

ON CROW GRADE.

It was a hot day in August, 1894. Three trains were bound northward over the Missouri River Railroad to Fort Cocker then the terminus of the line. The first was a construction train, with a load of telegraph poles for the road beyond the Little Big Horn. Behind it rattled the "dust-extractor," otherwise a gravel-train, Rankin, engineer. The third train, which left Sheridan an hour or more after the other two, was under way, was called an express train, but in reality it was only the "dust-extractor" with a load of telegraph poles.

Rankin leaned from the cab window of the locomotive of the gravel-train with the great vizor of his "dinky-cay" drawn down over his face. The boiler-head within shimmered and steamed, and the cab was hotter than a kitchen on baking day. Outside the ragged Montana buttes burned in the sunshine. Larson, the big fire-man, was swaying steadily from the coil-tender to the "glory hole" of the fire-box. Larson wore a red wollen undershirt which was open at the breast and burned brown on the back with cinders. The sleeves were gone, and the lumpy muscles of his arms glistened with perspiration. His face was black with soot. There was a good humored gleam in his blue eyes; but for these eyes he might have been taken for a negro.

On it he ran from Sheridan, Larson shovelled tons of coal into the red-hot fire-box, but at the end of the day he was ready to leave a car-wheel with any man on the line. All the forenoon Rankin had been catching momentary glimpses of his companion train toiling on ahead. Usually it was only a vanishing blur of yellow in a mist of dust, but it was a dear relief from the dead monotony of plain and mesa-bush and burning sunshine. About noon his train came to the curve near the bottom of Crow grade—so called because it ran through the land of the Crow Indians. Larson was double firing for the long climb, and Rankin juggled on his arm pad and watched for the train ahead. He expected to see the cars of telegraph poles just mounting the summit two miles away.

With a hitch and a quiver the engine shot around the curve. For a moment Rankin stared blankly up the track. Sometimes an engineer's eyes play him sad pranks. "Larson!" he shouted, his fingers tightening on the throttle bar. The fireman's shovel rang on the iron floor, and he sprang to the cab window. Up Crow grade, "teetering" and swaying like a ship on a choppy sea, two car-loads of telegraph poles were plunging down the track. The construction train had burst a coupler. On the front of the first car Jack Oliver, the brakeman, frantically waved his blue jacket and twirled the brake-wheel to show that it was useless.

All this flashed instantly on Rankin's eye. He knew that in less than two minutes the runaway cars would crash into his train, but his hand was as steady and firm as the brass throttle lever. He drew on the whistle cord. There was a single biting blast; it meant "down brakes hard." Then he drove the throttle forward and reversed the engine. Underneath the wheels screamed a shrill protest, and showers of sparks flew upward. The trainmen on the cars behind were straining hard at the brake-wheels. They did not know the danger, but they felt the thrill in Rankin's signal.

"Going to jump?" asked Larson, as the train shuddered to a standstill. A good engineer never deserts his train while there is a shadow of hope. "No," answered Rankin, sharply; "we'll back around the curve."

Rankin had formed his plan instantly. The curve which he had just made was dangerously sharp. Once behind it, if only he get behind it in time, the train would, perhaps, be saved; for the runaway cars, coming at terrific speed, would probably leap the rails and go tearing down the embankment. It was a slim chance, but Rankin took it.

"Fire away there!" he shouted to Larson. Without a word the big fireman bent to his work. He might have jumped,—some firemen would—but until he heard the engineer's order Larson was as much a part of the engine as the piston-rod. Seconds were precious. Yet the train seemed barely to crawl—a baby could have toddled faster. Up the track the runaway cars loomed big and near. The jar of their wheels sounded above the noises of Rankin's train. Poor Oliver was crouching and waiting his fate. His hair blew lurching in his wind and he clung to the broken wheel with all the desperation of despair.

Rankin's locomotive was on the curve. Only a few feet more and it might be safe. The throttle was wide open and the stack belched fire. Larson grasped the cab window with tense muscles, as it to help the struggling engine. Now the friendly embankment cut them off; they had made the curve. Rankin looked across the boiler-head at Larson, and laughed nervously. But they still watched with horrified interest to see the telegraph cars leap the embankment. Far below there was a dry stretch of rocky gulch, covered as with turf, with tufts of prairie grass. It was full fifty feet straight downward. They caught a glimpse of Jack Oliver clinging to the brake—and the cars crashed into the curve. The inner wheels leaped in air and spun like a child's top. There was the shrill screech of steel grinding on steel. Suddenly the runaways righted themselves with a quiver, twitched around the curve, and still on the rails came thundering down the grade.

"The've made it!" said Larson, from somewhere deep down in his chest. For a moment neither Rankin nor his fireman stirred. The danger, once averted, was the more terrible for being unexpectedly removed. They had lost their chance of jumping; for the train was now backing at a runaway speed. There seemed no possible way of escape. "Give her the fire!" shouted Rankin. "We'll make a run for it!"

The speed of the telegraph cars had been somewhat checked at the curve. Rankin's plan now was to drive back under full steam to the up grade a mile away on the opposite slope. Here the runaways must slacken their speed. It would be a desperate race, and Rankin felt that the chances were against him. What if his train should jump the track, or what if he could not keep away from his grim pursuer? Rankin leaned from his window and looked back along the line of reeling red cars, which seemed to run in a trough of dust. And then he stretched farther out, with the perspiration starting fresh to his face. Behind there, just around the edge of a brown butte, was the fleshy white smoke of a passenger-engine. The division superintendent's train was coming. He had not dreamed that train could be near. At his present speed he would drive into it in less than a minute.

Larson swung back to his place. His train had attained nearly the speed of the runaway cars. He deliberately pushed the throttle forward and shut off the steam. The indicator finger leaped to a figure that it would have made a master mechanic's blood run cold; but he must save his passengers. Rankin looked up questioningly. Had Rankin lost his senses? The telegraph cars were now scarcely a hundred feet away. Their groaning boxes had taken fire, and were blazing up like so many smoky torches. They rocked and jarred and roared, as if eager for the on-set; and yet Rankin slowed his train.

The front of an engine has no bumper for receiving a heavy impact. Rankin knew that if the cars struck the pilot with any force the load of poles would probably be driven forward and smash off the whole top of the locomotive,—cab, crew and all—and an explosion might follow the collision. "Larson!" he shouted, his fingers tightening on the throttle bar. The big fireman straightened up, drawing his arm across his dripping face. "Go out on the pilot and couple those cars to the engine."

Larson had two tow-headed babies at home in Sheridan, but he did not hesitate. From the cab window he sprang to the running-board and darted the length of the heating engine. One foot on the steam-brake, a firm grasp of the flag-rod, and he slid down to the pilot. He braced his left foot between the bars; one hand was gripped like a vice above, while the other poised the heavy coupling-rod.

Below him the blurred gray track-bed flowed outward dizzily, and the air was full of flying sand and cinders. It required every atom of the fireman's mighty strength to keep his place on the pitching pilot. Rankin had opened the throttle again. The impact must not be a pound too heavy. He could not see Larson, but he felt his danger. What if there was a ring in the front bumper of the car, so that the fireman could not make the coupling? At that instant Rankin was hurled heavily forward, but he regained himself with a bound. Oliver, the brakeman, was waving his arms and signalling downward. Rankin saw tears of relief streaming down his dusky-covered face.

They stopped, with every wheel burning, less than a hundred yards from the passenger train. The official, blanched about the lips and stammering with excitement, came stumbling forward. They found Rankin pottering over his running-bars with his hooked nose oil can. The big fireman was calmly doing up a crushed thumb with a bit of cotton waste.

"Of course they thanked Larson and Rankin, and I believe their salary was increased on the next pay-day; but there are some things for which money cannot pay.—Ry Stannard Baker, in Youths Companion.

25 cents cures Catarrhal Headache
" " " Incipient Catarrh
" " " Hay Fever
" " " Catarrhal Deafness
" " " Cold in the Head in 10 minutes.
25 cents cures Foul Breath caused by Catarrh.
25 cents secures Chase's Catarrh Cure with perfect blower enclosed in each box. Sold by all dealers.

she Understood "Slape."
As a child Queen Victoria was noted for her independent spirit and for her frankness in confessing an error. The following anecdote, told by the author of "The Private Life of the Queen," displays both these traits:

When a little girl, she was taken on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam's family seat in Yorkshire. Wet weather had made the paths very slippery, and the princess who was ahead of the walking party, was warned by the gardener that the paths were "very slape."

"Slape! slape! What's slape?" exclaimed the princess, not understanding the local dialect, and imitating the abrupt speech of her grandfather George III. The gardener explained, but the self-reliant princess started again on her walk, and fell down in the mud. "Now you see!"

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royal highness said the earl, "understand what 'slape' means."
"Yes," answered the princess, as she picked herself up, "and I shall never forget it again."

DROPPED DEAD.

Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease.
"A sad and sudden death occurred to a well-known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning."

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Fatigation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood, make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver Kidney Pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturer, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a day, one cent a dose.

Effect of X-Rays on Plants.
Very interesting experiments have recently been made at Cornell University by Professor Atkinson on the effect of the X-rays on growing plants and seedlings. So much has been said of the injurious effect of these rays on the human body when exposed to them for photographic purposes, that Professor Atkinson was prepared to see his plants seriously injured in the experiments; but the results showed that even delicate seedlings, after an exposure to the rays of many hours, were entirely unharmed. Sensitive plants like the mimosa, exhibited the same indifference. Among the photographs showing the interior structure of plants were pictures of the seeds of hickory nuts, almonds, and peanuts taken through the unbroken shell, and of peas and beans still enclosed within the pods.

Julia Marlowe is going to Europe this summer and may arrange for professional appearance in London.



BORN.

- Halifax, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Holland, a son.
- Parsons, Feb. 11, to the wife of Henry Smith, a son.
- Moncton, Feb. 1, to the wife of G. F. Atkinson, a son.
- Fredricton, Feb. 10, to the wife of J. P. Paelan, a son.
- Digby, Feb. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Haines, a daughter.
- Sackville, Feb. 7, to the wife of A. C. Smith, a daughter.
- Parsons, Feb. 6, to the wife of David Layton, a daughter.
- Halifax, Feb. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shiers, a daughter.
- Truro, Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Turf, a daughter.
- Halifax, Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thomas, a daughter.
- Amherst, Feb. 15, to the wife of Fred Wiltshire, a daughter.
- Halifax, Feb. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fips, a daughter.
- Boston, Mass., Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ross, a son.
- Restigouche, Feb. 14, to the wife of P. H. Sheehan, a daughter.
- Amherst, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Pipes, a daughter.
- Amherst, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Peltin, a son.
- Amherst, Feb. 6, to the wife of E. E. Hewson Parvazier, a son.
- Halifax River, N. S., Feb. 5, to the wife of Jas. F. Lee, a son.
- Yarmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife of Dr. M. E. Armstrong, a son.
- Hantsport, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Macnamara, a daughter.
- Partridge Island, Feb. 9, to the wife of Wm. Atkinson, a daughter.
- Port Greenville, Feb. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mierch, a son.
- Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert K. Pool, a daughter.
- Newtownville, Mass., Jan. 11, to the wife of Elbert H. Folkins, a son.
- New Glasgow, Feb. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warman, a daughter.
- West Bay, N. S., Feb. 10, to the wife of John Desmond, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. Peter's, Henry Morrison to Bella McLeod.
Kingston, N. S., Feb. 8, Robt. Bruce to Doris Dorsey.
East Boston, Jan. 13, Mr. George Trahan to Miss Cora Hill.

St. Peter's P. S. Martin Kelly to Mr. Joseph McDonald.
Sussex, Feb. 18, by Rev. James Gray, Thomas Ross to Madeline McLeod.
Grand Manss, Feb. 2, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Guy U. Quah to Missie Small.
Truro, Feb. 10 by Pastor Adams, James McConeill to Mary A. McFadden.
St. Stephen, Feb. 2, by Rev. W. C. Gouchar, Geo. S. Brownrigg to V. L. Murray.
Digby, Jan. 28, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, Charles W. Higgins to Margaret Williams.
Truro, Feb. 9, by Rev. E. R. Grant, William Eals to Florence May Fortune.
Westville, Feb. 10, by Rev. E. Cumming, Daniel Fry to Joseph Ann Fraser.
Canning, N. S., Feb. 2, by Rev. J. K. West, E. Palmer Grand to Sarah Alice Lomer.
Yarmouth, Feb. 17, by Rev. J. H. Feohy, Benjamin J. Simons to Miss L. Humes.
North River, Feb. 8, by Rev. H. Doro, Mr. Bruce Haight to Miss Anna Martinson.
Port Maitland, Jan. 28, by Rev. James Appleby, J. Geo. A. Cressman to Abby F. Crosby.
Waldham, Mass., Feb. 10, by Rev. J. P. Langton, Annie Mabel Layton to Archie O. Emery.
Bear River, Feb. 8, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, Mr. Henry F. Shaw, to Miss Bertha F. Benson.
Dartmouth, Feb. 15, by Rev. Father Underwood, James P. Kennedy to Miss Janet N. Downer.
Dublin River, Feb. 8, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Samuel E. Hayes to Miss Cecile E. Romkey.
Fairfax, Feb. 2, by Rev. H. Achilles, Mr. Wilbur Hamilton to Miss Orlean Halliday.
Bridgetown, Feb. 9, by Rev. F. P. Grestorer, Charles Hadden Strong to Sarah Francis R. Barrington.
N. S., Feb. 10, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Mr. Theodore A. Kearney, to Miss Maud L. Kenney.

DIED.

- Barrington, Feb. 12, Thos. Crowell.
- St. John, Feb. 17, Thomas Stevenson.
- Truro, Feb. 18, David L. Linton, 88.
- Millville, Feb. 19, John J. Waring, 69.
- Fiction, Feb. 18, Richard MacKean, 83.
- Red Head, Feb. 16, James G. Boyle, 45.
- Grand Harbor, Jan. 18, Asa Foster, 79.
- Kempville, Jan. 12, Josiah H. Mood, 89.
- Newcastle, Feb. 9, Alexander Taylor, 42.
- Smith's Cove, Feb. 13, Claude Pottle, 24.
- Marshalltown, Feb. 14, Jacob Redick, 85.
- Five Islands, Feb. 7, Eliza J. Taylor, 41.
- Docton Cove, Feb. 15, Daniel Martin, 52.
- Broad Cove, Feb. 11, Hannah L. Hanes, 35.
- Sheepdy Road, Feb. 14, Robert Hunter, 85.
- West Earlton, Jan. 25, William McKar, 46.
- Smith's Cove, Feb. 17, James H. Thomas, 88.
- Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Rhoda J. Kenner, 37.
- Springfield, Kings Co., Feb. 13, James Reid, 79.
- Newtown, Kings Co., Feb. 14, Sidia Chapman, 74.
- Docton Cove, Feb. 8, Mrs. Deborah Hopkins, 78.
- Spry Harbor, Feb. 23, Miss Lavinia Jackson, 19.
- Washington, Feb. 11, Orance Lane McArthur, 51.
- Lake Darling, Feb. 9, Mrs. Emma L. Churchill, 37.
- Central Economy, Feb. 10, Mrs. Enoch Hurlter, 47.
- Digby, Feb. 5, Mrs. Edward Hannibal Sypher, 82.
- Truro, Feb. 7, Emma, wife of Edward H. Banks.
- Black Point, Jan. 25, Alice, wife of Andrew Doane, 25.
- Joggins Mines, Feb. 15, Mary, wife of James Hammond, Kings Co., Feb. 9, Charles D. Marchant, 24.
- Moncton, Feb. 13, Sarah Elizabeth, wife of John W. Trues, 47.
- Providence, R. I., Jan. 24, Rebecca, wife of Percy Dillard, 48.
- Cape Breton, A. C., Feb. 12, Elizabeth, wife of Daniel Timley, 84.
- St. John, Feb. 1, South America, Jan. 13, C. I. Murphy, 30.
- Baccaro, Feb. 11, Rebecca J. wife of Mr. Hanley Madden, 40.
- Barrington, Feb. 15, Cora M. wife of Mr. Emerson Hopkins, 20.
- Yarmouth, Feb. 13, Mary Bell, wife of George H. Reddin, 20.
- Ashmont, Mass., Feb. 6, Oscar T. son of the late John Kelly, 24.
- Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 15, Lucinda wife of John S. Mitchell.
- Bridgewater, Feb. 14, Eviline, daughter of Ariel and Mary Fennell.
- Riverside, A. C., Feb. 6, Margaret L. wife of Gilbert N. Goodall, 49.
- Blanchard Road, Feb. 2, Margaret, widow of the late Joseph Atkinson, 84.
- Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 16, Annie J. wife of Thomas F. Tierney.
- Cape Island, Feb. 11, Ruth, widow of the late Joseph Atkinson, 84.
- Brighton, Shuburn Co., Deborah widow of the late Wm. Lewis, 85.
- Middle Musquodobit, Jan. 27, Margaret Alice, wife of Daniel Day, 60.
- Bayville, Elmer B. child of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Allison, 11 months.
- Big Island, Merisomish, Feb. 2, Bella, wife of James MacDonnell, 45.
- New Glasgow, Feb. 15, Hannah C. widow of the late Isaac Matheson, 51.
- Somerville, Mass., Feb. 16, Phoebe, widow of the late George Dunham.
- Woodville, Feb. 11, Lovit K. infant child of Mrs. Lovit Nickerson.
- Yarmouth, Feb. 14, Maggie M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hamilton, 4.
- Grand Manss, Feb. 2, Lonie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Benson.
- Meikleil, Feb. 8, Willie Carr, eldest son of James and Isabella Meikleil, 12.
- Richibucto, Feb. 11, Beatrice R. child of Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, 4 months.
- St. John, Feb. 19, James Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hardie, 4 months.
- Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 16, Leo Victor, child of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Mawhinney, 1 year.

RAILROADS.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.
Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.15 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. Annapolis, 4.00 p.m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.00 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5.30 p.m. In a.m. and P.M.
Lvs. Halifax 7.45 a.m., arr. Digby 12.30 p.m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5.00 p.m. Lvs. Digby 11.25 a.m., arr. Annapolis 4.25 p.m. Mon and Thurs.
Lvs. Yarmouth 1.00 a.m., arr. Digby 10.00 a.m. Lvs. Digby 10.15 a.m., arr. Yarmouth 5.30 p.m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lvs. Annapolis 1.30 a.m., arr. Digby 11.30 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.00 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth.
S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Thursday and Friday on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Friday and Wednesday at 4.30 p.m. Unqualified notice on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.
Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY.
Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska ports, March 26, 1897, 23rd, 30th; April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.
Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of Standard Class Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.00 p.m. Best accommodations, two, Montreal to New-York etc. \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....7.15
Express for Sussex.....12.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.15 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Montreal (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....10.30
Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....12.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....18.25
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages on every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Central Atlantic, Montreal and St. John, Quebec, Toronto and Ottawa, Central Ontario and Consolidated Montreal, Montreal and St. John, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Head Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby, Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agents. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Expresses ready to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Fort Erie, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.

MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese. Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required. No Resemblance so pleasant to take. "I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He told me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion pronouncing my disease bronchitis. After taking this splendid Emulsion for a few days I was completely cured." HENRIETTA V. NICKERSON. Lower Wood's Harbor, N.S. Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

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