lounge, \$4. Solid Oak Book Cabinets, \$9. Ladies' English Dressing Cases in Mahogany, Walnut, Oak and White Enamel, \$12 and \$15 each. These we are closing out at less than Cost Price.

You'll see 'em if you're prudent;
You'll buy 'em if you're smart.

John Ferguson & Sons

174 to 180 KING STREET, LONDON, ONT.

OIL AMONG THE ORANGES.

Indications of oil in and about Los Angeles have been apparent for years and a few instances are on record of enthusiastic proprietors who have sunk wells to the depth of from one to two hundred feet, and actually succeeded in securing an occasional barrel of crude petroleum.

The first cable car line was built in Los Angeles in 1886, and it was naturally conceded by investors generally that a piece of land close in on that cable line was about the biggest card in the pack. This particular section of town is made up of a series of hills crowded almost as closely together as a prairie-dog village, and just about as available for town lots. A local real estate dealer acquired some property in the much-vaunted region, and then for several years tried vainly to sell out at almost any price. Finally, in a fit of desperation, he decided to bore for oil. This was in August of last year.

Discouragement and ridicule met him on all sides, and when 1,000 feet had been reached without result his "wild-cat" scheme was the talk of the town. Then something happened. Suddenly in the dead waste and middle of the night a tremendous spout of oil and gas shot out from the drill-hole, flung every portable object in its pathway high in the air, literally soaked the men in attendance, and saturated the region round about with the grimy, ill-smelling substance. Dismay resigned supreme, until the owner of the well was enabled to turn the enormous output into a hastily-constructed tank.

At first a universal wave of indignation swept over the community, which had in the passing of the years taken up its abode in the region. It was outrageous that the olfactories of the people should be so violently assailed—their very hearth-stones invaded. It was furthermore declared that the well was a menace to health, and applications to abate the nuisance were made to the city council.

Then there was a great calm, which lasted exactly four-and-twenty hours, after which every adjacent property owner with \$1,500 in hand or in sight began to prepare for boring. Innumerable agents now appeared on the scene, eager to furnish estimates on boring, casing, tubing, etc.; to supply rig lines, engines, boilers, or sand pumps while you waited; to take your measure for oil-proof overalls; to move your house.

One enterprising specialist, whose zeal exceeded his reverence for Lindley Murray hung out a sign with the following legend, which still adheres, viz:

WELLS PULLED AND OVER

HALLED AT SHORT NOTICE

Derricks sprang up in the door-yards like mushrooms in a night. Today there is a perfect forest of them. The section now definitely designated as the oil region (outlying posts may be found almost anywhere) covers an area of half a hundred acres, and lots heretofore available at the purchaser's price were held during the first excitement as high as \$100 per front foot.

Oil companies and oil exchanges are being organized and reorganized almost daily. Two pipe lines are completed from the field to the railway tracks, one having a 32,000 barrel storage tank and the other with a capacity of 35,000 barrels. These lines cost about \$75,000.

As high as 300 barrels of oil have been pumped from a single well in 24 hours, although 100 barrels is considered an excellent daily average for the best producers. The present output is over 3,000 barrels per day. Of this 1,500 barrels are required for local consumption—breweries, laundries, iron and steel works, printing offices, etc., and the Santa Fee and Terminal Railroad Companies being the principal consumers.—Harper's Weekly.

Take Notice.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

C. C. Richards & Co.

SLEPT SEVEN YEARS!

A Pennsylvania Man Emulates Rip Van Winkle.

Bushkill, Pa., Jan. 18.—After a cataleptic sleep of seven years, Wm. Depue, a prominent citizen of this place, has suddenly returned to consciousness and good health. This remarkable case has puzzled all the physicians of this neighborhood for years, and all that medical science can do has been done to arouse the sleeper, but without the slightest effect.

When the awakening came Mr. Depue, to the surprise of his family and everyone else in this neighborhood, got out of bed and announced a determination to go to work. He set about his usual labors as if he had been asleep but seven hours instead of seven years, and is as vigorous and healthy as he ever was. The only result of his long sleep is that his eyesight has become dim, and it is feared that he may become blind.

Mr. Depue was dumfounded to learn that he had been slumbering seven years, the space of time appearing to him to have been but one night of usual and ordinary rest.

While following his usual avocation seven years ago Mr. Depue became ill and was taken home. Doctors were summoned, but could find no ailment. Unconsciousness speedily followed, and he sank into the sleep from which he has just awakened. During all this time he did not recognize anyone. Food was given him through a tube inserted in his mouth. Probably one of the most peculiar features of the case is that Mr. Depue lost no flesh during his long confinement and is today in good physical condition.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

The Barometer of Health Is the Nervous System.

Headache Is Not Brain Disease—Don't Make the Same Mistake as to Other Miseries—Use Dodd's Kidney Pills and Get Cured.

Nervous condition is the natural barometer of health.

If you want to know your exact standing in the scale, consult your nervous system.

If you lack pluck, courage, energy, there is something wrong. If you feel shaky you may be sure of it. Nineteen times out of twenty faulty kidney work is at the bottom of every ailment.

The proof of this lies in the fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills—solely and purely as kidney medicine—cure in that proportion of cases.

Don't imagine that because your head aches that the trouble is where the pain is felt.

It is quite easy to make the same mistake when your misery takes any other form.

It is safer to assume that your kidneys need help, and take Dodd's Kidney Pills, than to take the risk of any delay.

Nervous cost you a wearing sickness, or it may cost you your life, while Dodd's Kidney Pills cost only 50 cents a box.

It matters not what ails you; you will forget the name of your trouble after you have been cured.

The best proof that you needed kidney treatment is that you have been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There was a time when the whole solar system was nothing more than a nebulous ball.

Fillet Pills Itching Pills
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; mostly at night; worse by scratching; if allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The first of the modern bank notes were made in China about the year 1000 A.D.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.
—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J.F., Lafareville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.