

Sparkles.

THE husband may boast of "holding the reins," but it's generally the wife that says where the waggon is going.

PAPER is being used as a substitute for wood. It is also being used as a substitute for railroads and mining companies.

"DID you divide that chocolate with your little brother?" asked Mrs. Fizzlepop of her greedy little Johnny. "Yes, ma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the paper with the pretty pictures. He likes to look at the pictures."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Unanimous Approval of Medical Staff. Dr. T. G. Comstock, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

JACK OLDSTOCK: "We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." Tom Parvenu: "Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"

At a seance the ghost of Noah Webster wrote, "It is tite times." He was right as to the times, but we are sorry he has gone back on his own dictionary.

A VALUABLE FIND.—James Alex. Sproul, of Orangeville, says he has found Burdock Blood Bitters to be the best medicine he ever took for kidney complaint, with which he was long suffering. He declares B.B.B. without a rival.

"I'LL make you dance!" cried an irate mother, pursuing her erring son, slipper in hand. "Then," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a bawl."

"Now tell me, Mr. Smith, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for a while, and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

TESTED BY TIME.—For Throat Disease, Colds and Coughs, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. The good effects resulting from the use of the Troches have brought out many worthless imitations. Obtain only BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. 25 cts. a box.

AN Irishman fresh from the country wanted to cross from Dublin to Holyhead. "What is my fare?" he inquired. "Seven shillings." "What is the fare for a pig?" he inquired again. "Three shillings." "Then book me for a pig."

A SCOTCH "greenhorn," calling at a photographer's shop, the photographer, who was fond of a joke, produced the portrait of a young donkey, saying: "Oh, man Jamie, here is your photograph!" Turning it over, Jamie replied quickly: "Man, it canna be me, for yer ain name's on the ither side."

MUCH IN A LITTLE.—Hamilton Dowd, writing from Burns, Ont., says he was afflicted with chilblains which were very sore and painful and which nothing relieved until he tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil; less than one bottle cured him.

A BOASTER in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked: "Have you ever been in algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster, "I passed through there on top of a stage-coach about a year ago."

Last week we requested you to "Watch this Space." Now, if you will send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, at which you can earn from \$5 to \$25 upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes—all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

At a fashionable dinner-party Goldmark is introduced to a pretty young lady from the country. It appears to him that she does not seem sufficiently impressed with the honour she has just received, and so he adds a gentle reminder: "Carl Goldmark, the composer of the 'Queen of Sheba'!" Whereupon the rural belle, with charming naivete, replies: "Remunerative position; isn't it?" Goldmark withdraws in disgust.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A PHYSICIAN PRESENTS SOME STARTLING FACTS.—CAN IT BE THAT THE DANGER INDICATED IS UNIVERSAL.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

SIR,—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar colour and odour about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand!

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and travelled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation, another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death! Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly! My water was filled with tubercles and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview; but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practising physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I

recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfilment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's safe cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease.

As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all the professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M.D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DEC. 30.

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2. "The Adopted Daughter." By Eliza A. Dupuy. Price 25 cents.
3. "His Sombre Rivals." By E. P. Roe. Price 25 cents.
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