SMITH'S WIFE.

BY HARRY COOPER.

"Mrs. Smith, I am astonished at you."

Now this was not by any means an assertion sui generis. In fact, according to his own statement, John Smith was "astonished" at his wife at least once a day on an average. Mrs. Smith was used to it.

She was a tall, slight woman, scarcely more than a girl in years, with shining brown hair, large dark eyes, and cheeks that had been as pink as sea-shells in the days of her happy maiden-life. They were white and wasted now—a circumstance that might perhaps be easily accounted for by the little babe on her lap and the two-year-old elf who was tottering about the room in aimless pursuit of kittens, sunbeams and other baby delights.

"Things are all at sixes and sevens," went on Mr. Smith, tying his cravat before the mirror, and viciously twitching it into a knot. "Coal wasted, butter thrown into the soap grease jar, dish-towels taken for stove-cloths and my third best pants sold to a dealer in tin-ware for a funnel and two pie-platters. A funnel, Mrs. Smith, and two pie-platters? I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life."

"But, my dear," meekly interposed the much-enduring wife, "we needed the tin ware, and you had not worn the garments for a year. They were full of moths."

"There it is again," said Mr. Smith. "The moths would never have got into 'em if you had taken proper precautions. I never heard of a moth in my mother's time. And now you are actually asking permission to visit your brother up the Hudson."

"I have not been away from home before since we were married, John," piteously pleaded Mrs. Smith. "I feel almost worn out, and I think the change would do me good."

"And what is to become of me?" sonorously demanded the husband.

Mrs. John Smith thought of the day's masonic excursion last week, the trout fishing expedition into the Catskills a fortnight since, the races at Jerome park, and the drives to High Bridge with Parker, Betts and Frisbee, in an open barouche, all within the month. But she said nothing except:

"It don't cost much to go, John. And I'll only stay away a week. Do let me go! The doctor says the fresh air might help baby along with his teeth, and little Johnnie is drooping this hot weather."

"Well," said Mr. Smith, as ungraciously as possible, "I suppose you'll have to go. Five dollars at least it will cost me, and altogether our expenses are ruinous this year. See how Georgiana Trotter manages for her husband. I don't suppose it costs them half to live that it does us. might have married Georgiana Trotter once. I almost wish I had."

It was on Mrs. Smith's lips to utter: "So do I!" But she looked at the little children and was silent.

"Yes," went on Mr. Smith; "I suppose you must go. Only, for pity's sake, don't get into the habit of run—running all the time. I needn't send up anything from the butcher's, I suppose? I shall dine down town, and there'll be enough left on the cold knuckle of yesterday's ham for you!"

Mrs. Smith abstained from reminding her husband that he had himself breakfasted on the remains of the ham. She only sighed and was silent.

"It's his way," she thought. "He means well enough. And I suppose all men are so! Only I wish he had kissed me good-by!"

Woman nature all over! She could do without her dinner contentedly, eating a crust of bread in the stead, but her heart yearned hungrily for the omitted caress, the ignored word of tenderness. Poor Mrs. John Smith! How the strong-minded of her sex would have pitied and despised her.

No light! no fire! It was dreary enough, on that chill August evening, as Mr. Smith screwed his night-key into the latch and groped his way in the hall. He sat down in the bay-window and stared about the vacant room. There was his wife's work-basket on the table, her little rocking chair standing vacant beside it, while Johnny's forgotten rattle lay on the floor close by.

"It's deuced lonely!" muttered Mr. Smith, with something of a shiver. "I hope Jenny won't stay long."

And as he lighted his cigar and whiffed away, a guilty sense of his own shortcomings came upon him.

"It must have been rather a stupid life for her here, poor little thing!" thought he. "I might have come home early to keep her company a great many times, when I didn't. She had to sew a great deal for the children. I wish I had bought her a sewing machine when she asked for one Allison used to bring up fruit and flowers for his wife every evening. I wonder I never thought of it for Jenny. And, now I come to reflect upon the matter, Jenny has grown thin and pale of late."

He moved his chair uneasily, and emitted a thread of blue, spicy smoke from his lips very much as if he were not enjoying it particularly.

"I suppose they are at Biberry farm by this time," said he to himself. "I suppose the younkers are in bed and Jenny is sitting out on the piazza, listening to the whippo-wills. I've almost a mind to go out there to-morrow evening, and take some peaches and bansanass and things. It would be a pleasant surprise for Jenny, and—hallo! what's that! A ring at the bell?"

Flinging his cigar into the unused grate, John Smith shuffled along to the door in his slippers.

"O—a telegram! Now, I wonder who should telegraph to me!"

"Well," said the shivering and rain-drenched messenger, "p'raps you'd better open it and see. Anyway, I've no call to hang round here no longer!"

And off he went, while Mr. Smith carried his buff envelope back to the parlor light and somewhat nervously tore it open.

COWDREY, August——.

TO JOHN SMITH: Railroad accident. Your wife is killed and your child dangerously hurt. Come by next train.

JARED MEREDITH, M. D.

Again and again Mr. Smith's bewildered eyes roved over the contents of this appalling missive before he could fully comprehend its deadly meaning.

"Dead! killed!" he muttered to himself. "My Jenny killed by a railroad accident?"

And then, catching a railway guide from the book-shelf, he whirled over its leaves with a trembling hand. The next train did not leave the terminus under an hour and a half. An hour and a half! To him the time seemed almost like eternity. How could he endure this awful agony of soul for an hour and a half?

"Perhaps they are incorrect," he muttered to himself, wiping the beads of cold sweat from his brow. "People can't always judge exactly in such a moment of dismay. Perhaps she is only badly hurt, and I can nurse her through it after all. My Jenny! my loving, patient, sweet-eyed wife!" A strong sob rose up in his throat as if it would strangle him. "No, no, she is killed!" he gasped, as his eye fell once more on the telegram. "Dead! and I never can speak to her again or tell her what a cruel, exacting brute I have been! God knows I didn't mean it, and now it is too late to make any amends. Why didn't the children go too? How can I bring them up without Jenny!"

His head drooped low in his quivering hands; a low, spasmodic groan burst from his pale lips. An hour and a half before he could go to Jenny; half an hour, then, before he could look upon her dead face; for Cowdrey was an insignificant way-station some eight or nine miles up the road.

"If I could only live my life over again!" he cried aloud to the bare walls, while tight in his arms he clasped Jenny's little work-basket, with its strips of unfinished hemming—all that was left to him of the fair, departed presence. "If I could only speak to her just once, and ask her forgiveness for a thousand things. But now it is too late—too late. And——"

He stopped abruptly. The sound of a hack driving hastily up to the door, the reiterated jerk of the bell-wire roused him once more into reluctant action.

"John! dear John!"

"Jenny, my wife!"

He stood, pale and stupified, staring at her as if she were actually a ghost returned from the regions of space and unreality.

"There has been a terrible railroad accident!" said Jenny, her voice faltering, as she laid the baby down on a sofa, and took little Johnny lovingly on her lap—"a few miles beyond Cowdrey. Three or four people were killed, but, thank God, we escaped unhurt! Of course, I took the first train back that I could, for I knew you would hear of it and be uneasy. And only think, dear, there was a poor mother killed, with her little babe in her arms, and her name was the same as mine—'Mrs. John Smith.'"

He pointed one trembling finger to the telegram, which lay open on the table, Mrs. Smith read it with dilated eyes and pale face.

"Oh! my love, what a fright you have had!" she exclaimed. "And only to reflect, it might have been me."

"But it is not. Oh! thank heaven, my own darling wife, it is not!" gasped the husband, holding his recovered treasure close to his heart. "And I have yet time to live my life over again!"

And from that hour John Smith was a changed man. To Jenny it seemed almost like millenium; but Mrs. Georgiana Trotter turned up her nose and said:

"John Smith must be in his dotage, spending all his time and money in carriages to the park, extra help and fine clothes for that pale-faced wife of his. John Smith always was a fool!"

Consumption.

—Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily winding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs). Send 10 cents in stamps and get Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

The Unspeakable Nobleman.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gladstone's "unspeakable Turk" looms up as a christain gentleman in comparison with the Pall Mall Gazette's exposed Englishman.

Twenty-five cents a month for The World is a good investment, a sure source of information, and a joy to the whole household.

—Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

A Wise Precaution.

—During the summer and fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaints, and with no prompt remedy or medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has given them wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a physician is seldom required.

—Orion Catlin, 49 Pearl street, Buffalo, N.Y., says: "I tried various remedies for the piles, but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications." Since Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has become celebrated, unprincipled persons are imitating it. Get the genuine.

—Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for all malarial diseases and biliary derangements.

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes walk of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from Geo. Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

—Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Try it and make the improvement in your child.

—Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes, "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

—Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says: "I have suffered severely with corns, and was unable to get relief from treatment of any kind until I was recommended to try Holloway's Corn Cure. After applying it for a few days I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch—no pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from corns."

A Hearty Endorsement.

—The people, the press and the profession all heartily endorse the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters as the best blood and liver regulator and purifying tonic now in use. 246

—Its highly concentrated curative power, makes Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best and cheapest blood purifier known.

—Persons of sedentary habits, the greater part of whose time is passed at the desk; or in some way bent over daily tasks, cramp the stomach, weaken its muscles, and incur dyspepsia early. Their most reliable and safest medicinal resource is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the great blood purifier, and which is especially adapted to indigestion, biliousness, constipation and poverty or impurity of the blood.

A Cure For Drunkenness.

—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Recipe and valuable treatise sent free. The medicine can be given in a cup of tea or coffee and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address M. V. LUBON, agency 47 Wellington st. east, Toronto, Canada. ed

The busy merchant has always time to go over The World at breakfast or on the way down town in the cars.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

$200 IN CASH As Extra Prizes

THE LI-QUOR TEA CO. of Canada (Geo. Clarke, Proprietor) have determined to offer the following PRIZES, viz.:

1st Prize - -	$100 in cash.
2nd Prize - -	$50 in cash.
3rd Prize - -	$25 in cash.
4th Prize - -	$25 in cash.

To the person sending in before September 1st, 1885, the longest list of words made from the letters composing the following:

The Li-Quor Tea Co.

In this phrase, as it stands above, there are ELEVEN DIFFERENT letters, five of them vowels, and many words can certainly be found in such a combination with ease. The prize will, however, probably find its way to one of the enterprising readers of these lines who goes beyond the obvious words. There is a chance for every industrious mind, as mere cleverness will not go for so much in this competition as perseverance. Boys and girls may occupy themselves with this problem as well as their elders, and there is no limit to the number of lists which may be sent from one family.

Any patron of the Li-Quor Tea Co. is free to mail us his list, and it is to be hoped that many will be heard from, one having as good a chance as another in this competition. Those not already customers may become eligible to compete by sending with their lists six Half-pound Vouchers taken from our packets of tea at either 50 cents, 60 cents, 70 cents, or 80 cents per lb., for which they may select as useful the books or bonuses to which they are entitled.

Rules of the Competition.

1. The words as printed above must be used as they stand! "Co." is intended to go for but TWO letters, and may not be expanded into "Company."

2. No letter may be used in one word more frequently than it occurs in the phrase Li-Quor Tea Co." O and E, for instance, may be employed twice, but L only once.

3. Proper names are excluded, but any word found in Webster's Dictionary (not a proper name) will be allowed, the actual words of the phrase excepted.

4. Words must be neatly written in columns and numbered thus—

1 Ace	4 Queer
2 Ache	5 Other
3 Lie	6 Rat
	—Total..6

The total must invariably be set down.

5. Envelopes containing lists (which should reach the office of the Li-Quor Tea Co., 295 Yonge street, not later than noon Sept. 1st), should be endorsed "Li-Quor Tea Co. Prize Competition," and directly beneath must be written *the number of words on the enclosed list.* The list itself must bear at the top the name and full address of the sender. An accompanying letter is unnecessary. The names and addresses of the successful competitors will be published in the Evening Telegram on Thursday, Sept. 3rd.

6. To EVERY list must be pinned six half-pound vouchers for our tea, for which the usual bonuses may be selected.

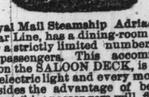
Failure to comply with one of the three first rules will result only in the cancellation of words gained by offending against them, but we cannot promise attention to lists not made out and sent in in accordance with rules 4, 5 and 6.

Address all communications to

GEORGE CLARKE,
Proprietor Li-Quor Tea Co.,
295 Yonge St., Toronto.
246

OLD COUNTRY PASSAGES.

ECONOMY WITH COMFORT.



The Royal Mail Steamship Adriatic of the White Star Line, has a dining-room and state rooms for a strictly limited number of intermediate passengers. This accommodation, which is on the SALOON DECK, is furnished with the electric light and every modern comfort. Besides the advantage of being in a magnificent ship, passengers will find it superior in ventilation and many other respects to the saloon on many ocean steamers. The Adriatic sails from New York for Liverpool via Queenstown 23d July.

T. W. JONES, General Agent,
23 York street Toronto
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ALLAN LINE.

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Londonderry and Liverpool.

ONLY $13 Steerage to or from Quebec.

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Samatian.....July 18
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1st cabin, $60, $70, $80, according to position of stateroom. Intermediate (everything found) $30. Intermediate and steerage passengers for Glasgow forwarded free by rail from Liverpool. Last train leaves Toronto every Friday at 8.30 a.m. For plans of vessels, tickets and every information, apply to H. BOURLIER, ALLAN LINE OFFICE, COR. KING AND YONGE STREETS. 136

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.

During the month of July mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R., East	6.00	6.45	9.00	10.45
O. & Q. Ry.	7.00	6.45	8.50	10.15
G. T. R., West	8.30	3.00	12.50	7.20
N. & N. W.	6.00	4.10	10.30	8.50
T. G. & B.	6.40	4.00	11.00	8.50
Midland	6.00	3.30	12.40	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.15	11.10	5.50
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	5.00	11.30		2.00
	p.m.	p.m.	8.40	11.30
	2.45	9.30	10.50	4.40
				7.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	2.45	8.40	
		9.00	10.50	4.40
U. S. Western States	6.00	9.30	8.30	4.40
				7.20

British mails depart as follows: July 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 21, 23, 24, 27, 28.

Time for closing English mails, 6 p.m., on July 3, 10, 17, 24, and 9 p.m. on all other days

Rubber Garden Hose.

3-Ply Best Rubber only 10 cents per foot, at

P. Paterson & Sons,

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DR. PERRAULT'S FRENCH MOUSTACHE and Whisker Grower.

A wonderful discovery made by Dr. Perrault in 1812, for producing healthy hair on any part where it is natural for hair to grow. Sent to any address, together with a treatise on "How to Grow Luxuriant Whiskers," on receipt of price, $1.00. L. Perrault, P. O. Box 453, Lindsay, Ontario, Can., and sold by all Druggists. 246

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ON DRAUGHT.

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COR. QUEEN AND YONGE STS

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Pleasure Boats of every description for hire.

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STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

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MEN'S,
BOYS',
YOUTHS',
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AT MILL PRICES.

$10,500 IN PRIZES.

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To solicit orders and introduce to the consumer our Famous Pure Brands of Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. Every family in the Dominion use these goods, hence there is a never ending demand. Agents can make more money at the business, as conducted by us, than at any other business we know of, and will not be treated as peddlers, but command the respect of the commercial trade. The business, as conducted by us, is legitimate, honorable, and far more agreeable than many that we know of.

TO EXPERIENCED CANVASSERS.—If you are a canvasser your object is to make money and quickly. To make money by canvassing, you must sell an article wanted by the masses. Our goods when once introduced do their own talking. You can go over the same ground repeatedly with our goods, getting orders from the same families each time. There is no reason why any intelligent man or woman should not get from 20 to 50 orders per day. Many of our old and experienced solicitors are doing even better than this. This is a splendid business for ladies, retired clergymen, school teachers, farmers' sons, and any person unemployed.

AGENTS' OUTFIT FREE.

To begin work you require an outfit, sample case, samples, etc., which we furnish for $3, and when you have sold $200 we deduct the amount from your bill, thus making samples, etc., free to you. A large and inexhaustible field for agents. You are wasting your time selling teas for the small peddling concerns. It is not our object to make one sale. Our prices are low, our goods excellent, and only quantity makes our small profits pay us. Our Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder are the best that can be imported, and every pound is warranted pure and unadulterated or no sale. We stand ahead, and lead all rival tea houses.

NOTE A FEW OF OUR PRICES.

Ching Wo 58c. per lb. Congo, 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. per lb. Assam, 40c., 50c., 60., 70c. per lb. English Breakfast, 45c., 50c., 60c. per lb. Young Hyson, 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 60c., 70c. per lb. Japan, 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 60c. per lb. U.C. Japans, 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 60c. per lb. Gunpowder, 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. per lb. Himalayan, 50c., 60c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 40c., 50c., 60c. per lb. Good Teas, 30c. and 35c. per lb.

COFFEES.—Old Government Java, 35c. Mochs, 40c. Rio, 30c., (in bean or ground.) Other Coffees, 25c., 30c. and 35c. All Coffees put up in tins of 1 lb., 2 lb., 5 lb., 10 lb., and 20 lb. sizes.

BAKING POWDER.—The perfect warranted pure 35cts. tins.

Orange Pekoe, Caper and Choice Flavoring teas always in stock; also the finest Pearl Cocoa, 30c. and 40c. per lb.

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120 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

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P. S.—Read about our $10,500 in prizes given purchasers of our Teas or Coffees in 5 lb. caddies, costing not less than 40c. per lb.

We will not be surprised. The courts decide our Gift Enterprise is perfectly legal.

Send your address on postal, and per return mail we send you Illustrated Steamers, with all about our Gift Enterprise.

Queen vs. J. A. McMurtry in v. lottery. See Judge Armour's remarks in high court of justice, when refusing to try the case.

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SAM'L CORRIGAN'S, 122 YONGE STREET. 46

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J. R. BAILEY & CO.,

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Am Just Receiving via Canadian Pacific Railway a Special Lot

DRY SUMMER WOOD, BEECH AND MAPLE,

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Best Quality Long	- -	$4.50 per cord
2nd " "	- -	3.50 "
Best " cut and split	-	5.00 "
2nd " " "	- -	4.50 "

YARDS AND OFFICES { Cor. Bathurst and Front street, Yonge street Wharf.

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Do. 536 Queen Street west.
Do. and YARD: Cor. Esplanade and Princess Sts.
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Do. do. Fuel Association, Esplanade St., near Berkeley Street. 46

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LOWEST CASH PRICE.

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Sick Headache?

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,

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will thoroughly cure you. They do not gripe or purge, but act very mildly, and whenever used are considered priceless. They have proven to be the

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Beware of Counterfeits and Base Imitations. Genuine wrapped only in Blue, with signature on every box. Free trial package of these Celebrated Pills sent to any address on receipt of a 3c. stamp.

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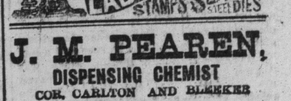

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