

Praying against Time.

Talking against time is common in Congress, but praying against time is the device of a clever Brooklyn child, who will know how to get her rights when she comes in sight of them.

The fire burned low in the Franklin stove, the cat was asleep on the rug, and not a mouse stirred behind the wainscot as the mother wrote by a shaded lamp with a noiseless pen. All the house put on slippers of velvet when little Rosa went to bed, for sleep and she were enemies, and she fought him to the last eyelash. Her voice came from the bedroom now with no sound of surrender in it. It was better to be at prayer than to be asleep, and of course no one could reproach her for praying.

"O Lord," said she, "make me good, and let me go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Keep me safe for I want to go and see Aunt Margaret, and see what I can see. Don't let it hail, or snow, or rain, for I want to go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret very much indeed, and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Make me well so that I can go in the omnibus; please do. Bless grandma and grandpa, Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia and Mr. Charles Swan. Bless papa and mamma, and make us all good, so that we can go to heaven at last, for Jesus' sake."

Again a short pause, and then the wide-awake dulcet voice went on:

"Keep grandma from dying before she gets here. Don't let anything happen to her. Don't let any bears or wild beasts eat me up. Bless grandpa and grandma and Mr. Charles Swan, and Aunt Katie and Aunt Sophia."

Another pause, a little longer than the first, and the unconquered began again:

"I long for apples. I long for milk. I long for pie. I long to be good. I wish I had not that cold. I long for some water. I long for some wine. I long for some brown bread. I long for some molasses. I long for some white bread. I long to be a woman. I thank Thee that it did not rain or snow. Give me a clean spirit. Let me be good when papa is here, for it grieves him to have me naughty, and he buys me things—playthings. I have prayed that I should go to sleep. That makes three prayers."

A yawn, a long-drawn breath, and then silence presently announced that the last prayer was answered, and sleep reigned.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

A Terrible Ride.

At Royon on Gironde there was recently a scene perhaps unprecedented in the annals of ballooning. M. Gratien, a well known aeronaut, was about to make his ascent in a hot air balloon, called La Vidouvilaine. Mlle. Albertine, heroine of several balloon ascents, was seated in the car, and M. Gratien was holding in his right hand a loose coil tied to one of the cords that served to attach the balloon. The balloon unexpectedly broke loose, and the cord unrolling itself with lightning rapidity caught in a sort of knot around the first and second fingers of Gratien's right hand, and he was immediately whirled off into the air 600 metres high. In vain he tried to haul himself up on the cord and loop it over his arm. After frantic efforts he became exhausted and hung at the end of the cords, suspended solely by his two fingers, and suffering excruciating agony, owing to the jerking of the balloon and the cord, which cut like a razor through the flesh to the bone. In that situation Gratien was carried a distance of nearly four miles, at a height of 600 metres above the earth. Mlle. Albertine, overcome by the horror of the situation, fainted away, and sank helpless to the bottom of the car. As the air in the balloon became cool the balloon descended, bumped against the earth in the midst of a dense mass of thorny shrubbery. Gratien was not only stripped of his clothes, but his skin was literally torn in stripes from his body, as he was dragged for half a mile through thorny brambles. Finally, some peasants managed to cut the cord. Gratien appeared to be a mass of wounds, and to be near bleeding to death. Strange to say he did not lose consciousness for a single instant. He suffered no internal injury, and although his condition is critical, he will probably recover. When the rope was cut and the balloon was freed from the weight of Gratien's body, it again rose in the air, carrying off Mlle. Albertine. By singular good fortune it soon landed in a marsh, and mademoiselle at last stood on terra firma. She was sorely distressed in

mind, and badly scared, but otherwise safe and sound.

What Becomes of Our Bodies.

With a very near approach of truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 7,000,000,000; the annual loss by death is 8,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 631,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable production of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal, then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even there unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insistent reach of the roots of plants and trees. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutilations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.

The Meadows of Maryland.

SPRINGFIELD, PRINCE GEORGE'S CO., MD. Mr. CHAR. G. ALISON, of the above place states: "I sprained my right knee causing intense suffering, and the use of crutches for several weeks. I found no relief in other remedies and finally tried the miracle of cure St. Jacobs Oil. In a short time I could bend my knee—which had been as stiff as an iron rod,—laying aside my crutches and was able to walk as well as ever."

Literature is a mere step to knowledge, and the error often lies in our identifying one with the other. Literature may, perhaps, make us vain; true knowledge must render us humble.—*Stantford.*

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a mucous-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite, *Amoeba*, in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle or tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effluvia of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat, up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the amoeba are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 333 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatment free by enclosing stamp.

What the Rev. R. H. Stevenson, D.D., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment of Catarrh.

"OAKLAND, ONT., CANADA, March 17, 1883. Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better."

"I consider that mine was a very bad case: it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but I feel fully cured by the two you sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you."

"You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers."

"Yours very truly, "E. B. STEVENSON."

"Now Well and Strong."

SHIPMAN, Illinois.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. — Dear Sir, — I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. Very truly yours, Rev. Isaac N. Augustin. "Discovery" sold by druggists.

We are never so good as when we possess a joyful heart.

Young and middle aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Anger is like rain, it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

Sick Headache.

Mrs. J. C. Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of 'Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

Spend a cent less than your income and you will always be rich.

Fear Not.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do.

Margaret Leyens, aged 24, a propoosessing girl, only a week from New York, tried to commit suicide by drowning recently. She was rescued with difficulty. Her parents live in Western Ohio.

From Mr. EDWARD MITCHELL, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, Ont.

Hamilton, January 18th, 1883.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, St. Catharines.

My Dear Sir, — I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday's date, asking my experience with regard to RHEUMATISM, and I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a success in my case, and in heartily recommending the remedy to those suffering from Rheumatism. I suffered for months with that trouble in my right arm and shoulder, and often was unable to use my hand, and at night the pain was frequently so great as to render sleep an impossibility. I must confess that I entertained a repugnance to "patent" medicines, but some of my friends persuaded me to try "Rheumatism," and although it may be true that I might have got well without it, one thing I do know, that after taking four bottles the pain took its departure, and I have now the full use of my arm. I heartily wish you unbounded success, as I fully believe your remedy is all that you advertise it to be.

I am, my dear sir, yours most truly,

E. MITCHELL.

According to a French scientist a bee can pull in proportion to its size 30 times as much weight as a horse.

"A. P." 140

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BRUISES AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARTERED A. VOEGELER CO. (Incorporated in A. VOEGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.



FOR THE
Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.
H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

"Win, Angolina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "An't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10 cents.

Do you wish that work should never weary you? Think that you are giving pleasure to another.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia to be worse than the old Rheumatism; but however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It also makes pure blood, regulating the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating scrofulous humor from the system. 25 (25) bottles sold in the last three months.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

The well-known drug firm of Omand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

The fruit merchant's strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. (27)

The normal pulse in a horse at rest is about 40 beats a minute.

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream, there is naught to excel strawberries and cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can exceed Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

Bottles are now made of cast iron containing about 12 per cent. of zincum.

In the summer and the fall, the urchin climbs the garden wall.

For green apples, in his frolic; He will eat his fill, till, very ill,

He's doubled up with Colic.

The antelope is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

At a public meeting lately held in England a clergyman said that an invertebrate Christianity and churchmanship always leads to molluscous morality.