A STRANGE CASE

EYE TROUBLE WHICH DEVELOPED INTO RUNNING SORES.

Doctors Said It Was Consumption of the Blood, and Recovery Was Looked upon as Almost Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought a Cure.

From the Herald, Georgetown, Ont.

Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Wm. Thompson, papermaker, at Wm. Barber & Bros. mills, a well known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkably recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information which will speak for itself:—"About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot which was also lanced a couple of times but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and had been cured by the pills. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left, except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is inclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RULERS AND GOVERNORS.

Classes Into Which They are Divided—Salaries They Draw.

Seventy-four men and two women divide among themselves the governments of the world.

In other words, there are seventy-six rulers. Of these twenty-two govern as Presidents, fifteen as Kings, eleven as Dukes, six as Emperors, five as Princes and five as Sultans. There are two Khans, of Baluchistan, and of Khiva; two Ameers, of Afghanistan and of Bokhara; two Queens, Queen Victoria and Queen Wilhelmina; one Khedive of Egypt; one Shah, of Persia; one Bey, of Tunis. one Mikado of Japan; one Maharajah, of Nepaul; and one Raja, of Sarawak.

Of these august potentates Queen Victoria and her grandson, William II. of Germany, are the only ones who sport two titles—the one Queen and Empress, the other Emperor and King.

When it comes to civil lists the Emperor of Russia, who is said to be the richest man in the world, can show the largest bank account, $12,000,000 being his yearly income.

Seven other sovereigns have incomes reaching the million figures—the Sultan of Turkey, who has $18,000,000; the Emperor of Austria, who has $3,875,000; Emperor William, of Germany, $3,852,770; King of Italy, $2,858,000; the Queen of England, $1,925,000; King of Bavaria, $1,412,000 and the King of Spain, $1,400,000. The King of Spain, however, has an additional $600,000 for his family, and the King of Italy must deduct from his millions $180,000 for his family.

The one who obtains the bulk of his income in the most original manner is the Sultan of Sulu, who raises it by fines. He has men whose business it is to watch his subjects, who are making money, and as soon as a man gets something ahead he is charged with some crime, and the result is a fine. If a man has amassed $500, for example, he is accused of some crime, and to save himself from prison or death, must pay a fine of $1000. The Crown Prince is often sent out to collect the fines.

The monarch who stands last on the list as regards his income, is King Malietoa Tanu, of Samoa. He eke out an existence on the paltry sum of $150 a month or less than $2000 a year. The salary paid to his predecessor for upholding the dignity of the Samoan throne was $50 a month, and with this sum he was well satisfied. When the new king, a year ago, came to draw his first month's salary he struck for $150, and got it—after going to law about it. The cashier of the treasury, which is now controlled by the consuls of Great Britain, the United States and Germany, at first refused to pay the amount demanded.

The fact that the King is drawing such a large salary is a source of gratification to his adherents, who expect him to wear a clean calico shirt every day at least on account of his new accumulation of wealth.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER IV.

"Daisy," said Rex, gently, as he led her away from the lights and the echoing music out into the starlight that shone with a soft, silvery radiance over hill and vale, "I shall never forgive myself for being the cause of the cruel insult you have been forced to endure to-night. I declare it's a shame. I shall tell Pluma so to-morrow."

"Oh, no—no—please don't, Mr. Rex. I—I—had no right to waltz with you," sobbed Daisy, "when I knew you were Pluma's lover."

"Don't say that, Daisy," responded Rex, warmly. "I am glad, after all, everything has happened just as it did, otherwise I should never have known just how dear a certain little girl had grown to me; besides, I am not Pluma's lover, and never shall be now."

"You have quarreled with her for my sake," whispered Daisy, regretfully. "I am so sorry—indeed I am."

Daisy little dreamed, as she watch- the deep flush rise to Rex's face, it was of her he was thinking, and not Pluma, by the words, "a certain little girl."

Rex saw she did not understand him; he stopped short in the path, gazing down into those great, dreamy pleading eyes that affected him so strangely.

"Daisy," he said, gently, taking her little clinging hands from his arm, and clapsing them in his own, "you must not be startled at what I am going to tell you. When I met you under the magnolia boughs, I knew I had met my fate. I said to myself; 'She, and no other, shall be my wife.'"

"Your wife," she cried, looking at him in alarm. "Please don't say so. I don't want to be your wife."

"Why not, Daisy?" he asked, quickly.

"Because you are so far above me," sobbed Daisy. "You are so rich, and I am only poor little Daisy Brooks."

Oh, how soft and beautiful were the eyes swimming in tears and lifted so timidly to his face! She could not have touched Rex more deeply. Daisy was his first love, and he loved her from the first moment their eyes met, with all the strength of his boyish, passionate nature; so it is not strange that the thought of possessing her, years sooner than he should have dared hope, made his young blood stir with ecstasy even though he knew it was wrong.

"Wealth shall be no barrier between us, Daisy," he cried. "What is all the wealth in the world compared to love? Do not say that again. Love outweighs everything. Even though you bid me go away and forget you, Daisy, I could not do it. I can not live without you."

"Do you really love me so much in so short a time?" she asked, blushingly.

"My love can not be measured by the length of time I have known you," he answered, eagerly. "Why, Daisy, the strongest and deepest love men have ever felt have come to them suddenly, without warning."

The glamor of love was upon him; he could see no fault in pretty little artless Daisy. True, she had not been educated abroad like Pluma, but that did not matter; such a lovely rosebud mouth was made for kisses, not grammar.

Rex stood in suspense beside her, eagerly watching the conflict going on in the girl's heart.

"Don't refuse me, Daisy," he cried, "give me the right to protect you forever from the cold world; let us be married to-night. We will keep it a secret if you say so. You must—you must, Daisy, for I can not give you up."

Rex was so eager, so earnest, so thoroughly the impassioned lover! His hands were clinging to her own, his dark, handsome face drooped near hers, his pleading eyes searching her very soul.

Daisy was young, romantic, and impressible; a thousand thoughts rushed through her brain, it would be so nice to have a young husband to love her and care for her like Rex, so handsome and so kind; then, too, she would have plenty of dresses, as fine as Pluma wore, all lace and puffs; she might have a carriage and ponies, too; and when she rolled by the little cottage, Septima, who had always been so cruel to her, would courtesy to her, as she did when Pluma, the haughty young heiress, passed.

The peachy bloom on her cheeks deepened; with Daisy's thoughtless clinging, nature, her craving for love and protection, her implicit faith in Rex, who had protected her so nobly at the fete—it is not to be wondered Rex won the day.

Shyly Daisy raised her blue eyes to his face—and he read a shy, sweet consent that thrilled his very soul.

"You shall never regret this hour, my darling," he cried, then in the soft silvery twilight he took her to his heart and kissed her rapturously.

His mother's bitter anger, so sure to follow—the cold, haughty mother, who never forgot or forgave an injury, and his little sister Grace's sorrow were at that moment quite forgotten—even if they had been remembered they would have weighed as naught compared with his lovely little Daisy with the golden hair and eyes of blue looking up at him so trustingly.

Daisy never forgot that walk through the sweet pink clover to the little chapel on the banks of the lonely river. The crickets chirped in the long green grass, and the breeze swayed the branches of the tall leafy trees, rocking the little birds in their nests.

A sudden, swift, terrified look crept up into Daisy's face as they entered the dim shadowy parlor. Rex took her trembling, chilled hands in his own; if he had not, at that moment, Daisy would have fled from the room.

"Only a little courage, Daisy," he whispered, "then a life of happiness."

Then as if in a dream she stood quite still by his side, while the fatal ceremony went on; in a confused murmur she heard the questions and responses of her lover, and answered the questions put to her; then Rex turned to her with a smile and a kiss.

Poor little thoughtless Daisy — it was done—in a moment she had sown the seeds from which was to spring up a harvest of woe so terrible that her wildest imagination could not have painted it.

"Are we really married, Rex?" she whispered, as he led her out again into the starlight; "it seems so much like a dream."

He bent his handsome head and kissed his pretty child-bride. Daisy drew back with a startled cry—his lips were as cold as ice.

"Yes, you are my very own now," he whispered. "No one shall ever have the right to scold you again; you are mine now, Daisy, but we must keep it a secret from every one for awhile, darling. You will do this for my sake, won't you, Daisy?" he asked. "I am rich, as far as the world knows, but it was left to me under peculiar conditions. I—I—do not like to tell you what those conditions were, Daisy."

"Please tell me, Rex," she said, timidly; "you know I am your—your—wife—now."

Daisy blushed so prettily as she spoke, Rex could not refrain from catching her up in his arms and kissing her.

"You shall know, my darling," he cried. "The conditions were I should marry the bride whom my mother selected for me. I was as much startled as you will be, Daisy, when you hear who it was—Pluma Hurlburst, of Whitestone Hall."

"But you can not marry her now, Rex," whispered the little child-bride, nestling closer in his embrace.

"No; nor I would not if I could. I love you the best, my pretty wild flower. I would not exchange you, sweet, for all the world. I have only told you this so you will see why it is necessary to keep our marriage a secret—for the present, at least."

Daisy readily consented.

"You are very wise, Rex," she said. "I will do just as you tell me."

By this time they had reached Daisy's home.

"I will meet you to-morrow at the magnolia-tree, where first I found my little wood-nymph, as I shall always call you. Then we can talk matters over better. You will be sure to come while the dew sparkles on your pretty namesakes?" he asked, eagerly.

Before she had time to answer the cottage door opened and Septima appeared in the door-way. Rex was obliged to content himself with snatching a hasty kiss from the rosy lips. The next moment he was alone.

He walked slowly back through the tangled brushwood—not to Whitestone Hall, but to an adjoining hostelry—feeling as though he were in a new world. True, it was hard to be separated from his little child-bride. But Rex had a clever brain; he meant to think of some plan out of the present difficulty. His face flushed and paled as he thought of his new position; it seemed to him every one must certainly read in his face he was a young husband.

Meanwhile Daisy flitted quickly up the broad gravel path to the little cottage, wondering if it were a dream.

"Well!" said Septima, sharply, "this is a pretty time o' night to come dancing home, leaving me all alone with the baking! If I hadn't my hands full of dough, I'd give your ears a sound boxing! I'll see you're never out after dark again, I'll warrant."

For a moment Daisy's blue eyes blazed, giving way to a roguish smile.

"I wonder what she would say if she knew I was Daisy Brooks no longer, but Mrs. Rex Lyon?" she thought, untying the blue ribbons of her hat. And she laughed outright as she thought how amazed Septima would look; and the laugh sounded like the ripple of a mountain brook.

"Now, Aunt Seppy," coaxed Daisy, slipping up behind her and flinging her plump little arms around the irate spinster's neck, "please don't be cross. Indeed I was very particularly detained."

Septima shook off the clinging arms angrily.

"You can't coax me into upholding you with your soft, purring ways. I'm not, Brother John, to be hoodwinked so easily. Detained! A likely story!"

"No," laughed Daisy; "but you are dear old Uncle John's sister, and I could love you for that, if for nothing else. But, I really was detained, though. Where's Uncle John?"

"He's gone to the Hall after you, I reckon. I told him he had better stop at home—you were like a bad penny, sure to find your way back."

A sudden terror blanched Daisy's face.

"When did he go, Aunt Seppy?" she asked, her heart throbbing so loudly she was sure Septima would hear it.

"An hour or more ago."

Daisy hastily picked up her hat again.

"Where are you going?" demanded Septima, sharply.

"I—I—am going to meet Uncle John. Please don't stop me," she cried, darting with the speed of a young gazelle past the hand that was stretched out to stay her mad flight. "I—I—must go!"

CHAPTER V.

"I say you shall not," cried Septima, planting herself firmly before her. "You shall not leave this house to-night,"

"You have no right to keep me here," panted Daisy. "I am—I am—" The words died away on her lips. Rex had told her she must not tell just yer.

"You are a rash little fool," cried Septima, wrathfully. "You are the bane of my life and have been ever since that stormy winter night John brought you here. I told him then to wash his hands of the whole matter; you would grow up a willful, impetuous minx, and turn out at last like your mother."

Daisy sprung to her feet like lightning, her velvet eyes blazing, her breath coming quick and hot.

"Speak of me as lightly as you will, Aunt Septima," she cried, "but you must spare my mother's name! Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, flinging herself down on her knees, and sobbing piteously, "if you had only taken me with you, down into the dark cruel waters!"

"I only wish to Heaven she had!" fervently ejaculated Septima.

At that moment a quick, hurried step sounded on the gravel path without, and John Brooks hastily entered the room.

"Ah! thank God! here you are, Daisy. I was over at the Hall for you, and they told me you had left some hours before. I knew you had not been home, and I was sorely afraid something had happened you."

Ah! how little he knew! Something had happened to her, the darkest and cruelest shadow that had ever darkened a girl's life was slowly gathering above her innocent head, and was soon to break, carrying in its turbulent depths a sorrow more bitter than death to bear.

John Brooks glanced inquiringly from the one to the other, intuitively guessing he must have interrupted a scene.

Daisy had struggled up from her knees to a sitting posture, putting her hair, curled into a thousand shining rings, away from her flushed face.

(To Be Continued.)

PHOSPHORESCENT BACTERIA.

M. Raphael Dubois, in a paper read before the Academie des Sciences, describes a series of experiments in which he obtains a luminous source of considerable intensity by the use of certain microbes of photobacteria, which have the power of emitting light. These are allowed to propagate in a liquid bouillon of special composition. When the experiment is made with good microbe cultures to start with, and at the proper temperature, the development is rapid, and the liquid soon contains the microbes in sufficient quantity to give the luminous effect. A glass vessel is used to contain the liquid, preferably with plain sides, and it is possible in this way to light a room strongly enough to distinguish the features of a person placed at several yards distance, and newspaper type may be read. The light has scarcely any calorific effect, and the properties of its chemical rays seem to be also feeble, as it requires several hours' exposure with an instantaneous plate to obtain a good image; on the other hand the rays seem to possess considerable penetrating power, as impressions may be made upon the plate even though screens of wood or cardboard are interposed. A sheet of aluminum is, however, not traversed by the rays.

If well prepared, the phosphorescent solution will keep for a long time without deteriorating; the experimenter has kept some samples in a basement at a low temperature for more than six months. He expects to be able to increase the luminous effect and thinks that a practical outcome may result from these experiments.

The Human Body a Bundle of Nerves

Without that vital force supplied by the nervous system, the heart lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are powerless to perform their functions, and hence it is that weak, starved and exhausted nerves result in such derangements as cause dangerous, nervous dyspepsia and headache; tired, languid and despondent feelings; loss of energy and ambition; fear of venture and incapacity for business; nervousness, weakness, debility and general break-down of the body.

The human body is a bundle of nerves and the whole system is instilled with nerve energy and vitality when the nerves are revitalized by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Through this great restorative prescription, Dr. A. W. Chase has made it possible to cure the most serious case of nervous disease. This great food cure tones and invigorates the system as no preparation was ever known to do.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

On every box of the genuine will be found a portrait and fac-simile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the best guarantee as to quality which any preparation can possibly have. This cut of the box is given for your guidance. Insist on having the genuine, and do not, under any circumstances, accept substitutes of any description. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

will displace all Japan Tea the same as Salada black is displacing all other black teas.

HEALTH.

SIMPLE HEALTH HINTS.

To the busy man, or woman, who feels the need of rational exercise, yet lacks the time or inclination to follow a formal course in athletics, the following hints are valuable if they are followed with any degree of regularity.

Not one man or woman in a thousand breathes properly. Not one in ten knows how to breathe properly. And yet it is the oxygen of the air that brightens the blood and makes it lifegiving. Children run and romp and shout and laugh and cry. They fill their lungs with air and empty them almost to the last inch, maybe twenty times a minute, if the play be violent. They do as Nature demands. The business man rides when he can, walks when he must, and exerts himself as little as possible. Very likely half the air in his lungs remains unchanged for hours, maybe for days at a time. He breathes from the top of his lungs only. The blood that is being pumped into his lungs every second meets the languid touch of vitiated air.

What wonder that there is a deadened pulse, a dimmed eye, flabby muscles, and signs of premature old age! That man is poisoning himself. He would not permit a horse to be neglected so foolishly. And there is absolutely no excuse for his neglect—not even the poor one of lack of time. No special time is needed — no special apparatus. The man has but to breathe deeply to take the first great step in the right way. Let him do this wherever the air is reasonably pure—on the ferry-boat, at the station, in the park, on the street, even in an upper room. Empty the lungs by breathing out as much as possible and then slowly draw in and in until the chest is expanded to its fullest. Do this half a dozen times, morning and night, and, perhaps, once or twice during the day, for a week or ten days, always with the shoulders and head thrown back, and new health and vigor will come to any one. The purer the air the better for these deep inspirations. But no matter what the surroundings, do not let dead air stagnate in the lungs.

Breathe through the nose. Try it for a week, taking chest measurements at the beginning and end of the term. See if every fiber of the body isn't helped by it.

Not every one can be a great walker, but every normal person can be a good walker. There is no better exercise. Even slouchy walking is good, but it is easy to drop the slouch part and make the every-day walking one of the best of health-helpers. Every normal person does miles of walking each day, regardless of cars and carriages. Let him make his walking a little more careful, a little more thoughtful. No need to take an extra step unless the delight of it inspires the effort. Walk with head up, chin down, shoulders back, abdominal muscles tense, and ending each step with a toetip. "Toe out" slightly, bend knees without a wabbly motion, and avoid pounding the pavement with heels. Carry head and shoulders steady, without any side-swaying. If unused to such effort it will require much thought at first to keep from lapsing into careless ways. After a few trials the ease, comfort, and inspiration of such a walk will encourage persistence. Breathe deeply, slowly, and through the nose.

Walk when you can, bearing in mind that, perhaps, "he who rides in a carriage, rides toward his grave."

Do not sit hunched up at a desk or table. Hold the upper body as in walking. Bend at the hips, and at the neck when necessary, but never hump the back and shoulders. Give the lungs room, keep them filled with new air, and do not let the backbone curve either to the right or to the left.

Sleeping on the right side is best. On the back is the snoring position. Take plenty of sleep; to rest in bed is the best of nerve-tonics. Worries are sleep scarers. Easy to say, "Don't worry," but worries come just the same. Eating with sense and moderation just before going to bed tends to sleep-bringing—draws blood to the stomach. Animals eat—and sleep. If insomnia is persistent, get up, work chest weights, swing arms, walk, get physically tired, and you are sure in time to be sleepy.

FRUITS AS MEDICINES.

Of all the fruits with which we are blessed the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medicinal than good, ripe peaches. They should be ripe, but not overripe and half rotten; and of this kind they may make a part of either meal or be eaten between meals; but it is better to make them a part of the regular meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acrid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling, subacid fruits, such as peaches, apples, &c. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. But it is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts. The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach, and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior, in many cases, to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases.

Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than liver pills. Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantages of the acid alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp. The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than sirup of squills and other nauseants in many cases of coughs. Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass and "liver regulators." The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins. The small-seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying, and the seeds are laxative. We would be much the gainers if we were to look more to our orchards and gardens for our medicines, and less to our drugstores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to watermelon, which may, with few exceptions, be taken in sickness and health in most unlimited quantities, not only without injury, but with positive benefit. But in using them the water, or juice, should be taken, excluding the pulp; and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not overripe and stale.

THE USES OF LEMONS.

There are a great many people in this world who fancy that when lemonade and lemon extract and lemon drops are catalogued there isn't very much left for this familiar fruit. But when these uses are met the value of a lemon is scarcely comprehended.

As a remedy for a cold few things are better than lemon juice and sugar.

Very few of the disease germs that cause us the most annoyance are able to survive contact with the juice of a lemon.

If, after coming in from a dusty street, or after mingling with the unwashed and unkempt crowds in which we sometimes find ourselves, we would cut off a slice of lemon, rub the face with it and rinse the mouth and throat with the clear juice, many diseases that now afflict us would be kept at a proper distance.

After having the hands in hot water, or after using many malodorous substances, a thorough rubbing with lemon will restore the delicacy of the skin and remove any objectionable smell.

WHAT GOOD TEETH MEAN.

To a certain extent they mean good digestion, and consequently good health. The teeth should be made to do their proper share of work by masticating the food well before it is allowed to pass into the stomach. This they can hardly do if they are not kept in good condition. If you have not a good digestion you must not expect to have a good complexion, and that is what most women wish to possess. It is a most unwise thing to force the stomach to do the work which should have been done by the teeth, and this is what happens generally when the teeth are in a bad condition. The ministrations of the dentist are necessary for every one. The expense may be a serious consideration at first, but a doctor's bill is likly to be more serious later on. But the dentist cannot do all that is necessary.

SLEEP ENOUGH.

The majority of people in this country do not have sufficient sleep. We are frequently accused of being a nervous race, showing conditions of mental and physical excitement in many forms of expression to a far greater degree than other races of Europe and the East. This is no doubt owing to our peculiar civilization, and to the fact that new countries afford greater opportunities than those which have long been settled. Thus ambition and energy are developed in proportion to the chance for their prosperous display. These conditions, together with possible climatic influences in some cases, are sufficient to account for the prevailing nervous activity and tension. The consequent lack of natural sleep is without question the chief exciting cause of broken health and depleted nervous force in a large number of cases.

Eight hours of sound sleep is enough for the average adult in good health. This does not mean simply eight hours in bed, but that amount of solid sleep night after night. To be sure there are persons who apparently do well on six or seven hours of sleep in the 24, but these are rare exceptions to the rule. Dr. J. H. Jackson, says many people in good health cannot be at their best without nine hours of sleep every night. Yet very few in active life get as much as six or seven hours.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

A GIGANTIC WORKSHOP.

The greatest workshop in the world is that of the famous Krupp at Essen. It employs between 20,000 and 25,000 hands, nearly all of whom reside in dwellings belonging to the firm. In the great mill of Essen are 1,195 furnaces of various kinds; 286 boilers; ninety-two steam hammers of from 200 lb. to 10,000 lb.; 370 steam engines, with a total of 37,000 horse-power; 1,724 different machines, and 361 cranes. The eleven high furnaces produce about 600 tons of iron daily, and 2,735 tons of coal and coke are used each day for fuel.

THEY HURLED HIM FORTH.

Will you answer my question, Yes or No? cried the heckler from the back of the town-hall.

Certainly! replied the future M. P. Have you left off beating your wife? Uproar.

You can do a great deal of good in the world by telling your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

"PRESCRIPTION CARE"

Is used in Blending the various teas used in comprising

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, thus accounting for its unequalled purity. Act on good advice and become a constant user. In Lead Packets 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

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.

BIRD'S DRAWINGROOMS.

The social weaver-birds of South Africa build their nests in colonies under a common, umbrella-like roof, probably woven for defensive purposes against the intrusion of snakes.

The gardener-bird constructs its highly-decorated nest with adjoining ornamental spaces, apparently for the purpose of furnishing an attractive meeting-place for social intercourse with her fellows. The spotted-collar bird—a cousin of the crow—prepares its artistic bower, a sort of assembly-room, ornamented with shells, pebbles, and other bright-coloured bric-a-brac, where in due time festive gatherings are held, and much apparent mutual admiration attends strutting and dancing of the males.

The lapwing also carries out its taste for social intercourse to the extent of holding dancing parties. At these the birds, who live in pairs, are joined by a third, and all three, keeping step, begin a rapid march, uttering resonant drumming notes in time with their movements. As the march ceases the leader stands erect, while the others bow before it, and the visitor returns to its own quarters, to receive a return call from one of the others, when the performance is repeated.

MILLIONS REMAIN UNSEEN.

It is startling when one considers how many stars yet remain to be catalogued, which are rendered visible by the photographic telescope now in use. One of the plates taken at Cambridge, with the Bruce photographic telescope, shows about 400,000 stars, or, excluding those near the edges, it shows about 250,000 in a region five degrees square. One thousand six hundred plates would cover the entire sky, and at this rate would contain 400,000,000 stars.

As, however, the stars are much less numerous in other parts of the sky the actual number within our present reach possibly does not exceed 100,000,000. How many millions are there beyond the present reach of our existing telescopes and the appliances of photography?

In 1886 a conference of astronomers was held in Paris, which led to the attempt to obtain photographs of the entire sky. Seventeen observatories agreed to take part in this work, each having a particular portion of the sky assigned to it. Photographic telescopes of the usual form and having an aperture of 13 inches were prescribed for this work, each photograph covering a region only two degrees square. So far a small portion only of these photographs has been taken.

LAW ON BABIES' FOOD.

It is not generally known that in France it is a penal offence to give any form of solid food to babies under a year old, unless it be prescribed in writing by a properly qualified medical man. Nurses are also forbidden to use for their charges any sort of feeding-bottle having a rubber tube. These and other equally stringent laws have recently been enacted by the French Government, for, in despair of increasing the birth-rate of the country, they are now doing their utmost to save the lives of the comparatively small number of babies who are born.

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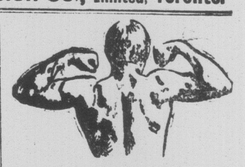

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