

## In Fashion's Realm - - -

What effect the Queen's death is going to have so far as spring styles are concerned, is being asked in dame fashion's select circles. We all wish to do the proper thing, and would not for worlds show any feeling towards our late Sovereign, other than profound respect and sincere veneration. Does that mean our spring gowns must be sombre tinted? No, pretty maids and stately matrons your fears are unfounded. The styles for spring are not to be dominated by anything suggestive of the day of mourning, hence you will not be accused of high treason or disloyalty if you come out blooming in bright colors like the first robin. One reason is that the Queen being dead the multitude shout "long live the King,"—and the Queen Consort. It is questionable if in England there will be an exterior marks of mourning in other than court circles. Certainly there will be none in Canada, not that we are less loyal than His Majesty's subjects at the capital, but we follow New York styles much more closely than we do those of London. Paris sets the pace for the world, but it is a little too regal for most people to keep step to, so we follow afar off, more or less according to taste and station. The Londoners and the New Yorkers adopt the Paris creations for their own particular clientele, and our modistes swear by New York. The American styles suit Canadians much better than the English. With the latter quality takes a high place, but the make up is modest, and unpretentious. Fifteen pounds will be spent on a dress that worn here would look like a fifteen dollar outfit. We insist on having the style. We have the good material too if we can but in all events we must have the style.

Small and inconspicuous girdles have been the fashion, but with the advent of the spring, the well dressed set will have very pronounced adornments in the shape of broad soft ribbon puffed in big bows at the left side and finished with ribbon streamers of unusual length. As many as six yards of wide Liberty satin, panne faced or Louisiana ribbon is required in the belting and draping of some of the early muslins and foulards, and while the popularity of ribbon girdles has returned, the vogue of the fancy buckle and jeweled tags or points has not waned in the least. Nine in ten of the streamers that float from a fanciful belt are terminated in dull gold points from three to five inches long, and it is the fashion to slip over the ribbon a couple of gold balls or rings above the point, and also to sometimes split the end of a wide ribbon and adjust two crystal points tipped with gold.

Incrustations on dresses composed of piece dyed silk velvet, of large floral motives, cut out in chintz, are the latest Parisian production in the nature of trimmings. Two robes of this kind were noted at a select gathering in the French capital. One was of puce colored velvet, having at hem a broad incrustated garland of tea roses and foliage, and the other was of dark blue velvet and had on each gore spiral motives of the same description, the flowers in this case being orchids of mauve and yellow. They were cut out from ordinary chintz, but the manufacturers have now reached such a degree of perfection in these fabrics, that they may be said to rival the richest silks.

Silk velvet is very popular for walking and visiting toilettes.

Tea gowns have come to be such an important element in the fashionable woman's outfit, that no feminine wardrobe is at present complete without two or three well selected garments of this type.

The proper tea gown for 1901 is a beautiful and striking creation, quite a few removes from the negligee or lounging wrappers once recognized under that name. For the ultra smart, pure white tea gowns are the best form and these of popular woolen materials with gold and silver trimmings become very elegant and costly affairs. Many of the smartest gowns are almost fitted into the figure by bolero, or half bodices of rich heavy lace, while the broad, flat, plaited skirt is peculiarly adapted to giving the necessary graceful finish. Tea gowns are lined with silk throughout, making the possibilities of the spring tea gown unlimited.

The Princess skirt is destined to play an important part in the styles for the coming seasons. The feature of this garment is that it has no waist band at all. It does not in fact end at the waist line, but continues well up over the figure extending quite to the bust. The woman who wears such a



An early spring gown of medium grey and green Bolton Shetland, trimmed with stitched bands of smooth faced green cloth. The vest and underskirt are of black cloth. The buttons are gun metal with silver rims. The hat is of green satin trimmed with green and white scarf, gilt buckle and green silk rose.

garment successfully must be fairly long waisted, only moderately stout and have low, graceful hips. Providing the wearer complies with these specifications she will appear to advantage in the Princess skirt. It is an evolution of the Empire styles and combines grace and utility. Only soft clinging materials can be successfully worked up in its construction. The boning is a matter of the first importance and should extend about three inches below the waist.

It will not be a success as a ready made garment, hence is a good style for the dressmakers.

A smart gown for early spring wear is made of a very beautiful shade of Russian blue faced cloth with a Louis Seize coat-bodice, with revers and cuffs faced with biscuit-colored cloth worked with brown and gold braid. The waist coat-front laps a little to one side fastening with three brilliant buttons over an inner vest of cream satin, thickly braided with gold, this showing merely as a chemise. Accordion-pleated, cream-colored mousseline de soie, forms a jabot under the chin, and the gold braiding gleams softly through the meshes of the silk muslin.

The proper tea gown for 1901 is a beautiful and striking creation, quite a few removes from the negligee or lounging wrappers once recognized under that name. For the ultra smart, pure white tea gowns are the best form and these of popular woolen materials with gold and silver trimmings become very elegant and costly affairs. Many of the smartest gowns are almost fitted into the figure by bolero, or half bodices of rich heavy lace, while the broad, flat, plaited skirt is peculiarly adapted to giving the necessary graceful finish. Tea gowns are lined with silk throughout, making the possibilities of the spring tea gown unlimited.



The above illustration shows a stylish bodice made of plain cloth, cashmere, serge or silk. It can be made from four yards of 22 inch silk and 23-4 yards of insertion.

## ASSAULTING THE BEES.

Exciting Experience of a Man in India With Swarms of Bees.

A writer in *Badminton* says that in India, about eight miles from the town of Jabalpur, is a place called The Bee from the fact that swarms of the insects live there and defend their holding against the world. Shocking are the tragedies which have resulted from invasion of the spot. Some men who had unwittingly disturbed the bees were set upon by stinging millions, and plunged into the water. By every time they showed their heads above water, the insects settled upon them in clouds, and they these drowning to a more hideous death. Deer, pigs and even the lordly tiger, have paid the same penalty for their indiscretion. Says the Englishman who describes the spot: "I determined to invade the home of the bees, and I began by designing a suit of defensive armor. It was a sort of overall suit, tied round the neck with tape, a bee veil to be tucked into the garment, riding-boots, gauntlets and two pairs of gloves. Into this suit I was sewn by the tailor, so that there should be no chink or crevice.

Abram, a native, and I, armored and carrying a bucket and two coils of rope, were to climb up to the back of the hills so as to get above the bees, and Percy, who was in charge of the boat, ascended the rocks. He went to the bank of the river, which was under the point of attack, and made his boat fast.

Abram and I climbed to a well-considered height, and then I left him and crawled cautiously forward. I could hear a sort of all-pervading hum, dominating even the roar of the water beneath, and my nostrils were filled with that sweet smell which is made up of honey, wax and bee.

I decided that the point of attack was about a hundred yards farther on; so I returned for Abram, and together we made our way there. The cliff was sheer, and even overhanging.

A DENSE MASS  
of bees and comb lay about fifty feet below me, and fifty feet below that were the boat and my faithful ally.

I put one end of the rope round a tree growing at the edge of the cliff, gave the other end to Abram and went over. I found I should have to get a swing to reach the ledge on which I meant to stand. Hanging down on this ledge from above was ten or fifteen feet of comb.

I reached the rock with my hand, gave a push, swung out, then in again, struck in the middle of the comb, and gained my feet with a scramble.

The bees were upon me. The air reeked with that curious acrid smell familiar to those who have been stung. The noise of the water below was drowned by the hiss of the angry bees. I was completely blinded, for they had swarmed over my veil, blocking out the light. When I touched my body it seemed to me, through my glove, that I was covered by thick, soft fur, all bees.

For a few moments I was stupefied, frightened. Then I realized that my armor was trustworthy, and that I was safe. Abram lowered the bucket, and blindly I felt about for the comb, and as well as I could, scraped it into the bucket. I lowered it to Percy and shouted to Abram to lower me. He told me afterward that he could not see me. In the place where he knew I must be was nothing but a brown, whirling mass.

I swung out into the dark, bumping as I went. At last a man clutched me, and I knew I was at the bottom. I brushed the bees from my veil, and through a driving mist of them saw a cluster of other bees in the shape of a man. This was Percy.

We cut ourselves adrift and rowed to a convenient place, where we made for the shore. There, five miles away, we made a sulphur smoke and were freed from the last of our enemies.

Our dresses had held, none of us were stung and we had just fifteen pounds of honey. For that three of us, for six hours, had held our lives in our hands.

This shows a very neat black tucked-taffeta waist, with vest and undersleeves of white tuck-ed silk Persian trimming effect.



This shows a very neat black tucked-taffeta waist, with vest and undersleeves of white tuck-ed silk Persian trimming effect.

## Faithful Shepherd Dogs.

A cold spell in Montana killed a sheep herder in the Great Falls district. Two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero.

The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these staid with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained, but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well apparently as though directed by human agency. The singular fact about the matter is that these faithful creatures would have starved to death rather than harm one of the sheep left in their charge.

## ASSAULTING THE BEES.

Exciting Experience of a Man in India With Swarms of Bees.

A writer in *Badminton* says that in India, about eight miles from the town of Jabalpur, is a place called The Bee from the fact that swarms of the insects live there and defend their holding against the world. Shocking are the tragedies which have resulted from invasion of the spot. Some men who had unwittingly disturbed the bees were set upon by stinging millions, and plunged into the water. By every time they showed their heads above water, the insects settled upon them in clouds, and they these drowning to a more hideous death. Deer, pigs and even the lordly tiger, have paid the same penalty for their indiscretion. Says the Englishman who describes the spot: "I determined to invade the home of the bees, and I began by designing a suit of defensive armor. It was a sort of overall suit, tied round the neck with tape, a bee veil to be tucked into the garment, riding-boots, gauntlets and two pairs of gloves. Into this suit I was sewn by the tailor, so that there should be no chink or crevice.

Abram, a native, and I, armored and carrying a bucket and two coils of rope, were to climb up to the back of the hills so as to get above the bees, and Percy, who was in charge of the boat, ascended the rocks. He went to the bank of the river, which was under the point of attack, and made his boat fast.

Abram and I climbed to a well-considered height, and then I left him and crawled cautiously forward. I could hear a sort of all-pervading hum, dominating even the roar of the water beneath, and my nostrils were filled with that sweet smell which is made up of honey, wax and bee.

I decided that the point of attack was about a hundred yards farther on; so I returned for Abram, and together we made our way there. The cliff was sheer, and even overhanging.

A DENSE MASS  
of bees and comb lay about fifty feet below me, and fifty feet below that were the boat and my faithful ally.

I put one end of the rope round a tree growing at the edge of the cliff, gave the other end to Abram and went over. I found I should have to get a swing to reach the ledge on which I meant to stand. Hanging down on this ledge from above was ten or fifteen feet of comb.

I reached the rock with my hand, gave a push, swung out, then in again, struck in the middle of the comb, and gained my feet with a scramble.

The bees were upon me. The air reeked with that curious acrid smell familiar to those who have been stung. The noise of the water below was drowned by the hiss of the angry bees. I was completely blinded, for they had swarmed over my veil, blocking out the light. When I touched my body it seemed to me, through my glove, that I was covered by thick, soft fur, all bees.

For a few moments I was stupefied, frightened. Then I realized that my armor was trustworthy, and that I was safe. Abram lowered the bucket, and blindly I felt about for the comb, and as well as I could, scraped it into the bucket. I lowered it to Percy and shouted to Abram to lower me. He told me afterward that he could not see me. In the place where he knew I must be was nothing but a brown, whirling mass.

I swung out into the dark, bumping as I went. At last a man clutched me, and I knew I was at the bottom. I brushed the bees from my veil, and through a driving mist of them saw a cluster of other bees in the shape of a man. This was Percy.

We cut ourselves adrift and rowed to a convenient place, where we made for the shore. There, five miles away, we made a sulphur smoke and were freed from the last of our enemies.

Our dresses had held, none of us were stung and we had just fifteen pounds of honey. For that three of us, for six hours, had held our lives in our hands.

## THE CAUSE OF SIGHING.

Sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequently worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the organism, to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen. The remedy is of course to cease worrying.

STILL A SUFFERER.  
Parke—Come home and take dinner with me.  
Lane—But your wife doesn't expect me, does she?  
Parke—What of that? I can smooth it over with her later.  
Lane, grimly—Maybe you can. But that doesn't make it any better for me.

## ASSAULTING THE BEES.

Exciting Experience of a Man in India With Swarms of Bees.

A writer in *Badminton* says that in India, about eight miles from the town of Jabalpur, is a place called The Bee from the fact that swarms of the insects live there and defend their holding against the world. Shocking are the tragedies which have resulted from invasion of the spot. Some men who had unwittingly disturbed the bees were set upon by stinging millions, and plunged into the water. By every time they showed their heads above water, the insects settled upon them in clouds, and they these drowning to a more hideous death. Deer, pigs and even the lordly tiger, have paid the same penalty for their indiscretion. Says the Englishman who describes the spot: "I determined to invade the home of the bees, and I began by designing a suit of defensive armor. It was a sort of overall suit, tied round the neck with tape, a bee veil to be tucked into the garment, riding-boots, gauntlets and two pairs of gloves. Into this suit I was sewn by the tailor, so that there should be no chink or crevice.

Abram, a native, and I, armored and carrying a bucket and two coils of rope, were to climb up to the back of the hills so as to get above the bees, and Percy, who was in charge of the boat, ascended the rocks. He went to the bank of the river, which was under the point of attack, and made his boat fast.

Abram and I climbed to a well-considered height, and then I left him and crawled cautiously forward. I could hear a sort of all-pervading hum, dominating even the roar of the water beneath, and my nostrils were filled with that sweet smell which is made up of honey, wax and bee.

I decided that the point of attack was about a hundred yards farther on; so I returned for Abram, and together we made our way there. The cliff was sheer, and even overhanging.

A DENSE MASS  
of bees and comb lay about fifty feet below me, and fifty feet below that were the boat and my faithful ally.

I put one end of the rope round a tree growing at the edge of the cliff, gave the other end to Abram and went over. I found I should have to get a swing to reach the ledge on which I meant to stand. Hanging down on this ledge from above was ten or fifteen feet of comb.

I reached the rock with my hand, gave a push, swung out, then in again, struck in the middle of the comb, and gained my feet with a scramble.

The bees were upon me. The air reeked with that curious acrid smell familiar to those who have been stung. The noise of the water below was drowned by the hiss of the angry bees. I was completely blinded, for they had swarmed over my veil, blocking out the light. When I touched my body it seemed to me, through my glove, that I was covered by thick, soft fur, all bees.

For a few moments I was stupefied, frightened. Then I realized that my armor was trustworthy, and that I was safe. Abram lowered the bucket, and blindly I felt about for the comb, and as well as I could, scraped it into the bucket. I lowered it to Percy and shouted to Abram to lower me. He told me afterward that he could not see me. In the place where he knew I must be was nothing but a brown, whirling mass.

I swung out into the dark, bumping as I went. At last a man clutched me, and I knew I was at the bottom. I brushed the bees from my veil, and through a driving mist of them saw a cluster of other bees in the shape of a man. This was Percy.

We cut ourselves adrift and rowed to a convenient place, where we made for the shore. There, five miles away, we made a sulphur smoke and were freed from the last of our enemies.

Our dresses had held, none of us were stung and we had just fifteen pounds of honey. For that three of us, for six hours, had held our lives in our hands.

## BEARDS UNHEALTHY.

London Medical Times Says They Are Unsanitary.

The last number of the *London Medical Times* contains the following attack on the custom of wearing beards: "Scarcely under the form of heavy mustaches shading the lips can it invoke services by hindering the introduction into the lungs of too cold air; and yet it should not pride itself too much on this. In return for less than the greatest neatness, it is filthy, and physiologically it is a net of microbes. It is evident that the inspiration of the air tends to accumulate dust there as it does in a broom. The least trace of foods, liquids or solids, soils it and makes it an object of disgust; odors, good or bad, choose a dwelling place there, and, finally, laziness about shaving is the only argument to put forth by those who praise it. From a bacteriological point of view it is almost unlikely the receptacle of dangerous microbes to which it serves at the same time for a habitation and a vehicle. Let us have the courage then, to declare that we can not understand how any one can persist in this, least of all the physician or the soldier, two existences everywhere comparable by their forced contact with promiscuous people. The absurd prejudice still remains that the development of the hairy system coincides with that of strength. In this case we refer the fanatics of the beard to Antomarche, who made the autopsy of Napoleon. The conqueror of Wagram had not a hair on his breast. He did not have besides, one on his hand."

## THE TRAVELS OF AN EYELID.

The many thousands of miles which a man unconsciously travels in his lifetime, taking into consideration the paces his footsteps measure as he walks about each day, are enough to make him sit down to rest for the remainder of his life.

But now a German scientist has come forward with some still more startling facts concerning the journeys which our eyelid undertakes every time it winks, and it is not possible for us to see, he says, unless we wink. Unconsciously we wink once a second, so that for the time we are awake during the day we voluntarily wink from 48,000 to 50,000 times and in a year have moved our eyelids down and up again no less than 18,250,000 times. The distance that the eyelid travels in its great speed is measured from a single involuntary wink.

This, the scientist says, is a quarter of an inch both ways, the eyelid moving equally up and down, so that, taking the movement of both eyelids into consideration, they cover some 50,000 inches in a day. The eyelids of a man who has lived for 50 years will have unconsciously traveled a third of the way around the earth, or about 7,200 miles, a calculation sufficient in itself to cause the victim of insomnia to fall into a dreamless sleep as he reads it.—*London Mail.*

## A DEAD FACE IN THE WINDOW.

Crockford, the proprietor of a well-known London gambling house, was made to play a queer role after he was dead. When one of Crockford's horses was poisoned just before the Derby, the misfortune brought on an attack of apoplexy, which proved fatal within 48 hours. Now, many of Crockford's friends had staked large sums on another of the gambler's horses, which was a favorite for the Oaks and which was disqualified by the death of the owner. Only the people in the gambling house knew of Crockford's death, and it was resolved to keep it a secret until after the race.

The servants were bribed and sworn to secrecy, and the conspirators on the day after the night upon which Crockford died had the body placed in a chair at a window, so that people returning from the track could see the gambler sitting there. He was fixed up to look as lifelike as possible and through the window and partially concealed from view by the curtains looked so natural that no one of the great crowd which came cheering by the house when on their return from seeing Crockford's horse win the Oaks suspected the trick.

The next day it was announced that Crockford was dead, but it was years before the true story leaked out.

## CONSIDERED AS REAL ESTATE.

How do I know, demanded the woman when he had asked for charity, that you're not a thievish vagabond instead of a poor man out of work? How do I know you've got a clear title even to those old dirty clothes you have on?

Ma'am, mournfully asked Tuffold Knutt, don't these clothes look as if I'd had 21 years' undisputed possession of 'em?

## COULDN'T SHINE IN FICTION.

Blobbs—Youngpop is altogether lacking in imagination.  
Slobbs—Why do you say that?  
Blobbs—I've never heard him get off any of the bright sayings of his children.

## A CORRECTION.

Gils—I don't see why they say bread and cheese and kisse; it ought to be kisse and bread and cheese.  
Willets—Why?  
Gils—So as to get the kisse as far away from the cheese as possible.

## MEN AS THEY PASS.

Lord Roberts has entered upon the sixtieth year of his military service. Andrew D. White, the United States ambassador, has been elected a member of the Berlin Academy of Science. Besides Hiram Maxim the only two Americans to be knighted by an English monarch were Sir Curtis Lampon and Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett.

Congressman John Sharp Williams of Yazoo, Miss., was a classmate at Heidelberg of the present emperor of Germany. The two were friends, and Mr. Williams is still an admirer of the kaiser.

General William Gaston Lewis, who died at his home in Goldsboro, N. C., the other day at the age of 63, was one of the four surviving ex-Confederate brigadier generals in North Carolina.

An elk preserve has been established at Jackson's Hole, Wyo., by M. V. Gilsner, who fears that the elk will share the fate of the buffalo. He now has a herd of 10, having started four years ago with half a dozen.

Delegate Wilcox of Hawaii naturally has the distinction of drawing the largest amount of money which congress allows for mileage. The law allows 10 cents a mile. So Mr. Wilcox gets over \$1,000 for his round trip.

Robert Gearhart, who is 84 years old, recently walked from his home in Brush Creek township to McConnellsville, Pa., and back, making a round trip of 52 miles. He is the father of 28 children and has never seen ill in his life.

Alson S. Sherman, who was the third mayor of Chicago, is still living at the age of 63. He was born in Vermont. His present home is in Waukegan, Ill., and he seldom visits Chicago. He moved out of Chicago before the big fire.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, our new minister to Switzerland, is a graduate of West Point. He served in the Third artillery, traveled much, studied in France, was professor of civil engineering and mathematics at Iowa college and Dartmouth and wrote several successful novels and textbooks.

The new Persian minister, Isaac Khan Morakhomeh Douley, wears European dress and talks fluently in French, although he knows but little English. He is applying himself with great industry to the task of learning the language and hopes to be able to make himself understood before the end of the winter. General Khan is a handsome man of stalwart physique and a face that indicates strong character.

It is a remarkable coincidence that John M. Francis, the founder of the *Try Times*, should have held the same office which his son has now been called to fill. The senior Francis was made minister to Greece by President Grant in 1871 and held the office for three years, resigning in order to return to active journalistic work. The son, succeeding the father as editor and proprietor of the *Times*, is now chosen to occupy the same post.

## THE ROYAL BOX.

Ex-Queen Isabella does not approve of the engagement of her granddaughter, the Princess of Asturias, to the Duke of Calabria. The duke's father, the Count of Caserta, is an exile from Spain because of royalist conspiracies in which he was engaged.

The Prince of Wales' greatest yacht racing rival is the Kaiser, a most generous supporter of British pleasure craft sailing. As head of the Royal Yacht Squadron the prince holds precedence to the German emperor—the only living man that does so.

The King of Greece, who was 55 years old on Dec. 24, has reigned longer than his father, the aged king of Denmark. It was on March 30, 1833, that he succeeded to the throne, having been proclaimed king by the Greek national assembly, while King Christian did not ascend the throne of Denmark until the middle of the November following.

Many of the proposals made by the shah of Persia last summer in Europe, as well as some of the presents made to him, went to the bottom of the Caspian sea by the sinking of the steamship *Vera* in a storm. Among them were the 18 carriages bought in Paris. There is no chance of recovering anything, as the *Vera* went down in 500 fathoms.

## TOWN TOPICS.

Constant digging is the only thing that will insure clean streets in Cleveland. Things get dirty here much sooner than in most other cities.—*Cleveland Leader.*

It has reached the point where unless the better elements in St. Louis hang together they are in danger of that dire calamity of "hanging apart."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Suburban railway lines in Sweden have to provide a special car for intoxicated persons. Why don't Boston's no license suburbs demand similar accommodations?—*Boston Globe.*

Baltimore may be called too conservatively by other more lively communities, but then, it is happily free from their financial storms, which may even things a little. And, if it is a trifle slower, it has more reserve power in its monetary nerves, which counts for much more in the long run.

## ANIMAL LIFE.

A small, stingless bee is found in some parts of Mexico. Its honey is slightly tart and is more esteemed than the sweet honey of other bees.

A shepherd of New South Wales has tried dentistry for sheep with great success. He had a valuable ram which found great difficulty in masticating its food owing to the loss of teeth. Artificial teeth were inserted.

The ornithologists of Great Britain and America have just finished a spirited discussion, which has lasted for more than a year, as to which is the largest bird that flies. The prize has been awarded to an American bird, the great condor of the Andes. The second prize has been given to the fierce harpy eagle of the Philippines.

## POWDER AND BALL.

The British cruiser *Terrible* established an exceptional record at the recent prize firing by its crew with the O. J. inch guns. Eighty hits were scored out of 104 rounds fired.

Another new rifle has been invented, this time in Sweden, and England has placed orders for some samples. It is an automatic contrivance, which is said to mean a revolution of the whole system of rifle shooting. Germany has some great gun works, which Sweden has the new invention fitted to them.

## Back

## No More Back Troubles

Read the statements of the able citizen, and if you pain go at once to get a box of Dr. There need be no doubt for all forms of kidney trouble.

Read the statements of the able citizen, and if you pain go at once to get a box of Dr. There need be no doubt for all forms of kidney trouble.

Read the statements of the able citizen, and if you pain go at once to get a box of Dr. There need be no doubt for all forms of kidney trouble.

254 C

Dr. Arnold's Tonic is an earth that causes the germs that cause kidney troubles to die at 75° below zero.

When we were first half the closet. Yes, I ought to keep my coat on to the hall banister.

## Warts Ah!

Why do you hang know how to cure the Painless Corn Extract short order—you just druggist has it all right.

Suicides pay Nags, at least. Who jump over are always well dressed.

## Neuralgia

Have you neuralgia relief? Do not be sure you. Five time power than any other more penetrating, it cannot exist if Nervine toothache in one minute a night. Its action is pain external borders. Thousands have testified longer; use Nervine, where sell it.

Sold by J. E. Richards

I am writing a letter friend on his engagement his bachelor partner: appropriate quotation Yes. What is it? F single far to tread.

## Could Scare

Mr. George Thompson of Blenheim, Ont., states with trepidation for five times they were so bold.

I tried a great never found anything Ointment. After the obtained relief, and was by one box." Ask you Dr. Chase's Ointment cure for piles.

Might I ask what prefer? Inquired the 37 And the old man replied school. The small better it suits me.

## The D. & L. M.

most largely sold in Canada and all muscular pains to it. Each plaster in a box.

Joe always did have has happened now? He got that free funeral of taking firm.

## CASTO

For Infants and

The Van Swoell are they not? Yes, indeed, their name copyrighted.

A Horrible O