Consumptive People.

CAN SECURE RENEWED HEALTH AND STRENGTH

The Rich, Red Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gives New Strength to Every Nerve, Fibre and Organ of the Body.

From the Budget, Shelburne, N. S.

Among the young ladies of Shelburne, there is none to-day who more fully bears the impress of perfect health than Miss Lillian Durfee. Unfortunately this was not always the case, as a few years ago Miss Durfee became ill, and her friends feared that she was going into decline. A doctor was called in and prescribed, but his medicines did not have the desired effect. Her strength gradually left her, her appetite failed, she had frequent headaches, was very pale, and finally grew so weak that a walk of a few rods would completely fatigue her. The young lady's family sorrowfully observed that she was steadily failing, and feared that consumption would claim her as a victim. One day a friend urged that she should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but the idea at first was not favorably entertained; it seemed hopeless to expect that any medicine would help her after the doctor's treatment had failed. However, this good friend still urged, and finally prevailed. By the time the third box was used, there was an unmistakable improvement in Miss Durfee's condition. Cheered by this, the pills were continued, and in the course of a few weeks the former invalid, whose strength was taxed by the slightest exertion, was almost restored to health. The use of the pills was still continued and a few weeks more found Miss Durfee again enjoying perfect health.

To a reporter who interviewed her, she said:—"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I earnestly recommend them to all who fear that consumption has laid its grasp upon them."

That the facts related above are not in any way exaggerated, is born out by the following statement from Robt. G. Irwin, Esq., the well known stipendary magistrate for the municipality, who says:—"I distinctly remember the pale face of Miss Lillian Durfee and the regrets of friends as they expressed their conviction that she would soon be compelled to say farewell to earth. Miss Durfee, however, carries the unmistakable credentials of good health, and frequently expresses her indebtedness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Pale and anæmic girls, or young people with consumptive tendencies, will find renewed health and bodily vigor through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills are an unfailing cure for all diseases due to a watery condition of the blood, or shattered nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c a box, or $2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SURGERY IN THE SOUDAN.

How Electricity Was Developed in the Desert.

Good surgeons are often men of great ingenuity, and there are numerous cases on record of important and wholly satisfactory results accomplished with rude appliances. A writer who was with the British Army in the Soudan gives, in a New York paper, this illustration of a clever adaptation of means to a desired end:—

After the battle of Omdurman we brought back to Abadieh one hundred and twenty-one wounded officers and men. Of this number there were twenty-one cases of which an accurate diagnosis could not be made by ordinary surgical means.

By the help of the Rontgen rays, however, we found the bullet or proved its absence in twenty out of twenty-one cases, the remaining case being so ill with a severe wound in the lung that it was not considered justifiable to examine him at the time.

Of course we had no steam engine to generate electricity for us, and the desert heat had dissolved our specially prepared candles into their constituents.

Necessity, however, is the mother of inventions, and we had recourse to a unique method. The pulley of a small dynamo was connected by means of a leather strap with the rear wheel of a tandem bicycle. Having carefully adjusted the circuit with the storage battery, and also with the volt-meter and ammeter, a warrant officer took his position on the seat of the bicycle and commenced pedaling. When fifteen volts and fourteen amperes were registered, the switch close to the handle of the bicycle was opened and the charging of the battery begun.

As the resistance became greater a sensation as of riding up-hill was experienced by the man on the seat, and the services of an additional orderly were requisitioned for the front seat of the tandem.

As this bicycle practice was generally indulged in in a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade, the orderlies were not sorry when, at the end of half an hour, the switch was turned off and the machine brought to a standstill.

COMRADES.

Touching Story of Two English Officers.

A touching story of two friends is told by William Beatty-Kingston in his "Journalist's Jottings." They were two officers in the English army who quarreled about some trifle, and although they had been the closest of comrades, became, in consequence, entirely estranged. The fact of their separation was extremely bitter to both of them, and one Christmas day one of them received from the other a card bearing a dove with an olive-branch.

The recipient kept the message by him for a twelvemonth, and on the following Christmas sent it back to his fellow officer, who in turn laid it aside for a year, and then despatched it on the next anniversary.

Through three successive decades at each Christmas-tide, the mute messenger was regularly sent in token of continued friendship, until a year came when it was forgotten because the present possessor was too harassed by financial losses to remember it. In the course of the Christmas week, however, his wife came upon the card, and sent it off to her husband's friend with a newspaper cutting referring to her husband's bankruptcy. The returning post brought her a letter, enclosing a thousand pounds, and explaining that the sender had just come into a fortune, and that in return for this trifling sum, intended for his old friend's rescue, he should keep the Christmas card as his most precious possession.

HIS PREFERENCE.

"Sportleigh is bound to be in style, isn't he?"

"Oh yes! He'd rather be in style than out of debt!"

At the great fur market at Leipzig there are yearly sold 9,000 bear skins, 54,000 of sable, 60,000 of otter, and 60,000 of ermine.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of,...
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wilton's admiration for the girl he thinks he loves, rides off and calls on his old nurse. He meets Mildred Thorpe. Lady Gladys a rival for Guy's affections takes steps to uncover Maida's past. Maida dismisses Wilton, and becomes engaged to Guy at her enfeebled father's request.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When Mildred set out for her walk, after Guy's sudden departure, she loitered sadly on though the gathering darkness until she came to the Hartleigh church. The moon was shining brightly now, and she was tempted to go into the edifice and look at it by moonlight.

A grave-digger, at work in the yard, told her where she could find the key, and she went in. She had never been there before, but there was more than mere curiosity in her glance as she looked around.

Presently, her eye fell on the memorial tablet, and with an eager sadness she hastened to it, and with swimming eyes read its simple lines.

"Mother, mother!" she cried, "why did you leave me alone with this mystery? Who is it that has come here to fill the place you taught me was mine. Who is it that has had this stone placed here to your memory? And, oh, my mother! who is it that has taken the man whose love is mine, and whom I love? I know he loves me, mother—I know it."

She rested her head against the tablet, and with her face in her hands, wept silently, wondering at herself for daring to say even to the dead, what she had not yet ventured to whisper to herself.

Then she walked up the aisle and sought the Hartleigh pew, where she sat down and wondered at herself and at the mystery of which she was a part. She took one of the prayer books out of the rack in front of her and by the light of the moon could see that Guy's name was on it. She sadly placed it to her lips and replaced it, taking out the one next it. The name on that was newer and easily deciphered. It was Constance Hartleigh.

Constance Hartleigh! Then there were two Constance Hartleighs. One of them lived at the hall, honored and beloved by all, while the other was the organist at the little village church, living under a false name, because she feared to use her own, and utterly without friends. One of them had the love of a true man, but must give it up to the other because it was so decreed by her father. Whose father?

She laid her head upon her arms as she leaned against the railing in front of the pew, and, wearied of the sad conflict of emotions, must have fallen asleep. It was while she was sitting thus that the other and false Constance Hartleigh entered.

The result to Maida we have seen: she looked upon the appearance of Mildred, or the real Constance, as a product of her disordered fancy; but Mildred made no such mistake as to her.

When she saw Maida fall senseless, she seemed to realize, as by an inspiration, what had taken place from the time of her own supposed death up to the present moment, though there were some things for which she could not account. Her first impulse was to run to the fallen girl and revive her, but a hasty second thought drove her from the church, and she hastened home unseen by either Caryl Wilton or Miles Barton, who had been lurking about the place.

In her own room she feverishly tried to work out the tangle into which the mystery had become involved. It was clear to her that Maida was an impostor; and when she remembered that the little memorandum book which was one of her own proofs of identity, was in Maida's hands, she recognized how easy it would be for her to establish herself as the rightful Constance. But how had she learned the secret of her identity as Constance Hartleigh, since she had never once mentioned that name in the book? Then she recollected that Guy had gone to America in search of her, and she could scarcely see how the story might have been discovered by the false Constance. It will be remembered that Mildred did not know Maida's name.

Guy! She started up from the chair and pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. Should she let this stranger, this impostor, rob her of Guy. How easy it would be for her to present herself at the Hall as the rightful Constance, and step by right into the place held by the other.

Yes, it would be easy; but could she do it? Would she do it. All her life long she had been taught to fear her father as the cause of all her own and her mother's misery. And then the girl who had usurped her place—did she not think the real Constance was dead? Had she not striven bravely and nobly to save her life? And should she now expose her to the world, which would never see the extenuating circumstances, which she in her own nobility of soul could put forward for the other?

She had known sorrow and misery enough in her own life to be able to realize how another might take such an opportunity as this which must have come to the other in order to find a haven of rest after the sore weariness of a lonely life. No, she would not betray the other; but, oh, she would have liked to have the right to love Guy.

Hers was a noble, self-sacrificing nature, and she wearily told herself that perhaps the other woman had learned to love Guy even as she did, and believing her dead, had taken her place with a determination to fill it fairly and honestly. And, so far as she had ever heard, she had filled it better even than she in her humility believed she could have filled it.

No, she would go out of the world, where she had a right to be, and she would give trouble and sorrow to no one. She would leave Lougham, with all its happy associations, and would seek London or the far away land she had come from. She would try to see Guy once more, unseen by him, and then she would go away. She would like, too, to see the woman who had taken her place at the Hall. She would like to convince herself if she was one likely to make Guy happy.

And so it came about that the next morning, after a short and troubled sleep, she arose with the determination to go to the neighborhood of the Hall and watch for a sight of the two.

It was the morning of the picnic to the Titan's Shield, and Sir Richard, though still weak from the effect of his attack, had insisted upon the party starting, just as had been arranged

The story of the betrothal had somewhat leaked out, and, without any connivance of either, Maida and Guy had the little phaeton to themselves. Mildred saw him help the beautiful creature into the carriage with a dull pain in her heart, for she could not see that neither was happy. She could only see that by common consent the two were left together, as lovers usually are.

She saw Maida take the reins and drive away, and she saw Guy leaning over her with a solicitude which to her was only lover-like, but which in fact was necessary in order to disentangle the fringe of Maida's sacque from the buckle of the reins.

She could not know that both of them were as miserable as herself. And not knowing it, she let herself wander sadly along in an aimless fashion. She did not care where she went. She could not return and listen to the good old dame's talk of the commonplace things which interested her.

The day was a perfect one, and she wandered on until she came to a pretty patch of wood where she threw herself down to brood on her sorrows until such time as she could command herself sufficiently to prevent the dame discovering her woe. Then she would return and go at once to the vicar and resign her post as organist. Then she would carry out her determination to efface herself. She was sure now that there was no room for her there. She could not even think, now, that Guy loved her. And if he did not then it did not greatly matter what became of her.

Not that she was desperate—that was not her way. She was sadly resigned. She knew how to suffer. It had been the lesson of her life.

While she reclined there under the shelter of some hawthorns, and thinking herself alone, she suddenly heard heavy footsteps crashing along through the trees, and looking out from her leafy covert, saw a man in a light tweed suit approach and sit down near her. For a moment she was inclined to get up and hasten away, but the fear of attracting observation, and a sense of security where she was, restrained her, and she remained, hoping the man would not stay long.

But in this she was doomed to be disappointed, for, he not only sat there, but kept looking up as if in expectation of seeing somebody. And presently, to Mildred's astonishment, he was joined by a young lady. She might have thought it a simple lover's meeting, but for the fact that the man was not only much older than the lady, but that he was evidently in a different station in life.

Moreover, there was nothing lover-like in their greeting of each other. The man sprang to his feet with an exclamation of satisfaction at sight of the young lady, and the latter, with no attempt to hide her repugnance, came forward, holding something in her outstretched hand.

Mildred gave a little gasp at sight of this object, and, without a moment's hesitation, abandoned her design of getting up and softly stealing away in order that she might not be guilty of eavesdropping. She fastened her eyes eagerly to an opening in the leaves and watched and listened with a terrible interest.

The man was Miles Barton; the woman, Lady Gladys.

"Here is the book you asked for," she said, with a mingling of shame and anger.

"How did you get it?" he demanded, as he eagerly took it.

"I followed your directions and stole it." She angrily emphasized the word "stole." "I refused to go on the picnic, on the plea of neuralgia, and then I went over to the Hall, and, on pretext of searching in Constance Hartleigh's room for a neuralgia cure, used the skeleton keys you gave me, and opened the casket and found this book. Never, never ask me to do such a thing again. How dared you do it—how dared you?" and she burst into passionate tears.

"I told you it was your only chance of preventing Guy Hartleigh from marrying her."

"How can it? I have read it over and over, and I cannot find a word that will compromise her."

"Did you bring her letters—the letters that you have received?"

"Here they are."

She handed him several notes of invitation which Maida had written to her.

He took them with a greedy hand and opened one. Then he opened the little book, which Mildred recognized as her memorandum book, which she had given Maida when she thought she was dying. He glanced quickly over first one and then the other, and then, with a grimace of triumph turned them so that Lady Gladys could see them.

"Well," she demanded, sullenly, "what is there to see?"

"Look at the hand writing."

"Well?"

Sammy—"Hello! There's a sea mouse!"
Aunt Julie—"Oh! oh! oh! Don't let 'im in the boat!"

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c.

25c.

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

GIRL'S JACKET.
4 to 12 Years.

No wise mother permits her children to be without general utility jackets that can be worn over any gown. The attractive little garment shown is entirely practical, at the same time that it is essentially smart, yet it is not difficult to make. The original is made of castor-colored smooth-faced cloth, but mixtures are admirable, and tan is always in style, while dark blue is always good, and cheviots as well as cloths are worn.

To cut this jacket for a girl of 8 years of age 1¾ yards of material 44 inches wide, or 1¼ yards 50 inches wide will be required.

"Don't you see that the hand-writing in the book is entirely different from that in the letters?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"This, my lady. Mr. Hartleigh will never marry that young woman, and you will have the field to yourself. Don't ask any more questions, It will be a great deal better for you to be surprised when the time comes. Only mind! You don't need to do anything but wait—wait two weeks from to-day—and you will have your revenge. I will do all the acting, and I will see if I am going to chase two women all over America, and find out all about them, only to have the reward snatched out of my hands by a pair of lawyers. Won't there be a rumpus when the young lady gets her walking-papers. And won't I get my reward?"

With a few more words the pair separated and went away, leaving Mildred staring after them with a look of horror.

"She will be disgraced; driven from the Hall like a criminal, and Guy will be free!"

She buried her hands in her face and thought.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the meantime the picnickers had reached the Titan's Shield, and most of them had begun to make the descent, as there was no way of avoiding doing so without exciting comment, Guy had taken Maida's arm under his.

She was more apathetic than he now. She had expected to meet the reproachful eyes of Caryl Wilton, but true to his promise, he had gone. Lord Algy assured Maida he had done all he could to keep him, but without avail, and Maida had said to herself that thus the last link that bound her to the old self was broken. And yet it was with no sense of relief that she comprehended that he had gone out of her life. Hers was rather the apathy, the resignation of the condemned criminal. She had sent him away because she loved him too well to run the risk of having him some day discover her shame, and turn from her with scorn.

The path, narrow and winding, allowed of but two abreast, and many of the party went in Indian file. It was a wild and beautiful scene, every turn of the serpentine way revealing fresh beauties of cliff scenery, and a more extensive view of the great gray rocks lying beneath them.

Several smaller and still narrower paths branched off from that which they were following, but Guy called out to the party in front to keep the beaten track.

"These narrow paths are made by the men who go after gulls' eggs," he explained, "and to the inexperienced they are scarcely safe footing. They are very tempting, but many a traveller has paid the penalty for his rashness in the shape of a broken leg or worse. Keep to the path below there," he shouted.

An answering shout came up to them from the bottom of a well as it seemed.

Maida looked around with a shudder, and pressed close to the strong arm.

"Are you afraid?" asked Guy, kindly—a lover would have put his arm around her for far less provocation.

"No," she said, and shrank away from him, "but it seems so grand and solemn. Let us go faster."

They made their way to the bottom almost in silence. None of the party was in sight, and Guy said:

"I wonder where they are? They seem rather wild this morning. I hope none of them will forget the tide and go too far."

"Go after them," said Maida: "I will rest here until you come back."

"I do not like to leave you."

"But please go," she gently urged, "there may be some accident otherwise."

He hesitated a moment, and then, making her comfortable on a ledge of smooth rock, he ran along the beach in search of the others.

She remained seated for some minutes, looking dreamily over the sea, and wondering where the only man she could love was at that moment. Her life seemed to be a succession of pasts and futures, all far away from a present which she seemed unable to realize. She arose and sauntered idly along the bottom of the cliff, glad to be alone with her thoughts for even a few moments.

She wandered along, her thoughts flitting at random through her strange past, and a sad sort of mechanical wonder filling her mind of what was to come next. Was the end to be when she took the name of Hartleigh by law? Or was there something else in store for her? And as she gave reign to her thoughts she seemed to hear a moan of distress. She roused herself, thinking her imagination was playing her a trick, but the sound was repeated, and she knew this time that it was the faint inarticulate cry of some human being in distress.

It proceeded from a narrow ledge of rock above her. Most women would have screamed for help and scrambled back to their companions, but Maida possessed true courage and presence of mind, and, instantly reflecting that if she left this spot, she might not be able to find it again, she ran up a narrow path, which led to the place whence the cry had proceeded, and commenced to look for the cause.

She had not far to look. Just above her a man's foot projected from the narrow ledge. Some one was lying there helpless, perhaps dying. Holding on by the jutting rock she made her way to the ledge, and, clinging to the smooth side of the chalk cliff, came round a bend full upon the figure of a man lying across the narrow path.

He was lying with his head resting on his arm, his face turned away from her; but Maida did not need to see it. Her heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stand still—as she recognized Caryl Wilton.

To be Continued.

MORE THAN ONE SOFT SPOT.

"You must not touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her four-year-old. "She has a soft spot there that is very tender."

The youngster gazed at it curiously for a moment and then asked:—

"Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?"

"Yes."

"Did papa have a soft spot on the top of his head when he was a baby?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he has got it yet."

And the old man, who had heard the conversation from an adjoining room, said:—

"Yes, indeed he has, my dear boy, or he would be a single boy to-day."

AFTER A LAPSE OF MANY YEARS

A LETTER COMES TO LIGHT WHICH SHOWS THE UNDOUBTED PERMANENCY OF CURES BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, of Conboyville, the Writer.—Her High Opinion of Dodd's Kidney Pills—Her Advice to Others.

Conboyville, Ont., Oct. 21.—(Special).—Mrs. Edward Patterson, of this town, is one of those who can testify to the lasting nature of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills, the great Canadian remedy for all affections of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, according to her own statement, is to-day in splendid health. Her rheumatism has left her, and although it is ten years since then, it has never returned beyond a slight touch in cold weather, which a Dodd's Kidney Pill or two immediately drives away. This proves what has always been claimed—that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure permanently. Their effects are lasting—in fact they do not merely relieve—they cure. Here is Mrs. Patterson's letter:—

"It is many years, perhaps ten or twelve, since I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, and then it was not for Rheumatism that I took them. I was feeling miserable, did not know what ailed me, and while reading a paper I saw the testimony of some one who had been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, who had been feeling just as I was. I got a box and found they helped me. I found also that my Rheumatism was not nearly as bad, for I had suffered for many years especially in cold weather. I have used dozens of bottles of medicines and ointments, but it always returned until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I seldom have a touch of it. I occasionally get a box, perhaps two a year. I never hear anyone complain of Rheumatism but I advise them to try Dodd's Kidney Pills."

HOW HE SPELLED CAT.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed to civil life. A young fellow recently a young officer remarked;

"Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain Dash?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor. "But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer. "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you a case of wine that you cannot tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the officer.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"C-a-t-e,"

"No, try again."

"K-a-t-e,"

"No, you've missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "c-a-double-t."

"No, that's not the way; try once more; it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you've lost the bet."

"Well," said the doctor with some petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess; and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Gentlemen. I am too old to be trifled with in this manner."

A SMART ANSWER.

At a dinner party a certain officer in the Dragoon Guards had been placed with his back to the fire, which happened to be big and hot. Having stood the heat for a good time the officer could at last bear it no longer, and asked for a fire-screen. His host, a pompous old squire, who thought everything belonging to him absolutely perfect, got exceedingly angry at the fire being found fault with, and immediately said, "A British soldier should always be able to stand any fire." "Not in the back, sir," was the officer's witty rejoinder.

Papa Crumley—"I judge a man by the company he keeps." Mr. Suitor—"Yes, sir; I hope you will bear in mind that I've been keeping company with your daughter for over two years."

Violent deaths amount to 33 per 1,000 in the United Kingdom, 38 in Switzerland, but only 10 in Spain. Deaths by violence include all accidental deaths as well as murders and suicides.

Each of the people of the British isles averages 300 days work a year allowing rest on Sundays, and 13 days of illness and holidays.

FRENCH ARMY MOBILITY.

THEIR TACTICS ARE SAID TO BE ANCIENT.

French Leaders Show Decided Talent For Handling Large Bodies of Troops.

The correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle who attended the French military manoeuvres at Rethel says that the French leaders have shown a decided talent for handling large masses of troops—when out of sight of the enemy—and on the energy of these troops they have made, claims which, however, willingly responded to by them, would have caused considerable grumbling in the ranks of British battalions in time of peace, at least, if not in war. French manoeuvres are conducted in a manner entirely different from those of Aldershot or Salisbury Plain. There the men have their barracks or their camp, where they have almost every comfort, and return to their quarters after a few hours' easy fighting. French soldiers, on the other hand, after a hard day's marching and fighting, which often begins as early as 3 a.m., and generally ends about noon, or even later, have to march long and

TIRESOME DISTANCES

before reaching the respective villages where they are to be billeted for the night. The billeting arrangements appear to be perfect. The mayor of the village or canton gets notice that so many men will want sleeping accommodation on a particular night, and he must be ready with it to the minute. There is no doubt about it, the French army possesses in a high degree the virtues of mobility and adaptability, and it is very difficult to put one's finger anywhere on the weak point of its organization and equipment.

General Brugere's organization could scarcely be bitter, but here eulogy from the English point of view cannot well go further. For the tactics of the French army are still little more than the tactics of thirty years ago, to go no further back. The French continue to fight their mimic battle as if there had never been such a thing as a Boer war; and they frankly admit that they have never given it their serious attention from the point of view of comparative militarism. In fact, they deny that its lessons have any practical value for them whatever. The French army is still as gaudy in color—still as conspicuous a target—as it was the last time it went under the fire of Europe.

DO NOT TAKE COVER.

On Sunday and Monday, at the battles around Rethel, had there been bullets in the guns of the enemy scarcely one of the cheering stormers would have been left upright. The men are not taught to take cover, except in accidental dips of the ground, and they advance across the open in the most leisurely and even dignified fashion, exposed to infantry and artillery fire. I have not seen a single rush forward and a flop down as they do it at Aldershot. It was no unusual sight to see companies blazing away at each other separated sometimes by less than 200 yards. The whole field was marked by ineptitudes of this kind, which astonished men who had been in South Africa. How the Boers would like to have the French for an enemy!

As for the infantry fire, delivered mostly as independent, not volley firing, there was scarcely one man in ten who troubled himself to take aim but each one simply blazed away as if he wanted to get the show over as soon as possible, and none of the officers seemed to care a bit about this sham fight negligence, which might become a fatal habit in real war. There was also seen the curious spectacle of one company taking another prisoner. On the whole, all these tactics were intensely surprising. It may be doubted whether the French army is not still weakest where it ought to be strongest.

KNEW HER MAN.

He was desperately in love with her but lacked the courage to propose.

"This line," she said, as she bent over his hand, "indicates that you have a long life before you; this one indicates a good heart; this one an artistic temperament and this one that you lack courage."

Being a dull and stubborn brute, always ready to prove other people liars, he popped.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

In North Italy the ratio of children attending school is 11½ per cent. of the population, in Central Italy it is only 6½, while no more than 4½ is the proportion in Sicily.

The value of furniture in the British isles is a little over 1,100 millions sterling.

The steepest railway in the world is up Vesuvius. One gradient rises 63 feet in 100.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

CURING THE BLUES.

Just Turn Up the Corners of Your Mouth.

A well known doctor of Minneapolis, who has made a specialty of nervous diseases, has found a new remedy for "the blues." As no drugs are administered, he has felt safe in experimenting with at least a half hundred melancholy patients, and now declares himself thoroughly satisfied with the good results of his treatment. His prescription reads something like this: "If you keep the corners of your mouth turned up you can't feel blue." The directions for taking are, "Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling." It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Well, just try turning up the corners of your mouth, regardless of your mood, and see how it makes you feel; then draw the corners of your mouth down and note the effect, and you will be willing to declare "there's something in it."

The doctor treats his nervous patients to medicine when necessary, but when the case is one of purely melancholy without bodily ill, he simply recommends the smile cure. He has the patient remain in his office and smile; if it isn't the genuine article, it must at least be an upward curvature of the corners of the mouth, and the better feelings follow inevitably. The treatments are followed up regularly, and the patients all testify to their good effect. It takes considerable persuasion to induce some of them to apply the cure, and, of course, the greater number of patients are women, for when a man is blue he is bound to be blue in spite of everything, but a woman is more easily persuaded to try to find a cure.

The doctor declares that if persons will only draw down the corners of their mouths and use sufficient will power they can actually shed tears. On the other hand, if they will persistently keep the corners of the mouth turned up pleasant thoughts will chase away the gloomy forebodings. His discovery grew out of an experience in his own home. His wife was of a nervous and rather morbid temperament, and when in a despondent mood he would ask her to "smile a little," until the saying came to be a household joke. But it brought about good results, and then came the inspiration to try the same cure on others.

The doctor has not patented his remedy, and it is free to all who choose to take advantage of it.

Japanese Catarrh Cure

NOT ONLY GIVES RELIEF, BUT PERMANENTLY CURES CATARRH

TWO WEEK'S TREATMENT FREE.

Thousands of people tell us Japanese Catarrh Cure does cure catarrh and cold in the head, so it must be true. Now we want every sufferer from catarrh in America to know just how good Japanese Catarrh Cure is, and in order to prove conclusively the value of this remedy and our confidence in it, we will send a trial quantity, sufficient for nearly two weeks treatment, free, to all who send at this time, you find it beneficial, call at your druggist's for a regular 50 cent bottle, or we will be pleased to mail it to you direct. Enclose 25 cents stamps for postage, etc., on sample and it will be sent to you by return mail without any charge whatever. Mention this paper. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.

ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Dr. R. S. Wilson, of the *American Journal of Health*, New York, writes:—"Japanese Catarrh Cure has met with the highest endorsement of the Medical Profession for the only reason that ever wins such endorsement, its distinct and proven value. It is really a specific for catarrh in its various forms."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is sold by all druggists, 50 cents.

HER GLAD SURPRISE

"I have found out one thing about my husband," said the bride who had been married before, "that surprises me greatly."

Her friend moved up a little nearer so that they could whisper, and asked: "What is it?"

"His salary is just as big as he told me it was."

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 can not 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.

Among able-bodied men the yearly deaths are ten per 1,000 for civilians, but only 6 per 1,000 for soldiers, and 8 per 1,000 for sailors in the navy.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach 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."

To cross the Atlantic in four days a steamer must be 935 feet long, 87 wide, and driven at 30 knots by 110,000 horse-power. She would burn 1,700 tons of coal a day.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

3,607 vessels passed through the Suez Canal in 1899. Of these 2,660 were merchant ships, 736 mail steamers, and the rest warships, or ships in ballast.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The biggest gorilla ever killed has just been brought to Hamburg. It is seven feet high, and weighed before stuffing thirty-five stone.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

COMPLIMENT GONE WRONG.

"This pie is excellent," said the minister, who had been invited out to tea, and Mrs. Bjenkins, being a church member, had to swallow her pride and say:

"Yes, I got it at the baker's."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG HUSBAND.
Don't start out by giving your wife advice, but bring her home a packet of
MONSOON
CEYLON TEA.

When you have used all that Tea you now have, get a Package of
LUDELLA CEYLON
You will find it a delightful change. In Lead Packages, 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

APPLES, POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, Potatoes, Chestnuts and other Produce.
If you have any to dispose of it will pay you to communicate with us.
THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

HIGH GRADE SEWING MACHINE
or BEAUTIFUL COUCH and 100 PIECE DINNER SET
FREE
This is a chance of a lifetime. No deception, Dr. Christian speaks nothing but the truth. If you are an honest person willing to assist Dr. Christian in introducing his Red Blood Pills, you can get a full sized Couch, beautifully covered in velours or tapestry, and a handsomely decorated semi-porcelain 100 Piece Dinner and Tea Set full sized for family use, or a high grade "New Glasgow" Sewing Machine, (this is a particularly handsome and durable machine which will last for years and do its work perfectly.) for selling Dr. Christian's Red Blood Pills. Dr. Christian's reputation is well known for square and honest dealing, and he will prove it. Every honest person who sends only 50 boxes of Dr. Christian's Red Blood Pills, a wonderful remedy for the weak and impure conditions of the blood, anæmia, sick headaches, constipation, debility, rheumatism, pains in the back, and general bodily weakness, also a certain cure for female diseases, will receive his generous offer to secure this beautiful Sewing Machine or the Couch and 100 piece Dinner Set, with a Tea Set, which he will send to you free, for selling the 50 boxes of Pills. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write to Dr. Christian to-day and he will send you the pills by return mail. They are very easy to sell. Sell them at 25 cents per box and return him the money, $6.50. Dr. Christian guarantees that if you comply with the offer he sends to avoid taking advantage of this advertisement the New Glasgow Sewing Machine, or the Couch and the 100 piece Dinner Set will be sent to you absolutely free. Dr. Christian is thoroughly reliable and will guarantee these presents exactly as represented. He wishes to introduce his Red Blood Pills into every home, and his advertising them in this way. Write at once to
DR. CHRISTIAN MEDICINE CO., Box 993, Toronto, Ont.
IMPORTANT.—When writing state which you prefer, the Sewing Machine alone or the Couch and Dinner Set combined. Also your freight address. Dr. Christian does not send more than 2 or 3 honest agents in small towns, so write at once.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW Books, "Life of William McKinley, The Martyred President," also our new "Juveniles," Family Bibles, Albums, etc. Our prices are low and our terms extra liberal. A free prospectus if you mean business, or write for circulars and terms. William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, Ont.

THE SUN SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY is selling stocks and debentures drawing good rates of interest and giving deposits; these opportunities for investment are unequalled; reliable agents are wanted. Write to the Company's address, Toronto

WANTED—RELIABLE MEN TO ACT as local or travelling agents, either on whole or part time. Liberal terms on salary or commission, with expenses paid. Apply now. STONE & WELLINGTON, Canada's Greatest Nurseries, Toronto, Ont. Dept. A.

WANTED—$2 PER DAY SURE—GENtlemen or ladies—not to canvas, but to employ agents; position permanent; $900 per year and expenses; reliable firm; best references; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'KEEFE, address 150 Truth Office, Toronto.

WANTED—GOOD MEN ONLY TO SELL our well known specialties. We are one of the oldest and most reliable firms in Canada. Salary or commission. Exclusive territory. Outfit free. Pelham Nursery Co. Toronto, Ont.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO. invites applications for agency in districts at present unrepresented; several valuable territories are available to suitable applicants; experience not indispensable. Apply superintendent of Agencies, 6 King Street, West, Toronto.

EDUCATIONAL.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, TORONTO. Twelve Teachers, fine equipment, eighty typewriting machines, modern courses, thorough work, invites correspondence from all interested parties. Address W. D. Shaw, Principal.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Send stamp for particulars. Standard Hose Co., Dept. A Toronto, Ont.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

"To be sure," said the kindly minister to the man who had lost both his legs in a railway accident, "you have been seriously injured, but you must be grateful that your life is spared."

"Yes," said the sufferer, trying to look cheerful, "I can't kick."

Stop the Cough and Work off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The Baldwin Arctic Expedition is taking 20 balloons to carry messages homewards when the wind blows south. They will release these messages automatically.

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