

Sharp Attack of Lumbago.

Know what Lumbago is? Pain catches you right in the small of the back—makes stooping over or rising up excruciating agony. Wrong kidney action is the cause of the trouble, and if you let Dr. Fletcher's Backache Kidney Tablets set the kidneys working right you'll be quickly cured.

Here is some evidence:

Dr. James A. Seale, the well and favorably known boot and shoe merchant of Norwich, Ont., made this statement:—"During a recent sharp attack of Lumbago, in which the pain was extremely severe, I took a bottle of Dr. Fletcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. They took the pain out of my back so quickly, and so far as I can see made a cure that is so permanent, that I consider them unequalled for that most prevalent and painful affliction. I am only too pleased to recommend them to other people who may be suffering as I was."

Dr. Fletcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are sold at all drug stores or by mail, The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Cures Deep seated Colds, Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis. LARGE BOTTLES \$1.00. MEDIUM 50¢. TRIAL SIZE 25¢.

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Dr. Burgess, Med. Sup't. of the Prot. Hospital for Lunatics, Montreal, prescribes it constantly for all cases of nervous debility, loss of appetite, indigestion, etc. It is the best food for the weak and the best tonic for the healthy.

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No matter how serious your case may be, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "varicose veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefits, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp, cutting pains at times, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cauterizing, stretching or leaving you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissues, hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened, the nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood restored.

Cures Guaranteed
We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BLADDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BROOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for QUERIES. Blank for HOME Treatment.

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Standard remedy for Gonorrhea and Pains in the Urinary Tract. Cures in 12 to 24 hours. Causes no harm and leaves no trouble.

IKE'S OXEN

How He Trained Them Nautically and What Happened In Consequence.

Among his neighbors Job Haines was considered a pretty fair sort of man. He had settled in a little town in the southern part of Kansas, where he lived as an immigrant from New Hampshire, and he brought his Yankee sharpness with him, but as he dealt fair and attended to his own business he passed. The only member of the family besides Job and his wife was like, a nephew whom Job had taken to bring up, as he had no children of his own. Ike was a typical New England boy about fifteen years old. He had been brought up in one of the coast villages of Maine and had a great love for the sea.

Job, like the majority of Yankee farmers, was a firm believer in cattle and did most of his work with oxen. One day he said to Ike, "Ike, if you'll take that pair of yearling steers and break them to work, you can have them." Ike was exceedingly well pleased at that and at once assumed charge of his new possessions. If ever a pair of young oxen were well taken care of, they were. He groomed them as carefully as the horses, so that their sleek coats shone as glossy as silk, and he was so kind with them that they were as gentle as sheep. He named them Jack and Billy.

In his western home Ike never forgot the far off ocean. It had been the one hope of his life to be a sailor, but his being sent west had destroyed it. When his uncle gave him the steers to break, the idea came to him that though he could never expect to tread the deck of his own ship he could use ship phrases in the education of his oxen and thus always be reminded of his own home beside the sea. Thus it was that Jack and Billy were educated to work, "broken," totally ignorant of the usual commands by which oxen are managed. "Gee" and "haw" "set up" and "whoa" had no meaning for them whatever. It was "haul away" and "port" and "starboard" and "belay." "Stern all" was back. The oxen grew and waxed strong, and his uncle often remarked that he never saw a team that could do more work than those oxen and Ike. No one but Ike ever thought of handling them.

The nearest neighbor to the Haines' was Deacon Merwin, a good man and pillar of the church. The good deacon saw that Ike's yoke of oxen were workers, and a desire came over him to possess them. He offered to buy them several times, but Job always said that they belonged to Ike and were not for sale. The deacon asked Ike if he would sell them, but Ike with such an indignant refusal that he felt angered, but did not give up the idea of possessing the cattle. Finally he went to Job and said:

"Neighbor Haines, if them cattle'll work good every way I'll give you \$400 for 'em. They're too much property for a boy like Ike to have, and it is apt to create in him a bad spirit and make him feel above his elders."

"Well, I don't know, deacon. The boy sets a deal by them cattle, and a promise is a promise. I gave them to him if he would break 'em, and he has, so I'm bound to keep my part."

"That's all true enough, Neighbor Haines, but Ike's only a boy, and then, remember, \$400 ain't offered every day for a yoke of cattle. Why not sell me these and give him another pair to break; that 'ud do him just as well?"

The deacon's \$400 and persuasions finally weakened Job's scruples, and he gave in. The deacon was to try them, and if they worked all right was to have them for \$400. How to tell Ike what he had done was a poser to his uncle. His aunt declared it a downright mean piece of business and told Job plainly what she thought of him.

It was finally decided not to say anything to Ike until after the sale had been made and the cattle gone. In order that Ike might not be on hand to see his pets sold he was given a holiday and sent to spend the day at a neighbor's, a couple of miles away, where there was a boy of his age who was a sort of chum of his.

The next morning Ike was off bright and early, and the deacon was on hand shortly after. It would not be fair to Job to say that he did not have any misgivings. He would have backed out of the bargain at the least chance, and he really hoped that the deacon would not be satisfied with them. The oxen were brought out and yoked to the cart without difficulty, though the deacon remarked that they did seem "klunder stooped." Job and the deacon climbed up into the cart.

"Gee up!" The oxen turned their big eyes round inquiringly. "Gee up, there!" repeated Job. But they did not move a hoof. "That don't appear like good breaking," remarked the deacon. "They're broke all right," replied Job. "Come, gee up, there!" At the same time he gave each a prod with the goad. In response to the prodding the cattle walked off toward the open gate, in which direction their heads happened to be turned. Job did not want them to go in the road, so he shouted out, "Hoy, hoy!" to turn them around; but the oxen had no idea what "hoy" meant, and so kept going straight ahead. Job shouted louder and struck Billy with the goad. They quickened their gait into a trot and turned out into the road. Then Job shouted, "Whoa, whoa!" But they did not mind that either.

"They don't appear to be as well broke as I reckoned on," remarked the deacon as he stood in the cart and viewed the proceedings.

"They're broke well enough," replied

Job, rather nettled, "but I'm strange to them. Nobody but Ike ever drove them."

"Well, turn them about," said the deacon. But they paid no heed to any command, and finally, exasperated, Job struck them both with the goad, and they started at a full run down the road. Clattery bang the cart went, and both Job and the deacon were compelled to hold on to the cart stakes to prevent being bounced out of the cart. "Stop 'em! Stop 'em!" shouted the deacon. "I want to get out. Whoa! Whoa! Whoa, you varmints!" But the oxen only tossed their heads and ran the faster. "Stop 'em, can't you?" Job was downright mad by this time. "Stop 'em yourself, you old fool!" snapped the deacon. "You know as much how to stop 'em as I do."

"We'll be chucked out and killed!" shouted the deacon as the cart banged over a stone.

The oxen were now thoroughly frightened and running away for fair, and both men were badly scared. At last, holding on for dear life, all at once an idea struck Job.

"Say, deacon, can't you talk some sea talk to 'em? That's what I've allers heard Ike talk to 'em," he called out as the cart bumped along.

"Brother Haines, such sea talk as I've heard ain't proper for a pillar of the church to repeat, and I'll call meetin' on you for this if we git out alive," replied the deacon, with as much dignity as he could assume while holding to the stake.

"Do try, deacon!" shouted the terrified Job. "It may save our lives."

Just then the cart gave a fearful lurch, and the deacon banged his head against the stake he was holding to with considerable force. This made him boiling mad in addition to his fear. "Splice the main brace! Shiver my timbers! Pipe all hands to grog!" and then, as that had no effect on the frantic team, "Boat ahoy!" and then, losing all control of himself: "Ahoy! Ahoy! Drat you, you blankety blank brutes!" and the deacon let out such a string of profanity that Job turned a shade or two paler.

While this was going on the oxen had got over considerable ground. The people along the road gazed in open mouthed astonishment to see two such staid citizens going along so furiously with an ox team and were terribly scandalized at their apparent hilarity.

Ike, totally unconscious of what was going on at home, was plodding along toward his chum's when he heard a fearful clatter coming behind him. He turned and could hardly believe his eyes. There came his pets Jack and Billy at a furious pace and his uncle and the deacon in the cart.

"Stop 'em, Ike! Stop 'em!" shouted his uncle when he saw Ike. Ike stepped to one side of the road, and the cattle dashed up and called out: "Belay, Jack! Belay, Billy!" At the sound of the familiar voice and command they stopped at once and went quietly up to their young master.

"I'll have the law of you for this, Job Haines," snarled the deacon as he painfully descended from the cart.

"And I'll call church on you!" retorted Job as he rubbed his bruises. "I won't belong to any church with a man that kin swear like you kin. A purty deacon you be!"

"If I had a bark like that, I'd skin him alive!" roared the deacon as he glared at the bewildered Ike.

"I mean, take them cattle home at once," said his uncle. "As for this wicked man here, I shall never notice him again."

Ike took the cattle home. His uncle walked. His aunt told him about the contemplated sale, and though he expressed commiseration for his uncle, it is doubtful if he felt any. His aunt said it served them just right. Ike kept his oxen.

Carlyle and Bore.

Whether Carlyle was a dead failure or not is a moot point, but he certainly did not know how to put up with bores. "The art of being savage to those people" or "such things"—as he would have designated them—which Scott so signally lacked, was possessed by him in its perfection. What he could "least endure," we are told, was being bored. "The anathemas which he heaped on unfortunate bores exceed Enimius's execrations against him."

A whole museum might be filled with Carlyle's bores alone. He obtained access to the immortals, and they bored him. To his acrid humor Charles Lamb was something less, almost, than a bore. Coleridge, whom he had not been disinclined to reverence, was a bore of the most oppressive kind. "He hobbled about with us," writes the irreverent Thomas, "talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest. Nothing came from him that was of use to me that day or, in fact, any day."

Genius That Will Win.

A certain hardware store in this city employed as clerk a genuine eighteen carat genius. They did not know it at the time, but they are firmly convinced of it now.

One day a country customer came in to buy some powder to use on a hunting trip. The new man waited on him and, not being thoroughly "on to the ropes," gave him blasting powder by mistake.

The next day the purchaser brought back the lumpy blasting powder to exchange for what he originally asked for. Here a where the new clerk's genius displayed itself. Instead of taking back the blasting powder on the spot he tried to argue the country customer into buying a coffee grinder, with which the blasting powder might be ground to the requisite fineness.

Sad to relate, he failed, but he made a great hit with his employers nevertheless.—Syracuse Herald.

What is

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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McConnell will sell till Wednesday the 5th of February.

Ginger Snaps, 6c per lb, crisp and fresh.
Sodas, just in, 8c pound.
New Dates, 5c pound.
4 lbs. Prunes, 25c.
25c. bar Dishcloth soap for 20c.
Pure Quebec Maple Syrup, 30c qt.
New Cooking Figs, 5c lb.
Broken leaf Japan Tea, 13c per lb.
Black Tea Dust, taken from the best teas, 13c lb.

8 lbs. Wheatlets, for 25c., a new delicious breakfast food.
Jams, 9c. per lb, assorted fruits.

We have a new blend coffee at 20c a lb.

Best Canadian Oil, 15c. per gal.

Genuine American Oil, best quality, 20c. per gal.

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