



INTEND TO ANNEX CANADA.

Illinois Association Organized to Remove All Tariff Duties.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—The annexation of Canada, tentatively, and the establishment of reciprocal trade relations by a renewal of all tariff duties with the British Dominion, specifically, is the purpose of an organization to be known as the British Association of Illinois, which was perfected here last night.

The recent speech made in Chicago before the meeting of the Commercial Club by James J. Hill on "Reciprocal Relations With Canada," was responsible for the formation of the organization.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

That's how pain comes. We sit near an open window, get stiff neck or sore back. Perhaps cool off too quickly after exertion—rheumatism develops.

Spend what you may, but money can't buy anything better than Polson's Nervine. It penetrates powerfully to reach deep tissues—that's why it cures aches that all else can't touch. For outward application we guarantee five times more strength than in any other liniment. Inwardly it's harmless and as sure as the herald of good news at once. Don't accept a substitute for Polson's Nervine, which is the one great household panacea of today.

C. P. R. Cancels Contract.

Victoria, B.C., Nov. 24.—The C.P.R. has decided to cancel its working arrangement with the Alaska Steamship Co., by which the steamer Indianapolis has been left without any winter opposition on the Victoria-Seattle route, and replaces the Princess Beatrice on this run Dec. 1. This action was taken at the request of the local board of trade.

The Muir Fund.

Toronto, Nov. 24.—Six hundred and seventy-five dollars has been realized toward the Muir memorial fund by the city school children's contributions.

OR, FOR A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

A clear complexion is the outward evidence of inward cleanliness. In bad health the face becomes a sign-board, telling of disease within. If yellow, bile is not properly secreted; if pallid, the kidneys are faulty; if skin is murky and dark circles beneath the eyes, look for constipation. Whatever the cause, use the famous "Pills with Dr. Hamilton's Pills," which are mild, safe, purifying and vitalizing in their action. They give a marvelous rosy tint to the cheeks, brighten the eyes and establish health that defies age and disease. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes.

College Endowments.

Victoria, B.C., Nov. 24.—Chair-Gov. Dunsmuir has endowed a chair of chemistry and mining in the McGill University College of British Columbia, to the extent of \$1,500 annually, to be replaced by a permanent endowment of \$50,000. A. C. Flummerfelt, towards the endowment of a chair of civil engineering, has awarded \$500 annually, to be replaced by a permanent endowment of \$10,000, and Hon. F. L. Carter Cotton, \$500 annually, to be replaced by a permanent endowment of \$10,000.

THIS TONIC BUILDS UP.

Many medicines stimulate, break down, leave the system worse than ever. Ferrerozine is different—it's a blood-former, a nerve-strengthening, a body-builder. Pale anemic girls are given color and vigor. The tired and sleepless are strengthened and re-energized. "Better than all tonics," writes Mrs. Perrozine, "I was completely run down, cheeks were blanched, lips white and had every sign of anemia. Ferrerozine added to my weight, gave me strength, ambition and cheerfulness. Nothing better. Try Ferrerozine yourself, 50c. per box at all dealers."

THE WAY HE TOOK HIM

How do you like the cheese, sir? asked the waiter.

"It's no half bad," replied the diner. "Very sorry, sir, but we were assured it was not quite ripe."

The worries of a weak and sick mother are only begun with the birth of her child. By day her work is constantly interrupted and at night her rest is broken by the wailing of the peevish, puny infant. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It lightens all the burdens of maternity, giving to mothers strength and vigor, which they impart to their children. In over thirty years of practice Dr. Pierce and his associate staff of nearly a score of physicians have treated and cured more than half a million suffering women. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence is strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

After crosses and losses men grow lumber and wiser.

ODD COURTS MARTIAL.

Solema Farces That Have Been Enacted in the British Navy.

It is a rule in the British navy that when a ship is cast away or otherwise lost a court martial must sit in order to apportion the blame. Sometimes these courts really try and condemn those that are held to be responsible. At other times their duties are, from the very nature of the catastrophe, more or less nominal.

Thus, when the *Serpent* was lost off the Spanish coast, a court martial assembled and solemnly "tried" three ordinary bluejackets, the sole survivors, although they of course had no more to do with the error in navigation which led up to the catastrophe than the man in the moon.

A similar solemn farce was enacted after the loss of the *Captain* in the bay of Biscay, when 483 officers and men lost their lives. In this case a gunner named James May, one of the eighteen who escaped from the wreck, was the nominal "culprit." The verdict was that the loss of the ship was due to instability and faulty construction. This really amounted to a vote of censure on Mr. Cowper Coles, the designer, but as he went down with the ungainly monster he had created he was beyond the reach of either blame or praise.

On another occasion a small "mildy" of thirteen years of age was put upon his trial, and once, it is said, a court martial assembled on a cat, which chanced to be the sole living thing found aboard a derelict frigate.

LIVING SECOND HAND.

It is Quite a Common Thing in New York City.

Half the people of New York live second hand—that is, they dress second hand, furnish their houses second hand and wear secondhand jewelry.

There are stunning looking young women who wear nothing but Paris gowns all the year round. They cannot afford to go to Paris for such clothing, and they won't have anything that isn't "good style." They dress almost entirely out of the secondhand stores on Sixth and Seventh avenues, where anything from a hat to a pair of silk stockings is offered for sale at a third its original value. They would rather appear a trifle shabby and very effective than brand new and "shabby."

One woman noted for her "good style" and richness of apparel buys all her frocks at a secondhand establishment and then has them dyed black to make them look new. A little bride who hates that new look which the average bride suit possesses fitted out her entire apartment through advertisements of sales of secondhand furniture by private parties. Everything from her sideboard to her rugs looks like a family heirloom. There are many articles published in the papers and magazines on "How to Live Well on Nothing a Year," but the New Yorker could write a whole volume on "How to Live Well on Nothing a Year" if he chose to.

A Queer Fact About Vision.

In the eye itself nothing things may go in which give us wrong sensations, which, although not truly illusions, are very much like them. Thus, when we suddenly strike our heads or faces against something in the dark we see "stars," or bright sparks, which we know are not real lights, though they are quite as bright and sparkling as if they were. When we close one eye and look straight ahead at some word or letter in the middle of this page, for example, we seem to see not only the thing we are looking at, but everything else immediately about it and for a long way on each side. But the truth is there is a large round spot somewhere near the point at which we are looking in which we see nothing. Curiously enough, the existence of this blind spot was not discovered by accident, and nobody every suspected it until Mariotte reasoned from the construction of the eyeball that it must exist and proceeded to find it.

Man Against Horse.

A man (Shrub) has run ten miles in 50 minutes 40 seconds; another man (Hutchins) has run 300 yards in 30 seconds; another man (George) has run a mile in 4 minutes 12 seconds. Of all running records this last appears most unapproachable, and it seems likely to stand for a very long time. Men like Shrub, Bacon and "Deerfoot," who have covered very close on twelve miles in the hour, could certainly hold their own with most carriage horses over a good road. If the gait chosen were walking instead of running, the quadruped would be badly worsted.—Grand Magazine.

Not Quite a Tempest.

A young gentleman with an unusual voice insisted upon singing at a social gathering.

"What does he call that?" inquired a disgusted guest.

"The Tempest," I think," answered another.

"Don't be alarmed," said an old sea captain present. "That's no tempest. It is only a squall and will soon be over."

Sarcasm.

Greene—Whom are your children said to take after, Mr. Ennepek? Ennepek (with a mental reservation)—The younger, with a sweet smile and angelic temper, takes after his mother. The elder, that cross-eyed young viper, takes after me, I'm informed.—London Fun.

A Trick.

Knicker—Which side of the house does the baby resemble? Bocker—The outside. Don't you see how red he is? —Harper's Bazar.

THOUGHT COLD WOULD TURN TO CONSUMPTION

HEAD HOW DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED

Saskatoon, Sask., Aug. 26th, 1906. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir: As I am one of the thousands that have been benefited by your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought it my duty to give you a description of my case. "I am 19 years of age and was always in the best of health until last spring when I caught a severe cold by going about with wet feet. It settled in my chest and all the remedies I tried would not stir it. My friends began to fear it had turned to consumption and were advising me to go east and see a specialist. One day my father brought home a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I laughed at the idea of its being any good and refused to take it, and only as a last resource would I. When I had finished one bottle I had only a slight cold left and before I had taken a quarter of the next I was as well as ever I was, if not better, so you can see a God-sent medicine was to me. I never fail to recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to my friends and they all use it. To show my full appreciation of this remedy I will gladly answer any letters in reference to it. Believe me, Sincerely yours,

Miss Winnifred D. Smith.

Price 25 cents a bottle at all dealers.

Homesick Spencer.

When Herbert Spencer was a boy his father sent him away from home to school. The youngster became homesick and, with 2 shillings in his pocket, made his way home, over 120 miles, in three days, walking most of the way. He did forty-eight miles the first day and forty-seven on the second. On the third day a friendly coach driver took him most of the way for nothing.

The New Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every Cough Cure containing Opium, Chloroform, or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years, entirely free. Dr. Shoop all along has bitterly opposed the use of all opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures, it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. We cheerfully recommend and sell it.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

Peary Arrives at Sydney.

Sydney, G.B., Nov. 24.—Peary's steamer *Roosevelt* arrived yesterday morning. The explorer, who came ashore immediately to meet his wife, seemed in excellent health. The steamer shows signs of her experiences; she is leaking, and her inferior wood work are gone, having been used as fuel to keep the party warm.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish, dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well appearing. To have beautiful, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free, trial box, at our store, and be convinced. Large, nickel-colored, glass jars, 25 cents.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

G. T. P. Through Rockies. Ottawa, Nov. 24.—The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co. has submitted plans to the Department of Railways, showing the proposed route of the line from Edmonton westward through the Rockies to its intended terminus at Kaler Island, near Port Simpson. It shows that the G.T.P. has chosen the Yellowhead Pass, which is regarded as the easiest and the most direct line from Edmonton.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It's the quiet wedding that makes the most talk.

A coarse, leathery complexion made unbecomingly by eruptions calls for a general reformation in living. The diet should be plenty of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Superiority has a way of coming to the fore without much talk.

Men and women who eat fat meals and drink strong coffee usually have coarse, florid skins. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes your skin soft and fair. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

For a Slender Silver Ring

By M. MAUDE WRIGHT

"I never will marry a man who does not think enough of me to give me anything less than a diamond ring." These are the very words I used," said Amelia Jones as she flashed a diamond before Mrs. Berkley's astonished eyes.

"And Bob?"

"Oh, he first looked surprised, then angry; muttered something about the ring being set with my birthday stone and that it was the best he could afford. Then he walked off without another word."

"Of course he came back or you would not be wearing the ring."

"I must confess that I was a little bit frightened, for I do think a heap of Bob, and you never know what a man will do, but he came back the very next day and brought me this beautiful diamond ring. You see, he really cares for me," said Amelia.

"Well," said Mrs. Berkley, "I don't see how he could afford it, for he is not as well off as Joe was before we were married."

A sudden thought struck her, for she slyly concealed her left hand, but not before Amelia had noticed the action.

"Oh, Mrs. Berkley," she said impulsively, "do let me see your wedding ring. I do not remember noticing it. I know it must be something fine, for they do say that Joe Berkley was heels over head in love with you before you were married."

A flush spread over Mrs. Berkley's face.

"It is not a diamond," she faltered. "I am sure, then, it is something equally nice. Now, Mrs. Berkley, please don't be so modest," said Amelia as she wickedly pulled the hand from its hiding place, revealing a very slender band of silver.

"Oh!" Perhaps Amelia put more meaning into this exclamation than she intended, but there certainly was scorn. "Is this the kind of a ring Mr. Berkley gave you? He should be ashamed of himself, and he could have afforded to give you a diamond ring better than Bob could afford to give me one. Of course he cared for you, but men have strange ways of showing their love sometimes."

The flush on Mrs. Berkley's face grew deeper as she pulled her hand away.

"It was made out of a dime," there was no further explanation. "I left some beans in the oven and must," said she and left.

When she reached her home she went up to her room and snatched the ring from her finger as if it burned and threw it into a bureau drawer out of sight.

"I never will wear it again—never!" She stamped her foot angrily on the carpet. "He didn't care for me or he never would have given me a ring that would hold me up to scorn. Oh, yes; he has been good to me, but then he is good to his clerks, his dog and every thing else." Her pride had been wounded.

She hoped her husband would miss the ring and thus give her a chance to say something, but if he did not miss the ring he missed something else—her usual cheery chat.

"Are you ill, Frances?" he asked, with real concern in his voice. "No," she answered curtly. "Has anything happened, then?"

"Oh, enough has happened," she said coldly.

Her tones caused him apprehension. "Amelia Jones and Bob Dalesford are engaged," she said finally, not knowing just how to begin.

"Is that all?" he laughed.

Mrs. Berkley did not smile. "Bob gave Amelia a beautiful diamond ring, which showed that he cared something for her."

Something in her tone made him look down at the finger that should have worn the wedding ring.

She noticed his glance and answered it. "I never will wear it again, for you did not care anything for me when you gave me such a ring as that—a paltry ten cent ring, a target for ridicule! You could have afforded to have given me a diamond ring better than Bob Dalesford could afford to give Amelia."

Several days had passed since then when another diamond was flashed before Mrs. Berkley's eyes; this time the ring was in the hand of her husband.

Nothing more was said about the ring, and things went on much as usual, only instead of cheer, sunshine and a sympathy there were silence, gloom and misunderstanding. Mrs. Berkley could not help noticing the haggard look that had settled down on her husband's face, and when she looked into the glass she knew that her own face was getting pale.

Several days had passed since then when another diamond was flashed before Mrs. Berkley's eyes; this time the ring was in the hand of her husband.

"I have brought you a diamond to show that I care for you—yes, I care very much indeed," he said earnestly. "Give me your hand, and we will see how it will fit." He tried to speak playfully.

"I don't want the diamond. How can I wear two wedding rings?"

Then he noticed the slender silver band on her finger. A happy light lit up his face.

"I want you to wear the diamond ring anyway. Give me the silver ring,

and I will wear it next my heart out of sight."

"I am going to wear the silver ring always," said Mrs. Berkley determinedly. Then, suddenly and severely, "Joe Berkley, how much did you pay for that diamond?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Where did you get the money? You told me when you bought that last lot of goods that you only had \$50 left in the bank." A frightened look came into her face. "You didn't?"

"No, I did not borrow or steal it. I sold the store, and tomorrow I take my old place as clerk in it just where I was when we were married."

"Joe Berkley, I had just come to the conclusion that I was a fool, but I never dreamed you were one too!"

"If I thought a diamond was necessary to show that I loved you."

"Well, if you care for me now you will take that ring back to the jeweler, and then you will march right down the street and buy back the store. Make whatever explanations you wish, but buy back the store."

The very next day Mrs. Berkley went to call on Amelia Jones.

"Oh, Mrs. Berkley, how glad I am to see you. I used you so horrid the other day. Can you ever forgive me?" exclaimed Amelia as she drew her into the room.

"Certainly. There was a little bit of romance in connection with the ring made out of a dime that I thought you would be interested in," began Mrs. Berkley without any preliminaries as soon as she was seated. "I first met Mr. Berkley on a street car. I pulled out a dime to pay the conductor when it slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor. Joe Berkley, who was sitting near, sprang up to search for it, but just then the car stopped at my destination, and I had no time to wait for the lost coin. Mr. Berkley slipped a nickel into my hand, saying he would pay my fare and keep the dime when he found it. I thanked him and left the car. The next day we met on the car again, and of course it was natural that I should ask him if he had found the dime. He had, and this opened the way for further conversation. We met often after this, and—well, you know the rest. Mr. Berkley had the dime made into a ring, and he asked me to wear it always."

"You see why I prize it above any diamond ring he could give me." Her voice was full of feeling as she finished.

"How fine!" Amelia's eyes were shining with a new light. "No, the kind of a ring does not matter, after all," she added softly as it to herself. "I believe I will tell Bob that I prefer the ring set with my birthday stone; he really could not afford the diamond anyway."

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Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds up the cause of all this painful, debilitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds up; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

C. H. GUNN & CO.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE.

Note From Walter Quigley of Propeller Osborne.

Goderich, Nov. 24.—What looks like a message from the deep was picked up in a bottle on the shore of Lake Huron at Port Albert yesterday by Mrs. James Hayden. The bottle contained this note:

"Look for me. The one that finds the bottle. Good-bye. Put this in the paper. Do it quick. (Signed) Walter Quigley, steamer Osborne."

The Osborne is a propeller of 3,300 tons and rated 41. She was reported at the Michigan Soo on Tuesday at 6 o'clock and has not yet reached Detroit.

Clean, dry crystals—that are absolutely pure—that will not cake—that is WINDSOR TABLE SALT. The best for table use.

Tried to Hang Himself.

Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 23.—Martin Kerwin, a cattle buyer of Waukegan, Ont., attempted to commit suicide early Thursday morning in the St. Clair County Jail at Port Huron by hanging himself to the bars of his cell with his suspenders. Sheriff Moore cut him down, saving his life. Kerwin was arrested Wednesday evening for being drunk, and felt his disgrace keenly.

It is safe to say that the girls of 1906 are sweeter and more beautiful than the girls of war times. The up-to-date girls all take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N. S. I was cured of a terrible brain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

FRED COULSON, Y. A. A. C.

Yarmouth, N. S. I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. W. RUGGLES, Inglesville.

Where laughter never comes, the doctor is sure to.

"CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK."