

## Queer Bororo Women of Brazil

THE TALLEST OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS—THEIR HUTS OF RUBBISH AND FILTH—A RACE OF WONDERFUL WHISTLERS.

The survivors of past generations of aborigines still barbaric in their customs to the popular mind are located in Africa or in the far East. The "new continent" is commonly supposed to be free of human relics of a thousand years ago. Yet in the heart of South America, near the southern border of Brazil, there exist at present tribes of savages not as advanced in civilization as the red men met by Columbus or the prehistoric Virginians found by Captain John Smith on these shores. A trip among these so-called Indians of South America made by W. A. Cook, partly in the interest of the Bureau of American Ethnology, is described in a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution, under the direction of which the bureau falls. Following the caption "The Bororo Indians of Matto Grosso, Brazil," Mr. Cook tells of people strange to the descendants of Europeans.

Mr. Cook made this adventurous trip in company with Senor Antonio Candido de Carvalho, a Brazilian explorer of large experience and industry, and with him collected many native implements, ornaments and other objects which have since been forwarded and placed with other ethnological collections in the United States National Museum.

Mr. Cook describes his journey through the wilderness to a rough ranch belonging to Senor De Carvalho near a Bororo village. He says: "As soon as our arrival became known our ranch, scarcely more than an open shed, began to fill rapidly with our painted friends of all ages and sizes and both sexes, who came to observe us and to see the marvelous things we had brought them from our enchanted world. They pour in upon us regularly at the break of day and stay faithfully until the shadows of night begin to deepen; and though coming and going constantly we always have our full complement."

**NATIVES WATCH EVERY MOVE.** "If we open one of our pack-mule trunks our visitors are on the alert to handle whatever may strike their fancy. If we eat every mouthful of food is closely scrutinized, and whatever we may do is observed with the closest attention. They recline on our boxes, sprawl on our tables, lean against the posts, squat on the ground and hunch down around our pot as it boils, always leaving a patch of paint wherever they sit or lean.

"Some smoke, others lazily pick and eat the kernels from a roasted ear of corn, others nibble the white cheese-like heart of a banana palm that furnishes a considerable part of their food; the boys devour bits of fish roasted black, or shoot at a stick or a stump with their crude bows and arrows. Just outside the door men gossip, vacantly gazing, but never once toward the one they address, or they ask us a few questions in the limited language that we know in common."

"The women and children usually form an outer fringe to this group. Whenever there is prospect of obtaining beef our congregation is at once largely increased. They never steal anything that is distinctively ours, though they will take anything we have brought of them if they have an opportunity."

"The long, straight, coarse black hair of both males and females hangs in tangled mass about their shoulders, except above the forehead, where it is kept chopped off to form bangs. Nearly all the single young plaster these bangs with a sort of red putty made from the small yellowish-red fruit of the buriti palm and fish oil, and the same paste is used to paint the entire body."

"Boys and girls who are esteemed by their parents also have the foretop arched in this way, and a few of the latter who are regarded with special favor have it plaited with a layer of beautiful red feathers. One woman was covered with white feathers from head to foot, with a brilliant plume in her hair."

"All young men and boys wear suspended from a hole in the lip, bored during infancy, a kind of chain called *gocodan*, about six inches long, made of flat oval-shaped bits of shell, terminating in a red feather. The older men have a plug in this hole, for if left open it causes difficulty in drinking and eating."

"The village itself, according to Mr. Cook, is just as strange. He says: "There were thirty huts in the village that encircled in a very irregular way, facing in every direction, a very large hut that stood in the center and was called *bachyru*. Bae (by) is the name of the bachelors' hall. This *bachyru* is the bachelors' hall, the headquarters of all the unmarried men, the workshop where the men make weapons and ornaments and instruments, the dining-room, the town hall, where most public functions occur, and the club, where visitors are received and entertained."

"The *bachyru* is entered through an opening at each end, like a hole in a haystack, and within it is always damp, gloomy and foul-smelling. The family huts are mostly like a roof resting on the ground, with a hole cut in each end, though occasionally the hut is raised a little and

woven palm branch tongues form a basket-like wall. Deep gloom reigns within these huts. They are made dark that they may be free from flies, and are dens of rubbish and filth. Stuck to the roof are bows and bundles of arrows, war clubs, fishing gear and instruments and ornaments not in use at the moment."

"The occupants of this human lair are sprawled on a palm leaf rug, with a log of wood four inches in diameter for a pillow, and sleeping, or gnawing an ear of corn, a bit of fish or vegetable, or sitting tailor-fashion, making beads, arrows or other objects, or kneeling by the little fire preparing food. When the filth becomes unbearable, or disease is prevalent, they do not trouble to clean house, but simply abandon one on a clean spot. Usually the entire village moves to a new place some distance away."

Their death ceremony is a weird undertaking. Mr. Cook paints it vividly: "A day or so after our arrival a child of 7 or 8 years, belonging to one of the leading families, died. This gave us an opportunity to witness a strange ceremony."

"A loud, deep, prolonged hee-aw, hee-aw, hee-aw, was followed by a quartet of naked, slightly inebriated savages, squatting in a line in front of each other, and shaking huge calabash rattles. This was accompanied by the wailing chant of a chorus of women standing just behind the quartet and waving fans to keep away the flies."

"The snort of two huge flutes, the barking of the calabash rattles, the lament of the savage mother, her body besmeared with her own blood, kneeling by the corpse of her child, her hair jerked from her head, half a dozen at a time, by a female crouched behind her; the lamentations of the father, with his hair clipped, as he knelt on the other side of the body, and recited the virtues of the deceased loved one, and the low, mournful chant of the female relatives or friends as they slashed their legs and arms, or even their entire bodies, with sharpened shells—this was the drama that unfolded itself one beautiful summer morning as we crept into the *bachyru* of the *Tavara-Mano* Paro village."

"The little daughter of a chief had been summoned from her aridly bare to wander with the boys (evil spirits), and the funeral ceremonies were in progress. When a Bororo is ill, a priest is called to determine whether he will recover or die. On entering the hut and looking at his sick tribesman, and concluding that he will probably die or should die, he will point his fingers, and each time he touches one finger, he will say, 'Meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, bi,' meaning that the man will live five suns, five days, and die, or he may say, 'Nadua, nadua, nadua,' etc., 'bi,' meaning sleep, sleep, etc., five days, etc. If at the end of this time he still lives, the priest, will appear suddenly, the hut, sit astride his stomach, and strangle him to death, for the reputation of the priest must be sustained."

"The priests are probably responsible for not a few deaths. They are the bone of life in the tribe. They must nurture

## HEROINES OF HISTORY; CHRISTINA THE QUEEN WHO BECAME "KING"

By A. P. Terhune, in the New York World.

A 6-year-old girl was proclaimed Queen of Sweden in 1632. Her father, Gustavus Adolphus, greatest of Swedish kings, had raised his country to a height of power never before or since reached by it, and died in battle when his daughter Christina was six. As he had no son, Gustavus had whimsically ordered that Christina should be educated as though she were a boy. His chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern, who headed the council of regency during her minority, carried out this strange request so successfully that at ten Christina was a fine athlete and more accomplished in languages and strategy than most men. She wore boy's dress, and wore, smoked and drank like a trooper. Her education continued along these virile lines, and when, at eighteen, she entered upon her full power as Queen, she was amply fitted to reign over her stern, hardy subjects.

As soon as she came to the throne she put a successful end to the war Sweden was waging with Denmark, and soon afterward (against Oxenstiern's advice) made peace with her country's other foe, Germany. Then she set herself to building up Sweden on more modern lines. She encouraged art, learning, commerce and science, and by her wise management filled the partly empty treasury to overflowing. Peace and prosperity prevailed all over the land, and the girl Queen to whom it was due was loved and revered by all her people. Foreign nations hastened to make alliances with the rich northern kingdom. Kings and princes sued for Christina's hand. It was Sweden's golden age—an era too good to last. Christina, like Queen Elizabeth of England, refused all offers of marriage. To put an end to these she published a name her cousin, Charles Gustavus (one of her numerous suitors) as heir to the throne.

Then, in 1650, came a turn for the worse in national affairs. Christina discarded the title "queen" and proclaimed herself "king." She also resumed her masculine dress. A woman king was a novelty, but Christina's word was law, and the wondering Swedes made the best of her latest caprice. With the assuming her new title she began a career of dissipation, extravagance and general misrule. Public funds were wasted, incompetent men placed in high office, affairs of state hopelessly muddled. "King" Christina was as bad a ruler as Queen Christina had been good.

Matters went from bad to worse. Finally, when the people had grown to hate her and the country was beset by a loss of the high prestige her father had won for it, Christina suddenly realized how far she had gone. In a fit of remorse she resigned the crown. But her ministers, headed by Oxenstiern, refused to accept the resignation. So she made a somewhat belated effort to atone for her misdeeds by a period of really good government.

Though Christina's attempt to become respectable and sane was most short-lived, it had little effect. She saw that her people disliked and distrusted her. She on her part had grown tired of Sweden. So she took advantage of the detection of a conspiracy against her and used it as a pretext to abdicate the crown in favor of Charles Gustavus.

the delusion that they can communicate with and have influence in the other world to avert or cause evils and calamities. They are therefore on the alert to take advantage of any propitious occasion to prey upon the superstitious fears of their fellow-tribesmen. They are freely supplied with food by their fellow-tribesmen in order to retain their good-will."

"The Bororo consider the sun as the fountain head of majesty and power and even of beneficence, and as the abode of the great priests who have passed to the spirit world, and fear him. Bore means spirit or disembodied soul, but they seem to have no idea of a good spirit. The bore, who are evil spirits, must therefore not be offended, although they must be driven away. To drive the spirits off, they use a bull-roarer, a peculiar instrument made of a slab of wood about half an inch thick, shaped something like a fish, and of varying size, hung by a long cord from the end of stick like a fishing rod, and swung round and round through the air. As it swings and rapidly revolves, it sends forth loud sounds to a surprising distance, elicited from a supernatural source, an unearthly shriek or hoarse and descending the scale according to the rapidity of the swing or the size of the instrument."

To hear several of these roars at once certainly produced most unusual sensations, particularly when operated as we heard them, during a tropical storm, amid the play of lightning, the crash and roar of thunder, the falling floods and dismal gloom. No female is allowed to see this instrument under pain of death. "The Bororo are expert swimmers and are fishermen of the highest order. One mode of fishing is to swim out into the river, three or four miles above the village, with a net called *butu*, like a great bag, its mouth secured to two parallel poles, twelve feet long, bound together at their ends. When one or more fish are seen the mouth of the sack is opened by springing the rods apart, and with wonderful dexterity the fish are hauled in, and the mouth of the net quickly closed by allowing the rods to spring together."

"The Bororo are wonderful whistlers," says Mr. Cook, "and seem able thus to communicate whatever they otherwise would by speech."

"All the fine ornamental work is done by the men. A great deal of time and labor is spent in making seemingly unimportant articles, and the time consumed in shaping and burnishing an arrow or a wooden ring, generally the larger part of two days. The shell ornament worn around the neck is made by the reciprocating motion of the point of a sharp instrument of flint or of iron or steel, and the rings are fastened near the center of a roughly shaped shell. A fire is kindled in the same way by boring a wooden rod into another bit of wood."

"The Bororo are the tallest of any South American Indians I have seen. I do not remember one man under five feet seven inches, and they are sometimes six feet three or four inches tall. They are full-faced, the nose well shaped, and are not large nor portly. Their hair is black, their cheek bones especially prominent. Many of the children and some of the young men are quite handsome."

"The tribe is supposed to number between 5,000 and 10,000 souls. We visited eight villages and settlements."

She at once left Sweden and made a tour of Europe, still traveling in royal fashion, dressing as a man, and attracting the admiration of men by her cleverness and education and the contempt of women by her mannish costume, lank figure and hunched shoulders.

At length she settled in France, where Louis XIV. received her as a welcome guest. But her eccentric ways soon made her unpopular, and a delicate hint was conveyed to her that France would be happier for her departure. She paid no heed to this, but stayed on at Fontainebleau. Affairs came to a climax when she had one of the members of her suite put to death, without trial, by her attendants. She was ordered to leave France. Refusing, she remained there some time longer, defying law and custom.

But, in 1650, Charles Gustavus died. Christina, who had had enough of knocking about the world, returned to Sweden and demanded the vacant throne. The Swedes, however, would have nothing to do with her and treated her demand with contempt. Next she asked for the vacant Polish throne. But the Poles knew her by reputation and promptly refused.

Foiled in her effort to become once more a monarch, Christina continued to wander idly over Europe, mixing in politics and amusing herself as best she could until, in 1669, at the age of 63, she died in Rome and was buried in St. Peter's Cathedral by order of the Pope.

Christina's life-story is that of a woman who deliberately threw away all that is highest and best in life, and who reaped in bitterness and failure what she had so foolishly sown.

The well-known wild beast dealer, Herr Hagenbeck, of Stellingen, is sending the contents of a zoological garden to Peking for the Chinese Government.

## Martin-Orme Pianos

There are many new features in the Martin-Orme Piano worth knowing about. One, for instance, the "Violator" sounding board, increases the tone of the instrument and makes it sweeter as the piano grows older. There are various styles and prices of the Martin-Orme, but only one quality—superior. Where the Martin-Orme Piano is not represented, we will ship direct to your nearest station and guarantee safe delivery.

Write for descriptive booklet, prices and terms to-day—sent free to any address. ORME & SON, Limited OTTAWA, ONT.

## Alone On the Ocean; Story of Horrors

MEN IN SEARCH OF NOTORIETY AND THE HARDSHIPS THEY UNDERWENT—CAPT. BLACKBURN'S TERRIBLE TRIP—CAPT. ANDREWS' FEARFUL HONEYMOON.

The first men to attempt the perilous journey across the ocean in a small boat were Wells and Dawson. Their history is brief. They started in the yawl *Vision*, were reported off the Grand Banks, where they hailed a passing steamer to secure provisions, and have never been seen since. They were undoubtedly swallowed up in one of the severe storms which rage thereabouts.

Two years later, Hudson and Finch, in the *Red, White and Blue*, attempted the same feat, and were successful, crossing in 38 days. Their craft was 28 feet long. But it would seem as though the story they told would have frightened others from ever trying to emulate them. They reached port gaunt, twisted, sore-covered remnants of men, scarcely able to mutter their names. At the end of the first few days, the salt water had spoiled their provisions and molded their clothes, so that the remainder of the voyage was one of myte endurance. Starved, wracked by rheumatism and ugly boils made by the salt water, frenzied from lack of sleep, they had done nothing during the latter part of their trip but cling to the tiller and pray for good winds and fair waters. It was luck pure and simple that wafted them to a harbor. They themselves had long since been powerless to combat the elements.

But they received their reward in the approving shouts of the multitudes who greeted them upon their arrival and stared at them and feted them. For months they were looked at by the big-eyed crowd as two who had challenged and defeated Neptune himself. Then they were forgotten.

Their success inspired others, and the next year Miller and Lawson, in the dory *Nonpareil*, crossed from Gloucester to Southampton in 57 days. Marshall and French, in the skiff *John Ford*, then sailed from Baltimore to the Irish coast. They survived the ocean waves only to be capsized within a few miles of land, were Marshall was drowned and French rescued by a passing steamer. Harper and Benson, sailing from Liverpool to Boston, were 98 days on the ocean.

### SEEKING CENTENNIAL FAME.

It was not until 1876, however, that a man ventured to make the trip alone. Alfred Johnson, a Gloucester fisherman, anxious to find fame during the centennial, built a boat seventeen feet long, and announced that without assistance of any sort he intended to cross to Liverpool. He did so; but was never tempted to repeat the experiment. It took him 67 days, and 40 of those were burned into his very sea. When a thousand miles out to sea he encountered a terrific gale, which capsized his boat. He managed to keep himself afloat with the aid of a life-preserver of his own invention, and then attempted the herculean task of righting his boat. In the first place he was hours in the cold sea, raised to the height of a house-top only to be hurled into abysses which seemed to reach to the very ocean bottom, buffeted hither and thither with all the might of unnumbered tons of green water in motion, now toward the upturned skiff, and now away from it, until by chance he was able to reach it. Even then it required all one man's strength merely to cling to the bit of wood.

But when a man is fighting for his life, and with the consciousness that he must annihilate the latent hope of outside aid, he seems to be gifted with a giant's strength. The impossible was accomplished. Though any seafaring man would say that the feat was impossible, the fact remains that in some way Johnson righted the boat and crawled into her. Another incident of this trip was when he was knocked overboard by the sudden swing of the boom, into water filled with sharks. Armed only with a clasp knife, he warred off two of these sea leopards, while he again clambered over the stern. When he reached England, he was suffering from the scurvy, starved, and within one degree of being a gibbering maniac. The public demanded added horror on horror. There must be variations, and each succeeding trip, in order to hold attention, must be made a bit more stirring. So, Captain Crapo, of New Bedford, announced that he was to sail from his home port to Penzance with his wife. It was the first time that ever a woman had ventured upon such a trip, and so a great crowd collected to see them off. To this inspiring metallic crashes of the local band, they unfurled their sails and disappeared below the horizon line. They were destined to die in 48 days. But it was sheer luck; for these voyages are always pure gambles, with human lives at stake.

The captain gave the following account of his difficulties: "Once out of sight of land, we had enough to think about. Our chief diet was of canned stuff, and we got pretty tired of it before the trip was done. We took enough, as we thought, to last us, but the voyage was a stormy one, and we surely would have starved to death had we not sighted a passing ship, which surrounded us in the small craft, sometimes diving beneath her. We did not dare attempt to drive them away, for fear they would upset us with their strong tactics. I was once 70 hours at the wheel, and my wife did not get a good night's sleep during the entire trip."

**A Fearful Honeymoon.** The climax of Captain Andrews' career came in 1902. He advertised for a woman willing to marry him and take her honeymoon trip across the Atlantic in a 12-foot skiff—the smallest boat which ever made the attempt. He received many offers, and finally selected a girl scarcely out of her twenties and married her. The boat was built at Atlantic City, and contained every device which former trips

had taught him to be useful. But after all little could be done within the compass of a craft scarcely larger than a rowboat. The cockpit was just large enough for the two to sit in. There could be no stretching at full length of weary limbs on that excursion. Every other available inch was used for the stowing of provisions, water, and repair implements. He and his bride were warned that this time he was going too far—that even with the best of luck such a voyage was an impossibility. But the two of them only smiled, and said: "I have done it once," declared Andrews, "and I can do it again." They sailed in October. One year later they were declared legally dead.

How the end came about nobody knows or ever will, although many guesses have been made, the most probable of which seems to be that they met with adverse winds, were driven off the course of passing steamers, and so starved to death facing one another. It must have been a grim sight—this man and his bride slowly watching the life ebb from each other's body. It is more than probable, however, that it ended in a quicker fashion. Men become irresponsible in such situations, and it may be that in a sudden frenzy of despair he simply killed his wife and sprang overboard himself.

### CAPTAIN BLACKBURN'S TERRIBLE TRIP.

Captain Howard Blackburn, of Gloucester, is another famous Loner. He is known as the "Inland fisherman," because of the fact that all but the stumps of his hands were frozen off on the Grand Banks. Instead of resting by his fireside after this accident, he went to the other extreme, and joined the list of adventurous navigators. He built a tiny boat called the *Great Western*, and in 1889 sailed from his home port to Gloucester, England. It took him 64 days, and as all others had, he suffered terribly.

Two years later, he crossed in the same boat from Boston to Lisbon in 39 days. He too kept a diary, showing vividly some of the dangers to be expected. When over a thousand miles out at sea, he wrote: "While living on the deck with my elbows on the rail I was startled by the nose of a shark, which came within a foot or so of my face. It came out from under the starboard quarter, turned on its side, and opened its mouth to swallow the shadow of my head and shoulders on the water; but as it got nothing it swam the entire length of the boat, its belly rubbing against the side, crossed her stem, and disappeared. In less than five minutes it came back the same way, and when it turned on its side again I could see that its belly was covered with red paint from the end of its nose to within a few inches of its tail. It was followed by two pretty fish, each about ten inches in length, with read and white stripes around their bodies. It was the largest and boldest shark I ever met."

Saw a swordfish just astern coming straight for his sword through her, I threw a coil of rope on top of him, which made him disappear. In a few minutes he returned with a dozen other swordfish, following in the wake of the boat. It is getting so dark now I can't see whether any of them are following or not. Boat just struck something. It made a great splash, and I saw no more of it. It may have been a large sunfish sleeping on the water, or it may have been something else. I wish it would get lighter. Boat just struck something. It dived. And you have got to be there alone, with a thousand miles of waves about you, to realize just how a man feels when he is alone. It may be a whale, and then comes the breathless suspense of a minute when you wonder if his tail is going to knock you into splinters and leave you floating helpless out there in the dark. Or it may be a swordfish, and you peer into the cabin for the first ripple of water coming in through the hole he may have made. Or it may be the side of a liner—only then you would not have even time to wonder. It's all over in a minute; but that minute seems like an hour."—From *Chicago Record-Herald*.

### WONDERFUL DOLL'S HOUSE.

The most wonderful doll's house that was ever built is now preserved in the Museum of Utrecht.

The house is that of a patrician, and everywhere is evidence of the rich and tasteful comfort of the home-life of that day. Here you may see the Dutch men and women of the seventeenth century in their costumes and as they then lived, and as every room in the house is given, from kitchen to garret, the whole social order of the home is portrayed.

In the drawingroom are placed the stuffed Lilliputians in all the naturalness of life. Here everything—the carved ivory globe on the mantelpiece, the chandelier, the tables, the chairs, and their occupants—is done to scale. And this is not all. The painted ceilings, which were the passion of that time, are perfectly wonderful in their miniature execution. The lawgivers and beauteous notables are finished to the nicest detail of their toilet with absolute perfection.

Other parts of the mansion show us the kitchen, where the cook sits in a room, her grand old Dutch fireplace, surrounded by the implements of her art—all done just as wonderfully to scale as the rest, and some of them are patterns in brasswork that have perished forever off the face of the earth in their natural size.

There is the room where the family washing was performed, and where the maids wrung out the linen and prepared for the fine ironing. And shall I describe the nursery? You must imagine it for yourselves, with its miniature representations of child life.

The garden is another triumph of presentation, with its shrubs in pots and its wonderful flowers. As for the bedroom of the lady of the house, the wonder is that she ever thought it worth while to get up.—Circle Magazine.

A new use for a car fender was discovered in Philadelphia one day last

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

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

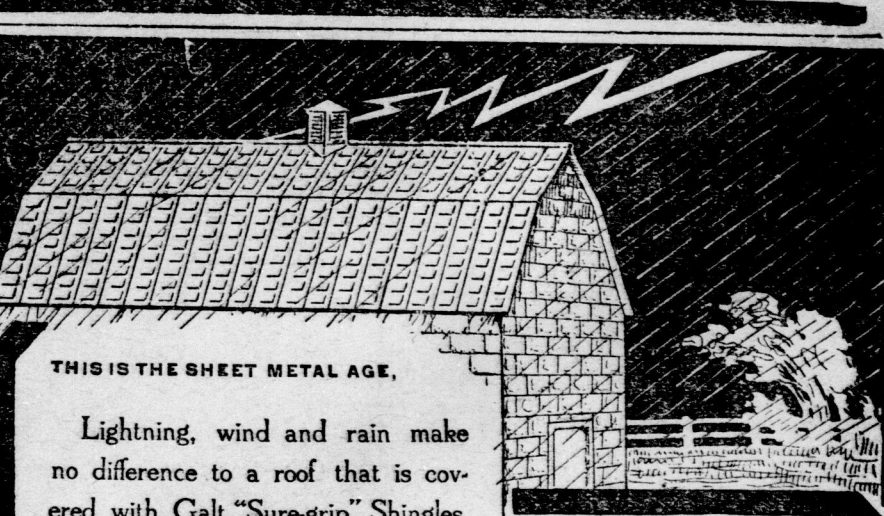
## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE.

Lightning, wind and rain make no difference to a roof that is covered with Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles.

Lightning just glides over the steel roof, runs down the conductors and disappears into the ground. Galt "Sure-grip" Steel Shingles and Steel Siding never burn, remember.

The three raised beads on each shingle provide ample allowance for expansion and contraction. A roof covered with Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles has the power to automatically

adjust itself to all degrees of heat and cold. Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles will never crack or warp—they are the strongest shingles made.

You pay the same price for Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles as for the common kind—which do you think the better investment?

A post card will bring you our free illustrated catalogue.

THE GALT ART METAL CO., Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Galt "Sure-grip" Shingles

Everyone is now using

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

COCOA

(Maple Leaf Label)

because it is an absolutely pure cocoa, very nutritious and very economical. Less than half a teaspoonful will make a cup of good cocoa.

THE COWAN CO., Ltd., Toronto

week when a rapid transit employee, evidently off duty, ran to a car and, placing a collapsible go-cart on the fender, took his place as a passenger on the front platform. The incident was witnessed by a crowd, who thought there was some mistake until the smiling countenance of the doubtless happy young father made it clear that he knew exactly what he was doing and meant it.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

HOME-MADE MEDICINE

Said to Relieve Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;

One ounce Compound Salutaria;

Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;

Mix and taken in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime, is stated by a prominent physician to give most excellent results in kidney or urinary affections, and also in rheumatism and sciatica. The mixture opens the clogged pores of the kidneys, thus assisting them in their work of filtering all waste and poisonous matter from the blood, and expels these in the urine. To allow this poisonous matter to remain means that it will settle in the muscular tissues or joints, and cause the untold misery known as rheumatism.

The mixture is composed of harmless vegetable ingredients which can be purchased at any good drug store, and mixed at home.

Anyone suffering from any of these afflictions will no doubt be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended remedy.

ALMA 27th Year

LADIES' COLLEGE ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Limit in 160 Residence

University affiliation, Music, Fine Art, Education, Physical Culture, Commercial, Domestic Science. For year book write PRINCIPAL WARNER, D.D.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality, if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 12, Windsor, Ont.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runny Nose

in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

One kind of underwear, and only one, fits right.

wears out slowest, and saves you from the day you buy it.

That kind is made in stores that sell it and the people who make it.

Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in form-fitting sizes for women, men and children. Look for the PEN-ANGLE.

One kind of underwear, and only one, fits right.

wears out slowest, and saves you from the day you buy it.

That kind is made in stores that sell it and the people who make it.

Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in form-fitting sizes for women, men and children. Look for the PEN-ANGLE.

One kind of underwear, and only one, fits right.

wears out slowest, and saves you from the day you buy it.

That kind is made in stores that sell it and the people who make it.

Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in form-fitting sizes for women, men and children. Look for the PEN-ANGLE.

One kind of underwear, and only one, fits right.

wears out slowest, and saves you from the day you buy it.

That kind is made in stores that sell it and the people who make it.</