

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS!

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE.



You are to be the one to say whether it is or it isn't; whether you will or you won't; whether we are right or wrong. We leave it to you entirely, for you to decide. The only evidence we want to submit is a full-sized \$1.00 package of VITÆ-ORE, which package we want you to try at our risk.

All we ask is a fair verdict! We say that Vitæ-Ore will cure you, that one package used by you will prove it to be the remedy for your case and condition. If it does not, you to be the judge, we want nothing from you.

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of "The Northern Messenger," or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, **postpaid**, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read this over again carefully**, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before**. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. Vitæ-Ore is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility**, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitæ-Ore has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. **Send for a \$1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge!** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree.** Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

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more can I say? He admired the flowers, he recited the poetry, and such compliments on the cooking! It may be 'good form,' where caterer, butler and help have charge of the feast, to eat in stoical disregard of the merits of the dishes, but when the hostess is all these and more, she likes to know that the work of her hands is appreciated.

Our hero was a master hand at this. He liked the graham bread so well that: 'Please set that plate by me,' said he, 'and won't you do me the favor to spread me two pieces of it, to put in my overcoat pocket, when I leave?' And as to the gelatine, he said when it came his time to die he wished he could sink in a lake of that. These things seem tame in the telling, but

given with his rare smile and expressive gesture, they became the most delicate compliment.

My husband having to manage the opera house, the lion offered to escort me to the scene of his efforts. It was such a wonder to sit under the majesty of his public presence and remember that he was the same man who had made the informal dinner party a literary and society event, and worthy of memory!

After the entertainment my little lady was brought home from grandma's. She came in, wide awake and smiling, and the lion, who had just brought a great audience to his feet, spent an hour or more wooing the dainty baby. They played on the floor in great glee, and when my mo-

ther-anxiety overcame my pride, and I suggested that baby must be put to bed, he begged for 'just a little while longer.'

Our guest was to leave on the 7.30 morning train, and when he bade me good-night, he said, 'Now, you are not to get up to get my breakfast. I can get it down town.'

'No,' said I, 'I have breakfast already planned. You will want to taste my old-fashioned buckwheat-cakes.' 'Enough said! You had better get up.' So the breakfast was even more successful than the dinner.

'Why,' said he, 'I order pancakes a thousand times, hoping once to get some like these, but money can't buy them. I must eat enough to last me until I get home.' When he left he did not forget to