

A Rheumatic Cripple's Release!

A "jury" of doctors, specialists and medicine vendors decreed that James Smith, of Grimsby, Ont., should spend the rest of his days in the agonizing chains of rheumatism.

But common sense and modern medical science produced rebuttal evidence and procured his release.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure turned the tables, relieved the pain in a few hours and healed, cured and freed.

To the man or woman suffering the agonies of pain produced by Rheumatism, of whatever form, an essay on its causes, its symptoms, and its action, are idle; the one desirable objective point with the

sufferer is the shortest cut to relieve from the pain and the surest cure from the distressing, wracking, burdensome ailment.

No medicine of modern times has proved half so effective in giving almost instant relief, or has made so many cures bordering on the miraculous, as the Great South American Rheumatic Cure. So often has it proved its efficacy in cases that were placed on the "no cure" list by doctors and specialists, that many of the most eminent lights in the profession have been frank enough to make confession that South American Rheumatic Cure,

without discussing its formula at all, has proved the most efficacious of remedies, and to back up their convictions, are prescribing it daily in practice; and doctors have always been the slowest to convince of the merits of any proprietary remedy.

South American Rheumatic Cure is powerful, potent, but harmless. It is a specific for all phases of Rheumatic Ailments; it goes directly to the seat of the troubles, dissolves and eradicates from the system the foreign matters which cause the excruciating pains which stiffen and swell the joints. It acts quickly and surely, and as proof of it there is ample testimony to show that in cases of many years' standing, where the patient was almost helpless, bed-ridden and so acute was the suffering that it was necessary to turn the victim in sheets

it was torture to have even the least touch of the hand on the body. In a few hours after the first dose was taken, the pain was gone, and inside of three days the patient was so marked that the patient walked without assistance. Many have had a similar experience and have testified to it.

James Smith, a dairyman of Grimsby, Ont., was a great sufferer from sciatica and rheumatism. He was almost helpless; could not walk without crutches. He had tried any number of remedies, and had been treated by almost innumerable doctors without any permanent help. He began using South American Rheumatic Cure. In a few hours the pain left him; in a few days he threw away the crutches and has never had a touch of the trouble since. You are at liberty to write him about his own case. No need for an hour's suffering. South American Rheumatic Cure can do as much for you as it has done for thousands.

South American Nervine is a wonderful tonic for the stomach. It cures all disorders of the digestive organs, repairs exhausted nerve power, puts on flesh, and is a general health builder.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific; it cures Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Inflammation of the Bladder and all disorders arising from imperfect working of the kidneys. It gives relief in six hours.

A paper entitled "Shakespeare and Sentiment" was read at the recent annual meeting of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health at Stratford-on-Avon. Among other things the author related the following: "It is interesting to find that the name of John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, first appears in the records of the municipality as owing a fine of twopenny for having made a dirt heap with his neighbors, Adrien Quiney and Henry Reynolds, in Henly street, and on another occasion he 'stood amerced' in fourpence for failing to keep his gutter clean."

None Better Than All.
Miss Gingham—And I suppose they have bargain days in Glasgow, Mr. McIvor?
McIvor—Ma conscience, no! It was na do ava!
Miss Gingham—Indeed! Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people!
McIvor—That's juist it. It would suit them ower weel. If they had bargain days, naeboddy wad buy anything on the ither days, ye ken!—London Telegraph.

An Unexpected Answer.
In the course of an address Dr. Conan Doyle told a quaint experience of his in the Sudan. Wishing to find out whether one of the black soldiers was a Mohammedan or a pagan, he asked him, "Whom do you worship?"
"I worship my colonel," came the answer, pat.
The lessons of history would suggest to a Sherlock Holmes that the man was a Mohammedan.

Delivery of Horses.
A delivery wagon of one of the big bread-baking factories stopped in front of an up-town livery and boarding stable, and two men once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable. The bread looked good and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels—"house-made," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham" and "cottage."
The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he ventured to ask the proprietor of the stable what it meant.
"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse feed. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feed, and it makes first class food for horses. It is stale bread and costs us 40 cents a barrel, and there are 50 or 60 loaves to the barrel, so you see it comes pretty cheap. Some of the bread is only a day old and is good enough for any man to eat, but the bread factories cannot sell it. What you see here are returned loaves from the grocer's."

The Illusion.
"What beautiful peaches!" said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of the choice fruit. They were covered with a pink gauze and looked very tempting indeed.
The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stall keeper a small piece of pink ruffing.
"Do you keep that kind of veiling for peaches?" she asked.
The stall keeper told her that he did not.

"Well," she said, "when I took those peaches home they were small and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that veiling that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, people would think I'd found the elixir of youth."—London Fun.

Farm and Mills

A splendid property for sale. The subscriber offers for sale, possession immediately, his freehold farm, situated at Upper Westmoreland, together with Grist, Carding, Shingle, and Roller Crushing Mill, as well as a large rotary saw mill and other circulars, and planing mill; also his cider manufacturing establishment.

The largest part of the purchase money may remain on interest at 4 per cent.
ANTONEY COLLET
Stevley Block, Ch'town

Removed

The Printing and Bookbinding establishment of—

JOHN COOMBS

has been removed to the large and spacious room, over E. H. Norton's, (next Prowse Bros.)
Business office down stairs—where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers, and as many new ones as will favor him with a call.
Good Work—Lowest Prices—Special Attention.

John Coombs,
Printer and Bookbinder.

"Tenders for Cheese and Butter Maker."

Sealed tenders (marked tender for cheese and butter maker) will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th February, 1900, by any person wishing to contract for the manufacturing of cheese and butter in the Red House factory for the incoming season; tender to state wages per month for cheese making and same for butter making, also to state that the person tendering will be prepared to give sufficient guarantee for first class work.
Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

A. D. McDONALD,
Secretary.
Durrell, P. O.

Jan 17th, 1900.

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Reliable Work at Moderate Prices—
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HALF TONE.
ZINC ETCHING, ELECTROTYPING.
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On the Road to Bankruptcy.

Griggs—Your friend appears to be prospering finely. His new residence is simply palatial, and the horse-flesh he rides behind must have cost him a mint of money.

Briggs—Yes, Stentor is doing splendidly. But I'm sorry to say he has just taken out a patent for a very ingenious invention.

Griggs—Is that so? By George, when the bankruptcy sale comes off I'm going to be on hand to make a bid on one of them horses.—Boston Transcript.

Very Sharp.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if the earth were empty on the inside, what could we compare it to?

Johnny—A razor, ma'am.

Teacher—A razor?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am; because it would be hollow ground.—Brooklyn Life.

An Ohio man who admits he is superstitious attributes it to the fact that he was once caught in a rainstorm while arrayed in a \$13 suit of clothes.—Chicago News.

Is there anything more depressing than to walk into your room at 4 in the afternoon and discover that the bed has not yet been made?—Philadelphia Times.

An Ancient Military Devotion.

The eating of three blades of grass "in token of the holy communion" was a recognized form of military devotion in the middle ages. On the eve of battle one knight would make his confession to another, and then partake of this symbolical communion. It would not, however, be correct to speak of either ceremony as "an efficacious substitute" for the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist respectively.

The practices do not even amount to sacramentals. They were simply devotions in honor of the blessed Eucharist—pious and formal expressions of the individual's desire to communicate sacramentally, had the means been present. It may be, however, that in popular estimation these practices were in some sort considered "substitutes" for the sacraments which were for the time being unobtainable.—Notes and Queries.

Knew a Thing or Two.

When a boy at school, the late Mr. Spurgeon took a prominent part in answering all questions put to the class.

One cold day, however, the teacher noticed that he was so very backward that he remained the whole time at the bottom of the class.

This went on for some time and puzzled the teacher until he noticed that the fire was near the bottom of the class. He immediately changed the class about, making the bottom the top.

He then had the satisfaction of hearing all his questions fully answered by Spurgeon and that young hopeful keeping the same seat, the only difference being that he was at the top of the class instead of the bottom.—Spare Moments.

Beautiful taffete blouses in red, blue, purple and black, suitable for evening wear at 33½ per cent off; plaid and striped blouses 25 per cent off; Roman satin blouses, red, purple, black and corduroy and plain velveteens at 25 per cent off; flannelette blouses 25 per cent off; flannelette night dresses, flannelette wrappers, flannelette drawers 25 per cent off.—Faten & Co's.

WATCH FOUND—Apply to James Duffy, 53 Dorey Street.

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