PALE AND LISTLESS.

A CONDITION THAT AFFECTS VERY MANY WOMEN.

The Appetite Fails—Strength Departs and the Sufferer Feels That Life is Really a Burden.

From the Topic, Petrolea, Ont.

It is impossible that a medicine can be so widely known and used as are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without striking results frequently becoming known and the merits of this great remedy for the common ailments of man and womankind being published. Mrs. Thos. Kettle, of Petrolea, Ont., is a case in point. Mrs. Kettle is an old resident of this district and is well known. Chatting with a reporter of the Topic the other day the conversation drifted on the subject of medicines, when Mrs. Kettle spoke in the highest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which, she said, had cured her of a long illness. Our reporter, being naturally interested, made further enquiries, when Mrs. Kettle gave him the following particulars:—"I am the mother of twelve children and in spite of the constant strain and worry the raising of so large a family entailed upon me, in addition to my housework, I was for many years blessed with splendid health. However, after the birth of my last child my strength seemed to fail me, and I felt that my health was gradually going. I consulted a doctor and continued under his treatment for some months, but the only result that I could see was that I grew steadily worse. I could not name any particular ailment that I suffered from, but I was all "run down." My appetite failed me, my strength seemed all gone and I became pale and listless, scarcely able to drag myself around, and much of the time in bed. I became alarmed at my long continued ill health and as doctor's medicine had done me no good I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased a box and thought it did me some good, so I got six boxes more, and before I had finished taking the second I felt a lot better, and by the time I had finished the seven boxes I had perfectly regained my health, had gained weight and felt better than I had for some years. I consider the pills a splendid medicine, a real godsend to weak and ailing women, and have frequently recommended them to my friends and used them with my children, always with good results." Judging from Mrs. Kettle's healthy appearance to-day none would imagine she had ever known what a day's illness meant.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system, such as epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Tit-Bits of Knowledge About Almost Everything.

Nine-tenths of England's railway passengers travel third-class.

Venice has a cafe which has been open day and night for 150 years.

In every 1,000,000 British people 7,700 have incomes of over $1,000.

There are in London 850,000 people, in families of five, occupying one room.

At Brighton two men played ping-pong in a cage containing a dozen lions.

About forty tons of letters pass daily through the General Post Office London.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, of boys in their seventeenth.

The cost of firing a single shot from a 16in. gun would pay a private soldier for five years.

The Laplanders are the shortest people in Europe, men averaging 4ft. 11in., women 4ft. 9in.

In 1871 Germany had only eight cities with over 100,000 inhabitants. Now there are thirty-three.

Instead of an engagement-ring, the Japanese lover gives his sweetheart a piece of beautiful silk for her sash.

Belgium and Spain are the only countries where patents are granted for so long a term as twenty years.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person would get about twenty-three and a half acres.

The corporation of Harrogate, England, make some $75,000 a year out of the mineral springs owned by the town.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

Water thrown upon ice in the Arctic regions will shiver it just as boiling water breaks glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water.

The biggest geyser in the world is at Rotomahana, in New Zealand. Its area is just an acre, and its spouts rise to 300 feet.

Berlin's black book, the criminal record kept by the police, now consists of thirty-seven volumes containing 21,000 photographs of criminals of all classes.

Engaged girls in Denmark wear a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand. When they get married the ring is moved to the third finger of the right hand.

The highest price ever paid for a poem was 6,000 golden crowns paid to Sannazaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy on their city—a poem of six lines only.

The cows in Belgium wear earrings. The law decrees that every cow when it has attained the age of three months must have in its ear a ring to which is attached a numbered metal tag.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Mother's Best Help When Her Little Ones Are Ailing.

Every mother needs at some time a medicine for her little ones, and Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine in the world for constipation, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, colic, simple fevers and the troubles of teething children. The Tablets have been in use for years and thousands of mothers say that nothing else acts so quickly and relieves and cures little ones so surely. Mrs. R. H. LaRue, Mountain Ont., simply voices the experience of other mothers when she says :—"I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them."

Children take these Tablets as readily as candy, and if crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the tiniest, weakest babies. There is a cure in every Tablet and they are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine or they will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER VI.

Down in a mysterious hollow Sir John has tea for them, as he promised: after which they all drive back to their several homes, beneath a sky studded with early stars, like the azure gown of a court dame rich with jewels, the Tremaines reaching the Towers rather later than they had anticipated.

Gretchen, running through the hall, hat in hand, goes straight to the library and up to Dugdale, who with glad eyes flings down his book and holds out his hand to her.

"What a day it has been!" he says. "What a month,—a year! Welcome home again."

"Ah! you have been lonely," Gretchen answers with contrition. "I knew it. Several times to-day I said to myself, 'How I wish he had some one to speak to!' It was most unfortunate that papa and mamma should have gone to the Mallocks this week."

"You thought of me, then, even in the midst of your amusement?"

"Very often," says Gretchen, with an earnestness very sweet, but unconsciously cruel. "I felt you would miss us terribly."

"Yes, I missed you terribly." There is the least possible emphasis on the "you." "You were good to come to me so soon. I heard the hall door open and I knew your step as you ran along the hall. Well,—and you enjoyed yourself?"

"Immensely. It was quite a charming picnic and no mistakes were made."

"And now for your promise," says Dugdale.

"What a horrible memory you have! I—I don't think I spoke to Tom Scarlett all through dinner," she replies, shaking her head, and making a mean effort at evasion.

"And afterwards?"—remorselessly.

"Afterwards—" She hesitates. "Tom is a very silly person," she says, at last, in an apologetic tone. "I don't think it is quite fair, Mr. Dugdale,"—putting out her hand with a charming glance full of entreaty,—absolve me from that promise."

"I absolve you," says Kenneth, slowly, taking her hand. "You are right; it would not be fair to Scarlett. Nevertheless I think I showed wisdom in what I said of him the other day."

"No, it is only nonsense," persists Gretchen, gravely. "You must not believe all that."

"Why do you call me Mr. Dugdale? Your mother and Kitty both call me Kenneth."

"They both have known you so much longer."

"That is a mistake. You have seen me oftener in these last few weeks than they have seen me in their lives."

"If it will please you," says Gretchen, gently, and rather shyly, "I too will call you Kenneth."

"Thank you," replies the young man, in a low voice, more replete with gratitude than the occasion altogether requires. He is still holding her hand. The lamps upon the centre table are burning low; the curtains are drawn; perhaps he can hardly see very distinctly in the dull soft light, because presently Gretchen raising her eyes, finds he is gazing at her very intently. She colors, and laughs a little.

"Have you never heard how rude it is to stare?" she says, drawing her fingers gently, but with energy from his.

"Forgive me. I was not conscious of my rudeness," returns he, slowly: "I was only thinking. That is the dress you wore when first I saw you, is it not? And that is the hat. Am I right?"

"Quite right. Your memory on the occasion is very flattering. It is a favorite gown of mine, as gray, I think, becomes me."

"I suppose most things become you," says Dugdale, seriously.

"That is the sort of thing any one might say," returns she, with a slight but disdainful shrug of her shoulders.

What answer Dugdale might have made to this half-petulant speech can never now be known, as Brandy, entering the room at this instant in somewhat noisy fashion, puts an end to the discussion.

Seeing Gretchen, he executes a small war-dance on the threshold, to show his surprise at her presence on the scene, and then gives way to speech.

"Well," he says, with feigned horror, "of all the desperate flirts I ever met with, you, Gretchen, are the worst. I am sadly disappointed in you. Not content with driving Scarlett to despair, and Dinmont to the verge of suicide, with reducing a dark and melancholy stranger with only one eye,—who looked like Terry's 'arrangement in lamp-black,'—to the verge of imbecility you come in here now to try to destroy Dugdale's peace of mind. But I'll stand by you, Dugdale; so don't give in. I won't see you slaughtered without at least giving you a word of warning."

"Brandy, you've been dining," says Miss Gretchen, saucily, and putting her brother aside, makes her escape from the room.

"I want to speak to you, Gretchen" Kitty says, standing on the threshold of the door that divides their bedrooms, and that as a rule stands open.

"Then come," says Gretchen, gladly; "and do shut the door behind you, Kitty. You look important; and to talk comfortably with a dark gulf yawning behind one is impossible."

Kitty closes the door, and, going up to Gretchen, draws her down on the sofa beside her.

"I want to tell you something," she says, with curious diffidence, not so much taking Gretchen's hand as slipping her own into it. There is a hesitation in her manner foreign to it,—a want of confidence. She had felt no nervousness when speaking to her mother, but now that it comes to making her confession to Gretchen a new and strange sensation overpowers her. A faint choking sensation in her throat compels her to pause as though for breath: and Gretchen, who is blessed with the quick sensibility that makes the joys and griefs of others as her own, tightens her fingers upon hers, and says, in her gentlest tone,—

"You need tell me nothing, dearest; I know all about it. When you returned from your walk this afternoon I raised my head by chance just as he was handing you your tea, and"—with a little laugh—"though I have never been engaged, I knew perfectly well all in one moment how it was with you."

"And how was it?"

"Sir John had just asked you to be his wife, and you had said yes. I knew it by the way he looked at you and you at him. There was something in both your eyes I had never seen there before."

"You are a witch," says Kitty, smiling too. "Yes, it is all true."

"And you are happy, darling?"

"Very—very,"—somewhat dreamily.

Gretchen, looking at her, ponders for a little, and then says,—

"Of, course I won't ask you what he said, dear; I suppose that no one would quite like to tell that. But was he nice, Kitty?"

"Yes," says Kitty; and then there is a pause. "I must tell you all about it, Gretchen," she says at length, a touch of desperation in her tone. "I don't mind saying it to you, but—but I think he seemed a little too sure of my answer." The hot blush that accompanies these words belies the assertion that she "doesn't mind," and betrays the fact that, but for the uncontrollable longing to open her heart to some one, the confession would never have been made.

"I think that is the most natural thing in the world," replies Gretchen quietly. "Of course he knew you would accept him. He understood perfectly you were not the sort of girl to smile upon his attentions for so long without meaning to say yes. I myself despise a woman who leads a man to propose to her merely for the gratification of her own vanity, and so, I am sure, does he. I really think," says Gretchen, warming to her work, "he paid you a very high compliment when he showed himself sure of your consent."

"Do you, Gretchen," asks Kitty, wistfully.

"Yes, I do,"—stoutly. "And I think, too it was very honest of Sir John not to pretend to have doubts on the subject. I think even better of him in consequence." Then, impulsively, "What beautiful eyes you have, Kitty! If I were a man I should love you for them alone."

Every good woman likes a compliment. At this allusion to her eyes Kitty smiles and brightens perceptibly for a moment, after which she relapses into her former depression.

"That is not all. There was another thing," she says, doubtfully. "He had spoken to me for quite twenty times, and I had accepted him, and all that, before—before he kissed me."

"Do you know, Kitty, you surprise me?" says Gretchen, with much gravity. "Would you have him kiss you just at first, and in a hurry, before you had time to collect yourself? I think he behaved most delicately. I admire him more and more. And, besides,—certainly no one has ever yet proposed to me," says Gretchen, hopefully,—"but perhaps they all behave like that."

"Charley Dyneford didn't," says Kitty, shaking her head. "You remember I told you about him. He wanted to kiss me even before he proposed."

"I always thought that Mr. Dyneford must have been a very rude young man," says Gretchen, with decision, determined to uphold her argument at all hazards.

"Well, he really wasn't," Kitty answers, with palpable regret. At this moment she would have been glad to believe Charley Dyneford "a rude young man." "He was very gentle, and always as he ought to be."

"I much prefer Jack's conduct," says Gretchen, unflinchingly.

"Perhaps you won't when I tell you more," goes on Kitty, with some nervousness. "When at last he did kiss me, he did it suddenly, and without asking my permission."

"I should think not, indeed," says Gretchen, abandoning instantly and with the most glaring audacity the support of modesty. "To ask your permission when you had just told him with your own lips you would be his wife! I never heard of such a thing, my dear Kitty; no, neither in prose nor poetry. I'm sure I hope no one will ever ask my leave to kiss me, because I should feel it my duty to say no, and I might be sorry ever afterwards."

At this they both laugh. And then Kitty says,—

"I wish I could be quite sure he loves me with all his heart."

"Then be sure," returns Gretchen, earnestly. "When I had guessed the truth I could not help watching you both, to see how—how things would go on, you know. And in the drawing-room to-night I saw when you spoke how he grew suddenly silent, as though he should listen to your voice. When you moved, his eyes followed you; and when you laughed, he looked as if he should like to get up that very moment and kiss you on the spot, Kitty," says Gretchen, solemnly, "I am absolutely certain he adores you!"

"Oh, Gretchen, what a darling you are!" exclaims Kitty, with a sudden passion of gratitude. "How shall I ever thank you? You have almost freed me from thoughts that worried and tormented me. Yes, they were foolish thoughts, and I was wrong to doubt." Laying her head on Gretchen's shoulder, she bursts into tears and sobs unrestrainedly for a few minutes, with Gretchen's arms around her.

"It is only——" she falters, presently, making a desperate effort to control her emotion.

"I know," says Gretchen, tenderly: "you are crying because you are so happy; is not that it? Joy can claim tears as well as sorrow. And I think it is quite the sweetest thing you could do."

Perhaps Gretchen herself hardly understands her own meaning, but Kitty accepts her sympathy and sobs on contentedly. She might, indeed, be crying now, but that a low knock at the door arouses them.

"Never mind, Cole," says Gretchen, addressing the maid outside on the landing. "You need not wait. I shall do Miss Tremaine's hair to-night, and she will do mine."

Whereupon Cole, obedient,—albeit devoured with curiosity,—departs.

"Now sit down," says Gretchen, pushing Kitty gently into a seat before a glass, "and let me brush your hair. What lovely hair! It is like silk or satin, only prettier than either."

"What a lover you would make!" returns Kitty, with a faint smile.

When the hair is brushed and rolled into a loose coil behind her head, Gretchen, sinking on her knees beside her sister, says, coaxingly,—

"And when is it to be, Kitty?—I mean, when will Sir John take you away from us?"

"He spoke of the end of November and said something about wintering in Rome."

"Only a few months; such a very few! And are you really going to be married my dear, dear Kitty, and am I going to lose you? Do you remember, darling, how we learned our first prayers together,—and our lessons,—and how we were always praised and blamed together?"

"No, no. The blame was always mine, the praise yours. Gretchen, why do you speak to-night of the old fond memories?"

"Because they seem so close to me and yet so near their end. It may sound selfish, darling, but I can't help wondering how I shall manage to live without you."

"You sha'n't manage it,"—quickly. "You shall come to stay with me; and then you shall marry some great duke (only he will never be great enough for you), and live always near me,"—caressing with loving fingers the soft fair head lying on her lap. "Do you know I look forward to the time when you will come to me as a guest in my own house with almost greater joy than I do to anything else? Now, Gretchen, if you cry I shall be angry, and I shall certainly begin all over again myself, and then my eyes will be red to-morrow, and I shall tell Jack the cause of it, and he will give you such a scolding as you never got in all your life before."

"I think I should like to sleep with you to-night, Kitty," says Gretchen, tearfully, whereat Kitty—whose turn it is now to adopt the role of comforter—laughs gayly, and giving her a hearty hug, assures her she would not part from her to-night for love or money, and presently they are both asleep, clasped in each other's arms.

To be Continued.

THE THISTLE FROCK.

The Thistle Frock, designed for a girl of twelve, fourteen or sixteen years, is dressy and exquisite in its style. The waist consists of a soft silk blouse, held to position over a fitted lining. Over the blouse there is a natty little bolero, trimmed with a decorated band around its edge, and also with two smart velvet bows. The sleeve reaches to the elbow, and is trimmed with a circular ruffle over a plaited one.

Quantities of material required.—The size for 12 years will require four and one-fourth yards of goods forty-four inches wide, with one and two-thirds yards of soft silk for the shirred waist and ruffles, three yards of velvet ribbon for the bows and three and three-fourths yards of insertion. The size for 14 years will require four and one-half yards of goods forty-four inches wide and the same amount of material to trim as given above. The size for 16 years will require five yards of goods forty-four inches wide with three yards of velvet ribbon, two yards of silk twenty inches wide, and four and one-half yards of insertion.

AS HE ORDERED.

Not long ago an anxious mother brought her daughter to see a famous London physician. The girl was suffering from what some people call "general lowness." There was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless, and did not care about doing anything, even eating.

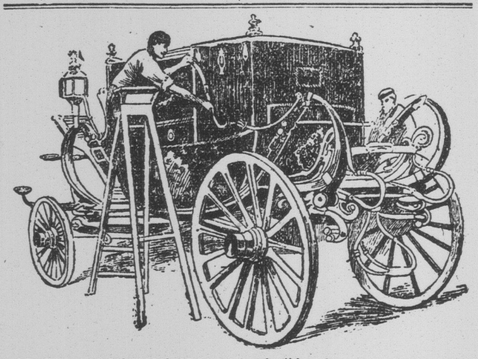
The doctor, after due consultation, prescribed for her a glass of claret, three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter, determined to carry out the prescription to the letter.

In two weeks she was back with the girl, who was rosy cheeked, and the picture of health.

The doctor naturally congratulated himself on his skill, and said cordially, "I am glad to see your daughter is so much better."

"Thanks to you, doctor," exclaimed the grateful mother. "She had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day, and sometimes oftener—and once or twice she had them uncooked; and now look at her!"

Bizzer—"It makes my wife angry when I refuse to let her have the last word in an argument." Buzzer—"Why don't you let her have the last word?" Bizzer—"Well, then she says I am afraid to argue with her."



FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

The State carriage in which King Edward will enter the city is approaching completion at the carriage works of Messrs. W. and F. Thorn, Great Portland street, London. The landau is a mass of gold, and gilders have been hard at work for the past month; the Heraldic Painter is also painting the Royal Arms and the several orders upon the panels. The new hammock cloth is of rich vermilion cloth, purple velvet, and gold lace, frieze and bullion, with gold coat-of-arms beautifully chased in centre.

Free—Gratis—For Nothing

You Cannot Long Fool a Woman.

When the white man wants the black man's land he approaches the innocent black with "presents" of beads, colored cloths, ribbons, and other useless trinkets that catch the eye of the poor black—but that are no earthly use to him. These are all "gifts—free—gratis—for nothing! ! !" We all know who soon owns the black man's land.

Yet this system of conciliating the innocent is not practiced alone on the negro. How many women read that they can get a certain "present" with a certain purchase and forthwith they make the purchase to get the "present"—free—gratis—for nothing!!! The present may or may not be useful—but in this twentieth century are there those who believe they have not in the purchase paid for and often dearly paid for the "present"?

When you want a horse you cannot buy his teeth at ten cents a tooth, and get the horse thrown into the bargain.

When you buy a dress you do not buy the buttons, and have the dress thrown in.

And no more than you can thus get the present of a horse or a dress can you get a "present"—free—gratis—for nothing—of diamonds, gold, jewellery, and cutlery, with the purchase of a bar of common soap.

When you buy Sunlight Soap you are presented with pure quality in the soap itself. You do not pay for loading refuse at the price of soap, You don't wear out your clothes in half the time, and ruin your hands with Sunlight Soap, as with common soap.

If you want soap, buy Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—and you have paid for nothing but pure soap. If you want something else than soap, buy it independently of the soap, and you know what it has cost you.

"You may fool some people all the time;
You may fool all the people some of the time;
You cannot fool all the people all the time;"
You cannot long fool a woman. 615

LONDON'S MANY CLUBS.

Some of Them are Famous All Over the World.

London is the paradise of clubs. There are hundreds of them, and some of them are famous the world over. The Carlton Club, which has its headquarters at 94 Pall Mall, restricts its members to 1,800. The entrance fee is £30, and the annual subscription is 10 guineas. The Reform Club, located at 104 Pall Mall, S.W., takes 1,400 members who pay an entrance fee of £40 and an annual subscription of 10 guineas. The Carlton, of course, is conservative and the Reform is entered as "strictly liberal." The Constitutional Club, in Northumberland avenue, opposite Hotel Victoria, takes 6,000 members, has an entrance fee of 15 guineas or 7 guineas, and an annual subscription of 7 guineas or 3 guineas. It is described as "politically constitutional." Then there is the Junior Constitutional, at 101 Piccadilly, which takes 5,500 members, and requires an entrance fee of 6 guineas, with an annual subscription of 3 guineas or 5 guineas.

The National Liberal Club at Whitehall place, S.W., takes 6,500 members, who pay 6 guineas annually, but there is no entrance fee. It is "strictly liberal," and is the cheapest club in London. Its home is a palace on the embankment near the Hotel Metropole, well known to all American travellers. There are many other political clubs, such as the City Carlton, the City Liberal and City Conservative, the Junior Conservative, the Primrose, St. Stephens, the Eighty Club, etc. Excluding certain clubs, such as the Colonial, which have no limit to their membership, the National Liberal takes the largest number. The heaviest fees are those charged by the Naval and Military, Oxford and Cambridge, United University, each £42; the Reform at £40, and the Junior Carlton at £38 17s.

TOO MANY JONESES.

In Wales They Cannot Tell Them by Names Alone.

At a meeting of the Cymmrodorion society, Mr. T. E. Morris, barrister-at-law, lectured before a representative audience on the inconvenience and confusion arising from the paucity of distinctive surnames in Wales, says the London Chronicle.

In Liverpool alone, he said, 430 Welshmen rejoiced in the name of John Jones, and at an inquiry held at Westminster into the county council water scheme sixteen witnesses bore the same simple cognomen. Before the Welsh land commission, out of 134 witnesses in one county who gave evidence, 109 shared 14 surnames between them, and of the 109 as many as 65 bore proportionately the names of Jones, Evans and Davies. Recently at the Corwen board of guardians, owing to the numerous Joneses who are members of that body, it was decided to enter in the minutes each man's house and parish, as his full name was not sufficiently distinctive. To remedy this state of things, Mr. Morris advocated the liberal adoption of the beautiful place names which abound in Wales, as was done in Scotland and Norway, and the revival of the characteristic "Ap" with personal surnames. He pointed out that the law allowed any man to change his surname, provided that it was done honestly and without any fraudulent purpose, and his suggestion was that a short act of Parliament should be passed enabling any person to register a change of his name with the district registrar on payment of a small fee. In this way an authentic and official record of the change would be made at the time.

UP-TO-DATE DEFINITIONS.

Wife—A servant who lets her services for life without wages.

Truth—The things women say of each other when they quarrel.

Ambition—A feeling that makes a man want to do something he can't.

Experience—Something everybody gets after it is too late to make use of it.

Faith—The thing that makes a bald-headed man invest in a bottle of hair restorer.

Purity—The acme of perfection, found only in baking-powder and soap advertisements.

RAISING DATE PALMS.

Plant three date pits in the pots where you have geraniums growing, says Good Housekeeping. Forget them, and about nine months later rising from the soil for each pit. You will need to remove the geraniums to secure the plants, as their roots extend to the bottom of the pot. Plant in pots of rich loam mixed with sand, and you will have in about a year's time, three handsome palms, with only the expenditure of a little patience.

PAGE STANDARD WIRE FENCE

This is the Page Standard II Bar Fence, made of "Page" wire which is twice as strong as common wire. The continuous coil, note wavy appearance, allows for expansion and contraction which is important owing to Canadian climate. Our upright wires are in one piece and have strength of about 800 pounds. If made of pieces spliced at each horizontal, they would have a strength of only about 300 pounds. We also make gates, ornamental fences, poultry netting, nails and staples. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 6

SENSIBLE YOUTH.

The young man's father had decided that he had led a life of idleness long enough, so the other day he had him put to work in his shop.

Yesterday he asked the manager of the business:

"How is Charley doing?"

"First-rate, sir."

"Is he industrious?"

"Well, you see, sir, Mr. Charley's a very sensible sort of young gentleman. Some young men in his position would want to run the business, and give no end of trouble. But he seems as anxious as possible to keep out of the way."

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

FLOOR STAIN.

Floors that are stained and oiled are easily kept clean. The material costs very little, and anyone can apply it. For an oak stain take raw sienna, add a little umber to it and mix half a pint of linseed oil and one quart of turpentine. A tablespoonful of Japan drier put into the turpentine will make it dry quickly. A cheap dark-brown stain, which is better for old floors than a lighter color, is made by mixing one-fourth of a pound of permanganate of potash in one quart of water. Apply with an old paint brush, and give the floor two coats if one does not seem to be enough. After the floor is stained, give it a coat of boiled linseed oil. If the oiling is repeated every spring or fall your floor will always look well.

THE FORCE OF CYCLONES.

Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep a hurricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of men appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to over 400,000,000 horse-power was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that can be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Were steam, water, windmills, and the strength of all men and all animals combined, they could not at all approach the tremendous force exerted.

LUMBAGO.

A NOVA SCOTIA MAN HAS FOUND A SURE REMEDY.

Claims That Lumbago Can Be Cured.—He Himself Had Suffered for 25 Years.—Hope for Apparently Hopeless Cases.

Economy Point, N.S.—May 5.—(Special)—Mr. George S. McLaughlin, of this place, claims to have found a remedy which will cure any case of Lumbago.

Mr. McLaughlin himself has been a great sufferer with this disease, and has sought relief in very many treatments and remedies.

At last however he came across a medicine which completely cured him, and which he claims any sufferer from Lumbago should be told of.

He says :—

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more. Sometimes it was so severe I could not turn myself in bed.

"A slight cold or hard lifting would bring on a fearful attack and give me awful pain.

"I had tried many medicines and treatments, but never found anything to do me any good until I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My brother, who kept a small grocery store and sold some medicines, told me that he had heard that they had cured a great many people of Lumbago, and he advised me to try them.

"I commenced a treatment and in a short time all the pain left my back and it became as stout and strong as ever.

"Wonderful to say I have had no return of the terrible Lumbago since.

"It is now some years since I was cured, and I have said nothing about it, for I was afraid it would come back, and that I would have to keep on using the Pills in order to be well.

"But now I am satisfied it is gone forever, and know that I am safe in making this public statement.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Lumbago or Lame Back, for they helped me out and nobody could have it much worse than I had."

ILL FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS.

From Melbourne comes news of a record in the shape of the death of a man of seventy who had been drawing sick pay from his branch of the Manchester Unity Order of Oddfellows for thirty-eight years without a break. He had received from the sick fund of the order upwards of $5,000.

"Good morning, children," said a physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school. "And how are you this morning?" "We daren't tell you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the physician; "and why not?" "'Cause papa said that last year it cost him over $75 to have you come in and ask us how we were."

PORTRAITS OF THE KING.

The King has ordered the execution of one hundred medallion portraits of himself. These, richly mounted, are intended for presentation to distinguished guests at the Coronation, including the leading representatives of the Colonies and India. His Majesty is being specially photographed for the purpose.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

THE FIRST TO COMPLAIN.

Fair patron—"See here! You told me a horrid story about the way my husband was acting, and I've found on investigation, that it is not true. He's just as good as can be." Fortune-teller—"Very remarkable, madam, very remarkable. I've told that same story to about ten thousand different women, and you are the first one who has made a complaint."

The handwriting has changed but the quality of Blue Ribbon is just as good as ever. Was there ever such a tea! Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

PAINT UP WELL.

Paint up your house, your buildings, yours barns, your fences with paint that paints well and looks clean and bright in spite of the hot sun or storm or rain.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are made from the best pigments, pure oil and turpentine; wear better than white lead, more economical, easier to work, beautiful colors, handy packages, and at the right price for the best paints.

Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE, showing how some homes are painted.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Estab. 1842 Paint Makers MONTREAL

Eggs and Potatoes

If you have any to sell let us have your price, f.o.b., stating quantity.

The DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO

Consignments Solicited.

Non-Sulphurous. Odorless. Every Stick—A Match. Every Match—A Lighter

Every body ask for..... Eddy's "Headlight" Parlour Matches

The finest matches in the world, made from soft aspen pine, and especially suitable for domestic use—put up in neat sliding boxes, assorted colors each box containing about 500 matches—three boxes in a package. ..... For Sale by All First Class Dealers.

ARMOURED CANOES.

This is the day of armoured warships; battleships and cruisers are completely covered with armour, and armoured destroyers are even talked about, but the very latest development is the construction of armoured canoes. These have been built by the Marine Department of the Niger Protectorate for use in the Aros Expedition. Some of the streams in the territory of this truculent West African tribe are too shallow for the passage of the light draught river gunboats, so that, necessity being the mother of invention, this combination of things ancient and modern was hit upon to overcome the difficulty. Each canoe is manned by thirty-six paddlers, and a couple of maxims are mounted. The crew are protected by one-eighth of an inch of steel rising three feet above the gunwale which is amply sufficient to shield them from any missiles that are likely to be used against them.

FEMININE CARD PLAYERS.

The ladies of the town of Arensberg, Russia, are passionate card players. Since they are not allowed to play at the local clubs, they make up games at their friends' houses and gamble all day through. As soon as the cash funds run short they take to various articles, mostly toilet belongings. Thus one lost a bonnet, another some lace and perfumes, and they go even so far as losing their prayer-books.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.
Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

The latest astronomical photograph, prepared by the joint exertions of the observatories of London, Berlin, and Paris, shows 68 millions of stars.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

The skeleton of a man weighs, on an average, 24lb., and that of a woman 18lb.

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

"How did you like that joke I told you?" "First-rate, first-rate! I always did like that joke."

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.

"I'm surprised that you, who have written so many books, should have married so illiterate a wife." "Well, there's one book of hers that beats all mine put together." "What's that?" "Her bank-book."

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,460 revolutions in a year, and the number of vibrations or beats is 141,912,000 a year.

For Over Sixty 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."

In 1909 the Eiffel Tower will become the property of the City of Paris, and be used as its meteorological office.

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.

British survey vessels discovered last year 272 dangerous rocks and shoals which were uncharted.

Silk thread is three times stronger than flax thread of the same thickness.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Eight British commanders have been granted dukedoms.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Man is said to be subject to 1,212 different diseases.

W P C. 1127

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

PUL-MO WILL CURE difficulty of breathing, tightness of the chest, wasting away of flesh, throat troubles, consumption, coughs, catarrh, colds, pneumonia and pleurisy.

A SAMPLE FREE BY MAIL to every sufferer.

PUL-MO is for sale by all druggists at $1.00 per large bottle, and 15 cents for small bottle, or direct from THE PUL-MO CO., TORONTO, ONT.

TO PRINTERS

FOR SALE.—Two 2-revolution Campbell Presses, bed 40x56 inches. Splendid order. Price $1,000 each. Terms easy.

S. FRANK WILSON,
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Instruments, Bugles, Fifes, Drums, Caps, etc.

EVERY TOWN OR SCHOOL Can have a Fife and Drum or Bugle Band.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Illustrated price-list mailed free. Write us for ANYTHING in MUSIC or MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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CARPET CYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars to get our two-cent measure to satisfy. Address Box 153, Montreal.

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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
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We want at once trustworthy men and women in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards and advertising matter tacked up in conspicuous places throughout the town and country. Steady employment, year round, commission or salary, $65.00 per month and Expenses, not to exceed $2.50 per day. Write for particulars. Postoffice Box 337,
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Use Gileadine. This Balm of Gilead preparation is positively the greatest healing remedy known. F. S. Hursley & Co., Druggists, Brussels, say:—"Gileadine is selling well. A customer recently purchased five boxes at once. Use our name freely. We highly recommend it."
25c, Druggists, or Gileadine Co., Toronto.

DEBENTURES Coupons Attached.

Our Debentures combine an absolutely safe security with a profitable return for the money invested. They are issued in sums of $100 and upwards for terms of one, two, three, four or five years, and interest at the rate of

FOUR PER CENT. PER ANNUM

Accrues from the date on which the money is received by the Company

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