A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 18

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DON'T GIVE WAY.

The Sun Is Shining Behind the Clouds.

If you are seeking to accomplish any great serious purpose that your mind and your heart tell you is right, you must have the spirit of the reformer. You must have the courage to face trial, sorrow, and disappointment, to meet them squarely, and to move forward unscathed and undaunted.

Truth, with time as its ally, always wins in the end. The knowledge of the inappreciation, the coldness, and the indifference of the world should never make you pessimistic. They should inspire you with that large, broad optimism that sees that all the opposition of the world can never keep back the triumph of truth; that your work is so great that the petty jealousies, misrepresentations, and hardships caused by those around you dwindle into nothingness.

What cares the messenger of the King for his trials and sufferings if he knows that he has delivered his message? Large movements, great plans, always take time for development. If you want great things, pay the price like a man.

Anyone can plant radishes. It takes courage to plant acorns and to wait for the oaks. Learn to look not merely at the clouds, but through them to the sun shining behind them. When things look darkest, grasp your weapon firmer and fight harder. There is always more progress than you can perceive, and it is really only the outcome of the battle that counts.

HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES.

Every mother most earnestly desires to see her little ones hearty, rosy and full of life. The hot weather, however, is a time of danger to all little ones, and at the very first symptom of uneasiness or illness, Baby's Own Tablets should be given. It is easier to prevent illness than to cure it, and an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep little one healthy and happy. If sickness does come, there is no other medicine will so quickly cure the minor ills of babyhood and childhood—and you have a guarantee that it contains no opiate or poisonous stuff. Mrs. John Nall, Petersburg, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a superior remedy for troubles of the stomach and bowels. From my own experience, I can highly recommend the Tablets to other mothers." Mothers should always keep these tablets in the house, ready for any emergency. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SALUTARY LESSON.

"Now, remember your salutes," said the corporal, when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a lieutenant—he wears one star on his shoulder—slope arms; if a captain—two stars—slope arms. If you see a major—a crown—present arms; if the colonel—stars and crown—present, and turn out the guard."

Pat pondered his orders carefully, but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the general.

The worthy son of Mars surveyed the cross-swords on the gallant officer's shoulders, and as he was not included in the corporal's category, simply nodded cheerfully.

"Well, my man," said the genial general, "and who are you supposed to be?"

"I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick. "And who are you?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a general," said the latter.

"A gineral, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then ye'll want something big. The corp'ral tould me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all! But hold hard a minute, and I'll give ye the bayonet exercise, if that'll do."

A DIFFERENCE OF LANGUAGE.

Footpad (presenting pistol): "Fork over yer rhino, and be quick about it!"

Near-sighted Editor of Weekly: "I beg your pardon?"

(Sternly): "No monkeying! Unlimber! Perduce the blunt!"

"Pardon me, but I do not exactly apprehend the drift of your—"

"Cheese yer patter! Don't yer see I've got the drop? Unload yer oof."

"I am totally at a loss, my dear, sir, to perceive the relevancy of your observations or to——"

"Whack up, or I'll let her speak!"

"Is there any peculiarity in the external seeming of my apparel or demeanor, sir, that impels you, a total stranger, to——"

"Once more, will yer uncork that swag?"

(Hopelessly bewildered): "My friend, I confess my utter inability to gather any coherent idea from the fragmentary observations you have imparted. There is something radically irreconcilable and incapable of correlation in the vocabularies with which we endeavour to make the reciprocal or correspondential interchange of our ideas intelligible. You will pardon me if I suggest that synchronization of purpose is equally indispensable with homogeneity of cerebral impression, as well as parallelism of idiom and——"

But the highwayman had fled in dismay.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

The first application of X-rays to industry is in tanning leather.

The use of storage batteries to furnish the entire motive power for an electric road has not been successful. On Thirty-fourth street, in New York the conducting wire or bar with trolley or sliding contact is taking their place.

That a great majority of all deaths occur between 1 and 8 o'clock a.m. was shown by the record of 5,000 cases presented to the British Medical association by Dr. Haviland. Forty per cent. more deaths occur in the fifth hour of the morning than in the tenth hour.

The X-ray operators at Guy's hospital, London, where the most extensive use has been made of X-rays in the treatment of disease, suggests that the severe disturbances reported by Mr. Edison as coming from the X-rays are really from the ultra violet rays, for in their large experience in the application of X-rays in skin diseases no such accidents have occurred.

Mamma: "Yes, that little spider has eight eyes, Tommy." Tommy: "My! I wish I had been a spider when I went to the circus!"

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER IV.

There were two nephews living at Grayne Hall, both reading for the Bar. After the manner of nephews in fiction one was good and one was bad; and by the same rule Uncle Sir George favored the bad one. Truth is just as strange as fiction.

It is as well to label these two boys. Reggie Grayne, dark, passionate, hasty, and yet as goodhearted a fellow as the country of Sussex contained. Ashley Grayne, fair, smooth-tongued, and cool-tempered, a man who could smile and be a villain still.

Pettish Sir George favored the hypocritical, suave Ashley, and favored his attentions of his stepdaughter, Vere. But Ashley found no favor in Vere's sight. She was a simple girl, but she saw through his character—saw that the money her mother would leave her was the basis of his affection for her. Money often is the foundation-stone a man erects his temple of love on; that is why the altar fire so frequently expires.

Handsome, wilful Reggie, her old playmate—for the last few years of their girl and boyhood had been spent together—she loved with all the intensity of her heart and soul. But he was not aware of it. Vere wore not her heart upon her sleeve; she did not give her love unsought.

And yet Reggie did love her—loved her dearly. It had been but boy and girl affection, and it would assuredly have developed but for one reason—Miss Evelyn Westcar stepped upon the scene. And Reggie lost his head—not his heart—over her at once. And it affected two persons keenly and differently—Vere grieved, and Ashley rejoiced.

It was Ashley's business now to make Vere jealous. The green-eyed monster was likely to prove of valuable assistance to him. He rejoiced exceedingly over the advent of Miss Westcar; but he was puzzled by it too. He knew her, had met her somewhere; but where he could not fix. As a matter of fact, he had been full of champagne at the time. It is an excellent wine, but it clouds the brain, if over-drunk, and youth is apt to drink less wisely than too well.

Evelyn recognised him too. They were introduced at dinner on the first day of her instalment at Grayne Hall, and when she saw his look of curious, half-doubtful recognition, her heart sank. But she braved it out. She remembered the circumstances under which she had met him; it seemed possible that he had forgotten, or he would have been more, very much more, surprised at seeing her there. The buoyancy of her heart brought it to the surface again.

After dinner Ashley sought her side, and said:

"Miss Evelyn, I seem to remember meeting you before."

"Indeed!" in a tone of surprise. "Where?"

"Ah, that is what is puzzling me. And I do not remember your name even. Where is it possible I could have met you?"

"If you are a friend of Lady Norwood's, it may have been there. I was her companion for some years——"

"Lady Norwood? Do not know her—never met her in my life."

"Then," accompanied by a gentle smile, "I think you must be mistaken. I led a very quiet life with Lady Norwood, who was an invalid, and has been ordered a long tour abroad. It is not likely that I can have met you anywhere."

"And yet I seem to have a picture of you in my mind. I seem to see you in evening dress, with a glass of champagne in your hand, singing 'Ta-ra-ra— . . .' Oh, pray forgive me! I meant nothing offensive. Please, please resume your seat. Let me assure you, Miss Westcar, I did not mean to be rude. Let us drop the subject. I made a mistake in thinking we had met before. Pray accept my apologies!"

And so that ghost of the dead past was laid. Ashley never raised it again. His doubts were set at rest. The more he saw day by day of the quiet, sober life Evelyn led, the more convinced he became that he had been mistaken.

As time went on it came about that Reggie was played with by Miss Westcar. Playing with fire is a dangerous game, but she indulged in it. She had no more idea of wasting herself on Reggie than she had of doing so with the butler; she was playing for higher game. True, her inclination tended Reggiewards. He sometimes sent a little tremor through her, and caused her pulses to beat the faster. But it ended there. She applied the brake. Sentiment had a poor hand in the game she was playing.

She had in her mind the wedding of Sir George Grayne—nothing more nor less. The fact that he had a wife living was a detail. That was a mere question of time—or removal. She knew him to be wealthy—very wealthy, despite the retired manner in which the family lived. She would make him her husband and then, herself, his widow—his wealthy widow. There were but few obstacles in the way: she feared not her ability to remove them.

With a name to which she had a right, and a right to a position in society by virtue of it, then she would enjoy herself. Meanwhile, she dallied with Reggie, and sent that inflammable young gentleman into the feverish regions one moment and the arctic ones the next. It amused her: it did not amuse Vere.

Gradually her position in the house became more that of a friend than a dependent. She played her cards skilfully, and won every time. Every member of the family was friendly disposed towards her—save Vere, and even she had to wear a pretence of friendliness.

The musical evenings, the tennis, golf, cycling, all and every one she took an equal part in. So it came about that on that fateful day all three ladies—mother, daughter, and companion—had ridden a long way out to lunch, and were returning, hoping to be in time for dinner.

A hope that was not realised, for they were the three ladies coming down the hill at foot of which the three men were concealed, and a meeting had to take place. There were points in favor of the waiting party. The rope was an important factor, and would bring about a hurried dismounting. The gipsies would stop the cyclists' further progress. They would draw the line at that.

CHAPER V.

Dick Causton had chambers and offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but he was rarely to be found there. Ixion was dominant at the time of his birth—must have been. His life up he had been a devotee of the wheel. In childhood's days he sat on the floor and twirled the crank of his big brother's big bone-shaker. Later on, he acquired one himself, and gradually merged into the air cushioned comforts of the present-century safety.

And now, although thirty summers and the best part of as many winters, had passed him by, he was just as ardent a cylist as when a boy. Not that he took his pleasure as sadly, or as shakily, as in boyhood's days—the inventive genius of Mr. Dunlop had seen to that.

He was a lawyer. How he passed the necessary examinations during his chrysalis or student days he could never tell. During the run of his articles he studied gears, tyres, and sprockets far more closely than he did Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England. He would have faced any examinations on the mechanism of the bicycle with a bold front, but the intermediate and final examinations into his knowledge of English law he met with knocking knees. However, he came out of the examinations all right in the end. Like the man with a poor hand at nap, he passed.

As in the days of his articles, so in the time when he was a full-blown solicitor, when he was licensed to dispense six-and-eightpenny opinions and indite three-and-sixpenny letters. The fact that he had his name on a brass plate and in the Law List weaned him not from his old love—he cycled.

Cycling was his one real enjoyment. He was heart-whole; perhaps that had something to do with it. When a man has a girl to look after, then is the time for him to shed his independence—if he wishes the course of his love to run smoothly. He cannot mount his metal—if not mettlesome and say. "Expect me when you see me," after the manner of the hardened bachelor. Girls do not stand that sort of thing—up-to-date girls—and small blame to them. A woman who allows her lover to career all over the country without her is false to the most prominent trait in her sex's character. To that fact is probably due the invention of the tandem.

Yes, Dick Causton's heart was unfractured; it was all his very own. Not that he was without a touch of that romance in his nature which spices and makes life worth the living; he simply had not encountered Miss Right,—that probably accounted for his not going wrong.

In stress of weather he had sheltered in roadside inns, and been glad to pick up a novelette to pass the time. At most country inns the landladies' daughters, or the barmaids, affect the penny novelette—the hero thereof is so very different from the kind of man she usually sees the other side of the bar. Strong contrasts are ever attractive to women: look at their millinery!

From a perusal of those story-papers, Dick Causton gathered that a cyclist could not go three-quarters of a mile without compassing an adventure with a lady. According to the novelette, the road was strewn with blue-eyed, pale-faced, golden-haired girls, who had fallen by the way, fainted, punctured their tyres (or pretended they had, for the novelette herione is full of subtlety), or in some way stood, or sat, in need of masculine assistance.

Dick had cycled for twenty years, covering, perhaps, more than that number of thousand miles in that period, and never had it been his fortune (or misfortune—it altogether depends an the view you take of it!) to encounter this roadside maiden in distress. Never did he see those blue eyes with tears or flies in them. Never was he called on to act as Uncle Toby acted with the Widow Wadman. Never once did eyes look at him full of silent eloquence, and never once was he called on to raise his hat, and—after the manner of the novelette hero—say, "Can I be of any assistance, miss?" In all well-regulated novelette the heroine is called "miss."

For twenty years he had wheeled the roads of England, waiting for an adventure; and at last he realised that everything comes to him who waits. The adventure came—a gruesome, bloody adventure, to prevent the happening of which he would have given all the world possessed for him.

He was riding back. He had been a long journey, and his homeward pace was a quiet one. Lighting-up time was three hours ahead, and he would be at his destination well within that time. The road sloped, and, the wind being behind him, he was availing himself of his free wheel, and his travelling was as noiseless as the flight of a bird.

Suddenly the country quiet was disturbed by shrill shrieks—shrieks of women in distress and agony and pain. The cries came from the direction of the hill ahead of him; but he could see nothing, for the road was a winding one and the hedges were high. But the screams acted as an imputus; his pedals flew round, and he was quickly in view of a scene which for years after he could not recall without a shudder, without the blood rushing to his head and his hands clenching—as happened at the time.

Three cycles—three girls—three tramps—a line of rope—and the rest can be guessed. But in this instance the women were plucky, and, when thrown off their machines by the stretched-across-the-road rope, they had picked themselves up and resisted the efforts to rob them. Mother, daughter, and friend.

When Dick Causton arrived, the daughter was standing screaming and struggling with one rough, whilst the two other women were on the ground, being kicked to silence by the other two—their sex alone compels the description of them as men.

Dick Causton had not learnt boxing at school in va'n. Inside a minute he was off his machine, and had planted an effective blow under the ear of one ruffian before the other two were even aware that he was in their midst. As the first man fell senseless, Dick met the face of the second with a blow between they eyes, and after a drunken stagger, the second man joined his companion on the ground. Boxing is an art rather looked down upon nowadays, but the science of it is a thing to witness. With the decay of boxing will come the decay of Englishmen. The pluckiest race of men in Europe owe much of their success to a knowledge of how to use their fists. Let them lose that knowledge, and they will assuredly sink to the level of the French and Germans.

The two women were lying still, very still, on the ground, and their blood-covered faces frightened Dick. The other girl, save for a bruise or two, was unhurt; unhurt, but so frightened that she could not speak. Great sobs rose from her bosom and burst in her throat, whilst her eyes seemed to protrude from her deathly white face in awful fear.

Truly Dick Causton had encountered his adventure at last.

(To be Continued.)

Another Cure of Chronic Disease

Of the Kidneys and Bowels—Well-known Steamboat Man Endorses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.—Statement Vouched for by Minister.

Mr. James A. Buchner, Port Robinson, Ont., was for years a steamboat man and is favorably known in every port from Cleveland to Montreal. Until a few months ago he was for years a great sufferer from kidney disease, rheumatism and constipation. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have made him well, and for the benefit of others he has made the statement below:—

Mr. Buchner writes:—"For many years I was the unhappy victim of kidney trouble, rheumatism and constipation, which became so severe as to make life a burden. I was a constant sufferer, entirely unfit for work; appetite was fickle; I became emaciated; could not sleep, but arose in the morning tired and enfeebled. I lingered on in this condition, gradually growing worse, and became despondent and discouraged because I could obtain no relief from the many medicines used.

"Friends advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I now feel thankful that this medicine came to my hands when I was in such a miserable condition. The first box gave relief, and, filled with joy at the thought of again recovering health, I continued the use of these pills until I had used six or eight boxes and was again enjoying my former health and vigor. I shall always recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as an ideal medicine."

Rev. W. D. Masson, Methodist minister, Port Robinson, Ont., writes:—"Being personally acquainted with Mr. J. A. Buchner, who was cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I can say I believe he would not make a statement knowing it to be in any way misleading or untrue."

It is by curing just such chronic and complicated cases as this that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have become so well known as a medicine of exceptional merit. Their direct and combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels makes them successful where ordinary medicines fail. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Keep on the Right Side.

Discard the use of Japan Teas altogether they're a doctored make up at their best

"SALADA"

Natural Ceylon Green is of double strength, Delicious and "PURE."

Sealed Packets only—same form as the celebrated Black Teas of "Salada" brand.

CURED LONG AGO BUT STILL CURED

S. KERNOHAN'S INCURABLE DISEASE CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Five Doctors Agreed There Was no Hope for Him, But He Has Been Strong and Well for Years.

Gelert, Ont., Sept. 7—(Special).—The wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills published almost daily, recall the case of Samuel Kernohan, of this place. It is years now since he was cured, but as he is still cured it is well worth recalling the facts, and Mr. Kernohan delights to relate them.

"Some time in December, 1893," he says, "I was taken sick and laid up for fourteen months. During my confinement to my house and to my bed, I was attended at various times by five doctors. Three of them decided that my disease was incurable, Floating Kidney, and two of them that it was Spinal Disease. All agreed on one thing—that my case was incurable.

"When my money was all gone, as a matter of necessity and as my last hope I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had only taken three boxes when I was able to walk about. I took in all, eighteen boxes, when I was entirely cured and quite able to work.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best friend I ever found."

FELL INTO WRONG HANDS.

Some time ago an amorous young man sent a letter to a German lady, and this postscript was added:—

"That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark, cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane and in my left a cigar.—Yours ever, Adolphe."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time agreed on. His postscript was as follows:—

"Dot mine son may make no mishdakes, I vill be dreshed in mine shirt-sleeves; I vill ver in mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill vear a six-shooter. You vill recognise me by de vay I bats you on de head a google dimes twice mid de glub. Vait for me at de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit.—Your frent, Henrich Muller."

SPREAD BY PENCILS.

One of the medical inspectors of schools in the city of Paris, which district is suffering from an epidemic of diptheria, has discovered that infection among the school children is principally spread by pencils. These pencils, which are municipal property, are in certain schools distributed to the scholars every morning and collected at night. In this way one child is constantly getting a pencil which has been previously used by another child. When it is remembered that children habitually put their pencils in their mouths, it is easy to see how diptheria spreads. The inspector has sent in a report to the authorities asking that each child should have a pencil of his or her own for the future.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

A maximum of talk is a sign of a minimum of thought.

ROYALTIES ON WHEELS

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA RODE A TRICYCLE.

Princess Beatrice Was Quick to Learn to Ride the Machine.

It will probably surprise you, said a well-known cycle-manufacturer, to learn that Queen Victoria herself was the first member of our Royal Family to take an enthusiastic interest in wheeling and to buy the first modern machine ever ridden by Royalties in England, says a writer in London Tit-Bits.

I remember the occasion well, for it created quite a sensation at the time and gave cycling a wonderful impulse. During one of her drives in the Isle of Wight the Queen was much interested in watching a bright young girl enjoy her morning spin near Newport; and, getting into conversation with her, invited her to Osborne to chat over her pastime.

The result of this visit was that a message was speedily sent to Messrs. Starley Bros. to take a selection of machines to Osborne for inspection, and a day or two later the late James Starley, who was my informant, presented himself before the Queen with a number of the most up-to-date bicycles and tricycles. And great fun the young Royalties had in inspecting and trying them in the grounds of Osborne House, while the Queen looked on with keen interest and amusement at their gyrations. When the Duke of Albany and a youthful guest contrived, in turning, to run a sociable up a bank and upset themselves Her Majesty was

CONVULSED WITH LAUGHTER.

However, the result of it all was that the Queen ordered two bicycles for the family and household use, and, a week or two later, another dainty little machine as a present for the Duchess of Albany. Not content with seeing others enjoy themselves, Her Majesty took more than one turn round the lovely Osborne grounds, and professed herself delighted with the experience.

One by one the Queen's children became smitten with the craze for wheeling, the most enthusiastic of them all in these early days being Princess Beatrice, who quickly developed into an excellent tricyclist, and used to ride hundreds of miles accompanied by her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, on a bicycle.

Princess Beatrice was the first pupil of Mr. Mayes, who, a good many years ago, was one of the most successful racers in the country, and he was as charmed with the quickness of his pupil as with her simplicity and affability. It was in the grounds of Buckingham Palace that Princess Henry of Battenberg (as I should more properly call her) had her first lesson, and within an hour she was not only a perfect mistress of her machine, but had learnt much of its mechanism. As Mr. Mayes once told me, she was

THE MOST ADEPT PUPIL

he had ever had, and her progress as a rider was so rapid that she was soon equal to a thirty-mile ride and could bowl along at a good twelve miles an hour, which, as you may know, took a deal of doing on a tricycle of that date.

Her first machine, by the way, weighed 48 lbs., and was soon succeeded by one of 10 lbs. less weight, with which she was greatly delighted.

It was not long before Queen Alexandra, then, of course, Princess of Wales, caught the infection. Her first machine, curiously enough, was a Christmas present from her husband, the Prince, and it was made and delivered within five days of receiving the order. Mr. Mayes took it down to Sandringham, where there was a great gathering of Royalties; and it was to an accompaniment of chaff and laughter that the Princess, who was rather nervous on her strange steed, made her first essay on it over ground covered with snow.

The Queen rarely rides now, and she has never summoned sufficient courage to master the bicycle, which her daughters ride so cleverly and gracefully. King Edward, as you may know, is by no means an indifferent rider on both types of machine, though of the two he prefers the three-wheeler. Indeed, apart from an occasional venture in the grounds of Sandringham and Marlborough House, he has scarcely mounted a bicycle since he first learnt to steer it on the Riviera

A FEW YEARS AGO.

But, of course, the young generation are great enthusiasts of the two-wheeled machine, and all are excellent riders. The Prince of Wales tumbled to it at once, and needed so little teaching that the moment he mounted the bicycle for the first time he wobbled at least fifty yards before he came to earth, leaving his coach behind him. He is a rapid and tireless rider, and a few years ago used to have many an exciting race with Prince Charles of Denmark and the present Czar of Russia, who are both expert wheelmen.

The Duchess of Fife has never developed any great enthusiasm for wheels, though she can and does ride occasionally; but among our Royal lady cyclists none can compare with Princess Charles of Denmark, who has often ridden her fifty miles in a day, and at a speed which her husband has found quite fast enough. Princess Victoria of Wales is also a keen and clever rider, and not long ago made a tour round Snowdon—a particularly difficult journey—in a day.

MAN OF MANY PARTS.

At Wahrenbruck, Saxony, there has just died a man who occupied at the same time the positions of town clerk, church secretary, member of the Presbyterian Council, commissioner of fires, fire brigade superintendent, magistrate, deputy-chief of Customs, assurance agent, tax assessor, commander of the guild of archers, and president of the choral society.

Magistrate: "Madam, your husband charges you with assault." Honoria: "Yes, your worship; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow at answering that I hit him in the eye with a mop. I'm only a woman, your worship" (tears). "and a woman's life without love is a mere blight."

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

The price of gas at Gurock has been reduced 4d per 1,000 feet.

Paisley corporation has a balance to the good this year of £2,005.

Greenock fire brigade is not as liberally staffed as it ought to be.

There have been no open-air concerts on Greenock Esplanade this season.

Greenock is evidently declining as a port of embarkation for the Green Isle.

Wishaw tramway has been opened for traffic. It is over eight miles in length.

The new Motherwell cars are the most sumptuously furnished in the Kingdom.

There is an apparent deficit of £1,891 in Paisley Water Trust account this year.

This year the holidays at Johnstone were considerably prolonged owing to dull trade.

Greenock is to make a big effort on behalf of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Musselburgh is to get a better water supply from the Edinburgh Water Trust.

The late Mr. Peter McK. Martin, Dempster street, Greenock, left £3,337 of estate.

The calico print works, which are the staple industry of Thornliebank are not busy.

There is a deficit of £3,068 this year in Paisley electricity fund, compared with £4,840 last year.

Towards Paisley coronation celebrations only £74 falls to be taken from the common good.

Mrs. Gillespie, the oldest resident in the parish of Corstorphine, has died there in her 99th year.

The Duke of Hamilton is to lay the memorial stone of the new U. F. church at Low-waters, Hamilton.

Mr. Beardmore, Parkhead Forge, has been found liable in £300 for running down a boy with his motor car.

The sale of work in connection with Gillespie U. F. church, Biggar, realized £260—£10 more than was aimed at.

Rev. D. M. Milne, St. Luke's, Edinburgh, has been appointed Grand Chaplain of the Order of Free Gardeners.

By the death, aged 90, of Mr. Peter McKechnie, of Hazel Bank Place, Cathcart has lost its oldest male inhabitant.

For the benefit of children it is proposed to erect a sand garden on the western terrace of Well Park, Park, Greenock.

An old Kilmalcolm woman has been struck off the parish roll by death after 50 years on the rates. Her keep was over £1,000.

The Town Council has consented to the proposed memorial to the Scots Greys being erected in Princess street Gardens, Edinburgh.

The Town Council and the Parish Council are fighting over £350 of assessments imposed by the latter on the municipal buildings of Edinburgh.

The design for the new public library, town hall and municipal buildings for Hamilton, by Mr. Alex Cullen, architect, has been awarded the first premium.

The Presbytery have formerly suspended the Rev. H. G. Graham, Avondale, from performing any of the functions of the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

The other day Mrs. Wilson, Springfield place, was fatally injured by falling out her kitchen window while hanging out clothes. She was impaled on an iron railing below.

There is much grumbling in Motherwell over the fact that although it is two years since Mr. Carnegie gifted £12,000 to build a library, nothing has been done in the way of building.

By the falling of a shaft that was being fitted to the Union-Castle liner Armadale, in the Fairfield yard, Glasgow, two engineers and a laborer were instantly killed. The shaft weighed fifteen tons

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A rolling stone does not make much of an uphill fight.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

"I notice that you and Charles no longer play ping-pong." "No," replied the demure damsel. "We don't care very much for the game that keeps us at opposite ends of a table."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

When a man does not know what to say, his attitude is often mistaken for dignified silence.

Minard's Liniment Cures Carget in Cows.

WALK OF 31,200 MILES.

There are now in Milan an Irish Canadian and his wife, named O'Malley, though the lady is Dutch by birth, who between 1897 and 1902 claim to have walked round the world, covering on foot a distance of 31,200 miles without any resources other than such as they could obtain as they journeyed. They produce no fewer than twenty-seven volumes of documents attesting their wanderings. At present they are organizing in Milan a series of lectures, which they hope may yield money enough to carry them back to Canada.

No social affair is complete without the delicious-tasting

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

The fragrance and rich creamy taste of this tea are peculiar to it alone.

Black, Mixed, Ceylon Green — **Forty Cents** Should be Fifty — Ask for the Red Label

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THE

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IS THE MECCA FOR CANADIANS IN THE PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

FOR RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS TROUBLES, SCIATICA, LIVER TROUBLES.

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EXHIBITION NOTICES

THE GREAT "COMFORT SOAP" EXHIBIT

That Comfort Soap is "all right" with the public, and is used "all over" the Dominion, is evidenced by the great throng of people to be found at all times gathered around the exhibit. As usual, the exhibit is one of the most unique and attractive of the Fair. The mammoth cake of Comfort Soap, (the guessing of the weight of which entitles the lucky one to an elegant Palmer Upright Piano) is scanned from every possible standpoint. The mental effort to "size it up" in pounds and ounces, calls a serious expression to many a laughing face, for the moment. It costs nothing to guess; and everybody has the privilege of trying for this valuable Piano, which is also on exhibition at the stand. Nineteen other beautiful and valuable prizes, as consolation prizes, are to be awarded to the nineteen guessers next nearest to the correct one.

The Mayor of Toronto has kindly consented to weigh the huge cake of Soap at the Comfort Soap exhibit on the last day of the Fair and the result and names of the lucky guessers will be published.

The exhibit is also made artistic and attractive by the display of many of the handsome pictures and other articles of virtue which are given away as souvenirs for Comfort Soap wrappers. These presents are so much appreciated and sought after, that the Manufacturers have to carry a stock equal to that of many a large departmental store, and the show rooms at 52 Wellington St., W. Toronto, and at 1676 Notre Dame St., Montreal are veritable Art Emporiums well worth a visit of inspection.

Comfort Soap in use, and in popular favor, has no competitor; it stands alone as the great family and household Soap of the Dominion, and its use is rapidly extending to every household in every town and hamlet in the country.

It is gratifying to the manufacturers to know, that their efforts to make a labor-saving and pure soap, a soap which is the best economy for every household use, are being so universally appreciated, as it is to the millions of patrons who use it, who benefit by it, and who always get the beautiful premiums in exchange for the wrappers, which they send in to the ware-rooms at 52 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

The rapidity with which the demand for Comfort Soap is increasing is simply phenominal, and the Company is constantly adding to their factories and facilities, in trying to keep pace with it.

As is sometimes tritely said of it, "Its the Comfort of Canada," and its almost universal use seems to bear out the happy conceit.

"How do you pronounce this word, my dear?" he asked pleasantly. "I-solate or is-solate?" "Either way is correct for you," responded his wife tartly.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22-74

A queer-looking customer inserted his head into an auction-room and gravely inquired, "Can I bid, sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer. "Well, then," replied the wag, walking off, "I bid you good-night."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Flo: "Jack is afraid he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to." Dad: "Well, marry him, anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"Now, Uncle Ned, isn't he just the sweetest little cherub in the world?" "Well, Lucy, I don't know much about cherubs, but as a specimen of plain human baby he is certainly a howling success."

With the old surety,

St. Jacobs Oil

to cure

Lumbago and Sciatica

There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c and 50c.

t-f

THE HORRID MAN.

She—"No, thank you; I don't care to know him. He is a most detestable person."

He—"There must be some mistake. Everybody speaks well of him."

She—"I don't care. He was one of the judges at the dog show, and he wouldn't give poor little Fido a prize."

THE BANNER ROUTE.

There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling on a firm roadbed, upon which is laid the heaviest of steel rails, made true in all their curves, and that the train which carries him is of the highest standard of excellence known to railroads and is being guided to its destination by experienced minds. These are the conditions which become apparent to the frequent traveler on The Wabash Line, and which have made that line justly famous. The Wabash has its own rails direct to the World's Fair Grounds in Saint Louis. All Wabash through trains stop at World's Fair Station (Forsyth) in order to give passengers an opportunity to view from the trains the World's Fair Buildings. J. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto and St. Thomas.

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir, lie down!"

I was Cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING.

Halifax.

I was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lt.-Col. C. CREWE READ.

Sussex.

I was Cured of acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. S. BILLING.

Markham, Ont.

7-59

In after years when a woman wants to take the conceit out of her husband she repeats some of the things he said during their courtship.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Her Father: "What! you want to marry my daughter! Why, sir, you can't support her; I can hardly do it myself!" Suitor (blankly: "C-can't we join together?"

Rupture

We are getting them, lots of them. When no other truss will hold them they come to us. "What we get we hold." The best is the cheapest. That's our patent pneumatic pad Truss. It brings the edges of the wound together so that with fair play it must heal. You may get well; you can't get worse while you wear it. Procurable only from THE BELT AND TRUSS M'F'G. CO., Hernia Specialists, 433 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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