

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A CALAMITY AVERTED.

I have just returned from spending a pleasant evening with my old friend, Tom —, and my gloomy bachelor quarters seem all the more sombre in contrast with the bright home scenes I have witnessed. As I was ushered into Tom's drawing room I came upon a gay family party. The oldest boy, a fine lad of ten, and his two bright, pretty sisters, were seated at the table busily preparing Christmas decorations while little Jack, the two-year-old baby and pet of the family, on mischief bent, was going from one to the other and doing all the mischief that lay in his power. The mother was seated at the piano playing some sweet Scottish airs, but stopped as I came in to welcome me in her charming, cordial way. Tom, who in slippered feet was sitting before the glowing grate and pretending to read the paper, while in reality listening to the music and the merry babble of the children's voices, was too lazy to rise, but greeted me in his usual off-hand manner, and motioned me to a seat by his side. As I glanced around the cosily furnished room, at his wife and children blooming with health and the happiness that is impossible without it, at Tom himself, the picture of content, I mentally contrasted the pleasant picture with the gloom that had hung over the same household only a year before, and gave a sigh of relief at the recollection that what had threatened to be a great calamity to them all had been happily averted.

A year ago in September Tom and I had been called to England on business in which we were both interested. Tom consented to go with great reluctance, as his wife had not been in very good health, but she assured him that it was nothing, only a slight cold that would soon wear off, and with some slight misgivings he joined me on the steamer. We were absent over two months, during which time Tom constantly heard from his wife, and as she always wrote in her pleasantest style and seemed to be in the best of health and spirits, he ceased to worry about her, and looked forward with pleasure to the time when they should again be reunited. It was a happy day for him when, in the latter part of November, we steamed up to the wharf in Halifax, and he could hardly restrain his impatience while the lines were being made fast, so eager was he to disembark and hurry home. But a great shock awaited him. His wife met him at the door—but she was only a shadow of her old self. A hacking cough and a hectic flush on her wan cheeks proclaimed too clearly that consumption, that fell destroyer, had marked her for a victim. With her usual self-sacrificing spirit she had kept the secret from her husband, knowing that it would rob him of all peace on his travels. Poor Tom was utterly prostrated by the blow, and greatly blamed himself for having left his wife, more especially when he found that she had neglected to call in the family physician. She had attempted to take cod liver oil, but the nauseating stuff had been too much for her weak stomach, and she had not persisted in any regular course of treatment. The family physician was at once called in and he pronounced her case to be serious, but still held out hopes should his directions be strictly carried out. He gave careful instructions for the care and diet of his patient, and prescribed a long course of Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Tom was astonished, as he had a prejudice against proprietary remedies, but the doctor explained that it was the medicine usually prescribed by all the leading physicians for pulmonary consumption, general debility, wasting diseases, &c. and that its ingredients were well known, the proprietors of the Emulsion making no secret of them, only claiming to excel in the manner of combining the various substances. The succeeding Christmas was a gloomy one in Tom's household. His wife found the Emulsion quite palatable and easy to take, and from the first it gave her great relief, still it was a life and death struggle, and some months rolled slowly by before the disease was conquered. Gradually the wonderful remedy worked its cure and Tom's wife grew stronger and stronger, her eyes lost their unnatural brilliancy, the hectic spots on her cheeks disappeared, and I had seen her only a few hours before the picture of health and happiness. Tom now swears by Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, and little Jack, who is given an occasional dose, takes it with as great a relish as he would a custard. The medals and diplomas given to Mr Simson for Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil at the great exhibitions of Canada are sufficient of themselves to justify its wide reputation. Sold by all druggists and dealers. Ask for Puttner's Emulsion, and take no other.

Joe Edwards, the well-known conductor on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, is as obliging as he is witty. Just as the train had left Windsor the other day, and Joe was passing through the cars, he was stopped by a handsome girl who was in company with an old man, evidently an invalid.

"Are we near Windsor?" she asked.

"Just past it," said Joe; then seeing a look of consternation come into the girl's face, he came to the conclusion that she had intended to stop off at Windsor, and without a word he hurried into the baggage car, signalled and stopped the engine, and in a very few seconds the train was backing into Windsor.

This unusual move caused a commotion amongst the passengers; windows were thrown up, heads poked anxiously out, and one ancient damsel, shrieking "There is going to be a collision!" was only prevented by main force from flinging herself out of the window.

Just as the excitement had subsided by the train's coming to a standstill at the station, Joe entered the car and rushing up to the girl said: "We are back at Windsor; you must hurry and get off."

"We are going through to Annapolis," she exclaimed with her sweetest smile; "the doctor prescribed two bottles of Simson's Jamaica Ginger for

uncle's dyspepsia, and told me to give him a dose at Windsor. He has just taken it." Joe wilted, and did not smile again until he had confiscated a "commercial tourist's" flask in the smoker.

Simson's Jamaica Ginger possesses all the valuable properties of Jamaica Ginger; and is particularly recommended as a tonic. To the aged it will prove a great comfort, to the dyspeptic it will give relief. Price 25 cents.

Neglected Coughs and Colds. Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or common cold in its first stages. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon preys upon the lungs. Simson's Tolu and Aniseed will afford speedy relief.

An Irishman and a German were lost in the woods and were on the verge of starvation. An eagle flying over dropped a piece of raw beef that fell almost at their feet, and they seized upon it with great avidity. They both laid claim to it, but as it was only enough for one they agreed that each should take an end of it in his teeth, and that the first to let go should lose the meat. They did this, and the Irishman, setting his teeth deep in the meat, muttered "Aro ye riddy?" "Yah," answered the German, and the Irishman had the prize. No one can say "yah" with his mouth closed. Try it.

For a good tonic and appetizer use *Chemical Food* manufactured by W. H. Simson.

The present seems to be the age of adulteration, and no articles of modern use are so easily palmed off on an unsuspecting public as impure and worthless spices and flavoring essences. Every house wife knows how discouraging it is to have her best dishes spoiled by the trash that is ground up and sold as cloves, pepper, &c., or her custards and puddings rendered unpalatable by impure flavoring extracts. It should be remembered that Brown Brothers & Co.'s Flavoring Essences are articles of true merit, and that their spices are the purest in the market.

Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. Abbott's Worm Tablets are simple and effective.

Abbott's Diarrhoea Cordial is a superlative remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, &c.

Of all the tortures that human flesh is heir to, toothache is one of the worst. Why it should be endured is a mystery, as Brown's Toothache drops are an infallible cure.

How often do we meet persons for the first time and receive a pleasant impression, which is immediately changed to disgust when their mouths are opened, showing dirty, neglected teeth, while a whiff of bad breath that nearly knocks us down is blown into our faces. Fisk's Lavodent is a delightful, fragrant and elegant tooth and mouth wash, and is an indispensable article for the toilet table. Manufactured by Brown Brothers & Co.

At this season of the year, when colds and sore throats are so prevalent and the dangers of diphtheria are so great, it is well to remember that Brown's Astringent Gargle is a reliable cure.

No more suitable and acceptable present could be given than a bottle of Mayflower Cologne. It is a refreshing and fine flavored perfume.

Simson's Golden Eye Water for weak eyes is invaluable.

Young man, if you wish to capture your girl every time, just give her a bottle of Mayflower Hair Gloss.

Remember the place to get the best

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Pure Spices, Flavoring Essences,

DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Druggists' Sundries,

IS AT

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Ordnance Square, Halifax.