KIDNEY TROUBLES

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Sufferers from This Disease are in Great Peril and Should not Experiment With Other Medicines.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.

The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left unfiltered and foul, and the kidneys are left clogged with poisonous impurities. Then comes the backache that mean fatal kidney disease. Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by enriching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that makes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont., has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the Sun he freely gave the particulars of his case: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland. "Sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered severely for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a cure for kidney trouble, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to make their good work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestige of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had a single symptom of the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word in their favor."

As a curative medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never yet been equalled. They build up the blood and nerves, give new strength and enable the body to resist disease. Among the complaints cured by these pills are rheumatism, nervous disorders, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, anæmia, lung troubles and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

MERRY TOO SOON.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he said, as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't anyone to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until four o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully, and sigh, and make you feel small."

"Yes, and I stayed out until four o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave a war-whoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes; and then you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a jig."

"Yes; and my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that the went with the train."

And he gave himself several bangs on the ears, and then shook himself till his hair began to fall out.

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

Why it is a Dangerous Time For The Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:—

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her Baby's Tablets. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the tablets to other mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A PROMISING MIDDY.

On board a man-of-war on the Mediterranean Station there is a midshipman, whom we will call Walters, who, from all accounts, is a promising youth, as witness the following yarn:

The midshipmen on board used to take their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log.

The captain was walking the weather side of the deck, when Midshipman Walters came aft to write up the log.

The barometer—a mercurial one—was hung in the captain's cabin, and Walters, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the deck the captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight, and saw the midshipman's proceedings. When Walters came up on deck to heave the log, the captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?"

Walters saluted.

"Steadily rising, sir—steadily rising."

The captain then asked:

"And how is the decanter, sir?"

Walters was taken aback, but, with a steady voice, replied:

"Steadily falling, sir—steadily falling."

This reply was too much for the captain, and, bursting out laughing, he said:

"Young man, your bright reply has saved you from punishment; but hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often as you do the barometer."

HIS REVENGE.

He: "And so your answer is final. You will not be mine?"

She: "Never! But pray don't go and blow your brains out."

He: "It would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never should have proposed to you."

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the twenty-fourth day of April, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven the Czar of all the Russias gave forth to his people that, bowing his head to the evident desire of the Almighty, he reluctantly declared war against the Ottoman Empire. There was much rhetoric about Christian nations suffering beneath the lash of Mohammedan hatred; stories were told of shocking cruelties practiced upon an oppressed people, coldly worded statements were made of misgovernment, misappropriation, theft. And the remedy to all these was, if it may please you, war! From the formal declaration, with its pharisaical self-laudation, its rolling periods and mock reluctance, fourteen letters might have been selected, and set in order so as to spell a single word in which lay the explanation of it all. That word was—"Constantinople."

Before the official opening of hostilities, Russia was prepared, and Turkey (despite a long warning) but half ready, as usual. The Russian troops entered Roumania and Turkish Armenia at once, the inhabitants of both countries, with Oriental readiness, receiving them as delivers. The day following the declaration of war saw the occupation of the town of Galatz.

Theodore Trist had, as he told Brenda he intended, taken up his quarters in the small town of Galatz upon the Danube, and actually passed through its streets in the midst of the Northern troops unsuspected. When the conquerors had shaken down into their new quarters, and military discipline was beginning to make itself felt throughout the city, he discreetly vanished, and, crossing the Danube in a small boat, made his way south. At this time England began to receive the benefit of a brilliantly conceived and steadily executed plan of transmitting news. Trist and his two lieutenants appeared to haunt the entirety of the Ottoman Empire. One of them appeared to find himself invariably within reach of any spot where events of interest might be occurring. And from this time until the end of the great war this ceaseless flow of carefully-sifted information continued to set eastward to Paris and London.

During the months that followed many brave men came to the front; but few reputations were made, whereas a number were lost. Gourko and Skobeloff proved that their personal courage, their calm assumption of a terrible responsibility, was something almost superhuman: but as strategists they came within measurable distance of failure. The one has the stain of three thousand lives lost in one bold march upon his military reputation—namely, the crossing of the Balkans; while the other, the wild, half-mad Skobeleff, will have it remembered against him that two thousand of his "children" fell in the storming of one redoubt, and three thousand more perished in attempting to hold it.

But in fairness to these reckless soldiers, it must be kept in mind that the Russians played, in a literal as well as metaphorical sense, an uphill game. They had to storm heights, "rush" redoubts, and advance on trenches against the Berdan rifle in the hands of the Turk. Just as each man knows his own business best, so have we all our special way of fighting. The Russians are not brilliant at the attack, because they are too reckless of life, and in the excitement of the moment expose themselves with criminal prodigality; whereas there is no finer defender of a fortified position than the Turk.

Again, Skobeleff and Gourko were hampered by being in too constant and frequent communication with the royal amateur soldiers in their comfortable quarters on the Danube.

At first the Russians seemed to carry all before them, and the chronic unreadiness of the enemy was a matter for laughter. Having successfully crossed the Danube toward the end of June, driving the Turks before them step by step to Matchin, the campaign was looked upon as a mere parade. But Theodore Trist, retreating slowly from the Danube before the advance of the Northern army, held a different opinion.

"At present," he wrote in the second week in July, "everything seems to be against us. But the time is coming when some good men will force their way to the fore; and the power of individual influence over an ill-disciplined but well-armed horde like this is incalculable. Suleiman Pasha is said to be coming with his hardened troops, and from him great things may be expected. He is a good soldier, with an energy which is rendered more striking by its rarity in this country. When last I saw him he was spare in figure, much browned by exposure, singularly active, and as hard as nails. In appearance he is unlike a Turk, being fair, with ruddy hair and quick eyes. His men are more like a band of hill-robbers than a trained army, for they possess no distinct uniform; but they are full of fight. His staff is ludicrously informal, possessin no fine titles, and being entirely destitute of gold braid. The Turks are a strange mixture of impassibility and stubbornness. At times their fatalism gives way to an overwhelming strength of purpose, almost defying fate, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a trifling error on the part of the Russians may turn the tide suddenly upon them, and a disastrous retreat to the Danube will follow."

By the time that the letter from which the above is extracted arrived in England, the far-seeing correspondent's phophecy had in part fallen true. The tide of fortune had set in in favor of the Moslem, and although a retreat was not as yet thought of, it was held certain by experts that more men were absolutely required by the Russians in order to continue the campaign.

"I see," wrote Trist at this time in a private letter to his editor, which was not published until later, "a subtle change in the atmosphere of events. It seems to me that the tide is turning. I will now attach myself definitely to the fortunes of Plevna. The time has come for me to give up my ubiquitous endeavors to watch one spot only. My colleagues are splendid fellows, full of dash and energy; on them you must now depend for the other movements of the campaign. Osman is here, and Skobeleff is in this part of the country as far as I can learn—there is a feverish restlessness among the Russians, which suggests his presence. With these two men face to face Plevna will become historical, if it is not so already, for it will mark, firstly, the greatest military bungle of the age (Krudener's neglect); secondly——who knows? Osman is a wonderful fellow—that is all I can tell you now. I remain here, and if we are surrounded I will stick to Plevna until the end."

The recipient of this letter, sitting in his quiet little room in Fleet Street, looked at the last words again. They were underlined with a firm dash, and immediately below followed the simple signature. About the entire letter there was a straightforward sense of purpose—a feeling, as it were, that this man knew what he was doing, and was ready to face the consequence of every action. The editor shook his vast head from side to side with a quiet and tolerant smile.

"The fever is upon him," he said. "It is a thousand pities that he is not a soldier."

Then he leant forward and took an envelope from the stationery case upon the table in front of him. Into this he slipped the folded letter, addressing it subsequently to Mrs. Wylie, at Wyl's Hall, Wyvenwich.

CHAPTER XXVII.

There is in one of the minor streets of Plevna a small baker's shop, with no other sign indicating that bread may be bought within than the painted semblance of a curiously twisted cake upon the yellow wall between the window and the low door.

On the seventh of September, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, this painted cake was the nearest approach to bread that could be seen in the neighborhood. For many weeks there had been no pleasant odor of browning loaves, no warm air from the oven at the back of the shop. Curious irony of fate! The baker had died of starvation.

Within the little shop were three men—one seated at a rough table, a second standing before him, the third perched nonchalantly on the window-sill smoking a cigarette. The last mentioned had the advantage of his companions in the matter of years, but of the three his gravity of demeanor was most noticeable. Amidst such squalid surroundings—by the side, as it were, of death—his personal appearance was somewhat remarkable, for he was neat and clean in dress. His fresh rosy cheek had that cleanly appearance which denotes the recent passage of the razor, the light mustache was brushed aside with a rakish upward flourish. The nose was small and straight, the eyes blue. A bright red fez tilted rather forward completed the smart appearance of the smoker, who manipulated his cigarette daintily, and, while listening to the conversation of his two companions, made no attempt to join in it. This man was Tefik Bey, Osman Pasha's chief of staff, one of the defenders of Plevna.

The man standing in the middle of the small, low-roofed chamber was his wonderful chief, Osman Pasha. Tall, strongly built, and handsome, he formed a striking contrast to his young colleague. A loose, dark-blue cloak hung from his shoulders, and the inevitable fez surmounted his powerful brow. There was determination and a great energy in those eyes, despite their wan thoughtfulness.

He who sat at the table we know. It was Theodore Trist. Clean and carefully shaven, he was literally clad in rags; but his face lost its air of dreaminess, its vague meekness of demeanor. A clear light in his eyes, the set of his lips, conveyed in some indefinite way that this man was in his element. Despite his hollow cheeks and sunken temples, in the midst of that heavy reek of death and blood, this Englishman was visibly happy.

"Do you want," Osman was saying, "to see what we can do with our triple ranks of Berdans?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow Skobeleff will attack the redoubt again. He has positive orders to take it at any cost."

"Will he take it?" asked Trist.

Osman turned with a smile toward Tefik, who was lighting a second cigarette. The chief of staff shrugged his shoulders, and threw away the end of the last cigarette with a sideward movement of his lips.

Osman shrugged his shoulders in precisely the same way.

"Who knows?" he said quietly. "If they value the redoubt at four thousand lives, they might do it."

Trist set his two elbows on the table and looked up at the speaker's face with calm speculative scrutiny. He did not offer him a chair, because he knew that Osman rarely sat down. The great soldier had no time for rest.

"Skobeleff," said the Englishman, "is a great man, but Napoleon would have been in here some time ago."

Tefik moved slightly, and looked toward his two companions with a vague smile. He knew nothing of Napoleon the Great and his method of making war. Moreover, he did not care to know.

It was the chief of staff who finally broke a silence of some duration.

"Listen, Osman," he said in a soft, dreamy voice. "I hear the sound of a new gun. The Russians have mounted another big one. We are going to get it very hot."

All three raised their heads and listened. After the lapse of a minute a dull thud broke upon their ears. The Russians had mounted a new siege gun, and Plevna was beginning its career as a target for a steadily increasing army of artillery.

"I know where it is," said Tefik at last. "Perhaps we can get at it."

And he left the room quietly.

The two men remaining there did not speak for some time.

"What news have you?" inquired Trist indifferently, as he set in order the papers lying upon his table. He spoke in a loud voice, as all men did in Plevna, because of the roar of artillery and the rolling echo among the hills.

"Oh—nothing of importance!"

"Are you quite without communications from outside?"

Osman turned upon the threshold, and looked back with a smile of assumed density. Then he disappeared through the low doorway.

Trist turned to his papers again, but he had not begun writing when the Turkish commander appeared once more.

"Trist," he said, coming forward with long, heavy strides.

"Yes."

"I can get you out to-night. Had you not better go?"

"I would rather stay," replied the Englishman. "I am neither a woman nor a child."

"But why run the risk."

"It is my duty."

"What we are enduring now," said Osman, in a dull, painful voice, "is nothing to what I foresee. At present we make some small attempt to collect bodies and——and limbs, and bury them. Soon that will be impossible, for we shall want all our men at the guns and in the redoubts. The winter is coming on—food is already scarce—the wounded cannot be cared for. They and the dead will lie about the streets rotting in their own blood. My friend! this place will be a hell on earth!"

"Nevertheless, I stay."

"Disease will take the town before the Russians break through—few of us will live to see Christmas!" pleaded Osman.

The Englishman looked up, pen in hand. There was actually a smile hovering upon his firm lips.

"It is useless," he said very gently. "I stay till the end."

"As you like," murmured the soldier, leaving the room.

Trist did not begin work again for some time. The pile of papers around was of sufficient dimensions to alarm a less methodical laborer, but in the apparent disorder there was really a perfect system. Darkness closed in soon, and the war-correspondent lighted a small lamp. Then he laid aside the larger mass of paper, and selected a sheet which he doubled carefully into the form of a letter.

"It is better," he said, "to face all probabilities. I shall write to her now, in case we are starved to death in here like rats."

Far into the night this strange, restless Englishman sat at the little table, writing. Heedless of the roar of artillery, the merry call of the bugle, and the groan of the dying, he wrote on at a great speed, for above all he was a writer. His pen sped over the paper with that precision which only comes from long practice—line after line, page after page of the small paper, perfect in punctuation, ready for the press in true journalistic form.

He folded the letter, and enclosed it in an envelope, which he addressed carefully in a legible roundhand.

"There," he murmured, "let that be the last line I write to-night. It seems to me that we are on the verge of a crisis. Osman has something on his mind—I wonder if he means to cut his way out."

(To be Continued.)

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea. ½ t—f

The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap. MB

About the ....House

APPETIZING RELISHES.

Celery Salad.—Heat one cup of milk and stir in one level tablespoonful of cornstarch disolved in a little cold milk. Mix together one beaten egg, one level teaspoon of salt and two of sugar, one-half level teaspoon of mustard and a dash of cayenne. Pour the hot milk slowly over the dry ingredients and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. When smooth take from the fire, add two tablespoons each of vinegar and olive oil. Mix well, cool and pour over celery cut in fine pieces.

Crumbed Cucumbers.—Select large full grown, but not ripe, cucumbers, pare and cut in halves lengthwise. Mix one cup of bread crumbs, three tablespoons of melted butter, one rounding teaspoon of finely chopped onion and a very little sweet pepper. Scoop the seeds out of the cucumbers, lay the halves in a buttered pan, fill rounding full with the seasoned crumbs. Have the oven hot and bake the cucumbers until tender.

Macedoine Salad.—For this salad take any cold vegetables, no matter how many kinds are used at once. Peas, string beans, a beet and a carrot, a potato or a turnip and a few flowerets of cauliflower all combine well together, and after cutting them into suitable shapes mix them with a French dressing.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes.—Select round, ripe tomatoes, cut off the stem end and scoop out the seeds. Mix one-half cup each of fine bread crumbs, finely chopped chicken and ham. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, a little made mustard and a pinch of ground cloves. Season the inside of each tomato with salt and sugar, fill with stuffing and set in a baking dish of Japanese ware or some other fireproof dish that will look well enough for the table. Pour over the tomatoes a tablespoon of melted butter, or a little on each and sprinkle with sifted bread crumbs. Bake about half an hour.

Lettuce and Ham Salad.—Wash two heads of firm lettuce and put in the icechest or in cold water to keep it crisp. Do not let it stand in water long. Cut a thin slice of ham into small pieces and fry brown then add while hot two tablespoons of vinegar, two tablespoons of sour cream and one beaten egg. Stir the mixture constantly and when it thickens pour it over the lettuce, which has been drained and arranged on a salad dish.

Tongue Salad.—Canned tongue may be used for this salad. Slice the tongue thin and cut in small pieces. Marinate with French dressing and when ready to serve mix with shredded lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

W—13

HE COULD NOT LACE HIS SHOE

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DROVE AWAY HIS RHEUMATISM.

Story of W. J. Dixon has set the Rainy River Settlement Talking.

Barwick, P.O., Aug. 10.—(Special.)—Among the settlers here the cure of William John Dixon of Rheumatism is causing much talk. The story of the cure, as told by Mr. Dixon himself, is as follows:

"During the summer of 1901, I had an attack of Typhoid Fever, and after I got over it Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad that I had to use a stick to walk and had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could scarcely dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee.

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes, I began to walk, do my work and lace up my shoes. And the best of it is, I have had no Rheumatism since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills take the uric acid out of the blood and the Rheumatism goes with it.

COOKING ON THE FARM.

The housewife, who must be chambermaid, seamstress, cook, and frequently laundress, must study menus that will build up the brain and brawn of her family, take as little time as possible to prepare, and at the same time be palatable and sightly, writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Her life is not an easy one, but she alone, it would seem, is responsible for many hardships of which she complains. The hours which she spends in fancy cooking and the ironing of fancy clothing might, for her healths sake, much better be given to resting and recreation. The latter is quite as necessary as the former.

Complicated mixtures, such as pies, cakes, preserves and jellies, are seen in great variety and abundance on the farmhouse table, all of them producing much heat without giving a corresponding amount of nitrogen or musclemaking food. As the hard work of the farm is done during the heated term, any one can see at a glance the folly of such a diet. Butter and cream, admirable foods for winter are undesirable in hot weather; and still, during harvest time, when the men are at the greatest strain, these so-called good things of life are most bountifully bestowed upon them.

No longer is the overladen table, containing six or eight kinds of preserves and a dozen kinds of cake, popular. The intelligent woman no longer stands over the hot fire to preserve or make layer cakes or pies—all composed, perhaps, of good wholesome food, but each better without being made complex. She takes her bread-and-butter sandwich with the fresh fruits, rather than rubbing the butter into the flour and putting the sweetened cooked fruit inside. In this way she has better and more digestible food.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Two quarts of stemmed currants make two pints of juice. and with two pounds of sugar make three glasses of jelly.

In putting away pickles it is a good plan to put a slice or two of horseradish root in each can. This keeps the vinegar clear and free from scum.

It is said that adding half a bushel of grape leaves to a barrel of cucumbers in brine will keep them sound and firm and give them a good green color.

A sandwich which had great success last winter was made as follows: Butter three slices of white bread and two of graham. Put together alternately and press together, then cut to the size and shape desired.

In getting vinegar for pickles always get cider vinegar if it is a possible thing. Other kinds frequently make the pickles turn soft or eat up the pickles. If too strong, dilute with a little water. Pickles should be tightly sealed, to prevent air from reaching them, as this kills the vinegar.

Here is how a contributor cans pieplant. Peel and cut the stalks into half inch pieces. Fill into a glass can, pour in cold water enough to fill the spaces and get out all the air bubbles. Set the can in a pail of water deep enough to cover it, and screw on the top under water. When wanted to use drain in a colander and use as if fresh.

Here is a mosquito trap said to be invaluable: Fasten a small tin pail cover on the end of a long stick and put on it a large roll of cotton moistened with a little kerosene. Discover your mosquito where he is resting upon the wall and hold this trap just below him until he wilts. The process is most effective when the insect is obliging enough to rest on the ceiling.

Small cans, pint and half-pint, where the latter can be procured, are best for putting up preserves and jams. The one-pound jars, such as the jams and preserves we buy are put up in, are excellent for home-made preserves. They will hold enough to serve once, and that is better than to have a large quantity that, having to be opened several times, is liable to fermentation.

Sometimes it seems as if a can of fruit is all juice and about the only use one can make of it is in pies. In this case the pie is a little difficult to make, but by draining off the juice, rubbing a little flour into it as if for gravy, and letting it cook till it thickens, then adding the fruit and making the pie, there will be neither soggy crusts or a "spewed out" pie.

HER GRAPE FAITH.

"When the grapes ripen, then I will get fat and strong," we heard a weary-eyed woman say; and she did. Grapes were her favorite fruit. She had firm faith in their powers, and she ate heartily of them as long as one clung to the vine.

Worn with the spring work, and the heat of harvest days and much cooking, she felt "all tired out" by the time the first early grapes ripened. Then she got better. Her step became buoyant, her eyes brighter, her arms rounder. Grapes were her medicine, and she could not have told why.

There is said to be a life-giving principle in grapes, which builds tissue and stimulates the sympathetic nervous system, bringing to a state of working calm, and soothing an irritated, inflamed mucous surface. They are also thought to relieve certain urinary disorders.

SERVIA'S NEW KING.

The new King of Servia seems from all accounts to be the stamp of man to appeal to the susceptible hearts of the Servian people. For, although there are some among them who harbor enmities, and whose minds are still filled with the traditions of the old vendettas, yet the majority of Servia's population are a simple people, quiet of manner, and easily led.

King Karageorgevitch is simple, unassuming, of plain tastes, and quite unkingly in his manner and habits. He dislikes ostentation and seldom entertains ladies, for he thinks they create disturbances. At his house in Geneva he sometimes gave small dinner-parties to his men friends, and always after dinner, which was served at 9.30, he would play chess or cards with his son or nephew Michaelvics. At his dinner-parties he never employed extra servants, but had the meals cooked at a restaurant near by. His breakfast consists of a cup of black coffee and a roll of French bread, and throughout the day his Majesty drinks copious draughts of strong coffee and smokes cigarettes constantly.

His drawing-room is furnished sumptuously, and throughout the house magnificent pictures by old masters decorate the walls

WHISTLING IN CHURCH.

The Rev. P. Bilderback, of Millville, New Jersey, has introduced a choir of thirty young whistlers into his church. On their first appearance the boys in the gallery and several of the congregation joined in. The discord was so painful that many ladies left the church.

AS A NATURAL RESULT.

Mrs. Secondtime (peevishly): "My first husband used to let me have my own way in everything."

Mr. S.: "And what were the consequences?"

Mrs. S.: "He died."

NOT TO BLAME.

The Elderly Lady: "They say his wife has money."

The Younger: "Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NOT GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

A story of Prince Edward of Wales shows him not in his most discreet mood, but at least a human one. The Tatler says that, when a very little boy, he was listening to his teacher, who was trying to give him some idea of heaven.

"Everybody will be happy," said she. "Everybody will share happiness equally."

"Shall we all be really equal?"

"Yes, my dear."

"All of us, really?"

"Yes, all of us."

"Great-grandma," this being the queen, "and all?"

"Yes, evan her majesty."

"I am sure," said the young prince decidedly, "that great-grandma won't like that at all. Quite sure!"

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

TRIED AND TRUE.

A domestic servant in Moravia, ninety-four years old, has seen three generations born in her master's house. At Fontenay, France, there is an old woman of ninety-one who has acted as servant in the same family since the age of fifteen.

ROUND TRIP HOME-SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

On August 18th, also September 1st and 15th, 1903, round trip tickets will be issued from Chicago and St. Paul at single first-class fare plus $2.00 to points on the Great Northern Ry. in the states of Minnesota, Oregon, Idaho, Washington also to all points in British Columbia reached via Great Northern Ry.

These tickets are valid for return passage within 21 days from date of issue.

Full information as to stop over privileges, etc., by calling on or writing Charles W. Graves, District Passenger Agent, 6 King St., west, Room 12, Toronto, Ont.

He (bitterly): "If I were rich you'd marry me fast enough!" She: "Don't, Gussie, don't! Such devotion breaks my heart!" He:—"What do you mean?" She: "Often have you praised my beauty, but never before my common sense!"

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Parson Johnson: "Ah wish de midders ob dis congregation would bring deyr babies to church wif dem. Nevah mind how young dey am, jess bring 'em erlong. If dey am too young to appreciate de significance ob de service, dey can at least yell an' keep de deacons awake!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Blue Ribbon Tea is "hill grown" Ceylon tea.

The best tea because it grows slowly in the cool mountain air and obtains all the fragrance and deliciousness the plant can extract from a soil rich in these properties.

A nerve-nourishing tea—a sense-pleasing tea—invaluable for brain-workers—solacing and comforting.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. Should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label

OUR BRANDS.

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"Headlight" 50c

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Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AND THE MASAI WARRIORS.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honour. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspondent of *The Sphere*. Indeed,

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are used wherever the white man has set his foot.

The Masai warrior carrying his grease pot slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

THE PILLS are a wonderfully prompt and effectual, but gentle and benign, remedy for all disorders of the Liver and Bowels. They cleanse and thoroughly purify the system. Females should never be without them.

THE OINTMENT is the greatest healing agent known for Old Sores and all skin affections. Rheumatism and Sciatica yield to its influence quite magically, as also most throat and chest troubles.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

¼ 13—33

Clara, aged four, suddenly burst out crying at the dinner-table. "Why Clara, what, what is the matter?" asked her mother. "Oh," sobbed the little miss, "my t-teeth stopped on my tongue!"

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ring-bone and no lameness.

DANIEL MURCHISON.

Four Falls, N. B.

Janks: "Whatever made you pick a quarrel with Tonky? and all about nothing, too!" Sharple: "Why, I happen to know he was going to ask me for a loan, and I shouldn't like to have refused him but now he won't have the face to ask."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children, while teaching, it relieves the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 2-24

"If you were the only man in the world," she said, "I wouldn't marry you." "Oh, well," he replied nonchalantly, "if I were the only man in the world you wouldn't get me. I'd find a pretty girl."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

Beryl: "Yes, when Arthur married her he thought she was an angel, but it wasn't long before he found out his mistake." Sibyl: "Disappointed?" Beryl: "I should say not. He found she was a good cook."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes; it is extremely—for her," was the rejoinder.

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