LIVING IN HIS WIFE'S TOMB; VOWS HE WILL NOT LEAVE HER

New York Man Has Spent Ten Years In the Gruesome Lodging-Place-Fitted It Up With Reminders of Former Home -His Own Casket Ready for Him.

side of his dying wife, poor old Jona- not that I am keeping my vigil I canthan Reed sat silently and wept. It had been a hard fight with the grim monster, but death had won, and now and winter. the lonely heart, after many a year of through all the seasons, Reed may close companionship with the chosen have been found at the Reed vault in sharer of his joys and sorrows must | she was dead. Her poor emaciated reaches down to a peaceful little lake face rested on the crumpled plinow, the rays of a flickering lamp darting knoll facing the lake. now and then over the rigid features, while the cold wind howled aroundand through the cracks of the strange ramshackle old buildings on the outskirts of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On a table near the bed stood a few rather than in elaborate decoration glasses, some water, and several small vials, the contents of which had been front side as the chief feature of ornaused as elements in the great last battle. And beside the table stood the doctor, his head bowed in sympathy with the one who had been left behind; a mute though forceful witness to the folly of resistance against the will of him who calls his people home For more than 40 days and nights had this grim man of science fought to lead his patient away from the valley of the shadow, but his fight was unavailing; gradually she sank until with arms unlifted in a mute apand into the great beyond.

A POUBLE DEATH. Not a night had her husband slept. not a moment had he left her side. He saw her failing day by day: he watched her life and with her life his fondest hope wasted bit by bit, and when the final crash arrived he stood beside his dear one, dazed, helpless, the very embodiment of agony, until kind tears fell to his cheeks and helped him wash away his deeply rooted sorrow.

Then came the undertaker with his business-like air - the flowers - the usual letters of sympathy, the watch by the side of the poor, inanimate form of clay; and then the rumbling hearse, the curious crowd outside, and last the slow march to the final earthly resting place. Through all this struck down hard and deep. He followed the hearse alone, and then back through the sleet and wind he went to settle up his earthly affairs. The doctor must be paid, the household bills settled. This done a silent, though determined farewell to this little world ily, as he watched two yellow butterflies armed, must be taken-for when Jonathan fluttering above a bed of bachelor but- marque, acting in concert with the suwas a double death; her husband had sworn he would never leave her. And

LIVED IN A TOMB. The deathbed scene was enacted ten years ago. Today in a vault in Everthree score years and ten, his snowy living. beard falling on a sunken chest, his eyes fixed upon the face of one he loved. He is Jonathan Reed, who has lived ten years in the grave of his

long loved life partner. Must companionship cease when one is taken and the other left? Does the fire of youthful love die when the sands of life run low? Mute and inanimate though the dead may be, and left alone? Reed's life in his homelike vault in Evergreen where Mary sleeps is his answer to such

'I told her I would never leave her that it would be her and her only. forever, and thus far I have kept my word," he said the other day in voice of emotion. And he gazed retrospectively across the shimmering little lake nearby, while the weening willow swished their long branches in the water with a "Yes, yes!" as if in con-

Forty-five years ago Jonathan Reed and Mary Guild were united in wed-"What God has joined together, let no man put asunder," said the clergyman, but there was no need of the warning in their case.

It was a case of proper mating; mating that did not and at the grave when one was taken away. It is an example that would sive divorce its death blow, were it taken seriously by those tugging to break the oppressive chains of matrimony. chains of matrimony.

PROMISE TO HIS WIFF. There were 35 years of happy wedded

"It is a singular thing that my wife should have been so beautiful," said panel, the old lover, in speaking of his married life. "She was beautiful in all things. Lovely, loving and lovable. She was my inspiration and guide. I was successful in business and in many other things, and it was all due to her. So why shouldn't I remain devoted to

Then, as told, death came one day, and menacingly hovered over the home. "You must go," said the agonized husband. "You will die and the world will be changed for me. Yet the remainder of my life shall be devoted

thing that I consider beautiful to your

"And because there had never been any confidences withheld from each other, I told her of my plans to do just what I am doing now: that I would the place that would in the pl build a beautiful tomb and sit by her ing uncanny about the place that would

After a long-kept vigil at the bed- side every day. Whether she knows or not say, but I believe she does."

A BEAUTIFUL SPOT. For ten years and more, summe fair weather and stormy, Whispering Grove of Evergreen. A more beautiful spot for a final face the world alone. All was over; home could scarcely be found. A knoll

> bordered by trailing wilows and shrub-bery. The vault is on the side of the Evidences there are a plenty of Mr. Reed's declaration that he would ever something which he considered beautiful to his wife's memory. The vault itself is a handsome one, handsome in its simplicity of architecture

It is of goodly proportions, with a

huge polished globe surmounting its

mentation. Beautification has been left for the husband to perform with his own hands. On the roof of the vault at the side and in great urns in front, are Flowers everywhere, and of the sort that she loved.

BITS OF THE OLD HOME. A landscape gardener might not quite approve the intermixing of sunflowers, phlox, asters, hen-and-chickens and such homely old garden flowers with ivy and myrtle for cemepeal to the one man on all Cod's earth tery decoration, but to Mr. Reed they she loved, she fell back on her pillow, are more beautiful than shoicer blossoms would be, for the reason that they were the kind of flowers that graced the dooryard of the home where he lived so many years with the one he

Bits of the old home also are in evidence as ornaments. Here and there may be seen white door knobs tracing a pretty border around a flower box, a pan or kettle that had been used by the mistress in the performance of domestic duties, continue to serve her at her grave in the form of receptacles for flower beds. Other addities, usually foreign to a cemetery are noticeable, all of which the cemetery authorities indulgently permit out of respect to the devotion which Mr. Reed is bestowing on the wife to whom he devoted his

aged man—then past 60—set firm his flowers, the enclosure before the vault where there are several iron benches to HOOD, Everything is well kept. Grass, Punch. accompdate visitors, everything is inmaculately neat, showing much attention bestowed upon the place by its (Adapted with grateful acknowledg-

owner and keeper. MR. REED'S PHILOSOPHY. "Sentiment," said the old man, dream-

tons, "this is all sentiment, I admit. But preme authority of the country, the oblife while she was living was a sentiment, and I am not going to break it now. I am going to keep it the same as when she was alive. It is to be her and cause goose-flesh to creep up the spinal her only in this life that I am pegging green Cemetery may be seen an aged out. My remaining by her side after man, now fast reaching the allotted death is only what I would do were she

living.

"Our devotion never lessened during all the thirty-five years that we were mar
"Is only what I would do were she but both are covered with draperles that once served as portierres in the home. A table and chair are at one end of the vault, the table piled high with an endried. Not a moment of her life was the thought ever absent from her that I was glass globe. Tidies, cushions and fancy devoted to her: not a moment of my life work fashioned by feminine fingers, pindevoted to her; not a moment of my life shall that devotion be lessened. "As to the future, all I ask for, all I pray for, is to let me go to where she is. I want only to be placed after death as

and content I want to be there. If she is on the side of perdition, then there would I go also.

Which is a brass canary birdcage, in which is a stuffed parrot. Small quarters, but the parrot, like its dead mistress, needs not much room.

glory and perpetual bliss. I pray, 'Take me to my wife.' Whether there is a life in good condition. There are a rake, a for perhaps five minutes, when the perhaps five minutes, when the should be specified as a regular properties. not ask to be taken to perpetual beyond or whether there is not: If we shovel, a spade, sprinkling can and similize or if we never wake to another life, lar utensils. On a shelf is a pail of

live or if we never wake to another life, I want to be as she is. To be with and to be like my Mary.

"Communication from the dead? In all my vigil, both outside and inside this vault, I have never had any communication from my wife. If such superhuman phenomena exists it has not been my expensed by the property of t

phenomena exists it has not been my experience to witness any.

"It would be a greater pleasure to me if to the tomb, which bears the perforated card-board motto hanging above the archway to the tomb, which bears the amiliar old I could have my dead wife with me in my appeal, "God Bless Our Home." house. What would be the harm, since the casket is hermetically sealed? But the board of health will not allow it. I could take her and have her cremated. and then have the ashes r'aced in an urn which I could have in my house, but I connot bring myself to do that, for then lain in her casket." Here the old man pushed away a heavy drapery from the metal casket resting on a tiled dais, and gazed fondly upon the face of the dead back of the thick glass

murmuring endearing words the HIS OWN COFFIN READY. "Besides," he continued, "I'm getting

"Besides," he continued, "I'm getting old, and I shall soon be here, too," and, raising another drapery, disclosed on another dais opposite his wife's casket, one identical with the one in which the remains of Mrs. Reed reposed. "This is waiting for me, all ready, so that even in death there is no possibility of separating us ating us. "This vault is the dearest spot on earth to me. It is more like home than any other place, and I feel that I could not have carried out my plans any better than I have done. Look around and you

to you.

"I will be always by your side. I will keep you from the mud and from the clay. I will always be doing something that I consider beautiful to your mains, another hand may rest upon a

THE LATEST CHAMBERLAIN CARTOONS.



St. Paul Pioneer Press. THE WILLIAM TELL OF BRITISH POLITICS.

Or, "The Privateersman Ashore."

ments from the picture by Mr.

Howard Pyle, U. S. A.)

ject generally being to annoy the com-merce of a hostile nation."—See Dic-

columns of the superstitious or nervous.

HAS BIRD AND CAGE.

Each casket is handsome and costly

less array of household goods. Books, vases, a bunch of wax flowers under a

cushions, photographs, pictures are here, there, everywhere within the little room.

needs not much room.

In one corner are piled the garden implements used by Mr. Reed in keeping the

"TO LOVE AND CHERISH."

Thus, day after day, year after year, Jonathan Reed is fulfilling his promise to "love and to cherish." In the distance from the door of his vault he can see the

great city of New York and imagine its teeming life, its joys, its sorrows, its music, its lights and darkness. The joy

of his life now is its memories; its music the chirp of the crickets, the twitter of

the birds and the tolling of the graveyard

"It isn't lonesome, though," he said,

"nor am I at odds with the spirits of my environments. I have all those thirty-

five years to dream over. Those were the years I had something to idealize, some-

thing to lavish affection upon, and that is the best in life, after all. Thinking

more of someone else than one's self lifts one out of himself. To bestow kind

words, tenderness and goods deeds upon

her was all I wanted, and it did me more

good for my wife to have my money, my

care and all that I had than to enjoy it alone. The only thing I have to regret is

that she did not live longer so that I

"Divorce? It is all due to mis-mating

Hammer Made of Water.

Take a small stoppered flask and fill it

three parts full of water. Then, with the

stopper out, set it upon the fire in a

saucepan of salt water. Salt water boils at 109 degrees, and you will thus obtain

enough heat to cause the water in the

flask to boil. As soon as the escaping

vapor has driven out the air remove it from the saucepan, cork it quickly and

by means of sealing wax prevent the risk of any air re-entering. The vapor

of water contained in the flask will con-

dense as it cools down, and thus produce

a vacuum sufficient to exemplify the so-

called water hammer. Gently turn your

magic flask upside down and then upend

it quickly, or else shake it briskly to and

fro. In either event you will observe

that the water will strike the side or bottom of the flask as though it were one

solid mass, making a noise as though a

hammer had struck it. The reason of this is that the water is now no longer

divided into isolated drops, as it would

be if open to the air, but behaves ex-

actly as though it were a solid body. Our

apparatus also serves for another ex-

periment. You can succeed in making the water in the flask boil by simply

In order to do this place the bottle in

the saucepan of boiling water once more,

the saucepan of boiling water once more, this time without taking out the stopper. Remove it now and allow the ebullition to cease. After a little while apply a lump of ice to the upper part of the flask, and you will see the water begin to boil again quite furiously, although by this time it may be little more than tepid.—

blowing on it.

New York Herald.

could have done more for her.

"Privateer, n.-A private craft, fully

cruising under letters of

Chamberlain-If you don't believe it, look in the mirror. 150 REPORTERS

FOLLOW "JOE"

Detroit News.

How Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow Speech Reached the Papers.

Wonderful System - Shorthand and Rapid Telegraphy Do It.

After Chamberlain made his celebrated Glasgow speech, the London Daily Mail devoted some space in describing how it had been reported, transmitted and published. The story Minneapolis Journal. When the British public opened its

THE ENGLISH JONAH.

ends under a clip, and turns a handle,

There is a "whir-r-r," and the long

strip of tape has passed to the other

side of the instrument. The whole of

that message has already been auto-

matically printed in the general post-

office in London. "Wheatstone trans-

mitters" are said to have sent auto-

matically a message of 1,000 words in

a minute. They can certainly send 600 over a short distance; from London

to Bath about 400, and from Glasgow

to London about 300 words a minute

That is, the end of this article would

be printed in London three minutes

after the beginning of it had been fed

In London the speech as it is re

ceived is cut up into the same sections

-each one is numbered-as it was

divided into when given to the

"punchers." The sections are distri-

buted among men who transcribe the

message from the Morse code into

"long-hand" on "flimsies"—that is, on

thin paper with a series of carbon

papers and sheets of "flimsy" under-

neath it. As many copies are thus

obtained as there are addresses to

The next step in the working of the

miracle is the carriage of these "flim-

stes" by pneumatic dispatch to the de-

livering postoffice. This process is so

rapid as to be almost instantaneous

On their receipt the messages are in-

stantly placed in the envelopes with

the name of the newspaper ready

printed upon them. A telegraph boy

hurries down a hundred yards or so

of street, and Mr. Chamberlain's speech

ing progress? It varies a little with

the distance from the reporters' table

to the nearest telegraph office. But

suffers from English summer weather

even more acutely than we-the jour-

ney of 400 odd miles has taken from

Once inside the newspaper office i

sub-editor to read the message. Then

it takes another pneumatic-sube jour-

ney to the composing room, and so to

the linotype. And a fearful and won-

derful machine is this. In front a

out any further attention the machine

of type, and sorts out the matrices into

their proper compartments for use And all the while the operator

is continuing his typewriting work

Cheap Fuel for Everybody.

est fuel for making a quick hot fire. Try a half bushel sack. Ten cents, all

Beaver-Brand Charcoal is the cheap-

A national pantheon is being erected by he Mexican Government in the City of

Mexico, the estimated cost being \$5,000,000

It is to be at once a memorial and

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH.-When called in to attend

a disturbance it searches out the hiding-

places of pain, and, like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says:

arrest you." Resistance is useless, the law of health imposes a sentence

enforce that sentence.

four-foot wood per acre.

perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was originated to

Groves of the eucalyptus tree, known as blue gum, or manna gum, may be cut to the ground for fuel when they are

five or seven years old, and every six to eight years subsequently. The yield from each cutting is commonly 50 to 75 cords of

disturbances in the patient, adding to his

troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well

swallow some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this dis-

agreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

sepulchre for Mexico's great men

Again no time is lost.

very few moments' work for the

fifteen to twenty minutes.

under favorable circumstances and in

good weather-for the "Wheatstone

And the time occupied in this amaz-

is in the hands of the sub-editor

to the machine in Glasgow.

which it must be sent.

time for the whale.

morning paper today, it expected to find a full report of the speech which Mr. Chamberlain had finished at a as a puncher, and it is his business to late hour last night at Glasgow. The publication of the speech was tape by perforating it in the Morse a matter of course, and the manner of code. This he does by striking one or its coming to the breakfast table in another of three knobs on the front London scarcely one newspaper reader of the box with his indiarubbers, which in a thousand paused to consider. Yet give a firmer perforation. A firstonly been made possible by a whole minue. The "copy" is divided among for next week." string of almost miraculous inventions, ten or a dozen punchers, and in less

began to speak. From each of the stone newspapers and press agencies, which much of this haste would have been week wished for a verbatim report, had useless. The "Wheatstone" is a little really fell due a week later. come a chief reporter. For a day or instrment about eighteen inches long, two he had been busy over the pre- and not very impressive-looking. The parations—seeing that a good place man in charge of it takes the first was allotted to his staff, interviewing place of tape that is ready, puts the the postal officials, perhaps enlisting some of the best of the local short-

hand reporters to assist his own men. The general postoffice had been duly notified that special press telegrams on a large scale would be sent. A small army of telegraph operators had come up, and a number of wonderworking "Wheatstones" had been installed. That was only a part of the

preparation for last night's hour or so of frantic work. A preface of energetic pencil-sharpening from the ranks of 150 reporters, and Mr. Chamberlain began to speak. Each newspaper or agency had its little group of half a dozen to fourteen reporters arranged along a table. Depending from the ceiling are other household mementoes, noticeable among which is a brass canary birdcage, in group is a "chief," watch in hand. He acts as a timekeeper for his men, and as Mr. Chamberlain rises the "chief's" warning finger is pointed eloquently at Smith. the reporter at the corner of the table. who begins to write furiously as the for perhaps five minutes, when the man with the watch by a slight tap on the table or a whispered word indicates that Smith's "take" is over. and "Brown follows;" and already the reporter next to Smith is covering sheet after sheet with the mysterious shorthand symbols. So the work goes on in spells along the table.

Yet it is a very short breathing space that Smith can allow himself. more he leans forward and strains himself to write-this time in longhand, for he is transcribing the words he has already taken down. From this moment his senses are aware of nothing but the pages in front of him. He has become a machine, and his brain is useless, save for the retention of one idea--the need of haste. The speaker may make the most astounding pronouncements, the audience may cheer itself hoarse or drown the speaker, with hisses, Smith is oblivious of it all. It may be that if the platform were stormed he might become conscious of the fact. but even then only for physical rea-

sons. After a time he looks up and throw his first batch of "copy" to the "chief," who rapidly numbers the folios and hands the lot to one of a number of nessengers who are in waiting. In as short a space as may be the messenger has reached the postoffice. and the copy has been distributed among several operators. Each of these men is seated in front of a small box with a projecting forepart. In takes the line of matrices, spaces the each hand he holds a lump of india- words automatically to fill the line rubber, shaped somewhat like the exactly, casts from them a solid line handle of a small chisel. He is known of type, and sorts out the matrices into

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HARRY ALBERT GRIFFITH, Montreal West, P.Q., now eighteen months old, and fed daily on LAC-TATED FOOD from time of birth. LACTATED FOOD

makes healthy, hearty and happy babies.

CHARLES LITERACTION OF STREET OF STREET STREET, STREET

SIR WM. V. HARCOURT, TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN

An Amusing Story of His Absentmindedness.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt should be a soured and embittered man; for he has been repeatedly disappointed in his aspirations, and has in turn coveted the post of lord chief justice, the speakership of the House of Commons, the woolsack, and the premiership, but has in each case seen these posts, which he would have adorned with impressive dignity, go to others. Yet with all he is the most cheery, genial and bighearted of men, a typical Englishman, straight as a die in the estimation of friend and foe alike, his one fault of character being his impatience with bores and his inability to conceal his contempt for fools. Like his young friend, Lord Spencer, he is so newhat absent-minded, and an amusing story is related of him in this connection. In the middle of a busy season Sir William, in fulfillment of a long-standing engagement, marked in his pocketbook, went out to dinner on a Monday night. He fancied he observed, on making his entrance to the drawingroom, that his host and hostess looked surprised and even embarrassed. The mood was, however, momentary. He was thereafter welcomed with accustomed effusiveness, and had an excellent dinner in such agreeable company that he refrained from complaining that the table was perhaps a little crowded. On Tuesday and Wednesday he kept

other dinner engagements, of which he had made careful note in his book, and on each occasion observed with even less hope of understanding an almost frightened look passing between his host and hostess when his name was announced. But the embarrassment proved transitory, and Sir William had thoroughly enjoyable evenings. Thursday he dined out again, but on Friday on entering the house where he believed that he was expected for din-With a prospect of an uncomfortable ner that evening, he encountered the butler, an old acquaintance. The man, with less mastery of his emotions than better bred people, started back when record the message on a long strip of he recognized the statesman, gazing at

him, open-mouthed. "What's the matter, John?" asked Sir to dinner? "Yes. Sir William," replied the but-

this commenplace phenomenon has class "puncher" can do forty words a ler, "but it wasn't for tonight. It was promotes a free and easy expectoration. Closer investigation of Sir William's and by years of machine-like opera- than two minutes words which have engagement book explained the mystaken Mr. Chamberlain five minutes tery. It was arranged in pages, each to speak are recorded in perforations. one noting a week's engagements. Sir machine had began to work and the state of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain then comes the miracle of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste, had unwittingly acres at a price averaging less than \$4.00 to the state of the "Wheat-days before Mr. Chamberlain the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam, in his haste had a milliam the state of the "White Milliam the state keeping engagements which than 1,600,000 acres at price averaging a

ECONOMICA

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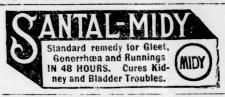
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(Above illustration shows the Slocum Remedies and the box in which they are packed. 1/4 actual size.)

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