

Appetite Was Poor.

Dizzy-Most of The Time.

"Could Not Sleep at Night."

Many people are unaware of having anything wrong with their heart or nerves until some little excitement or overwork makes them feel faint and dizzy, or perhaps simply going up or down stairs causes dizziness and specks to float before the eyes. People troubled in this way should heed the warning, and not fail to take treatment before something more serious occurs.

For all heart and nerve troubles there is nothing to equal

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

We do not claim that they will cure chronic heart disease, but we do claim that they will strengthen the weak heart, and build up the shaky nerve system.

Here is what Mrs. Sidney Hoffman, Millville, Ont., says:—

"I was troubled greatly with my heart, and was so very nervous that the least little thing startled me."

"My appetite was very poor; I could not sleep at night and was dizzy most of the time. I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am very pleased to say that they did me a wonderful lot of good."

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Raised on 5,313,654 Acres.
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And hundreds of miles of new Railways will be built there in 1935.

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Some people talk too much to really say anything.

Minard's Lintment Cures Dandruff

THE AQUILINE PASSING

WANE OF DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF ANGLO-SAXON CONTOUR.

Portraits of Men in Higher English Life
Reveal the Fact That the Fine Racial Curve, Known as the Roman Nose, is Rapidly Becoming Extinct—What It Represents in Character in Days Gone By.

A number of things are passing in this twentieth century days, among them that peculiarly distinctive feature of Anglo-Saxon contour, the aquiline or Roman nose. This is no fancy; speaking for England alone, any collection of portraits of representative men in the highest walks of life reveals the fact that this fine racial curve is rapidly becoming extinct.

From the Duke of Wellington down this nose has been associated with greatness in military or naval affairs, in literature (notably poetry and criticism), and in finance and diplomacy until the possession of such a significant organ has become almost a synonym of a man of an individual destined to be famous or successful. Varieties of course existed, such as when combined with beaming brows, and sunken eyes you recognized a professor or arch critic of the generation of Dr. Johnson, or when taken with the square forehead, thin mouth and visionary eyes of the military genius, you got some great general or, simply existing in a silly notion of good faculty and meaning nothing whatever, in this case usually high at the thin bridge and in profile far too strong for the weakness of the face. In women of gentle extraction this nose was found beautifully proportioned. In ladies of the mid-Victorian era were the lineaments of Caesar clearly revealed, associated with the delicacy of coloring and softness of rounded chin and cheek which reflected them from hard masses, stat-smen and the grand dames of society. Caricatured, it lived in the drawings of Leech and Du Maurier.

Taken seriously, it inspired creative artists both of pen and brush when dealing with the heroic. Superficial writers confused it with the Hebrew nose, and in prints of criminal and depraved characters one frequently found it "distorted and wreathed to conditions of ugliness. Tennyson and the latest murderer apparently owned the same facial angle, if you corrected the droop of the eyebrow, the curve of the nostril, the set of the ear. Then, the Roman or aquiline nose made itself and its possessor known to the world. Other noses might, if they liked, take a back seat; this nose never. Sala, Lamb, Kingsley and his kind, the nose, the nose. The American variant is seen in hundreds of nineteenth century writers, preachers, New England farmers, old Cape Cod characters, Gloucester fishermen, actors, especially of tragic mould, seamen, lecturers, bankers—the nose has prospered in the new world. The significance of the feature is matched by its endurance, by the persistency with which it appears in every decade up to the present.

For with the opening of a new century, the aquiline in its purest state, equine with accompaniment of cruel fangs and sharp teeth in its worst, seems on the point of disappearing. The contemporary portraits of great men and beautiful women no longer display it. There is a new nose. It is to be hoped that it retains the powers which the old aquiline was originally endowed; for example, we suppose that it still can detect and appreciate, repulse and show the path to glory, as an index of force of character or intellect, it is practically useless. The new nose is modest, retiring, seeketh not its own, is never puffed up. You would know it for a nose, certainly, but its ample and aristocratic proportions are wanting; it lacks a bridge, is spineless, immature, unfinished. Yet it is set in the faces of many eminent thinkers and workers among the younger men. It is already allied to keenness of vision and talent, and may or may not be associated with good birth and breeding. The query is—is it a new nose, or only one that has always been with us, but is now gradually supplanting the old one? Did the nose aquiline largely represent class, and does the phenomenon of the new semi-straight, semi-upturned nose represent the intrusion of money? Against this timid and, it may be, spurious generalization you may pit the workingman with the nose of a duke and the young colonial ruler with the unformed, delicate features of a school-girl. So we accept the fact that in our own day types are passing.

The English face is going. It has served its turn, perhaps. Infusion of American and Chinese blood will help to change it. The high-nosed country gentleman or landed noble, with beret or Viking blood in his veins, find that like Alick in the Wonderland, it takes all he can do to keep where he is, and the work entailed takes something, a good deal out of him. One thing goes, then, another; finally, he casts away his birthright, the arch, bridge of his nose, and his son and the younger members of his family appear shorn of that important feature. The plebeian nose, so long as it is neither pug nor pig, is safer, better. Men are not afraid of it. Syndicates and boards breathe more freely when the barriers of nose are broken down, and a good mediocrity of feature may yet avert a war or preserve a treaty. At all events, a study of our chief contemporaries will bear out a considerable portion of this reasoning. The beauties of society and the stage have a leaning to noses tipped like the petals of a flower, or to a nose which is a kind of modification of the Greek, frequently found among Americans. There is fast growing up a type of head, pleasant, firm, expressionless young faces, who bring their thick, straight dark hair and blue-grey eyes from the country to the town. They are forsaking the plow and the roadside school for the warehouse and the pestle and mortar. It is now openly reported of such that they would rather wear a black coat and starve than wear fustian and dawdle, to quote Thomas Hardy, but the stress of things drives them. The rural communities are dull; amusements are lacking; there seems nothing to live for outside work. Nature poets and wild animal delineators are not among these set, earnest, straight-featured faces. The former are more likely to be denizens of cities. Anyway, in this slightly dour American face you shall see few aquiline noses, and yet such is the danger of generalizing that no doubt the first people readers of this article may meet perusing it will be a group of students, none of whom has a set hair and eyes, and all of whom have Roman contours. Likewise, on opening the current number of a leading foreign journal, the long, high, prominent nasal organ of Sir Edward Elgar confronts us, whose peculiar cast of thought, confirms the impression that spirituality and fine artistic conception and power to achieve are still the dower of those possessing this fast disappearing feature.

TOLD BY COLOR.

Dr. Hooker's Experiments to Show Position by the X-Rays.

The London Lancet publishes a letter from Dr. Hooker on the results of three years' experiment on the Blomholt X-rays emitted by the human body. Dr. Hooker claims to have established the fact that these rays differ in color according to the character and temperament of a person, and also that the rays are not merely heat vibrations, as he proved by passing rays from his hand and to the forearm of a corpse to a prepared screen which immediately showed increased luminosity. In reference to the differing colors of the rays, Dr. Hooker says: "Rays emanating from a very passionate man have a deep red hue. One whose keynote in life is to be good and to do good throws off pink rays, an ambitious man emits orange rays; a deep thinker throws off deep violet rays; an art and refined surrounding, yellow, an anxious, depressed person, gray; one who leads a debased life, muddy; brown rays; a devotional, good-minded, light green, and physically or mentally ill person, dark green rays."

Dr. Hooker admits that his statement may be received at first with a smile of incredulity, but he is confident that it will sooner or later be accepted as a fact. He further claims to have proved that X-rays are not given by the human body but by objects which have been in contact therewith. He obtained this impression from a letter 30 years ago, which proved that the rays were radio-active and retain their power on the paper on which writing is made.

Lady Lansdowne's House.

Lady Lansdowne's House, at Derwent, at Lansdowne House and its departure therefrom for Bowood, all duly noted by the watchful time-keeper, made more suggestive reading than that official thought for, perhaps, remarks the Bowood Gazette. Derwent, away in Kerry, is suggestive of Fitzmaurice. Bowood takes one back to Charles II. and the Bridgeman who was then Sir Orlando, and who is now Bradford.

And Lansdowne House was Shelburne House, and would have been Bute House if the Duke who started building it had seen his way to finish it.

Bowood had, somehow, come to the Crown. The second Charles, who was a shrewd giver, and the gift, no doubt, had its consideration—to Sir Orlando. Sir Orlando would have gone through the Court in these days. As it was, his creditors sold Bowood to an Earl of Shelburne, of the first, or Petty, creation. The title became extinct in 1751, to be revived three years later in favor of Henry Petty's nephew. He married a Fitzmaurice, and was by and by first Marquis of Lansdowne.

It was he who acquired the then unfinished "palace," as Mr. Walpole presently called it, that filled a whole side of Berkeley square. And he got it at a bargain, one would say now. He paid \$22,000 for it as it stood, which was said to be \$2,000 less than it had already cost. Externally, he finished it as you see it to-day. The maker of Bowood was Tom Moore's great patron. It was at Bowood that Mr. Moore's cottage at Slapton was secured for him, and it was in the Bowood library that he spent so many morning hours, "futtering, a chartered libertine, from shell to shell."

An Archbishop's Joke.

The Right Rev. Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, more than held his own as a raconteur during his visit to Fernleigh Over, the country seat of Bishop Potter. This is one of his stories: "When I was a young man I once made an impassioned appeal to an Englishman of a foreign mission to an audience composed of my rural parishioners. The following week I was surprised on entering a provision shop in the village to be greeted with marked coolness by the worthy dame who kept it. On asking the reason of this strange treatment the good woman produced a half-crown from a drawer, and throwing it down, before me, said: 'I have snapped: I marked that half-crown, and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers would never get the money!'"

Easy Enough.

This was among the questions submitted by the civil service examiner: "What is a mirage?" And this was the answer given by the applicant for a position: "A mirage is the act of getting stuck in the mud."

Afflicted with Erysipelas For Ten Years.

Cured by Four Bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. N. Peister, of Brighton, Ont., was Cured Two Years Ago and Has Had No Return of It Since.

Read what she says:—"It is now about two years since I was cured of a terrible attack of Erysipelas, with which I had been afflicted for about ten years. I had tried almost everything, including medicine from several doctors, but could get no relief. I had given my case up as hopeless, but I procured four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it completely cured me. In fact, the cure has been permanent. It is now two years since I took Burdock Blood Bitters, and I have not had the slightest sign of the disease returning. I fully believe that your wonderful remedy has taken it so completely out of my system that I shall never be bothered again with it. I have the greatest of faith in Burdock Blood Bitters."

Reminders of the Moors.

Concerning the dwellings in the Argentine Republic a traveler writes: "Wherever there was a collection of houses I was greatly struck with the character of the architecture—like Arab or Moorish villages, one great wall without windows surrounding them. The country is very quiet now, safe enough for a very schoolgirl to travel by day or night—but still the peculiar architecture remains. At Negra Muerta, where we camped, there was only one large building, once the headquarters of the 'estanciero,' who owns hundreds of square leagues of the surrounding country, but now tenanted by his manager, a superior sort of half-breed Spanish Indian, with his family. There was the huge square outside wall without any windows of any kind, one arched doorway and the inside house or houses built against the outer wall and facing into a patio—a most Moorish looking place. Truly the occupation of Spain by the Moors has left its deep markings; they extended across to the new world, influencing today even the customs of the Indians of Spanish South America."

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Detroit Specialist Making Men's Diseases a Specialty for Years. Will Accept Your Case, Giving Individual Treatment You May Like It to Your Own Home.

You May Pay When You are Cured.

A Detroit Specialist in all men's diseases and venereal diseases, and who has a vast experience in treating diseases of men. He cures a great many so-called incurable cases.

DR. S. GOLDBERG.

The possessor of money that he does not care, who wants no money that he does not care, in order to convince patients that he has the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and you need not pay one penny until a complete cure has been made; he wants to hear from patients who have been unable to get cured, as he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney troubles, blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach trouble, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up; so he has made it a rule not to ask for money until he has cured you, and when you are cured, he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. Everyone who suffers to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him, which will receive careful attention, and a correct diagnosis will be made free of charge. If you have lost faith write him, as you have everything to gain and nothing to lose you must remember that one penny used be paid until you are cured. All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He will send a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely complimentary.

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A Royal Catnap.

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seemed very melancholy. The czar asked him what was the matter. "Oh, your majesty," said the man, "my wife is suffering the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out."

"If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it. Take me to her at once." When they arrived the woman declared that she was not suffering at all—there was nothing the matter with her. "That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suffering torture."

"Hold her head and hands," said the czar. "I will have it out in a moment." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, and profuse thanks from the husband. What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an unpleasant tooth in her head.

Old Time School Whipping.

Sir Sydney Waterlow, lord mayor of London, thus described to a London Express writer a "good, old fashioned thrashing" in school:

"My master at St. Saviour's grammar school, Southwark, at the foot of old London bridge, was a counterpart of the tyrant of Dotheboys Hall. "Finding that at the age of five years I had not made much progress in the proper comprehension of the four corners in Latin, he determined to give me a good birching." He was a most practiced hand with the rod and was four in the arm, with plenty of small, sharp bones on it. He never used the same one twice.

"The flat having gone forth, I was stripped to my bare back and made to kneel. The master then inflicted three strokes as hard as his strong arm enabled him to give, causing the blood to spurt all over my back. Many of the cones remained in my flesh for days."

Varied Mourning Colors.

The following are the various colors used for mourning in different countries, together with the reasons given for the selection: Black expresses privation of light, yellow, the sun and yellow leaf, Egypt and Burma; in Britain widows' caps among the peasants are yellow; purple and violet, to express royalty, mourning for the cardinals and kings of France; white is the mourning color for Turkey; violet, emblem of "white handed hope," China; deep blue, black mourning; the significance of this selection is not known; pale brown, the withered leaves, Persia; grayish brown, earth, Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

Obedient Orders Strictly.

The sentinels at Pompeii who died at their posts during the eruption because they had received no orders to leave them are held up as types of perfect obedience, but then the punishments in the Roman army were brutal, and they knew it. Different was the case of an individual who, being ordered to take a hot bath by his doctor, complied with the order and remained in it until the learned man paid his next visit. "The doctor exclaimed when he heard, 'Why, it is enough to kill you by paralyzing or chilling!'" "It was all your fault," said the doctor sulkily. "You only told me to get into a hot bath. You ought to have told me when to get out as well."

The Monks of Tibet.

A traveler in Tibet says that the peasant women of that country are cheery and, when washed, buxom and comely. The monks are the blot on the landscape. They bear no resemblance to the women of the country. One would think they belonged to a different type, and yet they are the sons and brothers of these women. The reason probably is the low, degraded life led by the ordinary monk, a life without interest, without work, devoid of any pursuit, intellectual or otherwise, and passed in the droning of chants and the performance of ritual, the meaning of which they neither know nor care about.

The Upper Amazon Basin.

The whole upper Amazon basin is subject to annual overflows which make it impossible to build homes on the rivers, as we are accustomed to do on our American rivers. There are only a few points in all the great stretch of river country that are above the flooding point, and these are commonly composed of rock or clay, quite unfit for cultivation.

City Visitor's Oversight.

Uncle Josh (after seeing urban guest take the train)—That fellow may know a heap about city etymology, but he wouldn't pass for no Cheshirefield in these parts. Uncle Lash—Wouldn't he? Uncle Josh—No, sir. Why, he stayed with me three days and never once proposed to go out and look at my haws.

How Hard Luck.

"I made an awful faux pas last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Did you?" replied her betress. "I've been wanting to make one for a long time, but I ain't been able to get a pattern. Whose did you have?"

Wholesale Rates.

Sammy (admiringly surveying his lately arrived twin sisters)—Did you get them cheaper by taking the two, papa?

Enthusiasts without capacity are the really dangerous people.—Schopenhauer.

REASON No 11.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE

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Because it is always fresh and sweet.

My teas are shipped to St. John direct from where they grow, instead of being imported from London, where teas often lie in warehouse for several months.

The sales of Red Rose Tea are so large that any one lot of tea seldom remains on hand more than a few weeks; fresh lots arrive by every steamer.

Then, in the grocery store, Red Rose Tea is never dead stock. Except where being first introduced, the demand is such that each shipment is sold in a very few weeks.

From start to finish, Red Rose Tea is handled so that the consumer is sure to get it while it is fresh and sweet.

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