My Sudden Neighbor.

A Romance of Storm and Flood and Happy Accident.

When I awoke a little light was stealing into my room through the blinds of my shutters. I quickly slipped out of bed, opened a window, and looked out. Day was just breaking, the rain and wind had ceased, and I could discern objects, but it semed as if I needed some light in my brain to enable me to comprehend what I saw. My eyes fell upon nothing familiar.

I did not stop to investigate, however, from my window. I found my clothes huddled together with the furniture at the front end of the room, and as soon as I was dressed I went into the hall and then to my front door. I quickly jerked this open and was about to step outside, when suddenly I stopped. I was positive that my front porch had been destroyed, but there I saw a porch, a little lower than mine and a great deal wider, and on the other side of it, not more than eight feet from me, was a window—the window of a house, and on the other side of the window was a face—the face of a young girl! As I stood staring in blank amazement at the house which presented itself at my front door, the face at the window disappeared, and I was left to contemplate the scene by myself. I ran to my back door and threw it open. There I saw stretching up the fields, and far up the hillside, the wide path which my house had made as it came down from its elevated position to the valley beneath, where it had ended its onward career by stopping up against another house. As I looked off the back porch, I saw that the ground still continued to slope, so that if my house had not found in its path another building, it probably would have proceeded somewhat further on its course. It was lighter, and I saw bushes and fences and little outbuildings—in a back yard.

Almost breathless with consternation, I ran again to the front door; when I reached it I found a young woman standing on the porch of the house before me. I was about to say something—I know not what—when she put her finger on her lips and stepped forward.

"Please don't speak loudly," she said. "I am afraid it will frighten mother; she is asleep yet. I suppose you and your house have been sliding down hill?"

"That is what has happened," said I, "but I cannot understand it; it seems to me the most amazing thing that ever took place on the face of the earth."

"It is very queer," said she; "but hurricanes do blow away houses, and that must have been a hurricane we had last night, for the wind was strong enough to loosen any house. I have often wondered if that house would ever slide down."

"My house?"

"Yes," she said. "Soon after it was built I began to think what a nice clean sweep it could make from the place where it seemed to be stuck to the side of the mountain, right down here into the valley."

I could not talk to a girl like this; at least, I could not meet her on her own conversational grounds. I was so agitated myself that it seemed unnatural that anyone to whom I should speak should not also be agitated.

"Who are you?" I asked rather brusquely; "at least, to whom does this house belong?"

"This is my mother's house,' said she. "My mother is Mrs. Carson. We happen just now to be living by ourselves, so I cannot call on any man to help you do anything. My brother has always lived with us, but last week he went away.'

"You don't seem to be a bit astonished at what has happened,' said I.

She was rather a pretty girl, of a cheerful disposition, I should say, for several times she had smiled as she spoke.

"Oh, I am astonished,' she answered; "or at least I was, but I have had time enough to get over some of it. It was at least an hour ago when I was awakened by something cracking in the yard. I went to a window and looked out, and could just barely see that something like a big building had grown up during the night. Then I watched it, and watched it, until I made out it was a whole house, and after that it was not long before I guessed what had happened. It seemed a simpler thing to me, you know, than it did to you, because I had often thought about it, and probably you never had.'

"You are right there," said I earnestly. "It would have been impossible for me to imagine such a thing."

"At first I thought there was nobody in the house," said she; "but when I heard someone moving about I came down to tell whoever had arrived not to make a noise. I see," she added, with another of her smiles, "that you think I am a very strange person not to be more flurried by what has happened, but really I cannot think of anything else just now except what mother will say and do when she comes down and finds you and your house here at the back door. I am very sure she will not like it."

"Like it" I exclaimed. "Who on earth could like it?'

"Please speak more gently," she said. "Mother is always a little irritable when her night's rest has been broken, and I would not like to have her wakened up suddenly now; but really, Mr. Warren, I haven't the least idea in the world how she will take this thing. I must go in and be with her when she wakes, so that I can explain just what has happened."

"One moment," I said. "You know my name?"

"Of course I know your name," she answered. "Could that house be up there on the hillside for more than a year without my knowing who lived in it?" Then she went indoors.

I could not help smiling when I thought of the young lady, regretting that there was no man in the house who might help me do something. What could anybody do in a case like this? I turned and went into the house. I entered the various rooms on the lower floor, and saw no signs of any particular damage except that everything movable in each room was jumbled together against the front wall; but when I looked out of the back door, I found that the porch there was a good deal wrecked, which I had not noticed before.

I went upstairs and found everything pretty much as it was below. Nothing seemed to have been injured except the chimney and the porches. I thanked my stars that I had used hard wood instead of mortar for the ceilings of my rooms.

I was about to go into my bedroom when I heard a woman scream, and, of course, I hurried to the front. There on the back porch of her house stood Mrs. Carson. She was a woman of middle age, and, as I glanced at her, I saw where her daughter got her good looks; but the placidity and cheerfulness of the younger face was entirely wanting in the mother. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, her mouth was partly opened, and it seemed to me that I could almost see that her breath was hot.

"Is this your house?" she cried, the moment her eyes fell upon me; "and what is it doing here?"

I did not immediately answer. I looked at the angry woman, and behind her I saw, through the open door, the daughter crossing the hallway; it was plain that she had decided to let me have it out with her mother without interference. As briefly and as clearly as I could I explained what had happened.

"What is all that to me?" she screamed. "It doesn't matter to me how your house got there. There have been storms ever since the beginning of the world, and I never heard of any of them taking a house into a person's back yard. You ought not to have built you house where any such thing could happen; but all this is nothing to me. I don't understand now how your house did get there, and I don't want to understand. All I want is for you to take it away."

"I will do that, madam, just as soon as I can. You may be very sure I will do that; but—"

"Can you do it now?" she asked. "Can you do it today? I don't want a minute lost. I have not been outside to see what damage has been done, but the first thing to do is to take your house away."

"I am going to the town now, madam, to summon assistance."

Mrs. Carson made no answer, but she turned and walked to the end of her porch. There she suddenly gave a scream which brought her daughter from the house. "Kitty! Kitty!" cried er mother; "do you know what he has done? He has gone right over my round flower garden; his house is sitting on it this minute!"

"But he could not help it," said Kitty.

"Help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "I don't want him to help it; what I want—" Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes flashed brighter and her mouth opened wider. She seemed to have lost the power of speech, but quickly it came back to her. "Little Samuel!" she screamed. "Kitty, do you know I believe he has scratched up little Samuel!"

"I looked at her stupefied, without knowing what she was talking about. "Little Samuel!" again screamed Mrs. Carson, and she ran about wildly, endeavoring to get off her porch, but my house had demolished her steps and it blocked up the opening.

"The side door, mother!" said Miss Kitty; and then, as the older woman disappeared into the house with a stifled exclamation, her daughter said to me: "It is my little brother she is thinking about. He died some years ago and was buried in a small graveyard back of our garden. She thinks your house has gone over it and scratched him up." Miss Carson now followed her mother, and I jumped over the railings of the porch and ran after them.

As we hurried along by my house and into their garden, which now seemed to be unevenly divided into two parts, scream after scream came from Mrs. Carson, as she noticed the absence of sheds, fences or vegetable beds, which had found themselves in the course of my all-destroying dwelling. Once she turned her head toward me, her face pallid. "If you have scratched up little Samuel!" she screamed, panting, but she had not breath enough to finish the sentence, and continued onward with clenched fists.

(To be Continued.)

A Contented Family.....

Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters will enjoy their breakfast if they have

RALSTON

Breakfast Food

—AND—

Pancake Flour

If you wish to enjoy pancakes without suffering from indigestion try Ralston's formula. We have the freshest and best.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.,

169 DUNDAS STREET.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Eighteen Months Trying to Get Cured—Had the Best Doctors—He Found What He Wanted in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Goderich, March 7.—A case of great interest here just now is that of Mr. Alexander J. Sharkey, who for some time has been an extreme sufferer from Rheumatism. His statement to the correspondent is as follows:

"For eighteen months I was a victim of Rheumatism, and during the whole of that time was trying every means to cure it. I had the best doctors in Canada, and took their prescriptions with faith and patience.

"I got tired at last, for I found the disappointment nearly as killing as the disease.

"But one friend wiser than the others convinced me that my disease must be cured by way of the kidneys, and recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have used two boxes of these pills to effect a perfect cure and I don't care who knows it."

While plowing in a field which had been under constant cultivation until last year, a negro farmer of Hogansville, Ga., uncovered a jar, buried beneath two big stones and an iron plate, containing $16,000 in gold. Apparently the money had been stolen. The burial place was marked by a circle of small field stones.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed, and the danger avoided? This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing, and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

In Harrodsburg, a city of the Kentucky blue grass region, the most valuable property is owned by women.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

An English View.

Legal Adviser of Cardinal Vaughan on Manitoba Schools.

The Province Cannot Be Coerced, He Asserts,

Therefore a Dominion Remedial Bill Would Be Absolutely Useless.

The London Tablet, the chief organ of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britian, contains the following letter from Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., legal adviser of Cardinal Vaughan, which is of special interest in Canada as coming from a disinterested and able jurist:

Sir,—Every Catholic must sympathize with the Canadian bishops in their struggle for the cause of Catholic education in Manitoba, and for this reason will you permit me to add a few words to the warning contained in your notes of last week? The effect of the decisions of the Privy Council in Barrett's case in 1892 and Brophy's case in 1895 may easily be misunderstood, and it is important, in the interests of the Catholic cause, that there should be no misconception as to the constitutional rights of the Catholic minority of Manitoba. There can be no doubt that the legal effect of the decisions of the Privy Council is correctly stated in your notes. In Barrett's case it was ascertained that the absolute protection which seemed to be given to the Catholics of Manitoba with respect to education by the Manitoba Act of 1870 was practically valueless. It was held to apply to such privileges only as existed at the date of the union, and it was further held that there was no such privilege, except the privilege, if it can be so called, enjoyed by Catholics and everyone else, of establishing and maintaining Separate Schools at their own expense. This decision, right or wrong, is final, and the law can be altered only by an act of the Imperial Parliament. In Brophy's case the authority of Barrett's case was not and could not be in any way challenged or impeached, but it was held that although the Catholics of Manitoba have no absolute privileges such as the Legislature of Manitoba has no power or jurisdiction to take away or impair, nevertheless if at any time any rights or privileges conferred upon them by the Legislature of Manitoba since the union are affected by subsequent legislation of the Manitoba Parliament they have a right to appeal from such legislation to the Governor-General, and ultimately to the Dominion Parliament. The Dominion Parliament cannot be compelled to grant any relief in such a case; and the judgment in Brophy's case does not indicate, except very vaguely, what is the nature or what is the limits of the jurisdiction which the Dominion can exercise upon such an appeal. It was stated in the argument in that case that the Privy Council was not asked, and it could not properly have been asked, to make any declaration as to the extent of the relief to be granted, but only to rule that there was jurisdiction to grant "appropriate" relief. The question which was thus left unanswered presents very serious difficulties, which it is impossible to discuss in this letter. It seems reasonable to expect that the Privy Council would support the Dominion Parliament in the exercise of its remedial jurisdiction to such an extent at least as would give some real practical effect to the construction which has been placed upon the Union Act by the judicial committee. On the other hand, it appears to be sufficiently clear that the Dominion Parliament has no power to compel the Legislature of Manitoba to levy taxes or to grant money so levied for the support of the schools. It is, I fear, inevitable that the legality of any exercise of coercive remedial jurisdiction by the Dominion Parliament would be bitterly contested. I do not desire to touch upon any question of politics or policy. I venture to write this in the hope that, by helping to make clear the legal aspects of the case and the difficulties which have to be encountered, I may render some little assistance to a cause in which we are all deply interested. I remain, sir, yours truly (Signed), Joseph Walton.

"Temple, Feb. 18, 1897."

Mr. Walton has seized the salient points of the case and puts them tersely. The Conservatives of Canada, having been taught to speak of the judicial committee's decision as if it was a part of the remedial bill, will be glad to learn that even a remedial bill would have been useless if passed, and that the judicial committee is in no way responsible for it.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

DELAWARE.—Is it lawful for a school teacher to compel a boy to whistle for the amusement of the rest of the pupils, by expelling him from school until he would whistle, the teacher having no other reason for expelling him? Ans.—It is not lawful, and the action of the teacher was unlawful.

LEX., N. W. T.—Can the exemptions of a homesteader in the Northwest Territories be seized by sheriff on judgment of any court of Canada, except on foreclosure of chattel mortgage? Ans.—No. 2. May a homesteader legally dispose of any of his exemptions, horses, cows, etc., after he has had summons of suit served on him? Ans.—Yes, the exemptions allowed by the ordinances of the Legislative Assembly are wholly under his own control.

NOTANDA.—Are farm implements, carriages, etc., assessable? Ans.—Yes, provided the net personal property is over $100 in value. 2. If assessable, what is the penalty for not assessing them? Ans.—A fine of $100 for neglect to assess, and for a fraudulent assessment, a fine of $200, and to imprisonment for six months. 3. Would it be perjury in an assessor certifying and swearing to his roll, knowing that he had not assessed all the personal property within his municipality? Ans.—Yes. 4. Has a council any power to exempt such personal property, and notify the assessor not to assess it? Ans.—No.

LOCAL DRAIN TAX.—A sold his farm to B on an agreement in usual form, to give a deed clear of all incumbrance, when deed is given. B retains part of the cash, against a local drain assessment on said farm, to run four years yet. Can B legally charge A for this four years' tax, which is not yet due? A did not, or cause the said drain or debt to be put against the property. A can furnish receipts for all taxes paid to date, there being one assessment paid the past year. Ans.—Yes; the local drainage assessment, until paid, is an encumbrance, and B therefore is entitled to retain the amount necessary to pay it off out of the purchase money.

The Next War

To Be the Greatest the World Has Ever Seen.

A New Smokeless Powder Invented in Russia.

A Field Gun Without Recoil Devised by a French Artilleryman.

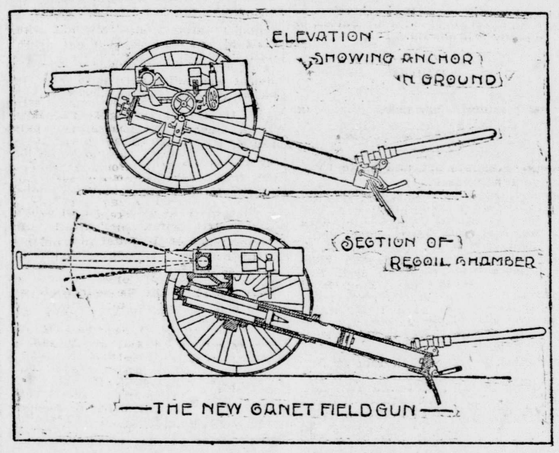
The next war is going to be the most appalling catastrophe the world has ever seen. A public man of large experience said to me the other day that he believed the inevitable conflict would not be precipitated by a king or an emperor, but by an inventor. Then tension of international hatred is so great in Europe, he says, that if an inventor in any one country produces some appallingly deadly explosive, or constructs a gun so destructive that no armor at present known to mankind can stand against it, the nation which has possession of this powder or weapon will declare war against its enemy, and conquer the other country before the world in general becomes aware of the new equipment.

There is a possible danger that this theory may be true, but the country that would stake its existence on a new invention would certainly have more than an ordinary share of bravery.

France went jubilantly to war with Germany largely on the strength of its new gun, the Mitrailleuse, which was heralded as a weapon so destructive that no modern army could live in front of it. It certainly proved to be a death-dealing instrument, and the frightful mortality in the German army paid a ghastly tribute to its qualities; nevertheless it was not capable of stemming the flood of invasion that poured over the land.

Nothing can exceed the jealousy with which European nations are now watching their own men, so that no hint of any invention may get abroad. France is sending officer after officer into prison or exile, after secretly conducted trials, where no reporters are present, these star chamber courts holding that the officers have betrayed government secrets to other nations. In Germany practically the same state of things exist. But in spite of all precaution it is amazing how quickly a secret becomes public property.

One would think that if any country could keep a secret, Russia would be that country; but there is its new smokeless powder, invented by Prof. Mendelryeff. The whole world knows its composition, and there is therefore no reason why I should withhold the formula from these columns; it is simply C30, H38 (NOz)12, O25. At a trial the other day from an eight-inch gun this explosive drove a hardened steel projectile clear through a Harveyized steel Krupp armor plate, and the velocity when the shot struck the plate was 2,850 feet-seconds, whatever they may mean.



—THE NEW CANET FIELD GUN—

France has a new gun to fit this new powder, and, curiously enough, France and Russia are allies. An enlightened republic with the motto "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" is thus linked with a despotism under which no man's life is safe, and where no man not belonging to the ruling classes has a word to say in the conduct of the government.

It is a somewhat disquieting thing for the rest of Europe to know that these two countries between them possess the best field gun in existence and the best explosive.

I am not an expert in military matters, but I believe it to be the case that the trouble with a light field gun is this: When such a gun is fired, the recoil causes the muzzle to jump upwards, the wheels to run back, so that the gun must be reaimed before it can again be fired. This reaiming takes time, and, in a battle, time is everything.

Monsieur Canet, the manager of the artillery works of France, which are situated on the Mediterranean, has by a very simple device neutralized the effects of the recoil, so that his gun, once it is accurately aimed, may be fired as quickly as it can be reloaded. The trail of the gun carriage consists of two steel tubes, one of which slides within the other. The end of one tube carries the gun cradle, while the other, the end of which trails on the ground, is attached to a spade which can be thrust deeply into the earth to hold the gun steady. When the gun is fired the carriage wheels roll back a few inches, the end of the inner sliding tube compressing the air in the recoil chamber, while the compressed air, acting like a strong spring, shoves the wheels and gun carriage forward again into their former position.

During a recent trial of this gun when ten shots were fired in rapid succession, without reaiming, each shot struck the target, and there was an entire absence of jerk in the gun itself. No rectification of the training was needed after a shot was fired.

The largest of these guns has a caliber of nearly three inches, and with the ordinary French powder it has thrown a shot more than four miles, so that what these guns will do if loaded with the new Russian powder, the Lord only knows.

Germany has no gun or powder that is particularly new, but she will doubtless speedily adopt, the armament and explosive of her two terrible neighbors. A recent cartoon in one of the comic German papers (doubtless the editor is in jail by this time for publishing it), represented the nearly exhausted taxpayer of Germany pulling up a hill a hand cart loaded with the armaments of war. The unfortunate human beast of burden is already about to drop in his tracks, but the jaunty German emperor, with a new Canet gun in his hands, says:—

"Stop a bit; I want to add this to the load."

Last summer while in Germany I stopped at the ancient town of Traves, and in the hotel where I put up there was a large picture that is extremely popular in Germany, showing the old Emperor William with his son by his side, and Von Moltke and Bismarck nearby, standing all on a height watching a battle going on in the valley below. As I looked at this picture a German officer, with whom I had become acquainted, said:—

"There will be none of that in the next war."

"None of what?" I asked.

"No standing on heights and watching battles. Smokeless powder and long-reaching guns have made that sort of thing impossible. Hereafter everyone in sight will be killed."

"Then what of the army?" I asked.

"Well, most of the soldiers will be killed also. The fact is that future battles will be go-as-you-please affairs. The battles will be planned out as well as possible beforehand, but when actual engagement takes place the officers will have to dismount and trust largely to luck. Anyone in a conspicuous position will be doomed. The fate of the day will depend on the ingenuity and expertness of captains of small divisions, probably not more than a hundred men in each. Every officer will have to do the best he can with the soldiers immediately under him, doing what seems to him the most effective on the spur of the moment. The slaughter will be something so appalling that the civilized world will stand aghast."

It seems, then, there is coming a complete revolution in military tactics, and that experience of the past will be no guide to the commander of the future.

Germany is at the present moment taking the lead in preparing for this and is now training her small officers, lieutenants, captains and the like, who command merely a hundred or two hundred men, to work these small bodies to the best advantage in a battle. In the battle of the future it will be catch-as-catch-can, hit wherever you see a head of the enemy, with no orders from headquarters.

In case of a scrimmage I should be inclined to bet my money on the German army, for I think it is the greatest fighting machine there is at present in existence, and I believe Germany will be able to hold her own even if attacked by the combined forces of Russia and France.

Italy is already bankrupted by her tremendous expenditure on army and navy, and her attempt to keep pace with the others of the triple alliance. Spain is a pauper and counts for nothing in European affairs; Austria, not quite as bad, but nearly so. Everywhere in Europe taxes are impoverishingly excessive.

England tries to keep out of the turmoil, and does not go in, to any extent, for new powders or guns, having a conservative distrust for much blazoned inventions, but freezing on to what is proven practicable, as, for instance, the Maxim gun, relying almost entirely on her navy, which she is enormously increasing. She realizes that once the foot of the invader gets upon English soil she is doomed; in fact, the landing of Caesar, and later of William the Conqueror, form ominous precedents of the inability of the inhabitants of the island to hold it once a landing is made.

Thus at the end of the nineteenth century stand the countries of Europe, armed to the teeth like so many brigands, each jealously watching for a truculent move on the part of the other. An indiscreet sentence from a voluble emperor heated with wine; a boil on the neck of the czar, may at any moment set the continent aflame. And each country supports a state church, endowing with equal liberality an army and a religion. Each potentate and despot is certain that God is his partner. Russia, on its lips the sacred name of Christ who preached peace on earth and good will towards men, has just started a crusade against the followers of Tolstoi, imprisoning them, banishing them, transporting them to Siberia, and confiscating their goods. The crime of Tolstoi is that he wishes people to live as Christ lived; preaching the doctrine of non-resistance. "Such a doctrine," says one of the rulers of Russia, "is against the law and order of any state. If we allow it to spread, how are we to recruit our army?"—Luke Sharp.

His One Great Trouble.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation said: "Weel, there's just ane thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' out hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."

When you are weak, tired and lifeless, you need to enrich and purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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New Attractions.

The balance of the week will be devoted to the "Basement," which so far has been neglected, although containing several important stocks.

In the main part you'll find one of the largest Grocery Stocks in the city, where everything will be found that is usually kept in a first-class establishment that caters to a good family trade, with an expert in charge who thoroughly understands every branch of the business.

In another section you'll find Chinaware, in another Glassware, in another Crockery, and still another Graniteware.

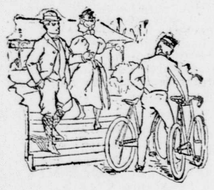
But that isn't all; there's several other departments that should be enumerated, but owing to the crowds we've had since opening they have been left untouched, but will be introduced as soon as possible.

However, the above departments are well forward, and everything right—particularly the prices.

LONDON'S DEPARTMENTAL,

Runians & Butler

IN THE PARK



We have been building bicycles for years; we believe our product, the Stearns, represents just what is desired by the riding public.

Rather than take this statement with the proverbial grain of salt, don your most critical mood, call at the store of our city agents and ask to see the new Yellow Fellows.

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Geo. E. COLEMAN, Agent, London.

A LABORING MAN'S LEG.

A RUNNING SORE RENDERED IT USELESS. HE COULDN'T WORK TILL HE HAD IT CURED BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

It goes without saying that the average working man finds it difficult to ply his daily avocation without the aid of a pair of good sound legs. To have either of his lower extremities incapacitated by disease is a serious matter. It means inability to provide for himself and those depending on him for support, to which is added the distress and suffering both mental and physical he is called upon in consequence to endure.

Mr. John Dawson, a respectable laborer living at 77 Jones St., Hamilton, Ont., states under oath that about seven years ago an inflammation appeared upon his knee, which continued to grow worse until about three years ago when it got so bad he was unable to work. He tried ointments and various remedies, but the sore continued discharging and the pains in his back were very severe. Last winter he commenced taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and in a comparatively short time the sore healed up, the pain disappeared from his back and he was able to resume his work. He thinks there's nothing can beat Kootenay, and he's right.

The whole secret of the cure lies in the thorough blood cleansing properties of the "new ingredient,' which is the essential element of Kootenay.

It goes right through the system and eradicates all humors from the blood and in consequence there is a rapid replacing of diseased or decaying tissue by a healthy healing process. Don't be cajoled into taking any substitute for Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. If your druggist does not keep it, send $1.50 for a bottle to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Chart book sent free to any address. One bottle lasts over a month.

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The Outward Sign of Inward HEALTH.

LOVELY FACES,

BEAUTIFUL NECKS, WHITE ARMS AND HANDS, DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPEXION WAFERS AND FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP Will Give You All These.

If you are annoyed with PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, FRECKLES, BLOTCHES, MOTH FLESH WORMS, ECZEMA, or any blemish on the skin, call or send for a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world. WAFERS by mail, $1; 6 LARGE BOXES, $5. Soap, 50 cents. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT. LYMAN BROS. & CO., Wholesale Agents, 71 FRONT STREET EAST TORONTO, CANADA.

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Cause Dandruff, and later on the hair falls out. This can be prevented if you receive our treatment. Ladies Treated at Their Homes, if desired.

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