DOCTORS BAFFLED.

A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. Geo. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold. He is foreman in the lumber yards of McCleary & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most of the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called upon him, and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain. Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never hesitate to say so either." Mr. McLean continued; "I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catharines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally, I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months, I was as well as ever I had been. I am now a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure, I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and direct paid at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Still Unquenched.

Johnny complained of being thirsty, and as the happened to be passing a drug store at the time his father took him in and irrigated his throat with soda water.

A few minutes later Johnny's thirst impelled him to ask for a glass of lemonade, which was found at a convenient lunch counter and duly absorbed.

"Papa," said Johnny a few minutes later, "isn't there some place where I can get a drink of water? Those things didn't unthirst me a bit!"—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Assist.

Employer—What are you pondering over so long?

Clerk—I want to ask for an abatement of taxes, and I can't think of any reason to give.

Employer—Well, Meyer, I'll tell you. Suppose I cut down your salary?—Lustige Blatter.

Anglican Fiction.

In the fine old English novel Harold is protesting his unworthiness.

"You are wealthy!" he cries desperately. "Yours are these broad acres, these oaks and yews"—

The beautiful Betty interrupts him.

"Does it follow necessarily that I have no yews for you?" she murmurs, blushing with the utmost violence.

Here everything goes, and the bulk of it substantially as merry as a marriage bell.

His Sight Not Offended.

Styles—I do hate to see a woman hanging on to a strap in a street car.

Barton—And so you always give a woman a seat when you have one to give?

Styles—No, I never go quite so far as that. I give my whole attention to my newspaper, you see. In that way my sight is not offended by the poor, weary woman.—Boston Transcript.

Mean About It.

"Whenever Bannister wants to get even with his wife for anything that she has said to make him feel like a whipped cur, he says 'hello' to her."

"Why?"

"She was a telephone girl before he married her and is trying, now that they have money, to keep it a secret."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Professor's Rebuke.

Alex Smith—The earth is merely a speck in the universe.

Professor Squelcher—While your statement is true, young man, that does not justify your apparent theory that you own it.—Ohio State Journal.

Those Chicago Divorces.

Mrs. Dearborn (at a Chicago reception)—Is that your husband going out of the room with that blond lady?

Mrs. Wabash—I can't tell. He was my husband when I came here.—Yonkers Statesman.

The more praise a man bestows upon himself the wiser he is not.

If a woman is dressed to kill she is a dangerous associate.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Youth is blind and will not see," had been too bitterly true with him. It was in his college days, when the world seemed all gayety, youth and sunshine to him, he first met the beautiful face that was to darken all of his after life. He was young and impulsive; he thought it was love that fill his heart for the beautifull stranger who appeared alone and friendless in that little college town.

He never once asked who or what she was, or from whence she came, this beautiful creature with the large, dark, dreamy eyes that thrilled his heart into love. She carried the town by storm; every young man at the college was deeply desperately in love. But Basil, the handsomest and wealthiest of them all, thought what a lark it would be to steal a march on them all by marrying the dark-eyed beauty then and there. He not only thought it, but executed it, but it was not the lark he thought it was going to be. For one short happy week he lived in a fool's paradise, then a change came over the spirit of his dreams. In that one week she had spent his year's income and all the money he could borrow, then petulantly left him in anger.

For two long years he never looked upon her face again. One stormy night she returned quite unexpectedly at Whitestone Hall, bringing with her their little child Pluma, and, placing her in her father's arms, bitter recriminations followed. Bitterly Basil Hurlhurst repented that terrible mistake of his youth, that hasty marriage.

When the morning light dawned he took his wife and child from Whitestone Hall—took them abroad. What did it matter to him where they went? Life was the same to him in one part of the world as another. For a year they led a weary life of it. Heaven only knew how weary he was of the woman the law called his wife!

One night, in a desperate fit of anger, she threw herself into the sea; her body was never recovered. Then the master of Whitestone Hall returned with his child, a sadder and wiser man.

But the bitterest drop in his cup had been added last. The golden-haired young wife, the one sweet love whom he had married last, was taken from him; even her little child, tiny image of that fair young mother, had not been spared him.

How strange it was such a passionate yearning always came over him when he thought of his child!

When he saw a fair, golden-haired young girl, with eyes of blue, the pain in his heart almost stifled him. Some strange unaccountable fate urged him to ever seek for that one face even in the midst of crowds. It was a mad, foolish fancy, yet it was the one consolation of Basil Hurlhurst's weary, tempest-tossed life.

No wonder he set his teeth hard together as he listened to the cold words of the proud, peerless beauty before him, who bore every lineament of her mother's dark, fatal beauty — this daughter who scornfully spoke of the hour when he should die as of some happy, long-looked-for event.

Those waving cotton-fields that stretched out on all sides as far as the eye could reach, like a waving field of snow, laid waste beneath the fire fiend's scorching breath! Never—never!

Then and there the proud, self-conscious young heiress lost all chances of reigning a regal queen, by fair means, of Whitestone Hall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The servant who opened the door for Daisy looked earnestly at the fair, pleading young face, framed in rings of golden hair, so pure and spiritual that it looked like an angel's with the soft white moonlight falling over it.

"You will not refuse me," she repeated, timidly. "I must speak to Mrs. Lyon."

"You have come too late," he replied, gently; "Mrs. Lyon is dead."

The man never forgot the despairing look of horror that deepened in the childish blue eyes raised to his.

"Rex's mother dead!" she repeated, slowly, wondering if she had heard aright. "Oh, my poor Rex, my poor Rex!"

How she longed to go to him and comfort him in that terrible hour, but she dared not intrude upon him.

"If there is any message you would like to leave," said the kind-hearted Parker, "I will take it to Mr. Rex."

"No," said Daisy, shaking her head, "I have no message to leave; perhaps I will come again—after this is all over," she made answer, hesitatingly; her brain was in a whirl; she wanted to get away all by herself to think. "Please don't say any one was here," she said, quickly; "I—I don't want any one to know."

The sweet, plaintive voice, as sweet as the silvery note of a forest bird, went straight to his heart.

Whatever the mission of this beautiful, mysterious visitor, he would certainly respect her wishes.

"I shall not mention it if you do not wish it," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, simply; "you are very kind. My life seems made up of disappointments," she continued, as she walked slowly home under the restless, sighing green branches.

It seemed so indeed. She was so young and inexperienced to be thrown so entirely upon the cold, pitiless world—cut off so entirely from all human sympathy. She entered the house quite unobserved. Eve—bright, merry, dashing Eve—was singing like a lark in the drawning-room, making the old house echo with her bright young voice.

"How happy she is!" thought Daisy, wistfully. "She has home, friends, and love, while I have nothing that makes life worth the living."

Like a shadow, she flitted on through the dim, shadowy hall, toward her own little room. She saw Gertie's door was ajar as she passed it, and the sound of her own name caused her to pause involuntarily.

It was very natural for Daisy to pause. How many are there who would have passed on quietly, with no desire to know what was being said of themselves, when they heard their own names mentioned in such a sneering manner? Daisy certainly meant no harm by it; she paused, thoughtfully and curiously, as any one would have done.

"I am sure I don't like it," Gertie was saying, spitefully. "It is an actual shame allowing Daisy Brooks to remain here. Uncle Jet was a mean old thing to send her here, where there were three marriageable young ladies. I tell you he did it out of pure spite."

"I believe it," answered Bess, spiritedly. "Every one of my beaus either hints for an introduction or asks for it outright."

"What do you tell them?" questions Gertie, eagerly.

"Tell them! Why, I look exceedingly surprised, replying: 'I do not know to whom you refer. We have no company at the house just now.' 'I mean that beautiful, golden-haired little fairy, with the rosy cheeks and large blue eyes. If not your guest, may I ask who she is?' I am certainly compelled to answer so direct a thrust," continued Bess, angrily; "and I ask in well-feigned wonder: 'Surely you do not mean Daisy Brooks, my mother's paid companion?'"

"What do they say to that?" asked Gertie, laughing heartily at her elder sister's ingenuity, and tossing her curl papers until every curl threatened to tumble down. "That settles it, doesn't it?"

"Mercy, no!" cried Bess, raising her eyebrows; "not a bit of it. The more I say against her—in a sweet way, of course — the more they are determined to form her acquaintance."

"I don't see what every one can see in that little pink-and-white baby-face of hers to rave over so!" cries Gertie, hotly. "I can't imagine where in the world people see her. I have as much as told her she was not expected to come into the parlor or drawing-room when strangers were there, and what do you suppose she said?"

"Cried, perhaps," said Bess, yawning with ennui.

"She did nothing of the kind," retorted Gertie. "She seized my hand, and said: 'Oh, Miss Gertrude, that is very kind of you, indeed! I thank you ever so much!'"

"Pshaw!" cried Bess, contemptuously. "That was a trick to make you believe she did not want to be observed by our guests. She is a sly, designing little creature, with her pretty face and soft, childish ways."

"But there is one point that seriously troubles me," said Gertie, fastening the pink satin bow on her tiny slipper more securely, and breaking off the thread with a nervous twitch. "I am seriously afraid, if Rex were to see her, that would be the end of our castle in the air. Daisy Brooks has just the face to attract a handsome, debonair young fellow like Rex."

"You can depend upon it he shall never see her," said Bess, decidedly. "Where there's a will there's a way."

"I have never been actually jealous of any one before," said Gertie, flushing furiously, as she acknowledged the fact; "but that Daisy has such a way of attracting people toward her! they quite forget your presence when she is around. When one rival leaves the field, another one is sure to come to the fore,' That's a true saying," said Gertie, meditatively. "You see, he did not marry the heiress of Whitehouse Hall. So he is still in the market, to be captured by some lucky girl."

"Well, if I am the lucky one, you must forgive me, Gertie. All is fair in love and war, you know. Besides, his wealth is too tempting to see slip quietly without a struggle."

Before she could reply Eve popped in through the long French window that opened out on the porch.

"Oh, I'm so tired of hearing you two talk of lovers and riches!" she cried, throwing herself down on the sofa. "I do hate to hear love weighed against riches, as if it were a purchasable article. According to your ideas, if a fellow was worth a hundred thousand, you would love him moderately; but if he was worth half a million, you could afford to love him immensely."

"You have got a sensible idea of the matter," said Bess, coolly.

"For shame!" cried Eve, in a hot fury. "It's an actual sin to talk in that way. If a handsome young man loves you, and you love him, why, you ought to marry him if he hadn't a dollar in the world!"

Gertie and the worldly-wise Bess laughed at their younger sister's enthusiasm.

"Now, there's Rex Lyon, for instance," persisted Eve, absolutely refusing to be silenced. "I would wager a box of the best kid gloves either one of you would marry him tomorrow, if he were to ask you, if he hadn't a penny in his pocket."

"Fahaw!" reiterated Gertie, and Bess murmured something about absurd ideas; but nevertheless both sisters were blushing furiously to the very roots of their hair. They well knew in their hearts what she said was perfectly true.

"Eve," said Bess, laying her hand coaxingly on the young rebel's arm, "Gertie and I want you to promise us something. Come, now, consent that you will do as we wish, that's a good girl."

"How can I promise before I know what you want?" said Eve, petulantly. "You might want the man in the moon, after you've tried and failed to get his earthly brethren, for all I know!"

"Eve, you are actually absurd!" cried Bess, sharply. "This is merely a slight favor we wish you to do."

"If you warn her not to do a thing, that is just what she will set her heart upon doing," said Gertie significantly.

By this time Eve's curiosity was well up.

"You may as well tell me anyhow," she said; "for if you don't, and I ever find out what it is, I'll do my very worst, because you kept it from me."

"Well," said Gertie, eagerly, "we want you to promise us not to give Daisy Brooks an introduction to Rex Lyon."

A defiant look stole over Eve's mischievous face.

"If he asks me, I m to turn and walk off, or I'm to say, 'No, sir, I am under strict orders from my marriageable sisters not to.' Is that what you mean?"

"Eve," they both cried in chorus, "don't be unsisterly; don't put a stumbling-block in our path; rather remove it!"

"I shall not bind myself to such a promise!" cried Eve. "You are trying to spoil my pet scheme. I believe you two are actually witches and guessed it. What put it into your heads that I had any such intentions anyhow?"

"Then you were actually thinking of going against our interest in that way," cried Gertie, white to the very lips, "you insolent little minx!"

"I don't choose to remain in such polite society," said Eve, with a mocking courtesy, skipping toward the door. "I may take a notion to write a little note to Mr. Rex, inviting him over to see our household fairy, just as the spirit moves me."

This was really more than Gertie's warm, southern temper could bear. She actually flew at the offending Eve in her rage; but Eve was nimble of foot and disappeared up the stairway, three steps at a bound.

"What a vixen our Gertie is growing to be!" she cried, pantingly, as she reached the top step.

She saw a light in Daisy's room, and tapped quietly on the door.

"Is that you, Eve?" cried a smothered voice from the pillows.

"Yes," replied Eve; "I'd like very much to come in. May I?"

For answer, Daisy opened the door, but Eve stood quite still on the threshold.

"What's the matter, Daisy, have you been crying?" she demanded. "Why, your eyelids are red and swollen, and your eyes glow like the stars. Has Gertie or Bess said anything cross to you?" she inquired, smoothing back the soft golden curls that clustered round the white brow.

"No," said Daisy, choking down a hard sob; "only I am very unhappy Eve, and I feel just—just as if every one in the world hated me."

"How long have you been up here in your room?" asked Eve, suspiciously, fearing Daisy had by chance overheard the late conversation down-stairs.

"Quite an hour," answered Daisy, truthfully.

"Then you did not hear what I was talking about downstairs, did you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No," said Daisy, "you were playing over a new waltz when I came upstairs."

"Oh," said Eve, breathing freer, thinking to herself. "She has not heard what we said. I am thankful for that."

"You must not talk like that, Daisy," she said, gayly, clasping her arms caressingly around the slender figure leaning against the casement; "I predict great things in store for you—wonderful things. Do not start and look at me so curiously, for I shall not tell you anything else, for it is getting dangerously near a certain forbidden subject. You know you warned me not to talk to you of love or lovers. I intend to have a great surprise for you. That is all I'm going to tell you now."

To be Continued

KEEPING THE CELLAR SWEET.

When cellars become musty or foul odors are noticed, the best thing to do is to close all the doors and windows and burn enough sulphur to fill the cellar room with dense fumes. Leave it closed for an hour or two, and then open the doors and windows. Next whitewash the walls and ceiling with two coats of good whitewash. Sulphur gas is heavy and settles; hence care must be used to agitate the air in the cellar by selecting a windy day for the work. Sulphur fumes will destroy all kinds of germs.

"Grippe Deadlier Than Smallpox."

Says Dr. Dillingham of the New York Health Board —The Dreadful After-Effects Most to Be Dreaded.

Every reader of this paper can recall many cases in which the after effects of la grippe have proven fatal. How many people are now complaining of special ailments or lingering sufferings or weaknesses which are clearly the results of the debilitating effects of la grippe.

The best plan is to prevent la grippe, if possible, or, once a victim, to apply yourself diligently to obtaining what relief you can. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully beneficial, because it allays the inflammation in the throat and bronchial tubes, loosens the cough, heals the lungs, and prevents pneumonia or consumption.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a mere cough remedy. It is far more. It thoroughly cures the cold as well, and seems to take the aches and pains out of the bones. No ordinary cough mixture could ever attain the enormous sale which this medicine now has. For old and young alike it can be used with perfect safety and with absolute assurance that the effects will be remarkably beneficial.

If weakened and debilitated by the enervating effects of la grippe there is nothing so suitable for your use as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the great nerve restorative and blood builder. The regular and persistent use of this great food cure is bound to result in the upbuilding of the system, because it contains in condensed pill form, the most efficient restoratives known to man.

Though only known in Canada for a few years, this famous discovery of Dr. Chase, the Receipt Book author, has become generally recognized by physicians and people alike as a great strengthener and blood builder. In no case is it more successful than in restoring and reinvigorating a system wasted by la grippe. Whether weakened by overwork, worry or disease, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore new vigor and vitality. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

TO THOROUGHLY APPRECIATE TEA you have only to use

LUDELLA

CEYLON - Evenly blended, deliciously flavoured and absolutely pure.
Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

HUMOR

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

But the Publisher Will Never Use It Again.

His name is suppressed in compliance with a solemn promise, but he is a publisher in a certain line known throughout the land. He is of that type that foresees awful results from the most trivial indications. If he has a pain in his great toe, he anticipates an amputation of his leg, and if a neuralgic shoot pierces his body he considers himself a victim of galloping consumption.

He waked up the other night with a dull ache in his side. Of course it was pneumonia and a bad case at that. He called upon his wife to get the "big bottle" of witch hazel and give his side a thorough rubbing. She found the bottle, which is properly labeled, and returned.

"No, no," he said as she began preparations for the application. "Don't turn down the covers. It would be my death if the air struck me." So she slid hands and bottle between the sheets and fought sleep for a full hour while she rubbed. Finally he reported that he was all right and paid a glowing tribute to the curative powers of witch hazel.

When the good wife went to replace the bottle, she found her hands as black as coal and the sleeves of her only garment in the same condition. She hurried to her patient in fear and trembling to find his side as deep an ebony as that of the king of Dahomey and all of his surroundings of the same color. Just as he concluded that he was rapidly mortifying or had the black plague and not more than a few minutes to live the son came in. He heard the story breathlessly told and then laughed until his back had to be pounded to insure breathing. When he told how he had filled that bottle with ink, as he had bought more than the usual depositories would hold, the old gentleman forgot all about pneumonia while he was turning the air a ghoulish blue and impregnating it with the odor of sulphur.

Tit For Tat.

Slopay—I want you to make another suit for me.

Tailor (reluctantly)—Yes?

Slopay—Yes. Now let me see something in the way of a check.

Tailor—All right; but suppose you do the same for me.—Philadelphia Press.

Everything Goes Wrong.

"Why do you seem to dislike Mr. Simpson, Miss Hopkins?"

"Oh, he's the man who never comes in your house without putting up the broken window shade, sitting in the disabled chair or getting the cracked teacup."—Detroit Free Press.

REMARKABLE PERMANENCY.

SOME MEDICINES ONLY RELIEVE FOR A SHORT TIME.

Dodd's Kidney Pill Cures Stay Cured—The Case of Mr. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Proves This

Port Hope, Ont., Feb. 18. (Special).—Away back in 1896, Mr. Chas. Gilchrist Ex-Chief Constable of this town, was suffering with Diabetes. He was in very bad shape, and never expected to be well again. He was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills in March of that year (1896), but some thought that the disease would return. Five years have elapsed, and Mr. Gilchrist is still enjoying good health.

On April 24, 1899, he wrote:—"I have been a sufferer for ten years with Diabetes and Kidney disorders. My urine was of a dark, bricky color, and the pain while passing was something awful. I have been treated by the doctors, and have used almost every medicine advertised, but could get no relief. Lately I have been very bad. The pain in my back was dreadful. I could not sit in a chair without having a cushion at the small of my back. I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and decided to try once more for a cure. They cured me completely, and I can heartily recommend them to anyone."

On July 2, 1900, he writes;—"I am very well, and have been so since the spring of '96. My urine is a natural healthy color. There is no pain in my back. I am sure I would have been in my grave now, but for Dodd's Kidney Pills. They certainly saved my life. There is no medicine like them," and to this letter he adds "all that I say about Dodd's Kidney Pills is the truth. If they were not good, I would not say they were good. The citizens of Port Hope all know me, and can vouch for every word I have written."

Some medicines only relieve. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure, to stay cured. If you want a satisfactory, permanent and sure cure for Kidney Complaint, use the only remedy with an unbroken record of success in every case, and not a single failure—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HUMOROUS.

A bright ten-year-old girl, whose father is addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial at court the other day for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men, and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.

Half six green cucumbers and take out the seeds. Make a filling of half a cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoons of boiled ham chopped very fine, one tablespoon of minced parsley, one of chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the cucumbers with this, tie the halves together, place in a covered pan with one cup of water and bake for forty-five minutes. Serve hot with drawn butter.

IN INDIANA.

Despite the following bit of dialogue, found in the Indianapolis Journal, there is nothing topographically wrong about the town in question.

Do you mean to tell me, said an inquiring visitor in Hoosier village, that those two Hill brothers are deaf and dumb?

Yes, replied the native, we allus calls em' the two Hills without a holler.

GRAPES FROM CANAAN.

A very little child may open a very large door into Heaven.

To be content with less is to have less discontent.

No coin is current with God without love's stamp on it.

It is little use lending a hand unless you give a heart.

When we think to thank God for our pleasures it will be easier to bless Him for our burdens.

It is mockery to pray that your children may be gathered home in eternity while you do nothing to keep them at home in time.

I was cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT ROSS.

I was cured of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Dalhousie. MRS. SAUNDERS.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MULES.

During General White's sortie from Ladysmith, the British battery mules on the left were stampeded. The captain of one of the batteries, seeing his first sergeant flying by with the first gun, shouted angrily:

Hi, sir! Where are you going?

To which the gunner curtly replied: Hanged if I know! Ask the mules!

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

FAMILY TIES.

How close is your relationship to that millionaire?

Oh, his brother married my brother-in-law's sister.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Those folks next door didn't invite us to their reception.

How queer!

Yes; afterwards they sent us over a platter of the refreshments.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

Take the trouble life allots you,
Bear it with a courage bright;
If you had to choose your trouble,
You would be in sadder plight.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.
AVENUE HOUSE—Mount—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

RESIGNATION.

She—Didn't you marry me for better or worse?

He—No, my dear. You were good enough. I didn't want you any better.

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

NEIGHBORLY.

Husband—Isn't it about time Mrs. Borrore was returning our call?

Wife—Yes, but if she does return it it will be more than she does with the other things she gets from us.

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."

RECIPE FOR BRIDAL SALAD.

A salad for a wedding breakfast or dinner is made as follows: Shred a quarter of a new cabbage as fine as the petals of a chrysanthemum. Remove the seeds from two sweet green peppers of medium size and slice them in very fine rings; then slice one medium-sized onion as thin as possible. Mix these ingredients together and lay them lightly in a salad bowl; surround them with quarters of tomatoes; pour a dressing over all composed of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, and serve.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA,
GREEN OR BLACK,
IS PURE TEA.
"Pure tea calms, restores and cheers those in distress."
DRINK IT.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed, or Green Tea. Address "SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

DISAPPEARANCE OF ENGLISH FISH.

Sole for breakfast will soon be a tradition in England. A wail over the disappearance of flatfish proceeds from the London Mail. The price of sole and plaice has doubled in five years, and the outlook is that it will double again in another five. It is the steam trawlers and the destruction of young fish are doing the mischief.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.

Half six green cucumbers and take out the seeds. Make a filling of half a cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoons of boiled ham chopped very fine, one tablespoon of minced parsley, one of chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the cucumbers with this, tie the halves together, place in a covered pan with one cup of water and bake for forty-five minutes. Serve hot with drawn butter.

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It is little use lending a hand unless you give a heart.

When we think to thank God for our pleasures it will be easier to bless Him for our burdens.

It is mockery to pray that your children may be gathered home in eternity while you do nothing to keep them at home in time.

I was cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
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For all who have Weak Lungs

This is a Positive Cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles, also

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Represent a **New** system of treatment for the **weak** and for those suffering from Consumption, **wasting** diseases or inflammatory conditions of **nose, throat** and **lungs.**

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The Remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from **weak lungs,** coughs, sore throat, bronchitis, catarrh, CONSUMPTION, and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy in the upbuilding of **weak systems,** in purifying the blood, **making flesh,** and restoring to weak, sallow people, vigorous and healthy constitutions.

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Every invalid and sick person needs strength. This food gives it.

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The third preparation is an antiseptic Balm or Jelly. **It cures catarrh.** It helps all irritation of the nose, throat and mucous membranes. It gives **immediate relief.**

Thousands of our readers need the **Oxojell** Cure for Catarrh without any of the other articles.

The fourth article is an **Expectorant,** Cough and Cold Cure. Can positively be relied upon. Is absolutely safe for children, goes to the very root of the trouble, and not merely alleviates, but **cures.**

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TO WHIP THE EDITOR.

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Oh, pa's gone up stairs to whip the editor.

Well, has he come down yet? pursued the gentle Samaritan.

Pieces of him have, said the boy, with a fresh burst of tears, and I'm expecting the rest of him every minute.

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