MRS. YOUNG'S CASE.

A STRANGE CASE THAT BAFFLED DOCTORS.

None of Her Friends Believed She Could Recover and Her Case Has Excited Great Interest.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.

The case of Mrs. Robert Young, of Stanley street, Trenton, is one that has caused a great deal of talk among those who are acquainted with her. Mrs. Young is now in her seventy-eighth year, and is quite vigorous for a woman of that age. Three years ago she took a chill, which appeared to affect her whole system. Her lower limbs and body swelled to such an extent that she could scarcely move them. Her stomach became so disordered that she could not take solid food, and her heart fluttered so violently that she could not lie in bed, and for two years had to be bolstered up day and night. The chills which were apparently the original cause of the trouble, became chronic, and affected her two or three times a week, and after a chill her skin would turn a dark brown color. Her friends did not believe she could recover, but nevertheless did all they could for her. Three doctors tried their skill, but to no purpose, and the strongest consolation they could offer was "Well, you know we are all growing old." Several advertised medicines were then given her, but with no better results. In August, 1901, Mrs. Young had become so bad that her daughter-in-law had to come from a distance to nurse her. She brought with her some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and persuaded the old lady to begin their use. In the course of a few weeks there could be no doubt that they were helping her, and the doctor advised continuing their use, and now, after using them for some months, the swelling that had affected her limbs is gone, the chills no longer bother her; her stomach is restored to its normal condition, and the heart fluttering that had made it necessary to bolster her up in bed has also disappeared. It is no wonder that the case has excited much comment, and the editor of the Courier, who has personally investigated it, can vouch for the facts related above. Such marvellous cures as this prove Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the best medicine offered the public to-day, and all those who are ailing should promptly give them a trial. All druggists sell these pills, or they can be obtained by mail at 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WAYS OF COUNTERFEITERS

Soldier Makes Bogus Coins in the Barracks.

Coining the King's shilling in the King's barracks would seem to the uninitiated a more than usually hazardous method of pursuing an always more or less risky calling. It is, nevertheless, a fact that more than one maker of base money has ere now deliberately enlisted, not for the purpose of forsaking his evil ways, but with the double barreled design of hiding his tracks from possible pursuers while carrying on all the time his nefarious calling, says the London Telegraph.

A notorious case in point is afforded by the career of Kent, the at one time well known "king of coiners," who was actually arrested in a Portsmouth barracks clad in the uniform of a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Inniskilling Fusileers.

The man had enlisted—of course, in an assumed name—nearly three years previously, and by good conduct and attention to his military duties had risen to the rank of corporal. Yet all the while he had been busily turning out base coins of every description, and when his quarters were raided after the arrest a perfectly appointed miniature mint was discovered; and scattered about, in different stages of manufacture, more than a thousand pieces of bad money ranging from sixpences to sovereigns, were brought to light by the officer who effected the capture—Detective Inspector Fox of Scotland Yard.

Another similar but in some respects even more remarkable case was that of James Clifford, royal artilleryman and "sovereign sweater." This individual had been, in his boyhood's days, apprenticed to a wholesale firm of silversmiths, and had in that capacity learned all about electroplating. Afterward he used his knowledge to rob his fellow-workmen by "borrowing" the half-finished products of their handicraft and surreptitiously immersing them for more or less lengthy periods in a private acid bath which he had fitted up in his spare time in a disused attic.

Being detected, he enlisted in the artillery, and, his technical knowledge securing him a position in the armorer's shop, started "sweating" wholesale money paid in to the non-commissioned officer in charge. He had a long inning, but in the end suspicion was aroused. Whereupon he deserted, taking with him his uniform and a number of blank furlough forms which he had secured while acting as temporary clerk in the orderly room. These latter he filled up, forging the necessary signatures; and by posing as a soldier on leave and changing his lodgings at the end of every two months or so he managed to completely throw the police off their guard, while engaged all the time in debasing the currency of the country. He was captured at last, though more by a lucky accident that through the sagacity of the police, and received a well merited sentence of several years' penal servitude.

MOTHERLY ADVICE.

To Mothers Who Have Cross or Sickly Babies.

Cross or crying babies are either sick or in pain, and make everyone in the house miserable. Healthy babies are always happy babies, and all little ones can be kept both healthy and happy by the occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets. If your little one is cross, give him a Tablet and see how quickly it will work a change for the better. Mrs. W. H. Austin, Farmington, N.S., says: —"Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs when her little ones are cutting their teeth. When my little one cries, I give him a Tablet, and it helps him at once. Mothers who use the Tablets will have no trouble with their babies." These Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee to contain neither opiate nor any poisonous drug, and they will promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The railway from Bristol, Tennessee, to Big Stone Gap, Virginia, is the only one which runs through a natural tunnel. This tunnel is 930 feet long, and has been formed by a river known as Stock Creek.

ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER IX.

Then came the next day — the day that I was to visit Clara, the girl who had saved me from death, whose familiar face haunted the chambers of my memory. I woke with the dawn. For the first time in my life I took pains with my toilet. I do not mean to imply that I had hitherto been slovenly; we were compelled to be neat and clean in Mr. Porter's establishment, but I had never bestowed a thought upon my personal appearance. This morning, I bestowed many, and the result was great dissatisfaction. My trousers were rusty and ill-shaped, my boots shapeless, my waistcoat coarse and ugly; my coat and hat were a little smarter. I carefully brushed my hair in different ways, trying which was the more becoming. But with all my pains I cut but a sorry figure.

"Dear me, how spruce you look this morning!" said Martha, as I came down to breakfast. "And quite elated, too!"

Before ten o'clock I was in the neighborhood of her house. It was too early to go there yet; so I lingered about for a time. How very awkward it was that I had no knowledge of her name! I had quite forgotten to ask it. As the time drew near, I began to feel nervous. A church clock struck eleven as I timidly knocked at the door.

I was answered by a stout, good-tempered-looking lady.

"You have a young lady staying here," I began, in a hesitating tone.

"Oh, you are the young man that Miss Clara expects, I suppose." Saying which, the old lady deliberately drew a pair of spectacles out of her pocket, and adjusting them upon her nose, carefully scrutinized me. My appearance seemed to satisfy her, for she said, in a more friendly tone: "Walk in, young man; Miss Clara will be with you directly."

She showed me into a neat little parlor. Upon the table were several water-colored drawings, some finished, some unfinished; also some Berlin-wool work. Bouquets of flowers were everywhere; upon the table amidst the work, upon the mantel piece in two vases, upon a little stand facing the window, and upon the cottage piano that stood in the corner. The air was loaded with their perfume.

In a few moments the door opened, and Clara came into the room. It was a bright, sunshiny morning, but the light was dimmed by the lattice blind, which was drawn down; through the bars, however, the sun's rays darted in dazzling streaks, striping and spotting the walls and furniture in places with golden fire. One of these streaks played upon her head as she stood holding out her hand to me, lighting up her golden hair with a strange glistening halo.

"You have come, then," she said, with her sweet, melancholy smile.

As if aught but death or imprisonment could have kept me away!

She painted water-color pictures, and did Berlin-wool work for the shops, she told me. She sat down at once, and began her work, and I waited upon her, and washed her brushes, ground her colors, adjusted the blind, as she required more or less light, and between these little offices I watched her busy fingers; but oftener my eyes were upon her face, graving its every lineament upon my memory, so that when the reality was absent I might gaze inward upon the image. Never have I looked upon another face so spiritually beautiful. It was one of those heads that the old Italian painters loved to give to their angels and madonnas, so perfectly serene, so utterly free from human passions. The fair, wavy hair, untrammeled by art; the oval face, neither full nor thin, but perfectly smooth; the low forehead, the blue eyes; the straight Grecian nose; the small mouth; the swelling, gracefully arched neck; the skin so delicately white, tinted upon the cheeks with the faintest carnation. Her figure was about the middle height, exquisitely graceful, yet painfully fragile. She wore a black dress, made high to the neck, with a small, plain white collar.

We talked very little; she was too busy with her work, and silence was more congenial with her mood.

At three o'clock Mrs. Wilson called us to dinner, which we took in a breakfast parlor below. The old lady was very chatty and very curious, and asked me a great number of indirect questions; those I did not care to answer, I contrived pretty skilfully to evade.

"You must, excuse my questions, sir," she said; "but although Miss Clara is no relation of mine, and, indeed, I know nothing about her, still I feel as much interested in her as though she were my own child; she is so innocent, and knows so little about the world, that it is quite necessary that she should have some one to look after her. Now, you are the first visitor that she has ever had, and she has lived with me these two years. But, when she came home last night, she told me that she had met a young friend who was coming to see her; that he had come to London in search of employment, and had no friends or acquaintances, and was so dreadfully miserable that it made her quite unhappy to see him. Well, you may be sure that when she mentioned a gentleman was coming to see her, I was quite taken back. At first, I set my face against it, but she soon coaxed me over, and I compromised the matter by saying that you should come this once, but that if I did not approve of you, it was to be the first and last visit. But I must say you seem a very nice, quiet, modest sort of young gentleman. And what kind of employment might you be seeking?"

I told her I had been usher at a school, but that at present I was doing copying. I did not say of what kind.

The old lady remarked that an usher's was a very genteel sort of employment. Altogether, she seemed very well satisfied with me.

In the evening Mrs. Wilson brought her sewing up into the parlor, and proposed that I should read to them. The book she brought forward was Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," and I began reading at the chapter which recounts the first interview of the hero with Lucy Brandon. The story strangely fascinated me. It was the first work of fiction I had ever had in my hands. At times I could almost fancy a shadowy similitude in it to my own thoughts and feelings.

And so the evening glided on, oh, so rapidly, until I could no longer see in the darkening twilight, and then we all sat near the window; Mrs. Wilson chatting, I and Clara silent. She gazed into the street, with that absent look so common to her; I watching every motion of her face, as it grew more and more indistinct in the deepening shadows.

Lights were brought, and then we went down to supper, and then it was time to go.

"You will come and see me again, won't you?" she said, as she gave me her hand at the gate.

I wanted no pressing, and arranged that I would come again on the Monday. She wished me good-night, and went in, and closed the door, and the day was ended, — the day whose blissful memories will never fade from my heart.

Other days of yet more exquisite happiness succeeded it, yet none had left upon me so lasting an impression as that; it was my first with her — it came so immediately upon that time of anguish and despair, and the dark thoughts of self-destruction.

For awhile I must anticipate events by dwelling for a time upon these bright, beautiful memories, and to them alone shall this chapter be consecrated.

That day was the precursor of many like ones, until, in a short time, I could perceive that she looked forward to my coming with expectancy, and that my presence had become a thing almost of necessity to her. She looked for me to hand her the painting materials, to grind the colors, to select her skeins of wool, to sit at her feet, and read to her some pleasant book; while between the lights she would sit at the piano, and improvise strange, weird, plaintive melodies. Music was to me a new sensation; until then, I had known it only in the discordant howls of Little Bethlehem. What a world of revolution it opened to me! It translated for me all those vague, bodiless ideas that language, nor scarcely thought, can catch as they dawn and vanish upon the mind; it told me stories of love, and suffering, and death; of sweet peace, of holy religion, and perfect happiness, such as language could never paint. It carried my soul far, far away into a dreamland that had nothing in common with earth. At times I could have wished to die with those delicious sounds lulling brain and immaterializing my being.

Ah, those hours spent in the autumn gloaming, while the darkness stole upon us, until our forms grew ghostly and indistinct, and that soft, wild music floating in the air seemed to be played by phantom fingers! Nearer and nearer, as the light decreased, would I creep toward her, for I could not endure that her face should be hidden from me; and then I would kneel at her feet, and gaze up at her with streaming eyes, wrapt in a delicious ecstasy too ethereal to be called happiness.

At such times she seemed unconscious of my presence, with that strange, fixed, inward look in her eyes that I have before remarked. I could have imagined that for a time her soul had wandered from her body into some world of melody, whose music she was translating for the first time to earthly ears.

But the glaring candles would come and call us back to the rude, coarse world, and the music would cease, and all my aerial creations would vanish into dimness, and my thoughts be written again in unknown characters.

It was a strange communion, ours. In it, we lived only in the present moment. We never spoke of a past or of a future, for we wished to be happy, and, to both, the past was hideous, the future ominous. It may be supposed, from what I have written, that Clara was of a melancholy temperament. But this was not the case. At her work, she was bright and cheerful. It was only at times that the dreamy sadness came over her. Her nature was that of a child, tender, trusting, guileless, and knowing no wrong; so morbidly sensitive of pain, whether of reality or idea, that she would not speak for a moment upon any subject that could suggest it.

"No, please; do not let us speak of it; it makes me so miserable, and I do so love to feel happy!" she would cry.

Thus I knew nothing of her past life, nor did I wish to know. Like her I did not wish the happiness of the present to be marred by one painful image.

She had lived with Mrs. Wilson above two years; yet even she knew nothing of her life for a single day before she came to her. "I have always had good references before I would take any one into my house," said the old lady, "especially young ladies without friends; but she said she could give me none, and she looked so innocent and good, that I took a fancy to her upon the spot; and I have never had cause to regret it, for a dearer, purer creature never entered a house, and I feel for her quite as if she was my own child. But I must say I do feel curious about her, and often think what a mystery she is. When she first came I used to ask her a great many questions; but any reference to her past life would throw her into such an agony of terror that I had not the heart at last to renew the subject. She must have met some cruel treatment in her girlhood, to be so pained at any reference to it. I often think that at some time she must have had some dreadful shock that almost deprived her of reason. She is so strange at times, and so unlike any other young lady I ever met."

Mrs. Wilson, as I have remarked before, was curious, but she was a good creature, fond of novels, poetry and music, and with a strong vein of romance running through her disposition. She was always very kind to me, and I was to her a mystery second only in importance to Clara herself. I believe that it was the mystery and romance that surrounded us both, our unlikeness to the rest of the world, that charmed her in our favor. But at times I fancied she looked anxious and doubtful at our intercourse.

But she regarded us both much in the light of children, and treated us as such.

Clara seldom left the house, except to take her paintings and work to the West End shops, where she disposed of them. At such times I usually accompanied her. It was when returning from one of these expeditions she had saved my life. We passed close to the spot several times, but it was a sealed memory between us.

Our intercourse was free, open and unrestrained. I never spoke to her one word of love, as love is understood by the world. It was enough for me to be near her, to listen to her voice, to gaze upon her. My love was an adoration; and while that ecstatic state of contemplation could exist serene and unshadowed, it really wished for no more active element.

But did I never think of that awful past — of her with whom I had gone through the form of marriage—a form that rendered this passion half treasonous? Yes, at times it did sweep across my mind like a thunder-cloud, filling my soul with dread, causing my very reason to tremble in her seat. To have held it, would have been to drive me mad. And so I swept it away, and yielded myself to the ecstasy of the present. I was very weak. Like her, I could not endure pain. I fled from it even into the arms of the Nemesis I was creating.

With my old reticence, I told Martha no word of Clara. I hugged my secret with selfish tenacity, as something too precious to be shared. She wondered at my unaccounted for absence, and I think felt hurt that I did not confide in her. She frequently remarked upon my changed appearance.

"I do declare," she used to say, "that I never saw any one so altered for the best as you are, Master Silas! Why, you've got to look quite handsome lately!"

These praises sounded most grateful to my ears. "Would not this change render me more agreeable to her?" I thought.

In the meantime I was not idle. Mr. Montgomery brought me over copying to do, and, in order that my visits might not interfere with my work, I frequently sat up all night writing. My expenses were very small, and even with the little I earned I contrived to cover them. What more could I desire? I was more than happy, for I was living in an ideal world.

(To Be Continued).

KITCHENER ANECDOTES.

His Kind Action to a Young Officer in Pretoria.

Lord Kitchener's tenderness to the wounded is not generally known. He does not court the apotheosis of the picture paper. One instance will suffice to show how he does Christian things which are heard of only by those affected. A young officer in Pretoria was getting convalescent when Lord Kitchener, who knew nothing of him, came to his bedside and asked where he was wounded and how he was getting along. "All you want now is fresh air," Lord Kitchener is reported by the young officer himself to have said; "my carriage shall call for you in the morning," and Lord Kitchener, the story goes, walked, while his carriage was given up to men who had no other claim on him than that of having suffered hurt in the discharge of their duty.

Lord Kitchener has been a sort of emergency man in Africa. He clinched his chance at the time of the outbreak of the Egyptian war in 1882, by a ruse which is second best to Nelson's blind eye. He was on leave of absence in Alexandria. In order that he might not have to depart just when war was imminent, he wasted time by sending a telegraphic request that his leave should be extended. The war had begun before he got the reply recalling him; his knowledge of Arabic made him invaluable to the British generals. Nearer and nearer, as the light decreased, would I creep toward her, for I could not endure that her face should be hidden from me; and then I would kneel at her feet, and gaze up at her with streaming eyes, wrapt in a delicious ecstasy too ethereal to be called happiness.

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No! No! No! No!

This word is used four times by Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, in reporting the result of his analyses of Sunlight Soap.

"No unsaponified fat"; that means no waste.

"No free alkali"; that means no damage to clothes or hands.

"No loading mixture"; that means every atom is pure soap.

"No adulteration whatever"; that means pure ingredients.

Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—and you will see Prof. Ellis is right. He should know. 202

LIFE SHAPED BY HISTORY

CAREER OF COUNTESS VON BUEDINGER-MATHIVET.

Ancestors' Estates Richest and Most Ancient of Alsace-Lorraine.

Strangely beset during her long lifetime by the perplexing whims of fortune, the Countess Cecilia von Buedinger-Mathivet, who died in Chicago a week or so ago, had a career that reads like a page from a generation whose eyes beheld the mighty pageant of events that swept majestically through the early years of the nineteenth century and found their climax in the fall of the first Napoleon.

The circumstance of a frail and delicate woman surviving long after every personage of prominence connected with those times and events had passed away is in itself most unusual. But, unlike most persons who live to a great age, the life of Countess von Buedinger-Mathivet was vitally bound up in the history of her times. In fact, the fortunes of the first Consul of France directly shaped the course of her whole life.

Allegiance to Napoleon, brought about by the political vicissitudes of the times, brought her ancestral family under the ban of the German Empire in the same manner in which the frequent changes in the dynasties of Europe made many noble families aliens to their fatherland.

This interesting character was born near the German-Franco border, in the Castle Issembourg, October, 31, 1803. Old maps show that the estates of the von Buedinger family were among the richest and most ancient in Alsace-Lorraine. While the young Countess was in her babyhood her country was the theatre in which many of the most thrilling scenes connected with the Napoleonic drama were enacted.

SAW CLASH OF ARMIES.

Through the border forests ran the echoes of the clash of armies. The uhlans of the Germans and the cuirassiers of France, gay in gilt and tossing yellow plumes, tramped along the highways.

In striking contrast to the scenes of the morning of her life was the ending of her career in the quiet of a convent in Chicago, to which she retired nearly a quarter of a century ago, sinking her personality in the environments of the cloister.

In 1806, when she was three years old, her father, Count von Buedinger, became a political exile. Exigencies of the times compelled the German nobleman to cast his fortunes with those of Napoleon, whose he followed to the end of his career. With the wreck of his family fortune the Count was enabled to secure for his children as elaborate educations in their adopted country as the nobility of their blood demanded.

Through the confiscation of her paternal estates, it became necessary for the young Countess to choose a career by which to earn her own livelihood. Possessing a mind innately rare in depth and susceptibility to development, she became especially accomplished as a Latin and French linguist. Her talent in music, both vocal and instrumental, also brought her considerable fame. The services of the young Countess were much sought after when she became a teacher, and her remuneration from such employment was greatly above the average.

She remained in France until after the death of all of her relatives. By a strange coincidence, her father, like she, died soon after entering his one hundredth year.

CAME TO AMERICA.

Mlle. Cecilia came to America soon after at the call of Bishop Rappe of Cleveland, who engaged her as an instructor in the Latin and French languages. While so employed the Countess, in the twilight of her life, became the heroine in a romantic marriage with Dr. Mathivet, a millionaire physician of Cleveland. The union was strongly opposed by the physician's children, but, despite the opposition, the marriage proved singularly happy. A few years later Dr. Mathivet died, leaving his vast fortune entirely to his wife.

The children of the physician contested the will, and, after a bitter contest in the courts, it was broken. The court decreed that Mme. Buedinger-Mathivet should receive a monthly pension during her lifetime and the bulk of the inheritance should revert to the children of Dr. Mathivet.

On account of the adverse family circumstances Countess Cecilia desired to leave Cleveland. She finally decided to cease teaching and end her days in a secluded retreat.

WHY IT WAS A NECESSITY.

A minister of a rural parish in Scotland observed one of his flock shooting a hare on the Sabbath. When catechising day came round, he questioned him as follows:

"John, do you know what a work of necessity is?"

"I do," said John.

"Well, do you think shooting a hare on a Sunday a work of necessity?"

"It is that," said John.

"How do you make that out?"

"Weel, ye see, meenister, it micht be awa' on Monday," was John's canny reply.

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.

Although it might be supposed that more liquid refreshment is consumed in summer than in winter, yet three out of every five pounds of tea used in Great Britain are consumed in autumn and winter.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"I see," he said, "that coal has gone up again." "Has it?" she replied. "And they're raising rents," he continued. "Well," she exclaimed, flaring up, "if you wish to have our engagement broken off say so. I always hate to have people beat about the bush in a case of this kind."

CURED ONCE AND FOR ALL

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS MAKE NO HALFWAY WORK OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

J. J. McDonald Had Rheumatism and Dropsy, was Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Has Had no Return of the Trouble for Five Years.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 8.—(Special)—It has been acknowledged for some years that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure any case of Kidney Disease, and of late those interested in medical science have been watching those cures to convince themselves that they were permanent. Gradually the conviction is forced that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure once and for all. One more proof of this is furnished by John J. McDonald, a well known farmer, now residing at 130 Langlois Ave. Five years ago he was troubled with Rheumatism and Dropsy. For two years he suffered terribly, and the different medicines he tried failed to relieve him. His legs were swollen and the pains he suffered were most acute. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills, was cured, and his cure caused quite a sensation at the time.

Mr. McDonald, speaking of his cure recently, says:

"I have had no return of my trouble up to the present, and I am not anxious for any. It is with pleasure I acknowledge that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I found them just as represented, and they did for me far more than I expected they would."

If a man has a light heart the reflection will light up his countenance.

Of cities of over 100,000 population, the United States has 38; England, 26; Germany, 15; Russia, 10; France, 9.

THE BLOOD.

The blood is life. We derive from the blood life, power, beauty, and reason, as the doctors have been saying from time immemorial. A healthy body, a fresh appearance, and generally all the abilities we possess depend on that source of life. It is therefore the duty of every sensible man to keep the blood as pure and normal as possible. Nature in its infinite wisdom, has given us a thermometer indicating the state of the blood, which appeals to our reason by giving notice of its impurity. Small eruptions of the skin, to which we scarcely pay any attention, headache, ringing noises in the ears, lassitude, sleeplessness, are generally a sign that the blood is not in its normal state, but it is filled with noxious substances. These symptoms deserve our full attention. If more attention were paid to these symptoms, and steps taken to remove them, then many illnesses from which we suffer would become unknown, and the human body would become stronger and healthier. Attention therefore should be paid to those warning signs, and the blood can be purified and poisonous substances removed from it by the use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, discovered more than 60 years ago.

The man who doesn't believe in hiding his light under a bushel usually feels that a bushel isn't large enough to hide it.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My three children were dangerously low with diphtheria. On the advice of our priest my wife began the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. In two hours they were greatly relieved, and in five days they were completely well, and I firmly believe your valuable Liniment saved the lives of my children.

Gratefully yours,
ADELBERT LEFEBVRE,
Mair's Mills, June 10th, 1899.

Uncle John—"What, still studying, Nellie? They give you hard lessons to learn, I fear." Nellie—"Yes, Uncle John, they are hard to learn, but then, you know, they are awful easy to forget."

THE WABASH RAILROAD

Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Ark., Old Mexico, the Egypt of America, Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Your particular attention is called to the fact that passengers going via Detroit and over the Wabash, reach their destination hours in advance of other lines. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the finest in this country, everything is first class in every respect. All round trip winter tourist tickets are now on sale at lowest rates.

Time tables, maps, and all information about this wonderful railroad cheerfully furnished by any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger agent, northeast corner King & Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Mistress—"Margaret, I don't think that your cooking is pleasing to Mr. Gray." Servant—"Of course it isn't mum. Don't you see, mum, if I cooked to suit him he might become too fond of me, mum, and it's not for me to make me mistress jealous, mum."

The Welsh Eisteddfod is the biggest open-air concert in the world. At least 20,000 people attend it every year.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The world uses about $17,000,000 worth of buttons yearly.

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

W P C 1158

A CHEAP PENSION.

A faithful servant had grown old in the service of a railway company that was well known for its meanness, and at last became too feeble to work.

The general manager was asked if the company would do something for him, as he was very poor.

"How long has he been with us?" the official inquired.

"Over forty years."

"Always did his duty?"

"Never missed a day."

"You say he is very old and feeble?"

"Yes. The chances are that he will never leave his bed again."

"H'm! poor fellow! We must do something for him. I'll give him a free travelling pass for life."

CURED ONCE AND FOR ALL

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS MAKE NO HALFWAY WORK OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

J. J. McDonald Had Rheumatism and Dropsy, was Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Has Had no Return of the Trouble for Five Years.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 8.—(Special)—It has been acknowledged for some years that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure any case of Kidney Disease, and of late those interested in medical science have been watching those cures to convince themselves that they were permanent. Gradually the conviction is forced that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure once and for all. One more proof of this is furnished by John J. McDonald, a well known farmer, now residing at 130 Langlois Ave. Five years ago he was troubled with Rheumatism and Dropsy. For two years he suffered terribly, and the different medicines he tried failed to relieve him. His legs were swollen and the pains he suffered were most acute. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills, was cured, and his cure caused quite a sensation at the time.

Mr. McDonald, speaking of his cure recently, says:

"I have had no return of my trouble up to the present, and I am not anxious for any. It is with pleasure I acknowledge that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I found them just as represented, and they did for me far more than I expected they would."

If a man has a light heart the reflection will light up his countenance.

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

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA.

KING AS A GODFATHER.

King Edward has probably acted as a godfather more often than any of his subjects. King Edward VII. has stood as sponsor to no fewer than 75 people. In one remarkable instance his Majesty, when Prince of Wales, stood as godfather to both father and son. This was in the case of the Duke of Marlborough, who is a godson of the King, as is also the youthful Marquis of Blandford, to whom his Majesty stood godfather when the heir to the Marlborough dukedom was christened at St. James' in 1897.

EUROPE'S GREAT CAVE.

In the Muotathal, near Schwyn, Switzerland, there is probably the largest cave in Europe. The existence of the cave had long been known, but as it could only be entered by crawling no one had troubled to investigate the interior. Last summer, however, three separate parties explored it. The distance traversed amounts altogether to no less than eight thousand yards, and the end of the cavern has not yet been reached.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by all druggists.

Canada produces $12 worth of minerals yearly per head of her population.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

When traveling you should bear in mind the road and the trains that will take you to your destination in the fastest time, and in the most comfortable manner. The Grand Trunk service excels in both particulars, and passengers from Toronto to Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Detroit and Chicago, will find the day trains equipped with wide vestibuled coaches, handsome Cafe Parlor and Dining Cars serving meals "a la carte." The night trains carry Pullman sleeping cars to all above points. You can leave Toronto for Montreal and east at 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. for Buffalo and New York at 9 a. m., 4.50 and 6.15 p. m. and to Detroit and Chicago at 7.35 a. m., 4.50 p. m. and 11.20 p. m. Tickets, reservations, etc., at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

The Philippine Islands grow 110,000 tons of hemp yearly, but could produce five times that amount with ease.

SOUTH VIA WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Baltimore, Washington, Old Point Comfort, and the South via Lehigh Valley Railroad and its connections. Four fast express trains daily for Washington, Asheville, Southern Pines, Charterton, Savanah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Tampa, Miami, Nassau, Cuba and all Florida and winter resorts south. Excursion tickets now on sale. For full particulars, illustrated literature, maps, etc., call on or address Robt. S. Lewis, Canadian Passenger