

BLOOD POISONING

FOLLOWS A WOUND IN THE KNEE CAUSED BY A PITCHFORK.

Five Doctors in Consultation Gave the Life of Little Boy in Recovery—His Life Was Saved.

Among the old families in the township of Augustus, in the neighboring county of Granville, there is none better known or more influential than those that bear the name of Bissell. The Bissells were among the earliest settlers in the township and have ever since taken an active part in all moves to promote its welfare. The subject of their narrative, Mr. Silas Bissell, one of the younger members of the family, who some years ago left Canada to make his home in the state of Nebraska. He has passed through an experience almost unique, and one such that he is fortunate in being alive to tell the tale.

The story as told in Mr. Bissell's own words is as follows:—In the autumn of 1898 I sustained a serious injury through having the time of a pitchfork penetrate my left knee. The wound apparently healed, but I did not enjoy the same health as before the accident, and it was but a short time before I was compelled to take to my bed on account of excruciating pains in my limbs and stiffness in my joints. A doctor was called in, and he lanced the knee three times, and then told me the trouble was blood poisoning. He treated me for some time, but I steadily grew worse, and finally five physicians were called in for consultation. My entire system seemed to be affected, and the doctors said that had reached one of my lungs, and that they could hardly hold out little hope of my recovery, after remaining in bed for eleven weeks. I decided that I would return to my old home in Canada. I was so much run down, and so weak that I was a question whether I would live to reach there, but I was nevertheless determined to make an effort to do so. After a long journey under these most trying circumstances I reached my old home. I was so used up, and presented such an emaciated appearance that my friends had no thought that I would recover. continued to drag along in this condition for several months, when one day a cousin asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was willing to try any medicine that was likely to cure me, and I sent for a supply of the pills. After I had been using the pills for about three weeks I felt an improvement in my condition. From that time I gradually grew better, new blood seemed to be forming in my veins, the stiffness in my joints disappeared, and the agonizing pains which had so long tortured me vanished. I took in all ten or twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe they saved my life. For when I returned to Canada, I had no hope of recovery.

Mr. Bissell has since returned to his old home at Lincoln, Neb., but the statements made above can be vouched for by any of his friends in this section, and by all of the neighbors in the vicinity of his old home. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Bissell's because they make new, rich blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. The pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvellous cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell, this medicine will restore you to health, but be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Bessie—Harry tells me all he knows, Flo—Indeed! Isn't the silence dreadfully oppressive?

Wagwag—What do you newspaper fellows mean by yellow journalism? Scribbler—Well, a yellow pill is one that's printed in black and white, and yet when it's read it makes you feel blue.

Muggins—Bjones is a most extraordinary fellow. He won't eat on an ordinary fellow. He won't eat on the last general elections. Buggins—What is remarkable about that? Muggins—Why, his soul, he got it!

Silliness—The Bible tells us to love our enemies. Cyrus—We do. Most of us are our own worst enemies.

Honz—Bjones is a regular fire-eater, isn't he? Joe—Yes; I believe he does pronounce a light lunch safe.

Tourist—What is that frightful racket here all day long? That is the cow bells. Ah, how poetic!

What makes you work so hard when the boss is away? I'm absent-minded and I might forget myself when he gets back.

Tom—Files never answer a sleeping man. Dick—What nonsense! Why, I'm Tom—the man wakes up and is annoyed.

Mrs. Church—Your name is not spelled right on this list. Mrs. Gotham—What's the matter with it? Why, Lillie is spelled with only one 'n'. Oh, well, my husband wrote that. It's nothing new for him to forget one of my letters.

A colored citizen gave a justice of the peace a big fat possessive as a wedding fee. Meeting him a year after his marriage, the justice said: Well, Jim, how do you like married life? Well, sah, we the reply, all I kin say is—I wish I'd eat dat 'possession'!

Mike, opening his pay envelope.—Faith, that's the stingiest man I ever worked for. Pat—Phavast the matter wid yer; didn't ye git as much as ye expected? Mike—'Tis but I was counting on gittin' more than I fringed.

My eyes are no longer like stars to you, I suppose she exclaimed during a heated conversation with her presumed lord and master. Well, suppose you go away about a hundred million miles, and I'll take a look at them, and decide, suggested the cruel, unfeeling man.

LOTS OF POWER WASTED.

It is estimated that the electrical organ of a lively electric fish would give a discharge of about 300 volts.

Heiress and Wife.

Rising hurriedly from the bank on which he had been reclining he made his way impetuously towards the cottage in which Septima bided away. He rapped loudly on the old-fashioned knocker without receiving any response. Rex was reckless of all consequences; he must see Daisy at all hazards; and when Rex made up his mind to do anything he usually succeeded; he was as daring and courageous as he was reckless and handsome. Once, twice, thrice he knocked, receiving no answer to his summons. "That's strange," he mused, "exceedingly strange."

Hardly knowing what prompted him to do it, Rex turned the knob; it yielded to the touch, swinging slowly back on its creaking hinges. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated, gazing wittily about him and as pale as death, "Daisy is gone and the cottage empty!"

He leaned against the door-way, putting his hand to his brow like one who had received a heavy blow; and the bars walls seemed to take up the cry and echo mockingly. "Gone!" The blow was so sudden and unexpected he was completely bewildered; his brain was in a whirl.

"I was looking for John Brooks," said Rex. "I find the cottage empty. Can you tell me where they have gone?"

"Gone!" echoed the man, surprisedly. "I don't understand it; I was passing the door a few hours since, just as the stage drove off with John Brooks and Daisy. 'Good-bye, neighbor,' he called out to me, 'I am off on an extended business trip. You must bring your wife over often to see Septima; she will be lonely. I'll warrant.' There was no sign of moving then. I—I don't understand it."

"You say he took Daisy with him," asked Rex with painful eagerness. "Can you tell me where they went?" The man shook his head and passed on. Rex was more mystified than ever.

"What can it all mean?" he asked himself. "Surely," he cried, "Daisy—dear little innocent blue-eyed Daisy—could not have meant to deceive me; yet why has she not told me?"

The hot blood mounted to his temples. Perhaps Daisy regretted having married him and had fled from him. The thought was so bitter it almost took his breath away. Rex loved her so madly, so passionately, so blindly, he vowed to himself he would search heaven and earth to find her. And in that terrible hour the young husband tasted the first draught of the cup of bitterness which he was to drink to the very dregs.

For Rex the little knew this was but the first stroke of Pluma Hurl-hur's fatal revenge—to remove her rival from her path that she might win him back to his old allegiance.

Early that morning there had been great bustle and stir in the Brooks' cottage in vain Daisy tried to tempt to steal quietly away into her own little room and write a hasty line to Rex, which, if all other means failed her, she could send to him by not one person in a hundred would beguile him to come to her at one Septima would not leave her to herself for a single instant. Even her writing-desk, which had stood on the bureau all the corner for years, she had moved to the door, and she would not let her go. Poor little Daisy cried out to herself—fate was against her.

"I should like to say good-bye to the old familiar scenes, Septima," she said, and she turned to her mother. "No, no," replied Septima, sharply, "a malicious smile hovering about the corners of her mouth. 'I guess the trees and the flowers won't wither or die of grief if you don't bid them good-bye; it's too late now, anyhow. See, here is the stage coming already,' she cried, glancing out of the window. 'and here comes John with his valises and umbrellas. Make haste, Daisy, where's your gloves and hat?'"

For one brief instant Daisy stood irresolute; if she had only dared cry out to them, "I am going; it is cruel to send me away from Rex, what a world of misery might have been spared her! but her lips were sealed.

"Well, well," cried John Brooks, hurriedly entering the room; "we must be off at once or we will miss the train."

In vain Daisy protested brokenly she could not go, and the agony in those blue uplifted eyes would have touched a heart of stone. Still John Brooks believed it would be a sin to comply with her request. So to school she must, for Heaven had intended a cultured mind should accompany so beautiful a face. Half lifting, half carrying the slight figure in his powerful arms, Daisy was borne, half fainting and sobbing, as though her heart would break, to the vehicle which stood in waiting.

On through the fragrant stillness of that sunny summer morning the stage rolled rapidly on its way, crossing the little bridge where she had lingered only the night before with Rex, her husband; they would soon reach the alder bushes that skirted the pool. The next bend in the road would bring her in sight of the magnolia-tree where Rex would be waiting for her.

Ah, thank Heaven, it was not too late! she could fling out her arms, and cry out; "Rex, my love, my darling, they are bearing me from you! Save me, Rex, my darling, save me!" Jolly Brooks sat quietly by her side silently wondering what had come over little Daisy—in a single night.

It is when there is a bitter taste in the mouth, heaviness about the stomach, headaches, pains in the arms and limbs, and depressed, languid feelings, that people turn to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Inactive kidneys and irregular bowels are the cause of at least seven tenths of human illness. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills invigorate these organs as no other preparation was ever known to do. Use what is best!

AN HONORABLE MEDICINE

That Appeals to the Best Judgment of the Best People and Gets Right Down at the Cause of Disease is

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Why is it that in nearly every home in the land you find some of Dr. Chase's family remedies? Why is it that Dr. Chase is honored and esteemed as a true physician of undoubted skill? Why is it that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are kept in the family medicine chest as indispensable for everyday ills which arise from constipation and sluggish action of the liver and kidneys? The answer is because Dr. Chase's remedies are all honorable medicines. Medicines that have stood the test of the severest cases and proven to be of most unusual value. They are immensely successful, because everybody has learned to have confidence in them and confidence in their discoverer. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have for nearly a quarter of a century taken the lead as the greatest seller which medicine dealers handle, and the enormous sale is entirely due to the downward merit which they possess. They cure what others fail.

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of all they not merely afford relief but strike deeper and make thorough and lasting cures. Mr. Walter Booth, Concession, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "I was troubled for some years with kidney and liver disease and pains in my back, and my stomach was so bloated that I could not eat and had difficulty in keeping any food in my stomach. I was so nervous that I could scarcely take a drink of water without spilling much of it, and I could not sleep. I had lost 150 lbs. of weight. I was cured by Dr. Chase's Remedies. I am cured by taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, six boxes, which entirely cured my kidney and liver troubles. I then began Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my nervousness. It strengthened my stomach and whole system, and I gained in weight. I can now eat and sleep as well as I ever did. I give great praise for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food, and I can only say that they are a perfect father, who is an old man, a great deal of good. I have every confidence in recommending these remedies."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., certifies that he knows Mr. Walter Booth, and that his statement of his cure is perfectly correct. The chances are that your neighbors have had the same troubles. Dr. Chase's Pills. Ask them. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all druggists, or Edmondson, Bates and Co., Montreal.

All Japan tees are colored.

SALADA Agricultural

CEYLON GREEN TEA is pure and uncolored.

The stranger appeared deeply interested in the columns of the paper he held before him; but in reality he was listening attentively to the conversation going on about him. "I shall not lose sight of this pretty little girl," said Lester Stanwick to himself, for it was he. "No power on earth shall save her from me. I shall win her soft, warm cheek against my rough hand."

"Madame Whitney's seminar is a very high-toned institution," confessed John, reflectively, "and the young girls I saw there were no end of furberlows and ribbons; but I'll warrant for fresh, sweet beauty you'll come out ahead of all 'em, Pet."

"You think so much of me, dear good old uncle," cried Daisy, gratefully. "I wonder if any one in the world could ever—could ever care for me as—as you do!" whispered Daisy, laying her soft, warm cheek against his rough hand.

"No one but a husband," he responded, promptly. "But you are too young to have such notions in your head. Let me advise you to get married, and don't think of being a nun. That we are on the subject, I might as well speak out what I've had on my mind some time back. I don't want to see you with any of those strange things happens to me. You are too young to know anything about love affairs. You'll never rightly understand it until it comes to you. I must know all about the man who wants my little Daisy. Whatever you do, little one, do upright and honestly. And, above all, never deceive me. I have to stand up for my own interests, and young girls falling in love with handsome strangers, and elopement meetings following, ending in elopements; but, mark my word, no good comes of that kind of thing. I'll always remember my words, and as to yourself: 'He knows what is best.' You will remember what I say, won't you?"

He wondered why the fair, sweet face grew as pale as a snow-drop, and the cold little fingers trembled in his clasp, and the velvety eyes were dimmed with tears. "Yes," whispered Daisy. "I shall remember what you have said."

In spite of her efforts to speak naturally and calmly the sweet voice dropped beneath his earnest gaze. "Bal—more!" shouted the brakeman, lustily. "Twenty minutes for breakfast. Change cars for the north and west!"

John Brooks, hastily gathering up their stables and innumerable bundles. "We must make haste to catch the up-town omnibus to get a seat, or we shall have to stand up. I'm an old traveler, you see. There's nothing like knowing the line and out."

"Have a coach uptown, sir? Take you to any part of the city. Coach, please," called the hackman, gawking about them.

Daisy lightened her hold on John's arm. She quite believed they intended to pick her up and put her in the coach by main force. One of them was actually walking off with her reticule.

"Hold there, young man," cried John, quickly, recovering the reticule. "Don't make yourself uneasy on our account. We would be pleased to take your baggage, if you don't charge anything. We have no money."

The loquacious hackman fell back as if by magic. Daisy was blushing like a rose, and feebly embarrassed. John Brooks laughed long and heartily.

"That's the quickest way in the world to rid yourself of those tormenting, declared, enjoying his ill-omened, and he would not let her come on alone some of these cheap would have spoiled you away without even saying so much as 'by your leave.' To Be Continued.

At last the barber said, gently but firmly: "Look a-here, sir, I can't possibly shave you unless you hold up your head. To which the response was made with a cruel smile which entirely baffled the barber. Well, then, cool my hair."

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BACTERIA AND BUTTER.

Bacteria are friends to the butter maker through their assistance to him in ripening cream. Ripened cream gives a larger amount of butter than cream not ripened, it churns more easily and produces cream favored butter. Butter made from sweet cream is quite flat in flavor and aroma. A good flavor in butter will make a difference of 2 and 3¢ per lb. and sometimes more, and this flavor is developed simply as a result of ripening.

The cream is placed for ripening at a warm temperature for 24 hours or more, during which period the bacteria are going on work and have produced various chemical changes, giving rise to products of special taste and aroma. It makes a great difference in the ripening, not far from 60 deg., favors the growth of this class, and the results are generally satisfactory. It is a common experience of butter makers, however, that they cannot make uniformly good butter at all seasons of the year. Butter made in the winter is almost always inferior to that made in June.

The difference in flavor is largely due to the ripening which occurs at this time, due to the presence of different bacteria, or bacteria growing in a different way.

To secure more uniform results the method has been adopted everywhere to put within the reach of the butter maker the means of inoculating his cream with the proper bacteria. The material used for this purpose is called a starter, and may be made by allowing the right kind of a bacteria in sterilized milk, or by simply taking a lot of milk from the cleanest dairy that can be found, keeping it in a sterilized vessel and allowing it to sour naturally. The practical results of this simple method last mentioned are very satisfactory, and is the one most generally adopted.

There are two ways of using the starters. By one the cream is pasteurized; that is, the cream is heated to a temperature of 155 degrees for the purpose of destroying the bacteria already present, and a starter is added after cooling. By the second method a starter is added to the cream without pasteurization. The butter from unpasteurized cream seems to be better adapted to American taste than the pasteurized product.

To summarize the means of securing the proper butter flavors: The butter maker must insist upon cleanliness in the barns and dairies which furnish the milk and must be particular in the use of a starter for controlling the ripening process. This starter may be either a natural or a commercial one, and used with or without previous pasteurization of the cream.

POULTRY POINTERS.

If young fowls are to be used for breeders they should be selected from the earliest hatched—those hatched in March or April—so that they are reasonably well matured.

It is better to have small cockerels and large hens than a large cockerel and small hens, unless some special object in the breeding is desired. The cockerel should be vigorous and active.

Besides the fact that a profit can be made in raising poultry and eggs for market, a still greater profit can be made by raising them for home consumption.

The cellar is no place for poultry. While it may be uniform in temperature and may protect the fowls from severe cold, as a rule the cellar is damp, and the result usually ends with roup. There are few cellars that are getting a pure blood is detrimental to the grading up, as it takes so much longer, and time is a precious article in this aggressive age.

It will pay to take good care of what corn fodder or corn stover you have—both because of the quality and quantity you will have, and experience teaches that the quality counts for more than quantity.

DAIRY NOTES.

Filthiness and uncleanness in food breeds disease. Unless to be hauled and stored under shelter, it is better to have small cockerels and large hens than a large cockerel and small hens, unless some special object in the breeding is desired. The cockerel should be vigorous and active.

The dam affects the herd to the extent of but one calf in a generation, while the bull affects every calf in that generation.

Being well fed the heifer will be big enough when old enough to make her start toward cowhood. Let her mate be better than she is.

Careful investigation of feeding young stock intended for the dairy will show some special by which the

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

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. It always remains the best.

In Lead Packages 25, 30, 40, 50 and 100.

APPLES.

Poultry, Butter, Eggs and other Produce.

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

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

ARMY BOOTS FROM SPAIN.

The question of providing a new marching boot for the army is engaging the attention of the war office, and an important announcement may be made on this subject before long.

In forced marches in hot weather the head and feet suffer most, and of the two the case of exhaustion arising from the inappropriateness of the feet are ten times more numerous than those arising from inappropriateness of the head.

The boot or shoe which, while affording sufficient covering to the feet, is lightest, airiest, and most elastic is necessarily the most suitable for long marches. The alparagats of the Spanish soldiers and peasants, though by no means a handsome or fashionable article, is believed to be by far and away the most serviceable in a hot, dry country.

The soles of the alparagats are made of thick elastic cord, resembling lamp wicks sewn tightly together, and while affording as much protection as leather, are as pliable as India rubber. The tops are made of canvas, and the whole is so light that a pair could be carried without inconvenience in a side pocket of the tunic.

Some time ago, while making a walking tour through Spain, a foreign attaché joined himself through the courtesy of the colonel to a Spanish infantry regiment at that time engaged in a series of forced marches. Though a fairly seasoned pedestrian, he found it impossible to keep up the pace of the Spanish soldiers, and was about to relinquish the enterprise when the colonel loaned him a pair of marching shoes, with the result that he was able without difficulty to accompany the troops for seven consecutive days at an average of thirty miles a day.

The German war office about the same time sent two emissaries from Berlin to try the boots. Every morning before day-break they were out among the hills, one wearing alparagats and the other ordinary army boots. Their report was so satisfactory that large quantities of alparagats have been purchased by Germany.

Spanish military men declare that the difference between ordinary walking boots and alparagats represents at least six miles a day. The cost is about 15¢ a pair. Lord Wolseley, it is understood, is having a report prepared on the subject. In a hot country the utility of alparagats is undoubted, and had the war office possessed large supplies at the time of the Sudan and Transvaal campaigns the troops might have been saved much suffering and inconvenience.

It is not likely that any of these boots can be obtained in time for the operations in China, but they would be useful there.

HIS TRAVELS.

The workman who goes in advance of the crew whenever he travels forms a squad of six mechanics. Two are locksmiths, two carpenters, and two masons. All are married men, born in the Carr's service, and are absolutely devoted to their Sovereign. Their business is to examine the walls, flooring, chimneys, looke and furniture of the apartments which the Carr is to occupy. The chimney, in particular, engages their attention for every fly residing in a room in which the Carr is to sleep or sit, he is to be great and barred at top or bottom.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy." Neville is a joy also. No remedy in the world equals it. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly and minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Neville is sure to cure.

Rheumatism.

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and you will be free from shooting pains and stiff joints. There is but one sure way—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

THE SUBMARINE CABLE. The 26th of August was the 50th anniversary of the first submarine cable. In 1850, upon this date, the first message was transmitted between France and England by the short sea cable laid between Dover and Calais. The promoter of the first submarine cable was Jacob Brett, who had obtained the concession in 1846, from King Louis Philippe. This was confirmed in 1850 and the project was carried out in three months, the constructor being the engineer Charles Wollaston. The first cable was, however, of short duration, as the next year a Boulogne fisherman brought up a part of the cable with his nets and out, it thinking that it was a sea-serpent. The French Government then gave a new concession, and as the new submarine telegraph had now convinced the skeptics, a company was formed in 1851 which laid a new cable; this was subsequently purchased by the English government. The first cable had a length of 23 nautical miles. The wire was the thickness of the little finger and weighed 440 pounds per mile; a series of lead weights attached every sixteenth of an inch held it in suspension at a maximum depth of 80 yards below the surface. The Birmingham factory which supplied the cable could only deliver the wire in sections of 200 yards, this being in marked contrast with the 200-mile lengths which are produced today. The transatlantic cable was laid at a later date.

ONE GOOD THING DESERVES ANOTHER.

Ladies of Canada—Sisters! Great Britain takes nearly all the exported produce of Canada, English Scotch and Irish boys produce the tea of Ceylon and India.

Canada consumes 11,000,000 pounds of colored and dyed Japan Green tea. Great quantities of pure natural green leaf, are being introduced from Ceylon and India. They are now on sale with all live grocers.

Statesmen see obstacles to preferential trade within the empire. You ladies can sweep aside all obstruction. Bring patriotic sentiment on your breakfast table. Your grocer will get these pure teas if you only insist. The Saluda Tea Company have placed them in hundreds of stores. Many other leading firms have shipments coming. Only hurry to await the jumping of the cat.

A RARE CHANCE

To cultivate a calm, hopeful spirit life in the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails. It makes no more spots on the flesh than there are painless. It relieves promptly.

You say your son is a professional man. Yes, but you also said he follows football. Do you mean he is a professional player? Not at all. He's a surgeon.

WAX

"All coms look alike to me!" is do most teas, but none taste like Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., Limited, 100 King Street West, Toronto.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MR. WINDSOR'S ROUGHING STUFF has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It is made of purest ingredients and is perfectly safe. It is the best remedy for teething. It is made in London, England, by F. C. GALT & CO., Ltd.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, when entering it through the mucous membrane, beware of the cheap kind. Beware of the cheap kind. Beware of the cheap kind.

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