

THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER.

(Continued from 1st page.)

was done, he put it on his head, and the wife said, "Oh murther, Thady jewel, is it puttin' a great heavy iron pot on your head you are, by way iv a hat?"

"Sartinly," says he, "for a knight arriant should always have a weight on his brain."

"Bot, Thady dear," said the wife, "there's a hole in it, and it can't keep out the weather."

"It will be the cooler," says he, puttin' it on him;—"besides, if I don't like it, it is easy to stop it up with a wisht o' straw, or the like o' that."

"The three legs of it looks mighty queer, stickin' up," says she.

"Every helmet has a spike stickin' out o' the top of it," says the Waiver, "and if mine has three, it is only the grandther it is."

"Well," says the wife, getting bittier at last, "all I can say is, it isn't the first sheep's head was dressed in it."

"Your sarvent ma'am," says he; and off he set.

Well, he was in want of a horse, and so he went to a field hard by, where the miller's horse was grazin' that used to carry the ground corn around the country.

"This is the identical horse for me," says the Waiver, "he is used to carryin' flour and male; and what am I but the flower o' shovelry in a coat of mail; so that the horse won't be put out of his way in the laste."

But as he was ridin' him out of the field, who should see him but the miller.

"Is it stalin' my horse, you are, honest man?" says the miller.

"No," says the waiver, "I am only goin', to exercise him," says he, "in the cool o' the evenin', it will be good for his health."

"Thank you kindly," said the miller, "but lave him where he is, and you'll oblige me."

"I can't afford it," says the Waiver, running his horse at the ditch.

"Bad luck to your impudence," says the miller, "you've as much tin about you as a travellin' tinker, but you're more brass. Come back here, you vagab'one," says he.

But he was late;—away galloped the Waiver, and tuk the road to Dublin, for he thought the best thing he could do was to go to the King o' Dublin (for Dublin was a grate place then, and had a king iv it's own), and he thought maybe the King o' Dublin would give him work.

Well, he was four days goin' to Dublin, for the baste was not the best, and the roads worse, not all as one was now; but there was no turnpike then, glory be to God! whin he got to Dublin he went shtaight to the palace, and whin he got into the court yard, he let his horse go and graze about the place, for the grass was growin' out betune the stones; everythin' was flourishin' thin in Dublin, you see.

Well, the king was lookin' out in his drawin' room, for divarshun, whin the Waiver came in, but the Waiver pertended not to see him, and he went over to a stone sait under the windy—for you see there was stone sates all round about the place for the accomodation of the people, for the king was a dacent obleeigin' man,—well, as I said, the Waiver went over and lay down on one of the sates, just under the king's windy, and pertended to go asleep; but he tuk care to turn out the front of his shield that had the lettens an it,—well, my dear, with that the king calls out to wan of the lords of his court that was standin' behind him, howidin' up the skirt iv his coat, accordin' to raison, and

says he: "Look here," says he, "what do you think of a vagabone like that, comin' under my very nose to go to sleep? It's thrue I'm a very good king," says he, "and I 'comodate the people by havin' sates for them to sit down and enjoy the raycreation and contimplation of seein' me here lookin' out o' my drawing room windy for diversion; but that is no raison they're to make a hotel iv the place, and come and sleep here. Who is it at all?" says the king.

"Not a one o' me knows, plaze your majesty."

"I think he must be a furriner," says the king, "bekase his dress is outlandish."

"And doesn't know manners, more botoken," says the lord.

"I'll go and circumspect him myself," says the king,—"folly me, says he to the lord, waivin' his hand at the same time in the most dignacious manner."

Down he went accordinly, followed by the lord and whin he went over to where the Waiver was layin', sure the first thing he seen was his shield with the big lettens an it, and with that says he to the lord "by dad," says he, "this is the very man I want."

"For what, plaze your majesty?" says the lord.

"To kill that vagabone dhraggin'," says the king.

"Sure, do you think he could kill him," says the lord, "whin all the stoutest lords in the land wasn't aqul to it, but never kem back, and was ate up alive by the cruel desaiser."

"Sure don't you see there," says the king pointin' at the shield, "that he killed threescore and tin at one blow, and the man that done that I think is a match for anythin'."

So with that he went over to the Waiver and shook him by the shoulder for to wake him, and the Waiver rubbed his eyes as if just wakened, and the king says to him: "God save you," says he.

"God save you kindly," says the Waiver, pertendin' he was quite unknownst who he was speakin' to.

"Do you know who I am?" says the king, "that you make so free, good man."

"No indade," says the waiver, "you have the advantage of me."

"To be sure I have," says the king, mighty high; "sure, aint I the king o' Dublin," says he.

The Waiver dropped down on his two knees forinst the king, and says he, "I beg God's pardon and yours for the liberty I tuk, plaze your holiness. I hope you'll excuse it."

"No offence," says the king, "get up, good man. And what brings you here," says he.

"I'm in want of work, plaze your rivrence," says the Waiver.

"Well, suppose I give you work?" says the king.

"I'll be proud to sarve you, my lord," says the Waiver.

"Very well," says the king, "you killed threescore and tin at one blow, I undershtan'," says the king.

"Yis," says the Waiver, "that was the last trifle o' work I done, and I'm afread my hand'll go out o' practice if I don't get some job to do, at wanst."

"You shall have a job to do immediately," says the king. "It's not three score and tin or any fine thing like that, it is only a blaguard dhraggin, that is disturbin' the country and ruinatin' my tinanthy. wid aitin' their powlthry, and I'm lost for want of eggs," says the king.

"Troth, thin plaze your worship," says the Waiver, "you look as yellow as if you'd swallowed twelve yolks this munit."

"Well, I want this dhraggin to be killed," says the king. "It will be

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Skilled Physicians Fail to Cure Scrofula.

B. B. B. Succeeds in the Worst Cases.



MRS. W. BENNETT.

DEAR SIRS.—After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for Scrofula in the Blood I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by a skilled physician, but he failed to cure me. I had three Running Sores on my neck which could not be healed until I tried B. B. B. which healed them completely, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole. As long as I live I shall speak of the virtues of B. B. B. and I feel grateful to Providence that such a medicine is provided for sufferers.

MRS. W. BENNETT, Acton P.O., Ont.

ANOTHER.

SCROFULA CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—For a long time I was troubled with Scrofula and Bad Blood. Two years ago I cut my foot severely and my blood was so bad that the wound did not heal. Friends told me to try B. B. B. and I got two bottles; before I had used them my foot was well and the impurities driven out of my system. To all sufferers I recommend B. B. B.

GEO. E. MORRIS, Bear River, N.S.

YET ANOTHER.

Worst Kind of Scrofula.

DEAR SIRS.—I had an Abscess on my breast and Scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said, I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B. B. B. and he said it would do me no harm, so I got to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find B. B. B. a grand blood purifier, and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE, Frankford, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD FACTS.

Receipts for Housekeepers.

ANTS, RED.—Sprigs of winter-green or ground ivy will drive away red ants. Branches of wormwood will serve the same purpose for black ants. The insects may be kept out of sugar-barrels by drawing a wide chalk-mark around the top near the edge.

BILOUSNESS.—For biliousness use B. B. B. according to directions.

BITES AND STINGS OF INSECTS.—Wash with a solution of ammonia water.

BITES OF MAD DOGS.—Apply caustic potash at once to the wound, and give enough whiskey to cause sleep.

BOOTS.—To make leather boots water-proof, saturate them with castor-oil; to stop squeaking, drive a peg into the middle of the sole.

BOTTLE-CLEANING.—Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals.

BURNS.—Apply Victoria Carbolic Salve.

CHARCOAL.—It is well to keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

CHIMNEY OR PIPE.—Throw salt or a handful of sulphur in the grate.

CLEANING LAMP-CHIMNEYS.—Newspapers are the best thing for cleaning lamp-chimneys. When filing the lamp, drop the least kerosene on a piece, then rub the chimney till it shines.

CLINKERS.—To remove clinkers

from stoves or fire-brick, put in about half a peck of oyster shells on top of a bright fire. Repeat if needful.

COLD ON CHEST.—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs, Colds and Tightness of the Chest.

COLORS FADED.—Hartshorn will usually restore colors that have been taken out by acid.

CONSTIPATION.—This disease poisons the blood by causing impure matter to accumulate in the system. B. B. B. is a perfect regulator of the bowels, drives out all impurities and cures constipation.

COUGH.—Boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons. Mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

CUTS.—A drop or two of creosote on a cut will stop its bleeding.

DISINFECTANT.—Chloride of lime should be scattered at least once a week under sinks and wherever sewer gas is likely to penetrate.

DYSPEPSIA.—A distressing complaint which is the cause of many other diseases. During January, 1895, we received 68 testimonials from persons residing in various parts of Canada, from east to west, invariably certifying to a perfect cure of dyspepsia even in the severest cases. Since 1880 over 12000 testimonials have been received.

FLIES.—20 drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of camphor gum, the size of a walnut, held over a lamp until consumed, will do the same for the mosquito.

FURNITURE, TO CLEAN.—First rub with cotton waste, dipped in boiled linseed oil; then rub clean and dry with a soft flannel cloth. Care should be taken that the oil is all removed.

GILT FRAMES.—To restore gilt frames, rub with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

GREASE SPOTS.—To remove grease spots, thoroughly saturate with turpentine, place a soft blotting-paper beneath, and another on top of the spot, and press it hard. The fat is dissolved, then absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the cloth.

Tremendous Collision on the T.F.R.

Fortunately no Lives Lost.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

A collision took place to-day on the Tired Feeling R.R., which passes through this section, between a bad case of dyspepsia and a bottle of B. B. B., the case of dyspepsia was completely telescoped between the first and last dose of B. B. B., and not a vestige now remains of what was one of the best known and longestablished cases in the country. The B. B. B. seemed to walk right through it and sustained no damage from the encounter.

In addition to the above our reporter learns further facts of interest and was permitted to copy the following letter which is certainly interesting:

DEAR SIRS.—Two years ago life seemed a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach, under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief, and seeing B. B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since. MISS L. A. KUHN, Hamilton, Ont.

NOT ONE DAY FREE FROM HEADACHE.

Three Years of Suffering. Headache Every Day, and no Relief From Doctors or Medicine Until B. B. B. Made a Complete Cure.

DEAR SIRS.—I had severe Headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicines and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must try B. B. B. because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for Headaches and as a Blood Purifier, is the best in the world, and am glad to recommend it to all my friends, MISS FLORA McDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

THE LATEST AND BEST

A True Emulsion That Heals the Lungs, and is Pleasant to Take.

See What They Say.



A BABY SAVED.

DEAR SIRS.—My baby had a terrible cough which seemed to stick to him. I took him to the doctor, who said it was Whooping Cough, but it got worse all the time, and I was greatly alarmed, for baby was just like a skeleton. When he was four months old I tried Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, and after using one and a half bottles my baby is entirely cured. He is now seven months old and as healthy as any child. No other remedy but the Emulsion was used.

Mrs. J. G. THOMPSON, Callender, Ont.

DOCTORS SAY IT IS THE BEST.

GENTLEMEN.—I recommend Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with pleasure. Last July I took Congestion of the Lungs and was in bed for four weeks. I was very weak and could not speak above a whisper. Dr. Lawson, of Hamilton, attended me and sent a bottle of Milburn's Emulsion. It is the very best made and soon restored my voice and brought me back to health again. Truly yours, A. P. SMITH, Wheatlands, Man.

With Wild Cherry Bark and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Makes Weak People Strong Makes Thin People Fat Makes Sick People Well It is a remarkable flesh builder. A soothing remedy for Throat and Lung Troubles, and (if taken in time) wards off Consumption and Pulmonary Diseases. In Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs its effects are prompt and certain. PRICE 60c. AND 1.00 PER BOTTLE.