

LIFE ON THE RAIL IS A HARD ONE

O. P. R. Engineer's Experience
with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Brought Back His Strength
When He Could Neither Rest Nor Sleep.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 6.—(Special).—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well known O. P. R. engineer, whose home is at 176 Maple street, is one Winnipeg man who swears by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Long hours on the engine and the mental strain broke down my constitution," Mr. Rafferty says. "My back gave out entirely. Terrible, sharp, cutting pains followed one another, till I felt I was being sliced away piecemeal. I would come in tired to death from a run. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I had to lay off work."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I have worn for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

DEVOTION OF SLAVES TO THEIR MASTERS

The devotion of slaves to their masters in time of war is no new thing under the sun. The fact that their masters are in arms has always, no doubt, borne its part in the phenomenon. But it does not wholly account for the absolute devotion of the negroes. It is to the eternal credit of one of the whites and of the negroes that, during these four years of war, when the white men of the south were absent in the field, they could entrust their homes, their wives, their children, all they possessed, to the guardianship and care of their slaves, with absolute confidence in their fidelity. And this trust was never violated. They were their faithful guardians, their sympathizing friends, and their shrewd advisers, guarding their property, enduring necessary denial with cheerfulness, and identifying themselves with their masters' fortunes with the devotion not of slaves, but of clansmen.

The devotion of the body servants to their masters in the field is too well known almost to need mention, and what is said of them in this paper is owing rather to the feeling that the statement of the fact is a debt due to the class from which these came than to thinking it necessary to enlighten the reader.

When the southern men went into the field there was always a contest among the negroes as to who should accompany them. Usually, the choice of the younger men would be for some of the younger men among the servants, while the choice of the family would be for some of the older and more staid members of the household, who would be prudent, and thus likely to take better care of their masters. And thus there was much heart-burning among the younger negroes, who were almost as eager for adventure as their masters. From The Old-time Negro, by Thomas Nelson Page, in the November Scribner's.

HOBBO'S TOAST.

Some toast the home and friendship's bond,
And some of family trees are fond.
They're not for me—my way I beat,
And trample ties beneath my feet.
—Toasts and Tributes.

The best way to shape the careers of some young men is with a stout club.

DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

Interesting Events of Ye Olden
Times Gathered from The Plan-
et's Issues of Half a Cen-
tury Ago

Continued from Page 9.

the corner of King and Fourth Sts., Mr. James Wickham has erected an addition to the building that was at one time the residence of Thomas M. Taylor, Esq., which the former now occupies as a cabinet shop and ware room. In Chatham North, which is rapidly improving in every respect, Mr. M. D. Wood, an active, intelligent and enterprising American, has purchased the site and foundation of Slagg's brick brewery, which was destroyed some time ago by fire. The spot now has assumed a new aspect, Mr. Wood having had it splendidly rebuilt and vastly improved internally and externally. On Monday he will commence brewing operations, his brewer being a most experienced man from the largest brewery in Detroit.

A QUESTION OF SPEED.

The judge, lawyers, and everybody else were badgering an Irishman about the speed of a cart.

"Was it going fast?" queried the judge.

"Yes, it were," answered the witness.

"How fast?"

"Oh, purty fasht, yer honour."

"Well, how fasht?"

"Purty fasht."

"Was it as fast as a man can run?"

"Aw, yis," said the Irishman, glad that the basis for an analogy was thus supplied to him. "As fasht as two min kin run." — Birmingham, England, Post.

NO DIFFERENCE.

No distinction is made as to the kind of Piles that Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cures.

The names Internal, External, Bleeding, Blind, Itching, Suppurating, etc., are simply names of the different stages through which every case will pass if it continues long enough.

Piles are caused by congestion or stagnation of blood in the lower bowel, and it takes an internal remedy to remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid is a tablet taken internally.

It is a permanent cure and no case of Piles has ever been found it failed to cure. Money back if it does.

A guarantee with every package. Price \$1.00 at any druggists, or The Wilson-Frye Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

WISHING.

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do:

Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true.

Rid your mind of selfish motives,

Let your thought be clean and high;

You can make a little Eden

Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start,

By accumulating wisdom

In the scrapbook of your heart!

Do not waste one page on folly:

Live to learn and learn to live.

If you want to give men knowledge,

You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day

Just the softer words of kindness

As you pass along the way;

For the pleasures of the many

May be oftentimes traced to one,

As the hand that plants an acorn

Shelters armies from the sun.

Judging a girl's weight is often a

slight misest calculation.

Mimard's Linture Cures Distemper

An absorbing interest is the secret

of happiness.

Felt Weak and Nervous.

Had Faint and Dizzy Spells.

These symptoms arise from a weak condition of the heart and nerves. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts and deranged nerves,

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

will be found an effectual remedy. Through the medium of the nervous system, they impart a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body.

They restore enfeebled, enervated, exhausted, devitalized, or overworked men and women to perfect constitutional power.

Miss Maggie L. Cleveland, Baywater, N.S., tells how she was cured in the following words:—

"I was sick for the past year, and became thoroughly run down. I had faint and dizzy spells, and felt weak and nervous all the time. I tried numerous remedies, but could get no help. I then read in the paper about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them. Before I had used one-half the box I began to get better, so got another one, and by the time the two were finished I was as well as ever."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25. All dealers, or THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

DEBUTANTE'S VIEWS OF SOCIETY

The average girl, living quietly at home in town or country, no doubt often thinks enviously of the lot of her more favored sister in the larger cities, who at eighteen or twenty, as the case may be, are launched into society, by clever and accomplished mothers, with as much éclat as can be made to surround a debutante in a position which from a worldly point of view at least, seems exceptionally fortunate. That all the girls who thus "come out" under the most favorable conditions, are by no means delighted with their environment, is made plain by a correspondence which an English newspaper woman has lately written, girl of the period who has lately been introduced to London society. It is safe to assume that the frank young person in question is only one of a large class. Unhappily, the first lesson a debutante learns, through false pride and shame, is to be bravely and generously about her new experiences.

She always has "a lovely time" at every dance, concert, ball, or tea to which she goes, willingly or the reverse. Often, the "lovely time" has its climax in a fit of passionate weeping in the solitude of her own chamber, over the disappointment, discomfort and neglect she has had to endure.

"For, whatever people like to say about the delights of being eighteen," comments the journalist on the case of her unhappy young friend, it is precisely at eighteen, it would appear, that the female person, afloat on the great London tide, finds herself most forlorn, helpless, and neglected. People are in such a hurry, it seems, so immersed in their own love-affairs, scandals, social strivings, and money-making, that they have little more than an indifferent glance or a careless nod for a young girl who has but just emerged from the school room. Unless she happens to have a particularly popular and tactful mother, who has initiated her into society's ways before her formal appearance, she will find herself, at the beginning of a season, in as strange a country as the interior of Africa, or the wilds of Alaska. It is true that the modern girl, with her voluminous accomplishments, and multitudinous accomplishments, can hardly be qualified as native, yet the mental abyss between the finishing governess and the flip-pant young man who will take her in at her first dinner party is sufficiently wide to render a more balanced brain than hers. Conversation "in the world" is so largely conducted nowadays by means of the ellipsis and the innuendo, that a newcomer to the social feast, unaware of what has been going on for the last six months, might as well listen to a dialogue in Choctaw as to one in this year of grace in London society.

"Last night," writes my bewildered young correspondent, "I dined out, with my father and mother, at what is called, I hear, an amusing house. I can only say it was anything but amusing to me! There were no girls there, only quite elderly women, women about forty-five. Of course they didn't look forty-five, for they had the most youthful little curls and white frocks, and pearl necklaces, but most of them were mothers of school friends of mine. One Lady Belchamber, who has the most exquisite Titian-red hair, is actually a grandmother. Well, all these women had plenty to say to mother, but they stared me up and down until I thought Leonie must have forgotten to fasten one of the hooks at the back of my dress, and they just said something civil in a frigid voice when I was introduced, and went on whispering among themselves. I really thought I must be looking a perfect fright, only father had told me I looked sweet before we left the house, and the fatigued, looking young man who took me in said several rather pointed things before he settled down and devoted himself to

the woman on his other side. It was the woman with the Titian-red hair who is a grandmother! Think of it. It was my first dinner party, and the young man who took me in never spoke to me after the first. Perhaps I looked huffy at the silly things he said about me, but at any rate I had to sit mum-chance all through that interminable dinner."

"If this is what 'going out' is like," continues my debutante, "I think I would rather stay at home and make soft and read novels in the school room. After dinner the most of them sat down to bridge, and I sat alone on a sofa until our host, who is awfully bald, and in the Government, I believe, came and talked to me about the income tax, and asked would I like to hear a debate in the House! At eleven o'clock we went on to a political 'crush,' and that was still more boring. I literally didn't know a soul. There were hordes of ladies, and one or two, busy, tired-looking little men, who I was told were journalists, and a good many funny-looking couples who I saw, were Members of Parliament and their wives. One couple walked about arm-in-arm all the evening! A band made a great din on the stairs, but there was absolutely no amusement. It was too awful; there was no one to offend you even a glass of lemonade, and as I had been to a dinner party, of course I was fearfully hungry. At last we got home, fagged out, and looking like old rags, and I was delighted to jump into bed and eat chocolate. I'm going to implore mother not to take me into society this season. Mother says it's essential to 'show oneself' in London, though what's the point of showing yourself when no one wants to look at you or takes the trouble to speak to you, I can't imagine."

There seems, indeed, to be more than a speck of truth in this young person's plaint. The fact is that she is bored, poor child, because she has no one of her own kindred years to talk to. Every age has its shibboleth, and world-wise thirty-five has nothing in common with eighteen and its innocencies and illusions. We do not take out boys to dinners before they are of age, we wisely interpose them in universities, or subject them to the stern discipline of the mess-room before they are let loose on society. My charming little correspondent, I feel sure, would be thoroughly happy with boys and girls of her own age, punting on the Thames, romping on the hockey ground, or dancing to the school-room piano. Before she came to town, and was presented at Court, she had entrancing visions of the London season, and its so-called gaieties, but it is obvious that the inevitable disillusion has come with first dinner party and the fatigued young man who preferred to talk to a lady who might almost have been her grandmother.

HOW MODERN BATTLES ARE EAUGAT

To-day circumstances place a commander completely out of sight of his army. He is usually located at least 10 or 15 miles from the firing line, and in many instances is even farther away. He sits in a room, whence radiate telephone and telegraph lines to the remotest portions of the field, placing him in instantaneous communication with his principal subordinates. The famous painting of Napoleon at Austerlitz represents, in the popular eye, a commanding general directing a great battle. But it belongs to the warfare of the past. The artist who aspires to depict the direction of a modern battle must show a man seated at a table on which is spread a huge map dotted with little flags, indicating the location of the opposing forces, with an ordinary desk telephone at his elbow. In an adjoining room is a switchboard, where alert operators ready to connect the commander with any of the field



To Woo Sweet Dreams

enjoy a bedtime cup of beef tea made from Armour's Extract of Beef. It's grateful to the stomach, is quickly digested, soothes the nerves, stimulates circulation, and brings sound, refreshing sleep.

Armour's Extract of Beef

is liquid roast beef. It has the strength—the rich flavor—of prime roast beef, without the indigestible fibre. Just ¼ teaspoonful to a cup of hot water makes delicious beef tea. It's economical.

ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO

SOLE PACKERS AND SHIPPERS FOR CANADA

Armour's Tomato Bouillon, a tempting relish. Makes delicious bouillon.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.

It May be 50 Years Ere Your Death Occurs

and your will requires to be probated. You can depend upon the existence and good service of this company, even though that length of time elapse

The London and Western TRUSTS COMPANY

LONDON ONTARIO

to hitch a horse to a milk wagon and drive a mile to Dover, village. In this drive he is compelled to cross railroad tracks at two points.

Spirited horses are his delight, and two belong to his father which are too wild for the average man to handle with safety are used by him without a thought of danger. It is news for other persons than he to approach these animals. The young man does not work, ride or walk in a hesitating manner, after the usual fashion of the blind. He takes a fast horse out on the road and gallops at full speed, turning out for vehicles and other horses and rounding sharp corners without pulling up. On his wheel he rides as if possessed of full sight, and can be seen alone miles from his home.

There are fellows who laugh and grow fat over their own jokes.

When a man aspires he will probably soon perish.

The girl who makes sheep's eyes at you sometimes pulls the wool over your own.

We must clear out all our fur coats and robes. Big out now. Geo. Stephens & Co.

A BLIND BOY'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

Young Stephen Mellinger, of Denver, Pa., does things remarkable in one who moves, as he does, in continual darkness. His senses of touch and hearing are very keen. He works in the field. He sows, uses the rake and spade, helps harvest the crops, milks, climbs trees, and what is still more remarkable, drives spirited horses and rides a bicycle. The boy is as bright and cheerful as any of his associates. He is able to harness a horse unaided and to drive several miles to the village, where the household supplies are obtained. Every morning it is his duty



Shoe Clerk—"Yes, madam, we find that of all the shoe polishes, nothing approaches

2 in 1

in giving satisfaction to our customers."

Lady—"I'm glad to hear it. I have a box of one of the so-called 'just as good as 2 in 1' polishes," and it is no good. It's a pleasure to deal with a house that

sells what you want."

Shoe Clerk—"Well, madam, I would be very foolish to try to sell substitutes, for '2 in 1' is the best shoe polish made."

Black and Tan—10 and 25 cent boxes and 15 cent collapsible tubes.

At all dealers.

PAGE FENCE—The WHITE Brand



This cut shows the knot or lock in the Page "Empire" Fence.

9m	
9m	
8m	
7m	
5m	
4m	
3m	
2m	

All Page Fencing and Gates shipped from our factory in future (except our railroad fencing) will be painted WHITE, a trade-mark as it were, in order that ours can be readily distinguished from others at a glance.

There now are other fences which at first appearance look much like ours though they are much different in quality. By coating ours WHITE there can be no confusion among buyers.

While this coating of WHITE gives Page Fence and Gates a distinguishing feature, it will also be a preservative as an aid to the galvanizing in preventing rust. It is now commonly known to everyone that even galvanized wire will, in certain localities, rust.

In addition to these, we are making several other changes and improvements in our goods that will make them still better than ever, and still further ahead of all competitors. Get from us, or local dealers, printed matter explaining everything about our Fences, Gates and Lawn Fences.

Remember—Page Fence is WHITE, WHITE, WHITE. And Page Gates are WHITE.

PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED, WALKERVILLE

"Page Fences Wear Best."

Geo. Stephens & Co., Chatham, Local Dealers

"CANADIAN" RUBBERS

The maximum of looks and wear



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