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By the Pint, Quart or Gallon.
—ALSO, FRESH—
LEPREAUX CLAMS, DULSE, &c.
MITCHELL & LIPSETT,

CARLOTTA'S INTENDED.

A NOVEL.

By RUTH McENERY STUART,

Author of "A Golden Wedding," "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson," "Camelia Riccardo," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in Italy. Pat Rooney, a one legged sailor boy, falls in love with the daughter of his landlord, Carlotta di Carlo. He discovers a rival in a rich and newly made widower, Rooney dispairs and declines to mend any shoes but Carlotta's. "And I'll kiss the foot av her anyhow." Carlotta acknowledges her regard for Rooney and Rooney declares he will protect her "wid the last drop av his blood." On Rooney's return from an absence of two weeks looking for a place where he could support himself and Carlotta, he finds the property assembled to witness the marriage of his intended to Widower Secola, but Carlotta has disappeared.

[CONTINUED.]

"Carlotta Di Carlo ees-a no gread-a name, she replied, still in English, toying with her fan. Z-a my name just-a the same lique-a my cous'n. Neva ees-a bring me sudge-a so gread-a good luck. Just here, the door opened at Pat's side, and a man stepped out. Fearing discovery, he immediately entered the house where a chorus of exclamations greeted him:

"Carlotta ees-a run away!"

"Z-a jump oud-a window!"

"——— rnn off!"

"Cand fine-a no blace."

In the back room, the mother was noisily bemoaning her misfortune, sometimes in Italian and then in English.

"Come in, fo' God sague, Meester Pad, she cried, when she saw him. "come-a see wad-a troub' we god-a theeze day. Come, loog! Drawing him into the back room, she pointed to the bed, upon which was spread an array of finery.

"Loog—loog here! All a fine silg dress, silg pock-a hankcher—silg stockin, —silg hat—keed-a glove—keed-a shoe—gol' watch-a chain—gol' ring—loog; Everytheen-a so fine Signor Socola ees-a bring Carlotta fo marry weeth-a heem tonighd—an' C'lotta ees-a run away! Sez to me, 'muz-a lock-a door fo' wsah-a myselve,—just-a lique thad,—an' ees-a climb ouk-a window an' gone! Oh, my God, me I'm-a crezy!

"an' had she given her consint' ma'am?" pat managed to ask, at last. He had only listened yet.

"Consen'! Geev-a consen'! No! Geev-a northeen! C'lotta ees-a god on'y six-a teen year, Wad-a chil' ligne that knowce abound-a man? Don' know northeen bouk-a consen'!"

"That's whut I say, ma'am!" It was all he could do to hold himself, but he remembered her he loved and in her interest was silent.

His only fear, and this was slight, was that they should find her.

A half-hour passed slowly. At any unusual sound in the front room, every one looked anxiously toward the door, as in a church when the bridal party is due.

Presently a distinct and sudden movement and a renewed hum of voices indicated that something had happened.

It was true. Something was happening.

The old man Socola, leading by the hand the other Carlotta, the cousin, entered the room and approached the bed. With a dignified inclination of his head to the company, and pointing to the display of gifts, he said (he spoke always in Italian),—

"I present to Carlotta Di Carlo those presents which are marked in the name of Carlotta Di Carlo, and when she is dressed as my bride we will drive to the church. The announcement in to-morrow's papers shall prove that Pietro Socola has not been disappointed.'

Hesitating here, and gathering emphasis by a lowered voice, as he glanced with menacing brow about him, he continued,—

"What happens here to-night is in the bosom of Mafia society! They could have heard a pin drop. 'Mafia's children can keep her secrets.' He paused again and looked from one to another. 'But if there is a Judas here,—if one word passes that door,—the knives of a hundred of Mafia's sons are ready to avenge it! And I am Pietro Adolpho Socola who speak!'

Pat was the first to break the death-like silence which followed.

'An' accept me warrmest congratulations, Mister Socola,' he said stepping forward and grasping the old man's white-gloved hand.

Others followed closely. Congratulations were now in order, the new bride-elect receiving her accidenal honors with ill-concealed pride.

A fresh wedding-stir arose, but beneath it all was a suppressed moan, like the irresisteble undertow of a playful sea. The missing girl, the lost wealth, the mystery, the humiliation, Mafia's authoritative command of secrecy, with its death-penalty,—all these, as elements of possible tragedy, were felt, even by the satellites of the new bride, and showed themselves in the subdued air and blanched faces of the family of the supplanted.

Pat was the happiest person present, excepting perhaps the fat little creature who in the next room was holding her breath and panting while one squeezed, another fanned her, and a third burst off hooks and eyes in the determined effort to prove that the bridal gown designed for Carlotta Di Carlo had not proved a misfit.

It was a relief to all when finally the wedding-party started off.

Those who came in the back carriages now rode in front, the family of Carlo Di Carlo bringing up the rear as relations of the bride,—"like the asses which always follow on the tail of the Rex procession on Mardi Gras," Pat heard the little father say in Italian to the signora, adding, as he and his sons got into the last carriage, "You have made us a pretty pack of fools!"

There was that in the husband's tone that made the wife keep silent, but when they had gone she turned to Pat and burst into violent weeping.

For once a woman's tears were powerless to move him. Turning abruptly, he left her without a word, and mounted the stairs to his own room.

In a moment, however, he heard her following. She was not to be so easily eluded. She must have an audience. Her habit of finding relief by pouring her complaint into Pat's ears was too firmly fixed to be given up at this crisis, when her ignominious failure seemed more than she could bear. Her cup had been spared no possible dreg of bitterness, even to the summoning of the hated family of her brother-in-law Di Carlo to witness and reap a triumph in her defeat. This was the refinement of cruelty; and then, as a finishing-touch, came Mafia's command. They dare never explain. Those stuck-up Toney Di Carlos might give the world any story they chose but the true one,—the one they would love to keep.

When she appeared before him, panting from her hasty ascent, Pat thought she resembled nothing so much as a hyena at bay,

"Haf to lis'n ad me, Meester Pad," she began, dropping into a chair. "God Almighty ees-a turn 'is back on me tonighd—pud-a me down ligue wan dog biffore all-a doze nasty Toney Di Carlos!"

"Go! Almighty done ut, d'ye say? Ye're payin' yersilf a purrty round compliment for a wake-day, Misthress Di Carlo! I'd kape that for a Sunday, till we cud buy ye a tin halo an' putt on our Sunday clothes an' say our beads to yer Holiness."

His wrath oiled his tongue. Of course she did not understand.

"'Z-a no time fo' play, Meester Pad. Fo' God sague, you god-a no heart? See wan-a poor woma' in-a so gread-a troub'!"

"I have, ma 'am, a palpitator in the vicinity o' me left lung, but it's engaged at present in behalf o' the slip av a child that's turrned out av 'er father's house on a dark night to escape worrse nor a livin' death at the hand av 'er mother. 'Tis a black night, ma'am, an' where is the child?"

"My God!" her whisper was heavy with passion, "you tague-a side weeth-a C'lotta? Me, I don' care where ees! Hofe-a the dev's god 'er!"

"An' I'll warrant ye, ma'am he has an orrganized detective forrce out in search o' the likes av her to-night, ye may be sure o' that! An' plinty illuminated transums above hell's sky-parrlors 'll open their thrap-doors to welcome 'er in, wud music borrowed from heaven to entrap an angel!" His voice trembled with wrath. "Sure they'll give 'er 'er pick av bridal dresses, an'a sate at a fast where the bread sh'll ate,ll bee as honest as that he offered 'er,—raised from the same leavenand at the same price!"

"Wad you talk, Meester Pad? 'Brida' dress' an'-a same price!' Thing yo' ees-a gone wrong! Z' no mo' rich-a man's wan'-a C'lotta. Wad-a you say?"

"I say the divil has a shtandin' ordther out for brides, ma'am, an' the city strates av a dark night are his harvest-field an' whin an angel is thrapped unbeknowist to his bed, he does mock heaven wud fresh fireworrks an' ring the bells o' hell for a holiday! 'Tis ten o'clock, mother Di Carlo, an' rainin' cats an' dogs this minute. Ye have a child, a fair bit av a daughter, out hidin' from ye. She knows no people. 'Tis the first time nine o'clock ever missed 'er from her little thrundle bed. Can ye tell me in whose back alley I'll find 'er skulnin'. like an odd cat, an' bring 'er home to the mother that's grievin' afther 'er?"

His passion calmed the woman. She looked dazed, but answered him nothing.

"If yer Divinity 'll parrdon me shirrtslaves till I do putt on me rain-coat, I'll shtep out mesilf an' see if bechance her ould granny can thrace 'er."

Crossing the room, he proceeded, to raise the lid of his trunk, but it resisted. It was fastened—on the inside!

For a second only voice and wit failed him.

"Ye'll excuse me manners, ma'am, for lavin' me saloon-parrlor whin I've company, buy I've a call to enlist on the opposition to the divil's forrce," he said, and, with a bow, "Wull ye walk firrst, Misthress Di Carlo?"

Sniffling, but silent, the woman arose and preceded him down the stairs.

Following, he hurried into the street, but returned in a moment.

"Betther go back for me rubber boot an' me bumberel," said he. "Sure the strates are flowin' wud wather." And hastily he reascended the stairs.

"What!" he called, tapping gently upon the trunk, and "sh-h-h!" as the girl's head pushed up the lid.

"Glory be to God Almighty!" he whispered, as he carefully aided her to rise from her cramped position, though she remained sitting in the trunk.

"An' did me ould box harber ye again, me little wan? An' why didn't ye write me the letter!"

"I never knowed I haf to get married till tonight. My maw sez to me I mus' marry Socola, on 'coun' o' my po' lill brothers an' sisters an'——"

"Sh-h! Spake aisy, mavourneen."

"Then I seen my only chance was to run away. It was dark outside. I was afraid. So then I thought about the trunk, an' I climbed up over the back shed——"

"Niver mind now, darlint. I musht go: the madam'll be affther missin' me. But you stay heer. Make yersilf at home to-night in me ould din. I'll shlape below in the shop, an' tell thim I'm on the watch for ye,—which 'll be God's truth. Ye're not to make yer appearance till she's wapin' an' wailin' for a sight av ye. Shtrike no light, an' off wud yer shoes, I'll manœuvre below stairs, an' ye kape silence above."

"You think the old man 'll come back for me to-morrow again?" she asked, anxiously.

"Heavens above! An' didn't ye know he's married to yer cousin Carlotta?"

The tension had been so great that at this sudden relief, the girl, trembling, bent her head upon her arm over the edge of the trunk, and fell to sobbing hysterically.

Pat was frightened lest she should be overheard, for he dreaded the mother's unspent rage. He laid his hand tenderly upon her head.

"Sh-h! The trouble's over now, darlint an' Woona's here to thrash onybody but yer mother, an' it's she that musn't heer ye!"

A sound of loud talking below reassured him, however. The father and brothers had returned from the wedding.

Carlotta heard it, and the distraction soon quieted her. With Pat's aid she presently arose, and together they cautiously approached the opening.

In the tumult, the father's voice prevailed. He spoke in Italian:

"What am I, that my wife lies to me? You said the child consented. You lied, lied! I told you you should not compel her. You are paid. I am glad, But I want my daughter. Where is the child? What can I do? Where I go to seek her I spread an ugly tale,—Carlotta, the pretty daughter of Di Carlo, is not in her father's house at night. A sweet story, that! Oh, my wife is a fine schemer,—got a rich husband for Toney's ugly girl with the pimply face. Ha! she is kind, yes,—I am glad, only; I want my little girl"

In the midst of this, but not heeding it, the woman was contesting her position in broken English,—an appeal for sympathy to the English-speaking boys, her sons.

"Fo' who ees I lie?" she screamed, between sobs. "Wad ees-a money fo' me? Rich or po' ees-a all-a same to me. God-a rock-a cradle fo' you,—dthaz all! 'F I lie, 'z fo' you, an' fo' C'lotta selve. An' now everybody ees-a blame me! Weesh, me, I was dead. You ees-a curse me, Meester Pad ees-a sassy me to my face, an' all on 'coun' o' C'lotta!"

"Shp!" hissed the old man. "No more! Show me my child, and we speak never of this again. I am not blameless. I consented,—but not to force her. You were tempted, and she saved you. It is well. We have not sold our first babe to feed the last. But I want her here. I want my little girl."

"I'm goin,' Woona," said Carlotta, starting suddenly. She would have descended the stairs, but Pat held her arm.

"Not from heer, darlint. Ye've kept the thrunk secret for a dozen years——"

She understood, and, agile as a cat, had dashed by him in the other direction and was out the window on the roof before he realized her intention. She would return as she had come.

Pat hobbled after her to the window. She had just reached the corner of the low shed (where an overhanging fig-tree afforded safe and private transit to the ground), when she suddenly returned and laid her hand on the Irishman's arm.

"Don't be mad. You are good. I like you, Woona,— but I never knowed——"

She began to cry.

"I never knowed my paw liked me before: haf to go to him."

Pat was chocked with emotion, and before he could answer her the slim shadow of the girl had flitted down and was merged into the broad shadow of the tree.

Though the rain was over, the night was dark.

Pat s heart was thumping so when he returned to his vantage-ground at the head of the stairs that he had to sit down.

Soon he heard a timid knock at the street door,—Carlotta was a 'cute one,—then a rush of boys' heavy feet, a clank of iron as the hook was raised, and now, through the open door, loud crying, like the heart-sobs of a little child. So Carlotta met her father.

By ducking his head very low, Pat saw, for a second only, the little reticent old man with outstretched arms going to meet her; and he, sitting alone on the top step, blubbered like a school-boy, but no one heard him.

Pat could scarcely realize that he had been home hardly three hours when, a few minutes later, he looked at his watch to find it but eleven o'clock.

So far at he could discover, the affair was never alluded to in the household afterward; but for a long time between himself and the signora a distinct coldness was felt which made him uncomfortable.

His anger toward her had soon melted, but he wanted it forgotten. She was no worse than many rich mothers. Her methods were only a little more crude.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The housewife pins her faith to it, and well she may. She had to use the old washing powders that destroyed her clothes. She had to use chemical compounds which made everything a dirty yellow. Then "Lessive Phenix," came along with its incomparable virtues. It takes the terror out of the work, for it makes the water soft and the clothes beautiful, and saves 50 per cent. in soap. Then it cleans everything in the house—from the silverware to the pots, pans, and the bath.

Women Admire Strength.

That women do in reality adore muscular developement and pronounced masculinity is proved beyond a doubt by their extreme susceptibility to the charms of naval officers, says the Illustrated American. The fine bronze faces, keen eyes deep voice and breezy talk distinguishing sailors of the official ranks exercise fascinations to which most of the sex succumb. Pale skinned landsmen need to look to their laurels this summer, therefore, when the white squadron drifts around from one fashionable port to another, fetching along the very best dancers and most gallant lovers of the season. There must be something in salt air that conserves the delicate susceptibilities of captains and lieutenants, so nice in their discrimination in feminine beauty, so graceful and tender their sentiments in all concerning the pleasing art of love making.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

Gents,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used nearly every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis. R. W. HARRISON.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "Men want their sweethearts to be brilliant and showy, and their wives to be domestic and practical. The girl who understands how to sew, cook and nurse a sick child does not attract a single man, and the superficial belle does not satisfy her husband after marriage. Hence the prevalence of divorce."

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing and Measuring Machines are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or owner who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under the Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6") with the words "(Original for the Trader)" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

E. MIALL, Commissioner.

For Your Moulting Hens.

The time when hens shed their feathers is again at hand. It is a very exhausting process. Are you preparing to help them through this trying period? Eggs have not been so high for years at this season as now; they will be still higher. Hens rarely ever lay while moulting, then help them to get their new plumage quickly.

Many people get only five or six dozen eggs in a year from a hen and lose money when they ought to get three times that many and make money rapidly. How? There are about 900 eggs in the ovaries of a hen; get all you can of them in two years and keep the hen no longer. You thus save two or three years feed of the hen which is no small item if you buy all the food. When a hen is in "condition" says a high poultry authority, "she will lay plenty of eggs." Therefore help her through the moulting season, that she may be in condition to lay early, as everything is pointing to higher prices for eggs this fall and winter than ever before. The elements needed by a hen at moulting, in addition to good food is contained in Sheridan's Condition Powder to a very high degree. Thousands of people have proven it to be worth its weight in gold, when hens are moulting. It keeps them in health, helps form the new plumage, and gets them in condition to lay early. A hen will not lay while moulting. But if you give them during the moulting Sheridan's Condition Powder daily in extra doses, they will get to laying much sooner and lay all winter; larger better, and more vigorous eggs for hatching, than pullets. But don't keep them a third year: get all the eggs in two. Remember Sheridan's Powder is not an egg-food: you can raise or make food as cheaply as anyone. To any person interested, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., on receipt of address and stamp for reply, will send a recipe for making a good egg-food. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by the same firm, who are the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder. For 50 cents they will send two 25 cent packs, five packs for $1.00; or for $1.20 one large 2½ pound can of Powder, postpaid; six cans for $5.00 express prepaid. A copy of the best poultry magazine published, sent free. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50.

MILL-HANDS FIGHTING.

Seventy-five Men in Pennsylvania Engage in Deadly Combat.

LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 8.—The labor difficulties here resulted in a free fight.

The members of the Amalgamated Association were recently locked out in three rolling mills, which attempted to resume with non-union men.

Parties met and in a desperate encounter, about seventy-five men being engaged, a number of shots were fired. One man was shot in the shoulder, another seriously injured in the head and a third beaten into insensibility.

One firm has had all of its men quartered inside an inclosure surrounding the works, where they have lived night and day for the past month.

The situation is regarded as serious.

That tired feeling is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite, rouses the liver, cures headache, and gives renewed strength and vigor to the whole body. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself. Sold by all druggists.

How to Stop a Hiccough.

A very good authority gives a simple remddy for hiccough—a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stops hiccough in nine.

Nature provides a remedy for all ills, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is nature's remedy for the ills peculiar to the female system. Suppressions, weakness, nervousness and all diseases resulting from impoverished blood, speedily yield to their treatment. Sold by dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Baked Eels.

Skin, empty and thoroughly wash four large eels, cut off the heads and divide the fish into rather short pieces; wipe them very dry, dip each piece into a seasoning of cayenne, salt and a little powdered savory herbs; pour them into a deep dish, and cover them with real stock; put a thick paper or cover over the dish and set in the oven until the eels are tender.

Skim off the fat, take the pieces of fish carefully out on a hot dish to keep warm, and stir into the gravy two glasses of port wine, strained juice of one lemon and one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, make it just boil up and pour it over the fish; garnish with sliced lemon.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Buttered Lobster.

Boil a lobster, take the meat from the shell and mince or chop it fine; put the coral and green inside (but leave out the "lady"); to a wineglass of vinegar or hot water, add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, add one saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, one of mustard, and put it with the lobster into a stewpan over a gentle fire: stir it until it is thoroughly heated through; cut three heads of lettuce, wash them thoroughly and put them at the sides of a salad bowl, lay the lobster in the middle, garnish with a hard boiled egg cut in circles and servehot.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A Russian Exhibition in Paris.

BERLIN, Sept. 8.—The Cologne Gazette says that Russia and France have appointed commissioners to arrange for a Russian exhibition to be held in Paris in 1892.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

A Common Origin.

All skin diseases of whatever name or nature are caused by impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a natural foe to impure Blood, removing all foul humors from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

The Voice of the People.

In every part of Canada the voice of the people rules, and the voice of the people endorses Burdock Blood Bitters as the best and surest blood purifier known. Nothing drives out boils, blotches, humors, sores and impurity so quickly as B. B. B., and perfect health with bright clear skin always follows its use.

Solomon's Wisdon.

The wisdom of Solomon, were he alive to-day, would lead him to choose Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, constipation and all forms of bad blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

A Narrow Escape.

"I would probably have been in my grave today had it not been for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. For two years I suffered from bowel complaint and became very weak and thin, but after using half a bottle of the Extract I was completely cured and have since had no return of the complaint."—Miss Hilton, 34 Huntley St., Toronto.

Don't You Forget it.

"I will never forget that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved my life. Five years ago I had a terrible attack of summer complaint and was given up by the doctor and my parents. A friend advised Fowler's Strawberry and at the second dose I was relieved and soon was well as ever."—Maggie McGillivray, Falkenburg, Ont.

Several Seasons.

"For several seasons I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and find that it makes a perfect cure even of the severest attacks of summer complaint and diarrhœa. It is as precious as gold."—Mrs. F. C. Winger, Fonthill, Ont.

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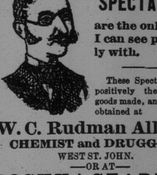

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