Late Old Country News

ENGLAND

KING PRINCIPAL IN PRETTY INCIDENT

Stops to Chat With Children Who Cheer Him While Riding.

A pretty incident occurred a few days ago as King George was returning to Windsor Castle after a ride in the Great Park. A group of school children, ranged themselves along the roadway with a couple of Union Jacks. When the King came opposite them the youngsters cheered heartily and waved their hats. The outburst of enthusiasm was so sudden it startled his majesty's horse but after quieting the animal, King George, who was much delighted at the incident, chatted with the children and graciously acknowledged their loyal greetings.

The members of one of London's quaintest clubs, the Fairy Tale Society, are endeavoring to raise a special fund so that they may give the poor children of the city a splendid Coronation treat. Many a sad little heart has been cheered by the unique work of the society, which was founded in 1904, and the club is now one of the most popular institutions in the city. Its storytellers go to schools, missions, hospitals, unions wherever there are children, and entertain the little ones in various ways, but chiefly by the recital of fairy tales.

A warning against bolts from the blue, is the latest army order. It calls the attention of soldiers to the danger of aeroplanes dropping upon them, especially when the aviators are inexperienced. The Artillery Practice Camp on Salisbury Plain is close to the training grounds of the Air Corps, and also to the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company's ground. Many of the men flying, are only beginners. Consequently there is always the danger of unintentional hurried descents which might "damage" men underneath.

Regret is felt throughout the Wethersfield district of Suffolk, at the destruction by fire of its oldest windmill, a prominent Suffolk landmark. The owner, William Joyce, on leaving work the other night, slipped, and his lantern fell to the floor. The escaping oil became ignited, and the mill was speedily in flames. As the fire progressed the sails of the windmill continued whirling around, blazing like a huge catherine wheel, and presenting a weird spectacle.

At Sutton, in Norfolk, a marsh and a black-bird have started housekeeping on the co-operative principle, laying their eggs in the same nest. The same pair of hens tried a similar experiment last year, with dire results to the young mavises, the young blackbirds having gently oozed them out of the nest into the cold world. But the enterprising parents apparently insist on giving the scheme a fair trial.

The mayoral chain of office of Folkestone is troubling its present holder. Owing to a custom by which each mayor on retiring adds a link to the mayoral chain of office, the chain is becoming inconveniently long and heavy. A committee is to try to find a way of keeping the chain within bounds, and wearable.

Prince Higashi Fushimi, who is on his way from Japan to attend the coronation of King George, is taking with him, to England, the decorations of the Grand Order of Merit and the Chrysanthemum Collar, which have been conferred on the King by the Emperor of Japan.

Quite a government health resort is the prison of Pentonville. According to a report recently issued by the governor there has not been a single death in this institution for over a year, save deaths from execution. The average number of inmates is 1100.

A curious incident marked a recent golf match at the links at Woodham, Essex. While Francis Durham was playing, he drove a ball which killed a skylark 200 yards away.

BOY LOST WAY IN DERBYSHIRE HILLS

Found Asleep on the Edge of a Precipice.

When Evey Sandalls, a sturdy 5-year-old boy, went exploring alone a few days ago on the Derbyshire mountains, and got lost, he caused no little worry and sensation in the village of Hayfield. Up, up, the adventurous little mountaineer climbed till he reached the top of Kinder Scout, the highest summit in the Peak District. How he climbed to such a bleak spot without injury or did not succumb to his thirty-hours' exposure on the mountain side is a mystery. The summit of Kinder Scout is 2,088 feet high, and is only accessible by surmounting huge boulders and avoiding treacherous tracts of bog. His distracted father, the police and workmen searched the moors and mountain side for ten hours, eventually finding the little wanderer asleep on the edge of Kinder Falls, a cascade which tumbles down the mountain side. He was lying on some sand underneath an overhanging boulder. A false movement would have meant his death.

London is to have an immense ballroom in which 8,000 persons will be able to dance. After the close of the skating season at Olympia the skating surface, which is of maple, will be scientifically treated, and the floor will be made the finest for dancing in the world.

The fable of the mouse and the lion had its counterpart in a story told lately, on the arrival at Plymouth from New York of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. Princess Swoff Parlaghy obtained a baby lion from Madison Square Gardens, New York, and is taking it to Berlin. During the voyage there was a christening ceremony, and afterwards "General Sickles," as the lion was named, held a reception of saloon passengers. In the presence of the assembled company, Mr. Barton J. Harvey, of California, astounded everybody by announcing that he had an animal present which he would undertake to vanquish the lion. Challenged to produce it, he brought from his pocket a white mouse. When set free near the lion it made a ferocious attack on the "King of Beasts," fastening its teeth in one of the lion's ears, and would not let go. Mr. Harvery had to go to the rescue, and in separating the combatants he received several nasty scratches from the terrified baby lion.

In his determination to gain his freedom a reformatory boy showed considerable pluck a few days ago. The story of his attempt to escape from the Carlton Reformatory School lads, was unfolded at Shardlow Sessions, when the boy, Frank Meehan, fourteen, was charged with stealing clothing and money. Meehan quitted the school climate and made across country. As his uniform attracted too much attention he broke into a house and stole some clothing. He was stopped on entering the premises, but he gave his captors the slip and made for the River Ouse, which flows close by. He was overtaken, but, by slipping his coat, once again got away, and without hesitation swam across to an island in the centre. A man commenced to swim out, but the fugitive again took to the water, and made for the bank, and it was not till many hours afterwards that the dauntless youngster was eventually captured.

The old town of Hungerford, Berkshire, awoke the other morning to blasts on a historic horn, which hundreds of years ago called the burghers to arms. The lusty notes called the inhabitants to Hocktide, Hungerfords great day in the year. The "Tutthillmen" then sallied forth, armed with literally-crowned staves, their duty being to collect a penny from every householder and to obtain a kiss from each lady they came across. Meanwhile the Hocktide jury, 12 burghers sat at the town hall, directing the constable and certain other keepers of the keys of the common coffer, ale-tasters and the overseers of fishery and common and other officers whose duties are now obsolete. After the constable had been elected the commoners accepted his invitation to lunch at an ancient house where they drank punch made from a 200-years-old recipe.

IRELAND

POISONER BUSY IN IRISH COUNTY

Mysterious Outrages Reported From Vicinity of Castlebar.

An exceedingly malicious and mysterious poisoning outrage has roused much indignation in the Castlebar district. A few days ago a valuable mule and a Spanish donkey belonging to Desmond G. Fitzgerald, D. L., were found dead in their stables. Scarcely had the excitement and sensation caused by their deaths lessened slightly than consternation was caused by the discovery that a beautiful hunter, a five-year-old thoroughbred which was a very promising animal, having competed successfully at several point-to-point races during the season, was in a dying condition. The hunter died and the anger and excitement of the owner and the neighboring farmers became intense when a few hours afterwards an apparently healthy cart horse became seriously ill. It too died. All the deaths were due to poisoning. No clue has been found as to the identity of the perpetrator of the deed.

Under curious circumstances Constabulary Cadet Oswald Rogers, assistant chief secretary of the Royal Irish Constabulary, was fatally injured in Phoenix Park, Dublin, a few days ago. While he and his son were riding a gust of wind carried off his son's hat. The elder man was an expert horseman and while seated in the saddle endeavored to pick up the lost hat from the ground on the point of his stick. When he had raised the cap to about the level of the horse's head the animal suddenly took fright and galloped off. Both horse and rider fell, and the latter's head came into violent contact with the roadway. So severely injured was the lad that he died in a few minutes.

An interesting memento of the plot of 1865 to establish an Irish republic has come into the hands of Captain Frank Hall, secretary of the Irish Unionist Club. It is a sheet of parchment and contains the following words: It is hereby certified that the Irish republic is indebted to John M. Ballentine, or bearer, in the sum of twenty dollars, redeemable six months after the acknowledgment of the independence of the Irish nation, with interest from the date hereof inclusive, of six per cent per annum, payable on presentation of the bond at the treasury of the Irish republic. John O'Mahony, tagent for the Irish Republic, June 22nd, 1865."

An astounding accident occurred lately in a street of Belfast, where road improvements are being carried out. The street is being surfaced by tar matrix, and in the operation a tar boiler is used. The other night a live cinder dropped from the boiler and ignited the tarred roadway. In a short time the portion of the street was in flames, and in the darkness the leaping flames presented a dangerous and weird spectacle. Every effort was made to keep the fire under, and fortunately it was extinguished before the nearby shops and houses became ignited.

THRILLING ESCAPE OFF COAST OF CORK

Big Four-Master Goes On Rock at the Head of Kinsale.

Many hairbreadth escaped marked a recent shipping disaster which occurred lately on the Cork coast. During a fog the other night the large four-masted sailing ship Falls of Garry, of Glasgow, struck on the rocks near the Old Head of Kinsale. One of the lifeboats was successfully launched with thirteen of her crew, most of whom had been roused from sleep. The second lifeboat was also safely launched, but broke adrift when six men had boarded her, leaving the captain and five men on board the ship. The first boat steered for the open sea and reached Queenstown after a desperate struggle. The men presented a pitiable appearance, drenched and shivering, with only rags of underclothing on those who had been awakened in their banks by the cry of "Breakers close to!" The men in the second boat were picked up by a pilot boat. The captain and the five others on board the sinking ship were rescued by the rocket apparatus and pulled up the steep headland with much difficulty. The ship was awash when the last man was taken out of her.

A strange and romantic story of a will dispute comes from Dublin. Away back in the forties of the last century, a family named Brizzi, which had been prosperous in the County Limerick, sold out and emigrated. Edmond, the head, brought with him his two sons, Patrick and William, to South Wales. Edmond and William later went to the United States, but Patrick remained near Swansea, and amassed a fortune of $50,000. At his death a Welsh family, only by coincidence named Brizzi, claimed and address succeeded in getting the money. But a member of the genuine American branch had crossed the ocean, and fortunately heard of the case. He investigated and concluded that the fortune belonged to his own family. However, he had no documents with him to prove his identity, but his brother sent him from the United States a great box full of documents—title deeds, letters, etc. As soon as the Welsh family perused these overwhelming proofs they at once withdrew their claim.

A pretty romance had its happy complement at Athlone the other morning in the marriage of a pleasant girl and a wealthy young Irishman. The bride was the youngest daughter of a fisherman of the Cooson district, on the shores of the picturesque Lough Ree, who was drowned some years ago. The career of her husband has been a varied and interesting one. He emigrated to America years ago, and there under remarkable circumstances an uncle, who became rich interested in him and educated him. The youth worked hard, and his industry pleased the rich uncle, who on his death left him a goodly fortune. The young Irishman then returned to the Emerald Island, and then he met his wife. As the little colleen used to trip past a farmstead where he was visiting he fell quite in love with the pretty maid. Neighbors made them acquainted and the romance culminated in their wedding the other morning.

A huge octopus was the uncanny catch made in Irish waters a few days ago by a steam trawler. The monster's trunk measured seven feet by twenty inches, and shooting out were two feelers and nine thick arms, the longest of which was four feet. The hideous creature was caught off the west coast of Ireland, and was evidently out of its latitude, being from foreign waters. It struck terror into the crew when brought up in the trawl. It will probably be sent to London for exhibition if it can be preserved.

A Darby and Joan tragedy occurred lately at Adare, County Limerick. The other evening Michael Moore, an infirm old age pensioner, got out of bed to attend to his aged wife, who had had a fit in the cottage where they lived alone, but he fell into the fire, and being unable to rise was terribly burned. Both the old folks were quite dead when discovered.

SCOTLAND

FIFTY-TWO YEARS A SCOTCH ELDER

Notable Record in Church Work of Annan Man.

A notable record in church work is that of Mr. John MacDougall, of Rathwell, whose death took place the other morning. Mr. MacDougall was for fifty-two years an elder of the Erskine Church, Annan, and during the whole of that period was never absent from a communion. He was also a member of the committees of the general assembly, and for twenty years representative for the presbytery of Annandale. Mr. MacDougall's record is all the more remarkable when it is considered that he lived seven miles from the church. He was eighty-four years of age, and last year he cut the whole of his corn crop by a scythe without aid from anyone.

A rare and beautiful portrait of Queen Mary of Scots has been lent the National Exhibition, Glasgow, by Mr. D. P. Menzies, of Plean Castle, near Bannockburn. The portrait was painted when Queen Mary landed at Leith in 1561, after the death of the Dauphin of France. It was at one time in the Earl of Home's family, and was given by one of the Homes to an ancestor of the lender. The queen is depicted in mourning. At the base of the picture is a marriage escutcheon of Scotland and France, surmounted by a crown. The colors are exquisite. As it is painted on glass, the tints of color are as fresh as if newly from the brush of the artist.

A wonderful escape from drowning was that of James McEwen, a six-year-old child residing in Perth, when he slipped and fell into a flume the other morning. He was quickly carried down the stream and swept through three sluices, and also passed underneath a distant barley mill. Then when swept from underneath the building to the open, he was got out. At one place the flume is only three feet wide, and the water rushes down at a great pace. Wonderful to say, when rescued he seemed none the worse for his extraordinary experience.

The death of an unknown man under singular circumstances has caused much sensation in the small township of Gatehouse, Kirkcudbrightshire. The other morning a woman who resides near Woodland Loch, from the window of her home saw the stranger walk deliberately into the water. She at once raised an alarm, but his rescue was impossible as he at once sank. His lifeless body was discovered later. That suicide was the motive of his rash act was evident from the fact that his pockets were filled with heavy stones.

The superstitious in the Highlands are much excited over the recent fire at Rosemarkie Castle, on the morning of the fire, which occurred the original house of Inverary Castle in 1877, the late Duke said to some friends. "Five times had luck to my family," and had fortune did follow the Argyll family after it. There is also an old Gaelic prediction ascribed to a clairvoyant daughter of that period, who prophesied that "the Campbells of Argyll should never lose their homes except by fire."

While one of the farm laborers at Blackhill, Corsock, Kirkcudbrightshire, was plowing lately, he came across an old wooden box containing 2,000 silver penny pieces, which are thought to belong to the time of Edward I. or II. They appear to have been struck in London. On one side is a full-faced bust of a crowned king, with a cross and three dots in each angle. On the other side is a motto, too indistinct to be decipherable.

The wireless station at Wick is now almost completed. Rigid secrecy has been maintained, but it is understood that the installation is for the systematic control of fleets operating in northern waters, and specially from the naval bases at Scapa Flow, in Orkney, and the Cromarty Firth.

LOADED MOTOR VAN DIVED INTO TAY

Dundee Harbor Startled by Peculiar Accident.

Passengers on board the Tay steamer Newport recently witnessed the amazing spectacle of a huge motor van loaded with tins of biscuits and confectionery, bursting through the ships gangways and diving fairly into the river. The vessel listed slightly while turning when leaving the Dundee harbor and this set the great car in motion. Gaining momentum, it crashed into the drawbridge, which, held by a pin, gave readily, and the motor tumbled overboard and disappeared to view. Happening with startling suddenness the eye-witnesses to the mishap could scarcely realize what has happened. Nothing could be done at the moment by way of saving the sunken motor, and the steamer proceeded to the Fife coast with the passengers. The only evidence of the accident was a number of biscuit boxes and bottles of sweets which, being airtight, floated. Driven by the incoming tide upstream, this wreckage was eagerly angled for by crowds of youngsters.

A new Gretna Green has been discovered, and it is quite in accord with modern developments that the scene of the wedding should have been a motor garage, instead of the shoeing forge which did duty when the horse, and not the motto, was the most familiar object of the public highway. New Gretna Green is at Oban, where, in a public garage, Mr. Esdaile Campbell Muir, a popular landlord in the Loch Awe district and Miss Montgomery, of Oban, were married the other day. Miss Montgomery, who was the ward of a Mrs. Stewart, visited Oban with her governess, and meeting Mr. Muir, accompanied him to the garage where his car was stabled. There her lover in the presence of his own men and another chauffeur, produced a form of declaration of marriage, which he and the young lady both repeated, and afterwards signed, the chauffeurs being requested to sign as witnesses. The pair then got into Mr. Muir's car and drove away for their honeymoon. Their destination was kept secret, and the bride's guardian, who set out in a motor car in search of them, failed to find them. They have since returned, and had the irregular marriage registered.

BIRD FIGHTS POLICEMAN.

Workmen were exhuming bodies from an old cemetery in Paterson, N.J. the other Saturday afternoon, when a large bird, supposed to be an eagle or a hawk, descended on a tombstone. A constable made a pass at the bird, with his club. The bird rose about ten feet, then made a sudden dart at the bluecoat, giving a sharp beak against the peak of his cap. Describing a short circle, the bird of prey returned to the attack. The policeman dodged, and as the bird flew past delivered a blow that broke its neck.

Seventy Years of the Postage Stamp

[From the Manchester Guardian.]

ON May 6 the postage stamp completed seventy years of public usefulness. So familiar a feature of our daily life has it become that it is difficult for many of us to realize that there are people living today who can recall its introduction and the time when letters had to be taken to the postoffice, and on postage being paid in cash, were then marked with a diagonal red line by the postoffice clerk in token of payment of the postal charges.

In those days postage was a luxury only to be enjoyed by the rich. A letter consisting of a single sheet of paper only, if sent from London to Edinburgh, cost 1s. 3½d., to Manchester 11d., and to Brighton 4d. Consequently poorer folk resorted to many strange devices for communicating with one another. One of the most popular was to send an unpaid letter, to be paid for on delivery if accepted by the addressee, but which was invariably refused. By a judicious variation of the style of address a code was evolved by means of which short messages could be exchanged without cost. Thus if a letter were directed to John Brown, Esq., it signified one thing, whilst the superscription Mr. John Brown conveyed a totally different meaning to the recipient. All the other forms in which the same address could be expressed had each its own particular meaning, so that by merely glancing at the letter the person to whom it was addressed could readily gather its purport and hand it back to the postman without accepting delivery. In connection with this practice a characteristic anecdote is related, which is invariably attributed to Rowland Hill himself and to the poet Coleridge. It tells how, while touring in the Lake District, he one day encountered a young woman standing at a cottage gate, and gazing, as he thought, in dismay at a letter which the rural postman had just handed to her, upon which she declared herself unable to pay the charge. Moved to compassion on hearing that the letter was from her lover in London, he paid the postman his fee and told the woman to retain the letter. After the postman's departure, however, he was informed that the letter contained no writing whatever, and that as they were too poor to use the post she and her sweetheart had agreed to send each other from time to time a blank sheet of paper as an indication that both were alive and well.

The adhesive postage stamp had its origin to the postal reforms introduced in 1840 as a result of the indefatigable agitations of Rowland Hill, which culminated in the institution of inland penny postage on January 10 of that year. His suggestion was for a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which, by applying a little moisture, might be attached to the letter." Except for the added convenience of perforation as a facility for ready separation, the form of the stamp has remained almost unchanged since it first saw the light of day on May 6, 1840.

The adhesive postage label was not permitted to remain a British monopoly for long. The system was adopted three years later by Brazil, by the United States in 1847, by France and Belgium in 1849, and subsequently by every civilized and semi-civilized country and state throughout the world. Today every petty republic and pricipality and every tiny colony and dependency, to the remotest coral atoll of the Pacific, boasts its own distinctive postage stamp issue. According to a recent estimate the number of different kinds of postage stamps issued by the Governments of the world exceeds 23,400, and these figures do not include the multitudinous varieties which delight the heart of the philatelist.

The first penny postage stamp, the famous Penny Black, whose 70th anniversary British philatelists will shortly be celebrating, is universally recognized as representing the ideal in postage stamp production, and its fine design and artistic execution are objects of reverence to all stamp collectors. The genesis of the design is embodied in two rough water-color sketches submitted by Rowland Hill for the approval of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which now find a resting place in the collection of the King. They show a rough outline of the Queen's head to the left on a solid ground with the single word "Postage" at the top, Maltese crosses in the two upper corners, and blank tablets at the foot. On this basis the beautiful "Queen's Head" penny postage stamp was evolved from the combined efforts of a notable group of experts. The delicate profile of Queen Victoria which adorns it was taken from the medal struck in commemoration of Her Majesty's first state visit to the city of London on Nov. 9, 1837, executed by William Wyon, chief engraver to the mint. A special drawing of this stamp was made for use on the new postage stamp by Henri Corbould, an eminent artist of the period, and it was afterwards engraved on the die, from which the plates for printing the stamps were produced, by one of the Heaths, a family of skilled engravers, who received the commission from Messrs Perkins, Bacon & Petch, of Fleet street, London (now Messrs. Perkins, Bacon & Co.), who were intrusted with the printing of the stamps.

This fine example of the engraver's art is now generally attributed to Frederick Heath, to whom a fee of £52 10s was paid for the work, but there is still a considerable amount of dissension on the subject, and it is just possible that he may have received payment on behalf of his father, Mr. Charles Heath, whose work as an engraver enjoyed a considerable vogue at that time. The stamps were printed by the Perkins mill and die process of intaglio engraving in sheets of 240, ranged in ten rows of 12, and were a vastly superior production in every way to the tawdry surface-printed labels with which the public is now supplied. On the margins of the sheets the following somewhat quaint inscription was set forth:

Price 1d per label, 1s per row of 12, £1 per sheet. Place the labels above the address and towards the right-hand side of the letter. In wetting the back be careful not to remove the cement.

Perforations had not then been invented, and the stamps had to be cut apart by means of scissors or a knife, and the facetious postoffice clerk would inquire whether you wanted them "trimmed or with the fat on?" Following closely upon the much-ridiculed Mulready envelope, which, although admittedly of a highly artistic character, was of small use, the success of the convenient and serviceable adhesive postage label was assured, and it immediately leapt into public favor. During the first twenty-one years over twenty-one thousand millions of penny stamps alone were issued, whilst today the annual consumption of postage stamps in Great Britain alone exceeds seven thousand millions.

D. B. ARMSTRONG.

NEW
VICTOR RECORDS
(Now on Sale) FOR JUNE (Now on Sale)

A selection of the interesting numbers issued this month.

Single-faced Records
10-inch—Price 75c.
5841. Dreaming ..... Wellings
Reed Miller, Tenor
5844. That Fellow with the 'Cello Rag Smalley
Billy Murray and American Quartet

Double-faced Records
10-inch—Price 90c. the two.
16854. Love is Like a Red, Red Rose ..... Stevenson-Burr
My Hero ..... Gialdini
(Whistling Solo)
16859. Baby Rose ..... American Quartet
Why Adam Sinned .. Lilian Homesley

Purple Label Series
12-inch—$1.50
A Superb Lucia Sextette at a Popular Price
(Victor Opera Sextette)
70036. Lucia—Sextette ..... Donizetti

New Red Seal Records
Four Splendid Records by
Mme. Clara Butt
The famous English Contralto
12-inch—Price $3.50
03179. Abide With Me ..... Liddle
03178. Kathleen Mavourneen ..... Crouch
03176. He Shall Feed His Flock—"Messiah" ..... Handel
03177. O Rest In The Lord—"Elijah" ..... Mendelssohn

Two Irish Songs by McCormack
John McCormack, Tenor
10-inch, with orchestra, $1.25 each.
64180. Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms ..... Moore
64181. Mother Machree ..... Young-Olcott

Do not fail to hear these and the many other records which may interest you.

Hear these records at the nearest dealer's. Write for free catalogue of our 5,000 records.
Berliner Gram-o-phone Company, Limited - - Montreal
SOLD IN U.S.A. BY VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. 85

YOUR BLOOD IS TAINTED
ULCERS, BOILS, SWOLLEN GLANDS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, AND ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES ARE COMPLETELY CURED BY THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT

We desire to call the attention of all these afflicted with any Blood or Skin Disease to our New Method Treatment as a guaranteed cure for these complaints. There is no excuse for any person having a disfigured face from eruptions and blotches. No matter whether hereditary or acquired, our specific remedies and treatment neutralize all poisons in the blood and expel them from the system. Our vast experience in the treatment of thousands of the most serious and complicated cases enables us to perfect a cure without experimenting. We do business on the plan—Pay Only for the Benefit You Derive. If you have any blood disease, consult us Free of Charge and let us prove to you how quickly our remedies will remove all evidences of disease. Under the influence of the New Method Treatment the skin becomes clear, ulcers, pimples and blotches heal up, enlarged glands are reduced, fallen out hair grows in again, the eyes become bright, ambition and energy return, and the victim realizes a new life has opened up to him.

YOU CAN ARRANGE TO PAY AFTER YOU ARE CURED

CONSULTATION FREE

Send for Booklet on Diseases of Men "THE GOLDEN MONITOR" FREE

If unable to call, write for a Question List for Home Treatment

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:
DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.
Write for our private address.

SICK FOLKS

The percentage of those between the ages of 20 and 70 who are in the enjoyment of perfect health and nerve force is small. If you will talk confidentially with those afflicted you will find in the vast majority of cases their troubles are due to a lack of early training. To all who have not started right, or have fallen by the wayside in later years, WE OFFER A HELPING HAND.

If You Suffer with RUPTURE, PILES, FISTULA, ULCERS, SKIN DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, TAPE WORM, NERVOUS TROUBLES, or any kindred or associate Nervous Ailment, Let Us Cure You

Racking, chronic or acute ailment, come to us. Those of you who are dragging along with one foot in the grave, despondent, discouraged, without confidence, ambition or hope,

YOU CAN AGAIN HAVE PERFECT HEALTH.

Family doctors do the best they can, but they are not Specialists devoting a lifetime to curing these few diseases. Sufferers have been coming hundreds of miles to the Dr. Hunt Institute for many years, where they KNOW can be restored to them the vim and snap of perfect health, fitting them for the duties and pleasures of life. Our mail is full of testimonials every day from sufferers who claim that we had cured them after other doctors had failed—they cheerfully testify to the efficacy of OUR treatment. OUR MOTTO: Small Fees, Quick Results, Easy Terms. Call or write TODAY in sacred confidence.

Consultation, Examination and Advice FREE. SPECIAL PARLORS FOR WOMEN.

THE DR. HUNT INSTITUTE 61 WEST FORT ST. DETROIT, MICH.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhoea and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.
MIDY