Dizziness and Nausea

CAUSED BY OVER-STUDY AND CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

How a Popular School Teacher Suffered—And How Acting on a Friend's Advice She Tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Was Restored to Health and Strength.

"About the most thorough and popular teacher we have ever had here," is the opinion expressed by the people of Canaan, N.S., of their present young lady school teacher, Miss Nellie Cutten. Miss Cutten is possessed of keen intelligence and engaging manners, and has been peculiarly successful in her chosen profession. At present she looks the picture of health, and one observing her good color and buoyant spirits, would never think of associating her with sickness. It was, however, only last autumn that she was almost hopeless of continuing in her work on account of her ill-health, and her condition was a source of alarm to her friends. "Yes," she said to an Acadian reporter who called upon her recently to learn the particulars of her case, "I suppose it is a duty I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I should make public the wonders they worked for me, but perhaps I would not have thought of it if you had not called."

"You see, in addition to my teaching, I had been studying very hard over my 'B' work, and then I was attacked with whooping cough, which did not leave me for a long time, and so I became pretty well run down. I was always considered the embodiment of health at home, but last autumn I was really alarmed over my condition. Sometimes in the schoolroom I would be seized with dizziness, and often I would faint away. I would take vomiting turns also, and had a feeling of nausea and languor all the time. I lost my color and became thin and pale, and it seemed as if my blood had turned to water.

"This condition of things was so different from anything which I had previously experienced that I sought medical advice at once. I was informed that I was suffering from anaemia, and I at once put myself under medical treatment. But although I tried several bottles of prescriptions, my condition seemed to be getting worse all the time. When I went home for my Christmas vacation, I was almost in despair. It was while I was at home, however, that my friends advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting upon their advice, I took up their use. The first box made its effect felt, but I used four or five and then the cure was complete. Ever since then my health has been excellent and I have felt my real old time self, and am able to attend to my duties, which are by no means light, without the fatigue and languor that made the work irksome. You may depend upon it I will always have a friendly word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CAUSE OF THE TYPHOID.

How Dr. Bryce, the Provincial Health Officer, Accounts for so Much of the Disease.

Speaking of the high death rate from typhoid fever in the province, during the month of October, Dr. Bryce, the Provincial Health Officer, says there can be no doubt but that the unusual length of time during which mild weather continued this autumn, there not being any frosts practically up to the end of October, has played an important part in extending the period during which typhoid fever from polluted wells tend to spread.

From all over the country water samples have been sent to an unusual number, to the provincial laboratory for analysis. In almost every instance the samples have been well waters, and in very few instances have no direct evidences of polution by waste matters been proven. Speaking generally it may be said that in 110 towns, cities and villages in Ontario where public water supplies exist, typhoid fever cases are almost invariably traced to parts of the places where the wells have not been closed, while of course all water supplied in rural districts is from wells. Until people have learned to prevent the pollution of soil around and in the neighborhood of wells with excretive matters from houses, stables, factories, etc., says Dr. Bryce, the present state of things will continue when conditions of temperature are favorable.

A NEW ARMY RATION.

German Troops Fed Upon a Novel Preparation of Chocolate.

German military correspondents speak very highly of a new ration which has been tried during the recent maneuvers of the Austrian toops in Galicia. Owing to the nature of the country and the extensive area covered during the exercises, it became necessary to provide the troops with some portable food which could be prepared in a very short time or even eaten without preparation. Various forms of nutriment were tried, but the one which gained most favor was a so-called "chocolate ration." This was invented by a doctor, and consists of ordinary chocolate with an admixture of albumen and certain fatty matter. In a few minutes this can be cooked either in milk or water and eaten as it is. The nourishing value of the preparation is very great, 100 grammes affording as much sustaining value as nearly half a kilogramme or five times the amount of beef. Moreover, the chocolate keeps remarkably well, and is affected neither by heat nor by long storage in damp and badly-ventilated magazines.

A woman will usually make ten excuses for her boy to one for her husband.

WATCH WHEELS.

By the aid of modern machinery one man can cut 10,000 watch wheels a day.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER X.

On the evening which followed the one just described in our last chapter, Pluma Hurlhurst sat in her luxuriant boudoir of rose and gold, deeply absorbed in the three letters which she held in her lap. To one was appended the name of Septima Brooks, one was from Rex's mother, and the last—and by far the most important one—bore the signature of Lester Stanwick.

Once, twice, thrice, she perused it, each time with growing interest, the glittering light deepening in her dark, flashing eyes, and the red lips curling in a scornful smile.

"This is capital!" she cried, exultingly; "even better than I had planned. I could not see my way clear before, but now everything is clear sailing." She crossed over to the mirror, looking long and earnestly at the superb figure reflected there. "I am fair to look upon," she cried, bitterly. "Why can not Rex love me?"

Ah! she was fair to look upon, standing beneath the softened glow of the overhanging chandelier, in her dress of gold brocade, with a pomegranate blossom on her bosom, and a diamond spray flashing from the dark, glossy curls, magnificently beautiful.

"I was so sure of Rex," she said, bitterly; "if any one had said to me, 'Rex prefers your overseer's niece, Daisy Brooks, with her baby face and pink-and-white beauty,' I would have laughed them to scorn. Prefers her to me, the haughty heiress of Whitestone Hall, for whose love, or even smile, men have sued in vain! I have managed the whole affair very cleverly!" she mused. "John Brooks does not return before the coming spring, and Septima is removed from my path most effectually, and if Lester Stanwick manages his part successfully, I shall have little to fear from Daisy Brooks! How clever Lester was to learn Rex had been to the Detective Agency! How he must have loved that girl!" she cried, hotly, with a darkening brow. "Ah, Rex!" she whispered, softly, and for an instant the hard look died out of her face, "no one shall take you from me. I would rather look upon your face cold in death, and know no one else could claim you, than see you smile lovingly upon a rival. There is no torture under heaven so bitter to endure as the pangs of a love unreturned!" she cried, fiercely. She threw open the window and leaned far out into the radiant starlight, as the great clock pealed the hour of seven. "Rex has received my note," she said, "with the one from his mother inclosed. Surely he will not refuse my request, He will come, if only through politeness!" Again she laughed, that low, mocking laugh peculiar to her, as she heard the peal of the bell. "It is Rex," she whispered, clasping her hands over her beating heart. "To-night I will sow the first seeds of distrust in your heart, and when they take root you shall despise Daisy Brooks a thousand-fold more than you love her now. She shall feel the keen thrust of a rival's bitter vengeance!"

Casting a last lingering glance, so woman-like! at the perfect face the mirror reflected, to give her confidence in herself for the coming ordeal, Pluma Hurlhurst glided down to the parlor, where Rex awaited her.

It would have been hard to believe the proud, willful, polished young heiress could lend herself to a plot so dark and so cruel as the one she was at that moment revolving in her fertile brain.

Rex was standing at the open window, his handsome head leaning wearily against the casement. His face was turned partially toward her, and Pluma could scarcely repress the cry of astonishment that rose to her lips as she saw how pale and haggard he looked in the softened light. She knew but too well the cause.

He was quite unaware of Pluma's presence until a soft, white, jeweled hand was laid lightly on his arm, and a low, musical voice whispered, "I am so glad you have come, Rex," close to his elbow.

They had parted under peculiar circumstances. He could fancy her at that moment kneeling to him, under the glare of the lamp-light, confessing her love for him, and denouncing poor little clinging Daisy with such bitter scorn. His present position was certainly an embarrassing one to Rex.

"your request, Miss Hurlhurst," he said, simply, bowing coldly over the white hand that would cling to his arm.

"You are very kind," she said, sweetly, "to forget that unpleasant little episode that happened at the fete, and come to-night. I believe I should never have sent for you," she added, archly, smiling up into his face, "had it not been at the urgent request of your mother, Rex."

Pluma hesitated. Rex bit his lip in annoyance, but he was too courteous to openly express his thoughts; he merely bowed again. He meant Pluma should understand all thoughts of love or tenderness must forever more be a dead letter between them.

"My mother!" he repeated, wonderingly; "pardon me, I do not understand."

For answer she drew his mother's letter from her bosom and placed it in his hands.

He ran his eyes quickly over the page. The postscript seemed to enlighten him.

"The course of true love never runs smooth," it ran, "and I beseech you, Pluma dear, if anything should ever happen, any shadow fall upon your love, I beseech you send for Rex and place this letter in his hands. It would not be unwomanly, Pluma, because I, his mother, so earnestly request it; for, on your love for each other hangs my hopes of happiness. Rex is impulsive and willful, but he will respect his mother's wishes."

No thought of treachery ever crossed Rex's mind as he read the lines before him; he never once dreamed the ingeniously worded postscript had been so cleverly imitated and added by Pluma's own hand. It never occurred to him for an instant to doubt the sincerity of the words he read, when he knew how dearly his mother loved the proud, haughty heiress before him.

"I heard you were going away, Rex," she said, softly, "and I—I could not let you go so, and break my own heart."

"In one sense, I am glad you sent for me," said Rex, quietly ignoring her last remark. "I shall be much pleased to renew our friendship, Miss Pluma, for I need your friendship—nay, more, I need your sympathy and advice more than I can express. I have always endeavored to be frank with you, Pluma," he said, kindly. "I have never spoken words which might lead you to believe I loved you."

He saw her face grow white under his earnest gaze and the white lace on her bosom rise and fall convulsively, yet she made him no answer.

"Please permit me to tell you why, Pluma," he said, taking her hand and leading her to a sofa, taking a seat by her side. "I could not," he continued, "in justice to either you or myself; for I never knew what love was," he said, softly, "until the night of the fete." Again he paused; but, as no answer was vouchsafed him, he

"I am here in accordance with

went on; "I never knew what love meant until I met Daisy—little Daisy Brooks."

"Rex!" cried Pluma, starting to her feet, "you know not what you say—surely you do not know! I would have warned you, but you would not listen. I saw you drifting toward a yawning chasm; I stretched out my arms to save you, but you would not heed me. You are a stranger to the people around here, Rex, or they would have warned you. Sin is never so alluring as in the guise of a beautiful woman; It is not too late yet. Forget Daisy Brooks; she is not a fit companion for noble Rex Lyon, or pure enough to kiss an honest man's lips."

"For God's sake, Miss Hurlhurst, what do you mean?" cried Rex, slowly rising from his seat and facing her, pale as death. "In Heaven's name, explain the accusations you have just uttered, or I shall go mad! If a man had uttered those words, I would have—"

The words died away on his lips; he remembered he was talking to a woman. Rex's eyes fairly glowed with rage as he turned on his heel and strode rapidly up and down the room.

"Rex," said Pluma, softly advancing a step toward him, "it always grieves a true woman to admit the error of a fallen sister—they would shield her if such a thing were possible."

"I do not believe it," retorted Rex, impetuously. "Women seem to take a keen delight in slandering one another, as far as I can see. But you might as well tell me yonder moon was treacherous and vile as to tell me Daisy Brooks was aught but sweet and pure—you could not force me to believe it."

"I do not attempt to force you to believe it. I have told you the truth, as a loving sister might have done. None are so blind as those who will not see," she said, toying with the jewels upon her white fingers.

"Daisy Brooks is as pure as yonder lily," cried Rex, "and I love her as I love my soul!"

His quivering, impassioned voice thrilled Pluma to her heart's core, and she felt a keen regret that this wealth of love was withheld from her own hungry heart. Rex had never appeared so noble, so handsome, so well worth winning, in her eyes, as at that moment.

"I am sorry for you, Rex," sobbed Pluma, artfully burying her face in her lace kerchief, "because she can never return your love; she does not love you, Rex."

"Yes, she does love me," cried Rex. "I have settled it beyond a doubt,"

"She has settled it beyond a doubt—as not that what you mean, Rex?" she asked, looking him squarely in the face, with a peculiar glitter in her sparkling dark eyes.

"There is something you are keeping from me, Pluma," cried Rex, seizing both of her hands, and gazing anxiously into the false, fair, smiling treacherous face. "You know where Daisy has gone—in Heaven's name, tell me! I can not endure the suspense—do not torture me, Pluma! I will forget you have spoken unkindly of poor little Daisy if you will only tell me where she has gone."

"Sit down, Rex," she said, soothingly; "I will not dare tell you while you look at me with such a gleaming light in your eyes. Promise not to interrupt me to the end."

A nameless dread was clutching at his heart-strings. What could she mean? he asked himself, confusedly. What did this foul mystery mean? He must know, or he would go mad!

"You may speak out unreservedly, Miss Pluma," he said, hoarsely. "I give you my word, as a gentleman, I shall not interrupt you, even though your words should cause me a bitter heart-pang."

He stood before her, his arms folded across his breast, yet no pang of remorse crept into Pluma Hurlhurst's relentless heart for the cruel blow she was about to deal him.

"I must begin at the time of the lawn fete," she said. "That morning a woman begged to see me, sobbing so piteously I could not refuse her an audience. No power of words could portray the sad story of suffering and wrong she poured into my ears, of a niece—beautiful, young, passionate, and willful—and of her prayers and useless expostulations, and of a handsome, dissolute lover to whom the girl was passionately attached, and of elopements she had frustrated, alas! more than once. Ah! how shall I say it!—the lover was not a marrying man."

Pluma stopped short, and hid her face again in her kerchief as if in utter confusion.

"Go on—go on!" cried Rex, hoarsely.

"'Lend me money,' cried the woman, "that I may protect the girl by sending her off to school at once. Kind lady, she is young, like you, and I beg you on my knees!' I gave the woman the required amount, and the girl was taken to school the very next day. But the end was not there. The lover followed the girl—there must have been a preconcerted plan between them—and on the morning after she had entered school she fled from it—fled with her lover. That lover was Lester Stanwick—gay, fascinating, perfidious Lester—whom you know but too well. Can you not guess who the girl was, Rex?"

The dark eyes regarding her were frozen with horror, his white lips moved, but no sound issued from them. She leaned nearer to him, her dark, perfumed hair swept across his face as she whispered, with startling effect;

"The girl was Daisy Brooks, and she is at this moment in company with her lover! Heaven pity you, Rex; you must learn to forget her."

CHAPTER XI.

When Daisy Brooks opened her eyes, she found herself lying on a white bed, and in a strange apartment which she never remembered having seen before. For one brief instant she quite imagined the terrible ordeal through which she had passed was but a dream. Then it all came back to her with cruel distinctness.

"Where am I?" she cried, struggling up to a sitting posture, and putting back the tangled golden hair from her face. "How came I here? Who saved me from the terrible dark water?"

"I did," answered a young man rising from his seat by the open window. "I saved your life at the risk of my own. Look up into my face, Daisy, and see if you do not remember me."

She lifted her blue eyes to the dark, handsome, smiling face before her. Yes, she had seen that face before, but she could not remember where. He laughed, disclosing his handsome white teeth.

"You can not guess, eh?" he said. "Then it is certainly evident I did not make much of an impression upon you. I am disappointed. I will not keep you in suspense, however. We met at Whitestone Hall, on the night of the lawn fete, and my name is Lester Stanwick."

Ah, she did remember him, standing beneath a waving palm-tree, his bold, dark eyes following her every motion, while she was waltzing with Rex.

To Be Continued.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncolored.

REFLEX AFFLICTION.

I've got piano-player's cramp.
You don't play!
No; the girl next door gives it to me.

REASONABLE.

Husband—I don't see why you have accounts in so many dry goods stores.
Wife—Because, my dear, it makes the bills so much smaller.

It Is a Wonder To Everybody

How Speedily and Certainly the Wretched Itching and Uneasiness of Piles is Relieved and Thoroughly Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment!

It seems wonderful that after all these years of investigation and research the physicians are still helpless to relieve and cure one of the most common and most distressing afflictions to which men and women are subject, viz., itching, bleeding piles. In nine cases out of ten the doctors still recommend a surgical operation, with its expense, extreme pain and danger, as the only cure for piles.

Prejudice alone keeps the physicians from prescribing Dr. Chase's Ointment in all cases of piles. It has made for itself a world-wide reputation, and is sold under a positive guarantee to cure any case of piles, no matter how many operations have failed, and no matter how intense has been the suffering.

This letter is but a sample of scores of hundreds of cases in Canada alone in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a truly magic remedy. This letter is quoted because Mr. Duprau is well known throughout Ontario as an earnest minister of the Gospel, and one who has at heart the well-being of fellow-sufferers.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before, and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man-to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

You are invited to make this test and prove to your own satisfaction the almost magical power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Ask your neighbors who have used it what they think of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Use it when you have the opportunity, and remember that it is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding piles; 60c a box, at all dealers, or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

About the House.

EMPTY STOCKINGS.

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy,
Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,
Where the children are dreaming already
Of the merriest day in the year,
As you gather your darlings around you
And tell them the "story of old,"
Remember the homes that are dreary!
Remember the hearts that are cold!

And thanking the love that has dowered you
With all that is dearest and best,
Give freely, that from your abundance
Some bare little life may be blessed!
Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,
Where Christmas is naught but a name,
And give—for the the love of the Christ-child;
'Twas to seek such as these that He came.

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS.

BREAKFAST.

Oat-Meal Mush.
Broiled Hamburg Steaks. Potatoes
Hominy Fritters. Vienna Rolls.
Coffee.

DINNER.

Olives, Celery. Pickles.
Baked White Fish. Tartar Sauce.
Roast Turkey, or Roast Beef.
Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Celery Salad.
Peas. Onions.
Mince Pie. Plum Pudding.
Candies and Nuts.
Fruit.- Coffee.

SUPPER.

Fried Oysters.
Potato Puffs.
Chicken Salad. Finger Rolls.
Baked Apples and Cream.
Preserves. Angels' Food.
Tea.

MENU No. 2.

Oyster Soup,
Celery. Crackers, Pickles.
Bread. Butter.
Chicken Croquetts, Green Peas.
Roast Duck. Apple Sauce.
Boiled Onions. Mashed Potatoes.
Celery and Apple Sauce. Cheese Straws.
Plum Pudding. Mince Pie.
Fruits. Nuts. Cheese.
Coffee.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Make a batter of four eggs, one pound flour, one pint milk and an even teaspoonful of salt; add one-half pint of suet chopped fine, one pound raisins and one pound currants. Stir all well together, tie closely in a cotton cloth, put into a kettle of boiling water and boil steadily four hours. Serve hot with lemon sauce, or any kind of pudding sauce that is preferred.

CELERY SALAD.

One head of cabbage, three bunches of celery, chopped very fine. Take one teacupful of vinegar, lump of butter size of an egg; yolks of two eggs; one teaspoonsful mustard, one of salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Mix these well; put the mixture on the stove and heat until it thickens, stirring all the time, when cold, add two tablespoonfuls of rich sweet cream. Pour over the salad; if not moist enough add cold vinegar.

VARNISHED PAINT.

Can be kept looking as bright as though freshly done by soaking in water for some, time a bag filled flax seed, and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

TO PREVENT RUSTING.

If screws are warmed and dipped in melted tallow or raw linseed oil, it will prevent their rusting and they can always be unscrewed with ease. A large quantity of screws can be greased in a few minutes and the operation is one which will result in a great saving of time and labour.

CARE OF LAMPS.

A frequent cause of the oiliness on the outside of lamps is that the wick is kept too high when unlighted. It should be remembered that the wick draws the oil to the surface, and if it projects too far above the burner it will soon accumulate oil there which will find its way slowly over the outside.

GREASE SPOTS.

To remove grease spots from silk, place some coarse brown paper, the soft kind, on both sides of the spots; then press carefully with a hot iron. Change the paper often, as it absorbs the grease. If the goods are so rich or delicate that the iron is likely to injure them, try friction by using raw cotton. Rub the spots off, changing the cotton often. If the material is soiled or stained in many places wash it in tepid water softened with pulverized borax. It can be made to look as good as new.

CARING FOR REMNANTS.

To the woman who is not completely satisfied with the "bag system" of caring for the pieces that so unduly accumulate, both for the house and for personal use writes a successful housekeeper I would like to suggest the "box system" instead. Without any thought on my part, a number of boxes of two sizes came into my possession. They were well made, and some of them had the covers to fold back from the middle. A good sized closet was in my room, in which were four shelves that held all sorts of boxes and left much space unutilized. A trial of the new boxes showed that nine would go on a shelf, leaving some space in front for work and mending basket and some very small boxes that were in almost daily use. On heavy pasteboard I printed labels, putting them on with metal fasteners. A list of the titles runs somewhat in this way; Black Silk, Colored Silk, Wool Remnants, Cotton Remnants, Black Ribbon, Colored Ribbon, New Material, Findings, Neckwear, Material to be Cleaned, and so through a long list. Here all my pieces lie smooth, and one glance along the shelves shows me just where to look for what I want. Much time is saved, both in looking and keeping the shelves clean and orderly. The boxes are not expensive. Made to order they cost from thirty to forty-five cents each. With good care one set will last many years and save many worried minutes.

CARE OF CARPETS.

Almost invariably carpets are swept by too much pressure upon the broom. Sometimes the operator, with the handle inclined backward toward her, presses down as a forward thrust is given, and thus throws the heavier dirt half way across the room, while the light particles are sent whirling about, covering, as it settles, every article of furniture. Another wrong way to sweep a carpet is to move the broom forward with a heavy, drawing stroke, by which the material to be removed is pressed into the carpet rather than worked gently along on the surface.

The right way to sweep is to incline the handle a little forward, then give a light, drawing stroke, allowing the broom to scarcely touch the carpet. Not one half the weight of the broom should be allowed to press on the carpet as the dirt is moved forward. Let the dirt be moved and rolled along lightly.

If a generous quantity of tea grounds or small bits of wet paper can be spread over the carpet before the sweeping is commenced, all the fine dirt will adhere to the wet materials. The broom should be a good one, having a long elastic brush, then by touching the carpet lightly it will scarce require the strength of a child to sweep a large parlor in a few minutes, and the work will be done in a most satisfactory manner. To take out small grese spots, a very good way is to rub them with white flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine. If they show again, repeat the process. Ammonia water is also good, but the dry process is preferable, as washing out is liable to injure adjacent parts.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. When a carpet is faded, strong salt and water will often restore the brightness of the colors.

THE DIVINING ROD MYSTERY.

An English Professor's Explanation After Careful Inquiry.

The second installment of an elaborate report by Prof. W. F. Barrett on the "so-called divining rod" has just made its appearance. Prof. Barrett is a member of the Royal Society, occupies the chair of experimental physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland at Dublin and has taken an active part in the work of the Society for Psychical Research.

Three or four years ago Prof. Barrett undertook a thorough investigation of the subject, collecting all the stories he could obtain regarding the use of the forked twig for the discovery of water and minerals, sifting them carefully, seeking such corroboration as might be available and planning experiments of his own. The first part of his report, which came out in 1898, cited 152 cases. The second furnishes many more, some of them having been conducted under Prof. Barrett's own supervision. A third installment is promised and will deal largely with the hunt for metals with the divining rod.

Describing the operation of "dowsing," as this use of the forked witch hazel twig is locally called in England, Prof. Barrett says that the operator usually holds the Y by the prongs, so that the stem projects in front of him and inclines upward slightly. When the dowser passes a spot where water is supposed to exist the twig rises to a vertical position, striking him on the breast. The dowser himself often appears exhausted by his effort, even complaining of sickness or giddiness and breaking into perspiration. These are so marked in instances that he discards the twig altogether and is guided by his sensations alone.

DURING THE OPERATION

the dowser fixes his attention on the tip of the twig and becomes oblivious to the world around him.

Eminent people as well as those who are not conspicuous in public life in England employ dowsers. Prof. Barrett includes Lords Salisbury and Lansdowne among their patrons. There are scores of professional dowsers in the United Kingdom, to say nothing of Continental Europe, the United States and Canada. Amateurs also practise the art. In his first report Prof. Barrett pronounced fairly successful 140 of the 150 attempts recorded. Rejecting the experiments of amateurs, he gets ninety-five successful results out of 105 cases. In the second report he finds the proportion about the same, but he admits that dowsers may not report their failures so fully and frankly as their hits. Still he does not estimate the failures at more than 10 to 15 per cent. of the attempts.

Two sets of experiments have been tried with a view to ascertain the genuineness of the phenomenon; In one a second or third operator was taken over the same ground as the first, and the results of their divination were identical and successful. Some of the leading spirits in the Society for Psychical Resherch hold that when the ordinary senses are lulled to inactivity by sleep, natural or hypnotic, a few persons of a peculiar organization exhibit a power of perception and a susceptibility to influence which is unlike that experienced by other people or by the same people under other circumstances. Prof. Barrett regards this possession of a "supernormal" faculty the most satisfactory theory regarding the discovery of water with a witch hazel twig. He thinks that the successful operator is self-hypnotized by fixing his attention on the twig. He says; "This subconscious perceptive power, commonly called 'clairvoyance,' may provisionally be taken as the explanation of those successes of the dowser which are inexplicable on any grounds at present known to science."

ON A SINKING SHIP.

Scene of the Most Remarkable Wedding Ever Solemnized.

Perhaps the most impressive marriage ceremony ever performed was solemnized while Death stood leering by, on the deck of the sinking emigrant steamer St. Levan. The vessel was bound to Australia, with 300 emigrants on board and a heavy cargo. During a violent hurricane in the Indian Ocean the cargo shifted, throwing the vessel over on her beam ends and leaving her entirely helpless. A panic ensued, and before the ship's officers could quell it 30 of the passengers had leaped over the side in their terror. For days the ship drifted, swept by the seas, and life was lost daily. Finally it was decided to give the steamer one more day and then take to the boats, as the St. Levan was sinking slowly. Then two of the passengers—a young man and a young woman, who had become engaged on the voyage—hunted up the chaplain and demanded to be married.

The chaplain declined at first, saying they had much better spend their time getting ready for the death that seemed certain. The pair had no notion of looking at the gloomy side, and said they would rather die as man and wife if it was inevitable. Eventually the clergyman married them before two witnesses, with a sinking ship instead of a church, and the cries of terrified passengers as a chorus. The boats were resorted to two hours later, and all were taken off. Of the 830 souls on board only the newly married couple and six other people, in the smallest boat, ever saw land again. They reached the Isle of Socotra after 12 days at sea.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

INEVITABLE.

Bobby came home one day, covered with dirt and bruises, and trundling a broken bicycle

What on earth have you been doing, my child? exclaimed his terrified mother.

I ran over a big dog and took a fall, explained Bobby.

Couldn't you see him and give him the road?

Yes, I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again, I'd run into him.

For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?

Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, just try it some day.

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one let him try it some day "when the sneeze comes."

"LEST WE FORGET."

Ladies of Canada;

The bond of union between the mother country and her colonies is strong. In time of necessity the colonies have always been loyal. Patriotic Canadian ladies, while they cannot bear arms in time of war, can assist their brother colonists in a substantial way. Ceylon and India produce the finest Green teas. Drinkers of Japan teas should try them. Monsoon, Salada and Blue Ribbon packets are known to all.—Colonist.

DETERRENT.

You have not gone to Europe, then, as you expected, said Mrs. Fosdick, to Mrs. Spriggs.

No, was the reply. It is so difficult for Mr. Spriggs to leave his business, and I really couldn't go without him. And, then, I read the other day, about a ship that broke her record. Think how dreadful it would be to be on a ship in the middle of the ocean with her record broken.

Everyone wants the best value for his money - Buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea and you will certainly get it.

Policies May Change, Opinions May Change, but one thing that never changes, that is the quality of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. It always remains the best.

In Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

If you have any correspond with us. We want 100 CARLOADS to supply our trade.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

ACCORDING TO CONTRACT.

House Owner—You didn't pay the rent last month.

Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement.

Owner—Agreement — what agreement?

Tenant—Why, when I rented you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

THE UNION JACK.

which floats over Britain and all her colonies is emblematic of the adage, "In union there is strength." The patriotic ladies of Canada can exemplify that adage, and indulge a patriotic sentiment, by assisting their English, Scotch and Irish cousins who produce the pure machine-made Green teas of Ceylon and India. Tea drinkers will find the Blue Ribbon, Monsoon and Salada green teas a pleasant change from Japans.—Colonist.

IMAGINATION.

Grace—Cholly has a wonderful imagination.

Nell—How?

Grace—He calls that fuzz on his lip a mustache.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan, $1.50 & up.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

The biggest boom don't always bring
The very biggest gains;
The little baby sometimes has
The very biggest pains.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

ARE TOO PROUD TO BEG.

No matter how poor a native of the Hawaiian islands may be, he is never seen begging. The only begars there are chiefly the impoverished Portuguese residents.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

MARKETING IN BUENOS AYRES.

Vegetables are usually sold in pilas in Buenos Ayres, so that you have to measure quantity as well as quality by the eye; and butchers sell their meat by the chunk, rather than by weight.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

A GOOD GUESSER.

Bride, formerly a widow,—Oh, Harry, what would I do, if you should die?

Harry, doubtfully—I don't know, dear, but I think I can guess.

W P C 1053

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

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PILE CURE A trial package of Cox's Positive Cure for Piles will be sent free to any address on receipt of two cent stamp. No knife, no greasy salve. Address, THE HUTCHING MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. **FREE.**

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