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As a pain destroyer and cure for rheumatism, Salvation Oil is the peer of all liniments. Mr. Wm. H. Brown, proprietor of Stribeinger House, Cleveland, O., writes: "I suffered from rheumatism for twelve years and my last attack kept me in bed, unable to walk. I used Salvation Oil and soon was up and about. As a pain destroyer this liniment has no equal." Salvation Oil is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Try it and be convinced.

And so they stand, hour after hour, chewing their cud. And what do you suppose they are thinking of all that time?

If I were to guess, I should say they were thinking of little Buttercup and Snowdrop, the yellow and white calf babies they have left at home.—John

travelling with the crew of the Kate whistled. "Foolish boy, I know you all. Lord—know you. A— you had better come ashore. Come here or you will all be expelled." The only answer was the shouting of the boys stationed behind the hedges. The crew rowed on, followed by several masters on horseback, and finally disembarked, took of the masks, and gave a loud "Hurrah!" It was an sight of watermen whom boys had induced to impose on the watermen, and the boys who should be no more noble, unless the boys who had hoisted him gave themselves up. Some twenty of them were "whistled," but the sentiment in favour of the port was so strong that no subsequent master risked ridicule by interfering at the Brown-Hitway.

The men of Continental Europe have a custom that would seem queer, not to say laughable, here. They greet one another with a kiss, if they be friends, not on the cheek, but right on the lips.

Mrs. Farrell, of Victor, is visiting her daughter Mrs. F. Burns.