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THREE PEOPLE.

'And as she is coming at last, Dulce' 'O, yes,' excitedly. 'She is coming today, and I have fixed up her room so pretty and we—you and I, Harold—will try and make her contented and not let her miss her gayeties. And we will take her to all the pretty places, and get up little parties for her, and—everything I say Dulce vaguely, as she pauses for breath and pats, in a friendly way, the brown hand resting beside her white one.

'And probably get snubbed for our pains,' says the young man gloomily. 'I don't like this fine city lady, who is coming to spoil, with her high and mighty ways, all our cozy little walks and talks. She will take you from me, Dulce. She will tell you I am too big and brown, and rough for a tender little girl, like you. She will talk to you about her little fingered city beaux, with their perfumes, their accessories, and their divine tastes in carpets and wall-papers—and what do I know of such things, dear? I know every inch of old Craigmair Wood's heart. I can row a boat with the best of them. I can shoot, ride, and catch more speckled trout in one day than they ever saw in their dainty, perfumed lives; and I have loved you so dearly, Dulce, that you have grown not to dislike my rough and homely ways, and you have found the little good that there is in me, dear. And now, still more gloomily, 'Miss Helen Mars, who is a critic and a woman of the world to her finger-tips, is coming, and when you see her sly smile and hear her murmur a smug "about a rustic swain" you will be ashamed that you ever said you loved me; and when I see that—for you were never good at hiding things, Dulce—then I shall say that I knew from the very first how it would be.'

The girl in the swaying hammock laughs lightly, but needles near the dejected figure on the campstool, and says:

'Nonsense, Harold; how can you point such wretched pictures? Now, if I were easily frightened I should just put my fingers into my ears and take to the woods at the first sign of Miss Mars' approach—there to remain and eat berries, if there were any, and be covered at night by the traditional birds with the legendary leaves. Why should she poke fun at you? She won't, and, if she should, do you suppose I'd listen? A rustic swain, indeed, indignantly. 'More likely she will fall head over ears in love with you. I am sure she never saw any one so handsome, so strong, and so altogether to be desired.'

'Stop, Dulce, stop!' cries the young man holding up both hands. 'It is not likely that Miss Mars will even notice that I am present. She will quite overlook me. How cheap I shall feel! Indeed, I begin to feel so already. One might have me for almost nothing—such a bargain!'

'I don't think you'd be cheap at any price,' says Dulce, at which they both laugh, and Harold says: 'Come, my sweetheart, and walk to the gate with me. I must be out of sight before the dragon, who is to spoil our summer, comes. She would not fancy even such a nonentity as I to see her descend from the carriage, travel-stained and dusty. I will come tonight and make my best bow and utter a few polite lies to the effect that I am glad to see her here and hope her health may be improved by a country residence. And she will look me over and smile at my elephantine attempt at society nothings—and then—and then—I shall take my hat and say: 'Good-night, Miss Mars; good-night, Miss Rodney,' and touch the tips of your fingers before I go alone here, Dulce, where you always go with me.'

'They are walking together now, over the soft, green grass, under the great oak trees whose rustling branches seem to whisper to each other and laugh at the lovers' vows, breathed beneath, to a little side gate half hidden in the shrubbery that divides Dulce Rodney's home from the larger, more extensive Craigmair, the property of this tall, stalwart young fellow, who strides along, cutting at the tall grass with his walking-stick, and looking as thoroughly out of humor as a handsome, care-free bit of masculinity can look.

'It seems to me, Harold, you are making yourself odious for no reason at all,' says Dulce decidedly. 'Miss Mars is sure to be nice and pleasant, and it is unkind and selfish, Harold, to make such a fidget, when you might, inasmuch as, 'make it so nice for us.'

'I dare say you are right, Dulce—you always are. I will go to the utmost limits of hospitable possibilities to take that little wrinkle out of your forehead.'

He takes her in his arms as he speaks, and Dulce's nose sinks contentedly into his cool collar.

'How is it that a mite like you can so take possession of a great person, as I am, and make him do so gladly what he most hates? I shall be very glad to see Miss Mars now, and you shall play me for being glad—how?—in kisses,' Dulce, his darling. He raises her head and presses his lips to her soft, warm mouth.

When Dulce is at last in undisputed

possession of her, if she says, with a little upward glance: 'Don't fall in love with her, Harold. She is very lovely, papa says.'

They have reached the gate now, and he stands, with his arms folded upon the top, looking down upon her with half-teasing, half-tender smile. Somehow a little pang goes through Dulce's heart as she looks up at the fond face, with dark, laughing eyes meeting hers. The mouth is weak and irresolute—the only fault to be found in the handsome, manly face.

'And are you afraid of that horrible possibility, Dulce, my own?' he asks gently, drawing her closer to him.

She laughs brightly. 'If I could not let you I should be in agonies of despair at the present moment, instead of doing you home so that I may go back and dress. You must go now or I shall be late. G-d-bye, and come early to-night,' and Dulce goes happily across the lawn looking back once, just in time to catch and blush brightly at a caress thrown from the tips of Harold's fingers as he lingers, looking after her.

Very fair is Dulce Rodney's home, with the soft moonlight over it. The lawn is a stone house with wide verandas, upon which the long windows open and show within a vista of bright lights and velvet hangings of dark and glowing tints. Outside, the wide, low steps running down to the smooth lawn, dotted here and there with beds of scarlet flowers, and beyond all the glint of the great ocean perfectly quiet but for the soft lapping of the waves on the pebbly shore.

Very quiet and lovely it looks to the young man coming through the little gate and into the shadow of the shrubbery. He looks toward the house. 'Can't they be so lost to the beauties of this night as to be there? Probably,' with growing disgust, 'Miss Mars has a lively fear of the touch of God's dew upon her dainty feet.'

But, as he looks toward the group of trees where the many colored hammock, a white gleam catches his eye. He comes quietly nearer. Yes, some one is sitting there, and that some one has on a white dress. He peers into the surrounding shadows. Yes, it is Dulce, and alone. Where is the charming guest? Oh happy thought! She did not come, and Dulce is waiting in her favorite place to tell him so. He approaches confidently. 'She has not come, Dulce' in a loud tone of unmistakable pleasure and self-congratulation.

'Yes,' said Dulce, rising and coming to meet him.

'No? Is she really here?' in a voice expressive of the deepest disappointment. 'And is she all your fancy painted her, Dulce? I'll swear not! These beauties are always overrated, and—Here he becomes conscious that Dulce is endeavoring to convey some information, and at the same moment a slender, dark figure comes out of the shadows and says, in a voice the like of which Harold never heard before, it is so low, and soft, and musical, 'Am I the unhappy person who has disappointed Dulce?'

Dulce is laughing, with a keen appreciation of Harold's mental condition, and says, brightly: 'Oh, that is so like you, Harold! Yes, this is Miss Mars—Helen, this is Harold. He has another name, and it is Desmond, but no one calls him anything but Harold.'

'Then of course I shall do the same as every one else,' says Miss Mars, decidedly, and lays a slim, soft hand in Harold's.

Then they all sit down quite cozily and laugh at Harold's blunder, and Dulce plans all sorts of festivities in Miss Mars' honor, and Harold finds himself listening for that soft, strange voice, and wishing she would speak oftener. How many times after his thoughts went back to that first evening. The silvery moonlight over house and grounds, Dulce's merry chatter, but, more distinct than all else, that low, clear voice. At last Dulce says: 'Let us go into the house, and you will sing us one song, Helen; you are tired, but you will sing just one? and, Miss Mars assenting, they go up the steps and across the wide veranda, into the drawing room.

As yet Harold has had but the most shadowy view of Miss Mars' figure, and as they enter the lighted room he looks at her with pardonable curiosity as to what manner of woman this may be. She was exquisitely lovely both in face and form. She had a transparent, colorless skin, like the petals of a narcissus. She had Oriental eyes of blue-black, which looked immensely large in her delicate face. She had slender feet and tiny ears, and a perfect self-possession which gave her almost an air of distinction and made her seem out of place among Dulce's bric-a-brac, canary birds, and house-plants. She was like a picture, with her soft pale gold hair coiled low down on her neck in high-art fashion. Like a soft harmony in black and gold she was, with her slim robes clinging closely round her and the old gold, like tarnished yellow, touching her here and there.

She goes to the piano and sings. The song was all about a soldier and a knot of ribbon and there was a little 'waft of' 'adieu' and heartache through it which Harold knew she did not feel, but still

he felt unreasonably sorry for her. She gives him her hand again as he is going, and he carries the thrill which the touch of her fingers brings long after Dulce's tender kiss in a dark corner of the veranda is forgotten.

'Is she not lovely?' says Dulce, and 'Very' is the concise answer she receives, at which she wonders mightily, and thinks Harold strangely blind.

The long, sweet summer days go by and each one finds Harold Desmond with Dulce and her guest. Offstage with Miss Mars, now, for Dulce has gradually dropped out of their excursions. 'My household' cares are many, she would say, and sometimes now they forget to ask her, but would set off, Harold laden with Miss Mars' easel, camp-chair, collar-box, and all the artist's paraphernalia she affected.

This afternoon they are all together under the great trees trying to believe that they are cool and comfortable. Miss Mars, in a wicker chair, with her long primrose satin and soft muslin drapery about her, is looking more than usually lovely.

'I am really getting fat; absolutely, downright fat,' she says, attentively regarding one perfect hand and arm and holding it up for inspection. 'There is something so repulsive about that word "fat," something so gross and commonplace and so disgustingly suggestive of the butcher and the grocer's boy,' she continues, as she slowly waves a large fan back and forth to coax some refreshing breeze to her fair face.

'But a judicious quantity of the real article is immensely becoming,' says Dulce, who is sitting on the grass with a broad expanse of lavender muslin and lace about her; 'just look at Helen and see what our country air has done for her. Why, upon my word, her cheeks are as pink as mine—are they not, Harold?—and it is vastly becoming.'

'Yes, I shall remember a dairy-maid in no time whatsoever,' says Miss Mars with a low laugh and a glance at Harold. 'It is your close and impolite scrutiny, Dulce, that has brought the tardy blushes to my cheek.'

Harold is lying full length on the grass and has not taken his eyes from Miss Mars' flower-like face for a longer time than perhaps he knows. She is perfectly conscious of his gaze, and lets her eyes meet his occasionally for an instant before her white lids fall.

'Miss Mars will never look like a dairy-maid,' says Harold slowly. 'She will never be anything but white and delicate-looking; not fit to meet the hard, rough edges of life.'

'Bless me!' cried Dulce. 'If I eat pickles and slate-pencils and get nice and yellow and bony, will you say those pretty things to me, Harold? But, with a profound sigh, 'I am always so offensively well. There seems to be no chance of my ever having a nice lingering illness.'

Dulce is not looking like her happy self. Her eyes are heavy and have dark rings beneath them, suggestive of tears and wakeful nights, but she is always in the gayest spirits, and Harold and Helen are strangely blind.

Miss Mars rises from her rocker with languid grace and draws on her long, loose, tan-colored gloves carefully. 'I am going into Craigmair Wood,' she announces. 'I cannot well be warmer there, and I have a fancy that the shade is deeper. Come, Dulce, and we will stay until evening and Harold shall have our tea sent out to us there.'

Obedient to her mandate they rise, and Harold utters Miss Mars' name in a low voice and follows her out; while Dulce follows with laughter on her lips, but something very like tears in her eyes.

The long, hot day is over at last, and the glaring, burning sun has sunk out of sight. But with the deepening shadows comes no cooling breeze; the air is hot and close, and a feeling of oppression is over everything. There is a dull bank of clouds against the horizon, but overhead the stars are shining bright and clear.

By the side of the little stream that flows through Craigmair, Harold and Dulce are standing together. She has no pink cheeks and rosy lips now. Her face is all a leaden white, and there is a drawn look about the mouth that has taken away all the pretty curves and dimples. She seems somehow much older, and thinner, and weaker than the Dulce of an hour ago. He is holding both her hands against his breast and speaking rapidly.

'Dulce! Dulce! he is saying, "what can you think of one who is so false as I? I did not mean to love her. I fought against it enough, God knows, but from the first it was to no use. Many and many times I have vowed to go away and break my own heart rather than hurt you, dear. But I am such a pitiable coward I could not leave her! I am bound heart and soul to that one woman! I cannot make you understand how I love her! I would give worlds to hate her and be back again with only your kind little face in my heart. But when I see her—when I even hear her voice—I could fall down and worship the very earth her dainty feet have pressed! I don't know why I tell you all this, only that you have always been the one true friend I

have ever had. His voice breaks here, but he goes on: 'I am not hurting you, Dulce? O, my true little girl! Can you forgive and, what is better, forget me, who is so unworthy of you?'

She draws her hands gently away and says, with a wan little smile: 'You do not want me to forget you. You want me always to remember you and be fond of you and—and—your wife.'

She says it bravely and smiles in so friendly a way that the clouds almost disappear from her face. 'And you do not care after all, Dulce?'

'Not care—with that gray pallor and those white, set lips—with those hunted, hopeless eyes, with those small hands clinched so tightly that the nails leave purple crescents on the soft palms.'

He asks her if she cares, and she, looking at him, knows that all the brightness has gone out of her life forever; she feels numb, and cold, and dead, but she stands erect with her little head thrown back, and her brave voice says steadily: 'I never cared much for anything; did I? I was never one to go into heroics, though, I dare say, it is the proper thing, Helen is in the garden; go to her, and if you let me be your friend I shall be happy.'

She gives him one of her hands and smiles, and he kisses it and says: '—You have made me a new man, Dulce. I was miserable in the thought that in gaining my happiness I would wreck yours.'

'Well,' she says evenly, 'you need not have been afraid, you see—now go,' and, with a last pressure of the hand he holds he goes from her.

And then Dulce lies down on the soft grass, with her head on the knotted roots of a great oak. How still and calm it is there—how tired she is. She will not go home, but stay there always, in the soft cool grass—and Harold does not love her—does not love her—strange she cannot cry—how dim the stars are growing—and she was to have been his wife—Harold's wife—she can almost laugh—Helen will be that now—and what was that—a drop of rain—another—and still another—and faster they come. How nice and cool they are, thinks Dulce.

The grass is getting wet, and she presses her hot face and hotter hands into it.

She is not afraid, but she cannot think for the noise the thunder makes. She is tired—so tired. The lightning blinds her eyes. Always without Harold now. Can that be for her to bear. Never again to watch for him. Never again to hear his dear voice. 'Ah, God,' cries the tortured girl heart, 'I cannot bear it!'

She raises herself in her drenched clothes to her knees, and clasps the rugged tree-trunk with both arms.

'I cannot bear it! Let me die! Let me die! and as if in answer to that prayer there comes a flash that seems to rend the heavens, and the old oak is shattered to its roots.

The clinging arms lose their hold, the aching heart is forever at rest, and the sunny head falls forward; Dulce has gone 'through the straight and dreadful pass of death.'

Only one scene more: A quiet country churchyard and a little new-made grave. The fresh earth heaped above the stilled form is almost covered with white scented flowers, placed there by loving hands. All in still, peaceful and lovely, and surely Dulce is content, resting so quietly among the flowers she loved, with the soft summer breezes blowing over her. But across the grass comes a man with a white haggard face, and he falls with outstretched arms prone upon the ground by the little mound. O! Dulce, your heart never ached as his does now! He went from Dulce that night, now a week ago, with quick, eager steps to her. And she laughed at him.

'My dear Harold I shall not marry you. How absurd you are! Did I say I loved you? Well, you should not have believed me. I am going home tomorrow to be married. What! Have I not told you that before? You love me! Well, that is not my fault. Love you! Not the least bit in the world, my friend, and she smiled into his face, serene, affable, nonchalant.

And now he has brought his broken, remorseful heart to Dulce, and lies there in the still, evening twilight, without hope in life or beyond it; with his changed face on the damp earth and his outflung arms crushing the white flowers.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A Good Test.

For over sixteen years G. M. Everett, of Forest, has sold Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and his sales are steadily increasing. It cures coughs, colds and all lung complaints; is pleasant to take and always reliable.

Kerr's Fluid Lightning.

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking mucous medicines for weeks, but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kerr's Fluid Lightning. 25 cents per bottle at George Rhyms' drug store.

Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

Worthy of His Cloth.

The 'Rev. Mr. Collins,' the chaplain whose conspicuous bravery during the battle fought on a recent Sunday near Selkirk, and who has been the subject of unstinted admiration on the part of several of the war correspondents in the Sudan, is Father Reginald Collins, the Catholic chaplain to the forces, who, until recently, was stationed at Alexandria. The courageous part which he bore in that desperate engagement—and for which he has well earned, and will probably secure, the Victoria cross—is thus described by one of the correspondents: 'Outside away from the square a number of men, on various fatigue duties, such as cutting brush for the zebra makers, were cut off from the main body. Undaunted and resourceful, they quickly improvised a square, hard by the field kitchen, and their promptness saved their lives. Conspicuous amongst them were to be seen Major Alston and the Rev. Mr. Collins (one of the chaplains) fighting back to back, the reverend comrade having seized the nearest available weapon which he wielded courageously as if "to the manner born." Here, I am sorry to say, I must somewhat qualify my previous praise of the 17th Loyal (Goorkha); not however in respect to the actual fighting, which I have already said, was splendid, but they were sadly unsteady, and in their excitement not amenable to that discipline the display of which was so conspicuous by the Marines. The bugles were repeatedly sounded for them to cease firing at perilous random, especially to the little square managed by Major Alston. As the bugles were ineffective, the Rev. Mr. Collins volunteered to cross the bullet-swept ground and convey the orders to the fighting. Stopping forth, calm and collected, the chaplain walked, his life in his hand, across to the Indians, to whom he gave the necessary orders, and returned as calmly to the little square he had just left. His reception must have been most commendatory for the risks he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, cheered him excitedly, and, sticking their helmets on their bayonets, frantically waved them in their enthusiasm.'

The Valley of Herat.

The special correspondent of the Daily News with the Afghan Boundary Commission, in a letter written from Bala Murghab, gives an interesting description of the city and valley of Herat and some of the adjacent regions of Northern Afghanistan. He says:—Herat has what may be called the sister river of the Murghab, that is the Heri Rud. Both streams have their birth in the same mountain chain, and both flow on until they are lost in the desert of Turkestan. The fertility and the richness of the valley of Herat have been the theme of historians for many centuries. Even down to our day it has been described as fertile and beautiful. Connolly, who saw it in 1831, says, 'I can imagine nothing like it except in Italy.' A bund, or dam, on the Heri Rud, sends its waters out into the valley, by which means the fields produce abundantly; the gardens are watered, so that all kinds of vegetables and fruit are plentiful. Melons, peaches, plums, apricots, and the grape in many varieties, are all grown in great profusion. With such productive wealth Herat has been celebrated for its public buildings. It had palaces and royal gardens or pleasure grounds, splendid mosques, colleges, and its tombs are masterpieces of art. Science and art were cultivated, so that the city was celebrated; so much that an Eastern saying has the words, 'Khorassan is the oyster shell of the world and Herat is its pearl.' All these results which have made Herat so famous are simply owing to our simple valley, a river with a plentiful supply of water flowing through it. These are exactly the conditions we find in the Murghab valley. My way beyond the range of our visit to Penjeh and Ak Tapa, but it, and the oases of fertility around it, are all derived from the water of the Murghab, which flows north beyond and is lost in the desert. Now Herat was large and populous, and so celebrated that it was known as the 'Queen of Cities.' In the 50 miles we have passed over in the Murghab valley we have seen the remains of many towns or cities, for it is difficult now to say exactly what was their size or importance when they existed. Nothing now remains but mounds and ridges. The fields are watered and covered with long grass and reeds. There is scarcely such a thing as a tree in the valley; fruit is unknown and the vine is nowhere to be seen. The eruptions of human lava from the great crater of Central Asia have continued so long that the existence of men and women is impossible. There is an oft-quoted reference about the horse of the Turk—where it goes grass ceases to grow—but for the last few weeks we have been on the ground trodden by the Turkoman's horse, and it tells a sad tale, for on that soil human beings have ceased to live.

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Cobourg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

How Roots Grow.

It has been found that the tip-end of a growing root—which is protected, as is well known, by a firm protective cap—has a curious rocking or rather squirting motion enabling it to select the passage of least resistance for its onward movement. This comparatively solid tip is moved forward with great power by the continued formation of new cells just behind it, and this is the only part of the root that elongates. The formed and fixed root behind it extends from its sides in the shape of root hairs which would be brushed off if the parts they issue from moved onward. Rootlets also issue which form branch roots. The root hairs seem to be the chief absorbents of water impregnated with air and nutriment.—[W.]

Well to Remember.

A stitch in time saves nine. Serious results follow a neglect of constipation, bowels and bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.

Waterloo News.

Walter Linton, of Waterloo, writes that Hagyard's Yellow Oil has done great good in his family, his wife being cured of Coliculus lumps that other medicines failed to remove, he also states that a neighbor was promptly relieved of Rheumatism by the same remedy.

Legal Phraseology.

If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,'—which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology 'an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein'—the phrase would run thus: 'I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what nature or kind averse to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.'

Can Beaslee Be Cured.

Mr. John Clark, of Midridge, Ont., declares he can, and that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the remedy that cured him. It is also a specific for all inflammation and pain.

The Execution Block.

Of all the objects shown to visitors in the Tower of London the most impressive, perhaps, are the block and axe formerly used for beheading persons convicted of treason. The block is a rough, heavy mass of wood, about two feet high, two feet thick, and three feet long, with an excavation in the upper part to receive the breast of the sufferer, and a corresponding excavation on the other side for the chin. The marks of the axe are still plainly visible on the block, some of them showing by their depth the needless force of the executioner's stroke. The axe is an ancient, awkward instrument, which seems to me, when I handled it, to be very ill adapted to its purpose. There used to be shown also, an awful-looking black mask, which the executioner wore when he performed his office, so that he should not be afterward recognized by the spectators.

A Wide Awake Druggist.

J. Wilson is always alive to his business, and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free. Regular size \$1.00.

Freeman's worm Powders destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the
Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND's farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly sore followed, and he was unable to do any work. He was able to get about after the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which he used in conjunction with the treatment of the leg, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running sores formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which he used in conjunction with the treatment of the leg, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running sores formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which he used in conjunction with the treatment of the leg, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running sores formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which he used in conjunction with the treatment of the leg, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running sores formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which he used in conjunction with the treatment of the leg, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running sores formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which he used in conjunction with the treatment of the leg, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously