Mcgregor's Speedy Cure.

we say McGregor's Speedy Cure ly perfect cure for Dyspepsia, mpiatots, Indigestion and Liver om-ed, we are telling plain facts, of indreds upon hundreds an tes-have been restored to perfect y its use. We would therefore ou s rondy if you are a subject the above troubles to give Mc-Speedy Cure a trial and be con-ces sold 50c and $1 bottles this drug store. (2)

ke is said to carry stocks for his wife he has bought and is for his account.

1887.

per's Magazine

ILLUSTRATED.

's Magazine during 1887 will contain intense political, social, and ro-terest, entitled "Narka"—a story of life, by Kathleen O'Meara; a new titled, "April Hopes," by W. D. "Southern Sketches," by Charles Asher and Rebecca Harding Davis, by William Hamilton Gibson; American Industries"—continued; Studies," by Dr H. T Ely; further on the Railway Problem by compe-ters; new series of illustrations by ley and Alfred Parsons; articles by e; and other attractions.

ARPER'S PERIODICALS,

PER YEAR

RS BAZAR.....$4 00
RS MAGAZINE..... 4 00
RS WEEKLY..... 4 00
RS YOUNG PEOPLE..... 2 00
RS FRANKLIN SQUARE LIB-e Year (52 Numbers)..... 10.00
RS HANDY SERIES, One Year (52 s).....15.00

e Free to all subscribers in the Unit-s or Canada.

olumes of the MAGAZINE begin with bers for June and December of each hen no time is specified, it will be od that the subscriber wishes to th the current Number.

Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for ars back, in neat cloth binding, will y mail, postpaid, on receipt of $3 00 ume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 ch—by mail, postpaid.

to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Alphabetical al, and Classified, for Volumes 1 to sive, from June, 1850, to June, 1885, 8vo., Cloth, $1 00.

ittances should be made by Post-Office Order or Draft, to avoid chance of

apers are not to copy this advertise-thout the express order of HARPER & HS.

ss

ARPER BROTHERS, New York.

1887.

pers' Weekly

ILLUSTRATED.

r's Weekly maintains its position as ing illustrated newspaper in Amer-its hold upon public esteem and con-was never stronger than at the pres-e. Besides the pictures, Harper's always contains instalments of one, sionally of two, of the best novels of finely illustrated, with short stories, sketches, and papers on important cur-ics by the most popular writers. The t has been successfully exercised in to make Harper's Weekly a safe as welcome visitor to every household be relaxed in the future.

RPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

ER'S MAGAZINE.....$4 00
ER'S WEEKLY.....$4 00
ER'S BAZAR..... 4 00
ER'S YOUNG PEOPLE..... 2 00
ER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIB-RARY, One Year (52 numbers).. 10.00
ER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year ubers).....15.00

ge Free to all subscribers in the Unit s or Canada.

olumes of the WEEKLY begin with the mber for January of each year. When is mentioned, it will be understood subscriber wishes to commence with ber current at the time of the receipt

Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for ars back, in neat cloth binding, will by mail, postage paid, or by express, expense (provided the freight does not one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per

Cases for each volume, suitable for will be sent by mail, postpaid, on of $1 00 each.

ittances should be made by Post-Office Order or Draft, to avoid chance of

apers are not to copy this advertise-thout the express order of HARPER & HS.

ss

ARPER & BROTHERS New York

GRIP! 1887

CANADA'S COMIC JOURNAL.

NCEMENT FOR THE COMING YEAR.

now so well known, as to require of either description or praise.

Only Cartoon Paper in Canada.

furnished at about ONE-HALF THE of similar journals in the United

GRIP'S CARTOONS.

en to being strictly impartial when r to politics, are always on the side them and morality.

e improvements are universally ad-The journal is enlarged to 16 pages, printed upon heavy toned and well-ed paper. This gives both the en-and the letter-press a beautiful ce. And, notwithstanding this en-it and improvement, the price of

$2 a year; Single Copies, 5 cents. t commanded when but a four-page sheet.)

GRIP'S PLATFORM:

ithout Vulgarity; Patriotism with-hanship; Truth without Temper.

not be without this favorite Canad-on Paper. Its price places it within of all.

s the **Grip Printing and Publish-**8 and 28 Front Street West, Toron-subscribers, sending $2, will receive the balance of 1886, and to 31st De-887.

CIAL PREMIUM OFFER.

scribers to GRIP, new or old, are a copy of the magnificent litho-ONSERVATIVE LEADERS, or the com-te "LIBERAL LEADERS," shortly to ed, on payment of 5 cents for post-

OR SALE.

o. 668, on Victoria-st. he Town of Goderich. ded by THOMAS McBRIDE.

is situated in a good part of the has erected thereon a 1½ story h kitchen attached, which has been ely, and is in a good state of pre-

OF SALE:—Half cash, and bal-ortgage to suit purchaser.

ner particulars apply to the under-

RROW & PROUDFOOT, Agents for Owner.

, Sept. 9th, 1886. 2084-tf

BIG GAME.

After an encampment of two weeks at Bangalore, we moved to the northwest for thirty miles and made new camp on a creek which emptied into the Cauvery river, twenty miles from us. There had been no shooting in this neighborhood for many years, the reason that a fever plague had cried off hundreds of the natives and depopulated many of the villages. I had had opportunity to me[illegible] had reason to look forward to one exciting sport. A native hunter, living near Seringapatam, and who was with us in charge of the servants, had told me on very good authority that tens of tigers had come into the abandoned villages, until they were as plentiful as sheep, and that we should find a hunter's paradise.

We pitched our camp on a [illegible] on the right bank of the creek, but had two feet of water in it and was about ten feet wide. It was a hilly country all about us, with the ground fairly well timbered. Half a mile below us was an abandoned native village, and many acres of ground which had once been tilled were now grown up to brush and weeds. We went into camp about an hour before sundown.

The next day was ushered in with a drizzling rain, and it was early decided not to have any general beat up for game, but to overhaul arms and trappings and make ready for next day. Soon after breakfast I took my repeating rifle and navy revolver, slipped some extra cartridges into my pocket, and set out alone to have a look at the deserted village below us.

"I warn you to be careful, sir," cautioned a native tiger slayer as I passed the spot on which he was mending a saddle.

"Oh, I have no fear, and the wild beasts will be asleep this morning, anyhow."

"Some may not," he answered, with a dubious shake of the head, and he was looking after me as I entered the bush.

I had forgotten to say that during the night we were greatly disturbed by the noises around us. We kept several large fires going, and while these prevented marauding beasts from coming too near, the glare probably attracted them to the locality. One could distinguish the spit of the panther, the snarl of the tiger and the voice of the lion; and added to these were the howl of the wolf, the chatter of the hyena and the yelp of the jackal. Truly, we had struck a rich find. Driven out of the other districts, the beast creation had made their way to this, and the sound of a hunter's rifle had not been heard here for years.

I had not gone a quarter of a mile from camp when a large black snake ran hissing away from my feet, and I heard a wild beast of some sort making its way in the thicket. These were proofs that I could not be over prudent, and hereafter I kept my eyes about me and my rifle ready for instant service. The village was strung along the creek for half a mile, but the first hut I came to was an inclosure that had been used for a council house. The four walls were of adobe, while the roof was thatched. There were really but three walls, one end being left open except a slight return of each side wall. This open space was at least twenty feet across, while there was room enough inside for 400 people to sit or stand. The open end looked back in the direction I had come, and twenty feet away was the beginning of a wall which extended for about 300 feet. It was about four feet high, made of adobe, and I could not make out for what purpose it had been erected. If an enemy had been expected to approach from east or west this wall would have been a good breastwork, although its left flank could have easily been turned.

I stood for three or four minutes scanning the interior of the building, and then walked to the further end of it. There were a couple of whitened skulls on the ground, and I gave one of them a kick. As I did so an insect or reptile of some sort issued forth with great swiftness and stung or bit me on the left wrist. Its movements were so rapid that I could not say whether it flew or sprang at me. I simply caught a glimpse or two of a dark, hairy object, and then felt the pain, which was as severe as if I had been touched with a red hot iron. I carried an antidote for insect and reptile poisoning. Near the great doorway was a block of wood, and I went to it, pulled off my coat, pushed up my sleeve and examined the wound. There was but one puncture, but it had drawn blood, and the flesh was rapidly reddening. I brought my arm up and sucked away at the wound for two or three minutes, and then applied the antidote and wrapped a bandage about it. I must have drawn all the poison out, but nevetheless I soon found myself as weak as a babe and my head seemed four times too large for my body. Indeed, I was afraid to stand up for fear that my body would not support the head. This feeling began to go away in about fifteen minutes, and I was just congratulating myself on my lucky escape when I turned my eyes to the north, or toward camp. The sight thrilled me like an electric shock. Close beside the wall on the left hand side, was a tiger, a rousing big fellow, who had seen fifteen years of life. On the right hand side, and also close to the base of the wall, was a medium sized man-eater, and the attitude of both plainly showed that they had been standing in line. It was a still hunt and I was the victim. The lion had come out of the bush to the right, and the tiger had come out of the thicket to the left, and crossed the creek. Neither animal could have seen the other, and thus they were not aware of each other's presence.

Had I remained in the building with my back to the door another moment or two the beasts would undoubtedly have crept close enough to make a spring. Then I turned about and sat down on the block of wood the movement upset their calculations and made them timid for the moment. Under certain circumstances any wild beast loses heart. A move which is a surprise and not clearly understood will make curs of them at once, and a second move will put them to ignominious flight. When I got sight of the beasts the lion had half turned, as if to sneak away, while the tiger was crouched against the wall, and appeared ashamed faced. Had I risen up and swung my hat and yelled both would have bolted, but I must confess that, taking my pain and the general situation into account, I was badly rattled. I couldn't think just what ought to be done, and therefore did nothing. This, after a moment, encouraged the beasts, and then came such a situation as few men were ever placed in. I had opportunity to see here a lion and a tiger approach a victim, waiting to be struck down. I have wondered a thousand times what could have come over me to sit there with my gun within reach and my revolver in its holster and make no the slightest move to save my life while those fierce brutes crept nearer and nearer. I think the poison benumbed and stupefied me to a certain extent. That is, while my brain was never more active and my eyesight keen, I felt helpless to move, and my mouth was as dry as if I had a fever. I knew my peril as fully as any one could, but when I thought of grasping my rifle and sighting it the exertion required discouraged me.

The lion was the bolder of the two. After making up his mind that I could not harm him, he held his head well up, swung his tail about, and advanced at a slow pace. I was under cover, and he might have suspected a trap. But for this he would probably have made at rush. The tiger displayed exactly the same characteristics as a cat creeping upon her prey. He crept, crawled, twisted about, and sought to shelter his body behind the slightest tuft of grass. He did not, however, take his eyes off me for the tenth of a second, and the nearer he came the more his great lips parted to show his yellow teeth. He was as supple as a snake, and nothing could be more graceful than his movements. I could see his tremendous muscles quiver as he moved, and I remember of thinking what power he must have in his legs. It was all of ten minutes before the beasts approached the points where they realized each other's presence. You would have thought, with only a wall separating them, that they must have heard or scented each other. The fact that they did not was probably owing to the excitement under which they labored.

By and by the lion was almost at the end of the wall, and near enough for his spring. He crouched down, switched his tail in a menacing way, and I plainly saw his talons dig into the earth as he gathered his muscles for a great effort. While there was a settled determination on his part to make food of me, there was a certain trepidation in his general demeanor. It was plain that he was mystified, but his ferocious nature prevailed.

The tiger kept abreast of the lion, and he was the first to take the alarm. He evidently scented the lion, for he reared up, snuffed the air, and then flung out a paw and spat like an angry cat. This noise startled the lion, and he rose up, showed his teeth, and took his eyes off me for the first time. Either animal could easily have leaped the wall, but neither attempted it. The tiger took on a fierce look and dropped some of his stealth, but the lion reached the end of the wall first, uttering a roar of defiance and evidently expecting to meet an enemy. The tiger was four or five feet from the end of the wall, and the move he made was so quick that my eyes could not follow it. As the lion's head showed around the wall the big cat made a lightning spring, and the next instant the two were rolling over and over at my feet, fighting as only such beasts can fight, and growling in a manner to make my hair turn gray. It was then that strength came back to me, and I rose up, but instead of rushing away I ran back into the building. Reaching the rear wall I stood there a prisoner and a spectator. The first clinch lasted about three minutes, and was characterized by such ferosity as I cannot describe. While the lion and the tiger are probably natural enemies, I suppose the fact that both had planned to make meat of me, and both felt themselves disappointed, aroused all their ferocity. Most of the time during the first clinch they were rolling over and over like a ball, tearing, biting and growling, and the movements of the tiger were much the quickest. They finally separated, each backing of a few feet and each stood broadside to me, I could see half a dozen blood stain's on the lion's side, while the tiger has been terribly bitten about the neck, and here was a bloody scratch on his quarter. They faced each other for about a minute, the lion roaring in a deep bass and the tiger snarling like an enraged cat. Then, swift as a flash of lightning, the tiger bounded through the space and alighted on the lion's back, and again they rolled and tumbled about. The fight was too fierce to be kept up long, and too determined not to result in severe injuries.

When the beasts finally struggled to their feet, the tiger had hold of the lion just back of the fore shoulder, and he hung there and worried the king as a dog would a sheep. Twice the lion yelped out as if he had lost his courage, but he suddenly made a grand exertion, broke the tiger's hold and then turned and caught him by the neck. I thought all was over with the cat. The lion actually lifted him clear of the ground and shook him, and this time the tiger whined. After a bit, however, he twisted his body around until his hind claws came into play, and then the lion had to let go. There was another rest for a minute or so, and again the tiger was the aggressive party. This time they fought more like dogs, neither seeming able to down the other, and they kept working away from the building toward the creek. I advanced as they retreated, and they were still doing their best to destroy each other when they rolled off the bank into the creek. Each was covered with blood from nose to tail, and the injuries inflicted must have been serious. The tumble into the water separated them, and while the tiger reached the opposite bank at one spot, the lion crawled out at another thirty feet away, and both limped into the forest without the slightest desire to renew the fight.—New York Sun.

Lincoln's Way Out of it.

I heard a story repeated the other day as an "Abe Lincoln story," but what is older and must have slumbered somewhere for a good while. Certainly it is not one that the politicians would be likely to repeat on the stump because it reflects on their craft. In a little group at the Parker House, Boston, a rather noisy young politician from the City Hall was echoing the sentiments of Henry Watterson, and defending the principal that the spoils belong to the victor.

"I see no reason," said he, "why any Republican should be kept in a Federal office here in Boston, while I, a Democrat, who has worked hard for the party, should be left out in the cold."

"That reminds me," said an elderly man, whom all the town would recognize if I were to describe him, "of an incident that I heard of early in Lincoln's administration. There was a local polititian who went on to Washington to get an office that he felt sure only awaited his application to be given to him. In a couple of weeks he came back.

"Well, did you get your office?" his friends asked him.

"No," said he.

"Did you see the President?"

"Yes, of course."

"What did he say?"

"Well, we went in and stated our errand. He heard us patiently, and then he said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry I have no office for Mr ———, but if I can't give you that, I can tell you a story." We thought best to hear the story and let him go on.

"Once there was a certain king," he said, "who kept an astrologer to forewarn him of coming events, and especially to tell him whether it was going to rain when he wanted to go on hunting expeditions. One day he had started off for the forest with his train of ladies and lords, for a grand hunt, when the train met a farmer riding on a donkey, on the road.

"Good morning, farmer," said the king.

"Good morning, king," said the farmer; where are you folks going?"

"Hunting," said the king.

"Lor', you'll all get wet," said the farmer.

The king trusted his astrologer, of course, and went to the forest; but by midday there came a terrible storm that drenched and buffetted the whole party. When the king returned to his palace he had the astrologer decapitated, and sent for the farmer to take his place.

"Law's sakes," said the faamer, when he arrived, "it ain't me that knows when it's goin' to rain; it's my donkey. When it's goin' to be fair weather, that donkey always carries his ears forward, so. When it's goin' to rain, he puts 'em backward, so."

"Make the donkey the court astrologer!" shouted the king.

"It was done. But the king always declared that that appointment was the greatest mistake he ever made in his life.

Lincoln stopped there.

"Why did he say it was a mistake?" we asked him. "Did the donkey do the duty?"

"Yes," said the President, "but after that time every donkey in the country wanted an office!"

The shout of laughter that echoed from the hotel corridor at the telling of this narrative would have made the fortunes of two or three entirely new stories.

Pat Flanigan's Logic

"Patrick Flanigan," said the District Attorney, one day in court, "stand up and plead guilty or not guilty to the charge preferred against you."

When Pat had complied with the polite request thus made by the officer of the law, the attorney proceeded to read from a paper in his hand a graphic description of a certain transaction in which Pat had been engaged in a few days before.

"What say you? are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm not guilty of half them things you've read to me," said Pat, looking at the Court, "but I did have a bit of a row last Saturday week; and I dunno just what I did, for, you see, I was stavin' drunk on the meanest corn whiskey yer honor iver tasted."

"But, Patrick, we never taste it," said the Judge, while a smile lurked behind the grave judicial countenance.

"Sure, now, don't you though?" said Pat, with a look of mingled surprise and incredulity, "well, thin, you ought to jist once, to know how to pity a fellow that does. Sure yer honor grants licenses, an' how do ye know the mischief yer doin' to honest men like meself unless ye take a drink now and thin jist to see how it makes a man behave hisself."

"Who gave you the liquor, Patrick?" asked the Court.

"Well, I dunno what's his name," said Pat, too honest to turn informant, while a gleam of true native humor twinkled in his eye. "But I know I seen a license hangin' behind the bar. Ye see, Judge, I was working for the city, on the streets jist close by, an' I was thirsty, an' it was so handy I wint in an' took a drink that ortent to have hurt a baby, and in tin seconds I was crazy drunk, an' I drempt that I was at Donnybrook fair, an' that's all I remember till next morning, when I saw myself in gaol."

"But," says the Court, "you are charged with perpetrating an aggravating assault and battery on Mr S., the hotel-keeper."

"Well, yer honor," said Pat, if I did, I only gin him back wat's in his own whiskey; an' if yer honor hadn't given him that license I wouldn't 've been drunk; an' if I hadn't been drunk, I wouldn't 've got into the fight, and I wouldn't have been here this mornin', anyhow."

This was a process of reasoning new to the Court, and it being self-evident, Pat was discharged.

B. B. B. A Sense of Duty. B. B. B.

"I should not think it right did I not give my testimony of what B. B B. has done for me. I was troubled with billiousness. I took one bottle—it gave immediate relief. I can recommend it as a cure for biliousness. Minnie Smith Orillia, Ont. 2

Maxims for a Young Man.

Make few promises.
Owe no man anything.
Always speak the truth.
Keep good company or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Drink no intoxicating liquors.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Be just before you are generous.
Never play at any game of chance.
Earn your money before you spend it
Keep your own secrets if you have any.
Good character is above all things else.
Read some portion of the Bible every day.
Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.
Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mis-spent.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.
Avoid temptation through fear that you may not be able to withstand it.
If anyone speaks evil of you let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at G. Rhynas' drug store for 25c per box. (1)

"There is a man, Mr Spicer," said a piazza promenader, indicating an untiring conversationalist, who was wearying the ears of a patient victim, "who is a mine of information, a perfect encyclopedia." Waiting until out of ear-shot, wary Seth replied, "Yes, I know he is, but I prefer the encyclopedia in book form. You can shut that up, you know."

The latest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, etc., is McGregor's Lung Compound. There is no remedy in existence containing any one of the active ingredients composing McGregor's Lung Compound, so do not say you have taken everything until you have tried this for your cold or cough, and your opinion will be the same as all who have used it, viz., that it is the best. Sold in 50c and $1 bottles by G. Rhynas druggist. (1)

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

FACY'S YELLOW OIL

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

F. LAZARUS' SPECTACLES

PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT

By wearing the only

FRANK LAZARUS

(Lat of the firm of Lazarus & Morris

Renowned Spectacles and Eye Glasses

These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are THE BEST IN THE WORLD. They never tire, and last many years without change.

—FOR SALE BY—

Yates & Acheson,

HARDWARE MERCHANTS

GODERICH.

FRANK LAZARUS, MANUFACTURER

28 Maryland Road Harrow Road, LONDON, ENGLAND.

(Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford Conn.)

No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada.

Jan. 27th, 1885 032-1y

"They have a larger sale in my district," says a well known druggist, "than any other pill on the market, and give the best satisfaction for sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, etc., and when combined with Johnston's Tonic Bitters, Johnston's Tonic Liver Pills will perform what no other medicine has done before for suffering humanity." Pills 25 cents per bottle. Bitters 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Sold by Goode, Druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [c]

1887.

Harpers' Bazar

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazaar combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading. Its stories, poems, and essays are by the best writers, and its humorous sketches are unsurpassed. Its papers on social etiquette, decorative art, house-keeping in all its branches, cookery, etc., make it indespensible in every household. Its beautiful fashion-plates and pattern-sheet supplements enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by being their own dressmakers. Not a line is admitted to its columns that could shock the most fastidious taste.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR:

HARPER'S BAZAR.....$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE..... 4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY..... 4 00
AARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE..... 2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)..... 10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year 52) Numbers).....15 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the Un ed States and Canada.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed $1 00 per volume) for $7 00 per volume.

Cloth Cases, for each Volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1887.

Harper's Young People

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Harper's Young People has been called "the model of what a periodical for young readers ought to be," and the justice of this commendation is amply sustained by the large circulation it has attained at home and in Great Britain. This success has been reached by methods that must commend themselves to the judgement of parents, no less than to the tastes of children namely, by an earnest and well sustained effort to provide the best and most attractive reading for young people at a low price. The illustrations are copious and of a conspicuously higd standard of excellence.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate,* N.Y.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 00 Per Year. Vol. VIII. commences November 2, 1886.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

'Wirt' Fountain Pen.

(NATURAL SIZE.)

Writes Thin and Thick Letters, as with a dipping nib.

EVERY PEN GUARANTEED. CAN USE ANY INK.

Price, - $3.00.

THOS. McGILLICUDDY Agent.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.